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HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. XXII.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

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

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VOL. XXII.

LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
1854.

CONTENTS.

		Page
Slang		1
A Norman Story		11
Old Bones		22
Moonrise		25
Accommodation for Quidnuncs		25
A Russian Stranger		31
Trust and no trust		36
Frauds on the Fairies.		42
Tribunals of Commerce		48
Bucharest		56
Starlight in the Garden		66
The great Saddleworth exhibition		67
Dead reckoning at the Morgue		74
A Child's History of England. —	Chapter XXXVII.	81
	Chapter XXXVIII.	84
	Chapter XXXIX.	182
	Chapter XL.	266
	Chapter XLI.	273
	Chapter XLII.	361
Things that cannot be done		91
Lanna Tixel		95
Air Maps		106
Gone!		115
Bad Luck at Bendigo		116
The Gipsy Slaves of Wallachia		128
Mr. Gulliver's entertainment		134
African Zephyrs		140
A Splendid Match		151
A Lament for the Summer		163
More places wanted		163
A Brazilian in Bloomsbury		175
The modern practice of Physic		189
The Eve of a Journey		198
Caught in a Typhoon		206
Bran		211
A great Screw		213
Chips. —	A Locust Hunt	219
	Oxford Fossils	264
	Chinese players	372
	An ancient Tariff	375
Eternal Lamps		221
Old Settlers of Tennessee		228

	Page
Fashion	234
Flower-Bells	240
The French Workman	247
Old London Bridge	257
The Roving Englishman. — At Constantinople	258
Adeliza Castle	279
Always United	286
The Northern Wizard	296
The Casket	303
A Wallachian Squire	303
Bouquets	307
Only an Earthquake	313
Mine Inn	319
Unspotted Snow	324
Two Cousins	335
The Deseret News	348
Colour-Blindness	353
Turks in Bulgaria	357
Song for November	372

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VOL. XXII.

SLANG.

It has been a pleasant conceit with philosophers and writers to distinguish the successive ages of what, in the plenitude of their wisdom, they call the world, by some metallic nickname. We have had the Golden Age, and the Silver Age, the Age of Iron, and the Age of Bronze; this present era will, perhaps, be known to our grandchildren as the age of Electro-plating, from its general tendency to shams and counterfeits; and, when the capital of the Anglo-Saxon Empire shall be, some hundreds of years hence, somewhere in the South Seas, or in the centre of Africa or interior of China, the age that is to come may be known as the Age of Platina or that of Potassium, or some one of the hundreds of new metals, which will, of course, be discovered by that time.

However, this present age may be distinguished by future generations, whether ferruginously, or auriferously, or argentinally, there can be no doubt that the Victorian era will be known hereafter — and anything but favourably, I surmise — as an epoch of the most unscrupulous heterodoxy in the application of names. What was once occasionally tolerated as a humorous aberration, afterwards degenerated into folly and perversity, and is now a vice and a nuisance. Without the slightest regard to the proprieties of nomenclature, or to what I may call the unities of signification, we apply names to objects, abstractions, and persons stupidly, irrationally, and inconsistently: completely ignoring the nature, the quality, the gender, the structure of the thing, we prefix to it a name which not only fails to convey an idea of what it materially is, but actually obscures and mystifies it. A persistence in such a course must inevitably tend to debase, and corrupt that currency of speech which it has been the aim of the greatest scholars and publicists, from the days of Elizabeth downwards, to elevate, to

improve, and to refine; and, if we continue the reckless and indiscriminate importation and incorporation into our language of every cant term of speech from the columns of American newspapers, every Canvas Town epithet from the vocabularies of gold-diggers, every bastard classicism dragged head and shoulders from a lexicon by an advertising tradesman to puff his wares, every slip-slop Gallicism from the shelves of the circulating library; if we persist in yoking Hamlets of adjectives to Hecubas of nouns, the noble English tongue will become, fifty years hence, a mere dialect of colonial idioms, enervated ultramontanisms and literate slang. The fertility of a language may degenerate into the feculence of weeds and tares: should we not rather, instead of raking and heaping together worthless novelties of expression, endeavour to weed, to expurgate, to epurate; to render, once more, wholesome and pellucid that which was once a "well of English undefiled," and rescue it from the sewerage of verbiage and slang? The Thames is to be purified; why not the language? Should we not, instead of dabbling and dirtying the stream, endeavour to imitate those praiseworthy men of letters who, at Athens, in that most miserable and forlorn capital of the burlesque kingdom of Greece have laboured, and successfully laboured, in the face of discountenance, indifference, ignorance, and a foreign court, to clear the Greek language from the barbarisms of words and phrases, Venetian, Genoese, French, Lingua Franca, Arabic, Turkish, Armenian, Spanish, Sclavonic, Teutonic which, in the course of successive centuries of foreign domination and oppression, had crept into it; and now (though in the columns of base-priced newspapers, printed on rotten paper with broken type) give the debates of a venal chamber, and the summary of humdrum passing events, in the language of Plato and Socrates. These men have done more good and have raised a more enduring monument to the genius of their country, than if they had reared again every column of the Acropolis, or brought back every fragment of the Elgin marbles from Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

It is no excuse for this word-sinning of ours to say, that we have learnt a great portion of our new-fangled names and expressions from America. The utterer is as bad as the coiner. It is true that our trans-atlantic cousins have not only set us the example, but have frequently surpassed us in their eagerness to coin new words, and to apply names to things with which they have not the remotest relation. The Americans call New York the "empire city," as if a city — and in a republic moreover — could be under any circumstances an empire. Another town of theirs is the "crescent city," and so fond

of the name of city are they, that they frequently apply it to a group of half-a-dozen log cabins and a whisky shop in a marsh, on the banks of some muddy, fever-haunted river. Every speculator in "town lots" (slang again) in the States has founded half-a-dozen such "cities."

In the United States if half-a-dozen newspaper editors, post-masters, and dissenting ministers, two or three revolvers, a bowie knife, a tooth-pick, and a plug of tobacco get together in the bar room of an hotel, the meeting is forthwith called a "caucus" or a "mass meeting." If Joel J. Wainwright blows out General Zebedee Ruffle's brains on the New Orleans levee, it is not murder but a "difficulty." In South America, if a score of swarthy outlaws — calling themselves generals and colonels, and who were muleteers the week before — meet in an outhouse to concert the assassination of the dictator of the republic, (who may have been the landlord of a *venta* or a hide jobber a year ago,) the ragged conclave calls itself a "*pronunciamento*."

And touching the use of the terms, "monster," "mammoth," "leviathan," how very trying have those misplaced words become! Their violent transformation from substantives into adjectives is the least of their wrongs; the poor harmless animals have been outraged in a hundred ways besides. The monster, I believe, first became acquainted with a meeting in connexion with that great agitator, so calm now in Glasnevin cemetery, and whose agitation has been followed by such a singular tranquillity and apathy in the land he agitated. As something possibly, but not necessarily expressing hugeness (for the most diminutive objects may be monstrous) the term of monster was not inapplicable. But in a very few months every re-union of four-and-twenty fiddlers in a row was dubbed a monster concert; a loaf made with a double allowance of dough was a monster loaf;- every confectioner's new year's raffle was a monster twelfth cake; we had monster slop-selling shops, and the monster pelargonium drove our old familiar friend, the enormous goose-berry, from the field. Then came the mammoth. An American speculator — who in the days when spades were spades, would have been called a showman, but who called himself a "professor and a tiger king," neither of which he was — had a horse, some hands above the ordinary standard of horse-flesh, and forthwith called him the mammoth horse. That obsolete animal the Mammoth being reputed to have been of vast dimensions, gave to the horse this new nickname; but in a short time there started up from all quarters of the Anglo-Saxon globe, from the sky, the earth, and from the waters under the earth, a plethora of mammoths. The wretched antediluvian beast was made to stand godfather to unnum-

bered things that crawled, and things that crept, and things that had life, and things that had not. The mammoth caves of Kentucky howled from across the Atlantic. Peaceable tradesmen hung strange signs and wonders over their shop doors; and we heard of mammoth dust pans, and mammoth loo tables, and mammoth tea trays. Large conger eels, fruits of unusual growth, and cheeses made considerably larger than was convenient, were exhibited in back streets at sixpence a head, under the false pretence of being mammoths. If anybody made anything, or saw anything, or wrote anything big, it became a mammoth, that the credulous might suppose the Titans, Anak and all his sons, were come again, and that there were giants in the land. We wait patiently for a plesiosaurus pumpkin, or an ichthyosaurus hedgehog; and we shall have them in good time, together with leviathan lap-dogs, behemoth butterflies, and great-sea-serpent parliamentary speeches.

Brigands, burglars, beggars, impostors, and swindlers will have their slang jargon to the end of the chapter. Mariners too, will use the terms of their craft, and mechanics will borrow from the technical vocabulary of their trade. And there are cant words and terms traditional in schools and colleges, and in the playing of games, which are orally authorised if not set down in written lexicography. But so universal has the use of slang terms become, that, in all societies, they are frequently substituted for, and have almost usurped the place of wit. An audience will sit in a theatre and listen to a string of brilliant witticisms, with perfect immobility; but let some fellow rush forward and roar out "It's all serene," or "Catch 'em alive, oh!" (this last is sure to take) pit, boxes, and gallery roar with laughter.

I cannot find much tendency to the employment of slang in the writings of our early humorists. Setting aside obsolete words and phrases rendered obscure by involution, there are not a hundred incomprehensible terms in all Shakespeare's comedies. The glut of commentators to the paucity of disputed words is the best evidence of that. We can appreciate the humour of Butler, the quaintness of Fuller, the satire of Dryden, the wit of Congreve and Wycherly, nay, even the scurrilities of Mr. Tom Brown, as clearly as though they had been written yesterday. In Swift's Polite Conversation, among all the homely and familiar sayings there is no slang; and you may be sure, if there had been any of that commodity floating about in polite circles then, the Dean would have been the man to dish it up for posterity. Fielding and Smollett, in all their pictures of life, with all their coarseness and indecency, put little slang into the mouths of their characters. Even Mr. Jonathan Wild the

great, who, from his position and antecedents, must have been a master of slang in every shape, makes but little use of it in his conversation. And in that rogue's epic — that *biographia flagitiosa* — the Beggars' Opera — we can understand Macheath, Filch, Jenny Diver, and Mat of the Mint without dictionary or glossary. The only man who wrote slang was Mr. Ned Ward; but that worthy cannot be taken as an exemplar of the polite, or even of the ordinary conversation of his day.

It may be objected to me that although there may be a large collection of slang words floating about, they are made use of only by loose, or at best illiterate persons, and are banished from refined society. This may be begging the question, but I deny the truth of the objection. If words not to be found in standard dictionaries, not authorized by writings received as classics, and for which no literary or grammatical precedents can be adduced, are to be called slang — I will aver that you shall not read one single parliamentary debate as reported in a first-class newspaper, without meeting with scores of slang words. Whatever may be the claims of the Commons' House to collective wisdom, it is as a whole an assembly of educated gentlemen. From Mr. Speaker in his chair to the Cabinet ministers whispering behind it — from mover to seconder, from true blue protectionist to extremest radical, Mr. Barry's New House echoes and re-echoes with slang. You may hear slang every day in term from barristers in their robes, at every mess table, at every bar mess, at every college commons, in every club dining-room.

Thus, with great modesty and profound submission, I must express my opinion either that slang should be proscribed, banished, prohibited, or that a New Dictionary should be compiled, in which all the slang terms now in use among educated men, and made use of in publications of established character, should be registered, etymologised, explained, and stamped with the lexicographic stamp, that we may have chapter and verse, mint and hall-mark for our slang. Let the new dictionary contain a well-digested array of the multitude of synonyms for familiar objects floating about; let them give a local habitation and a name to all the little by-blows of language skulking and rambling about our speech, like the ragged little Bedouins about our shameless streets, and give them a settlement and a parish. If the evil of slang has grown too gigantic to be suppressed, let us at least give it decency by legalising it; else, assuredly, this age will be branded by posterity with the shame of jabbering a broken dialect in preference to speaking a nervous and dignified language; and our wits will be sneered at and undervalued as mere word-twisters, who supplied the lack

of humour by a vulgar facility of low language.

The compiler of such a dictionary would have no light task. I can imagine him at work in the synonymous department. Only consider what a vast multitude of equivalents the perverse ingenuity of our slanginess has invented for the one generic word Money. Money — the bare, plain, simple word itself — has a sonorous, significant ring in its sound, and might have sufficed, yet we substitute for it — tin, rhino, blunt, rowdy, stumpy, dibbs, browns, stuff, ready, mopusses, shiners, dust, chips, chinkers, pewter, horsenails, brads. Seventeen synonyms to one word; and then we come to species — pieces of money. Sovereigns are yellow-boys, cooters, quids; crown-pieces are bulls and cart-wheels; shillings, bobs, or benders; sixpenny-pieces are fiddlers and tizzies; fourpenny pieces, joeys or bits; pence, browns, or coppers and mags. To say that a man is without money, or in poverty, some persons remark that he is down on his luck, hard up, stumped up, in Queer Street, under a cloud, up a tree, quisby, done up, sold up, in a fix. To express that he is rich, we say that he is warm, comfortable, that he has feathered his nest, that he has lots of tin, or that he has plenty of stuff, or is worth a plum.

For the one word drunk, besides the authorised synonyms tipsy, inebriated, intoxicated, I find of unauthorised or slang equivalents the astonishing number of thirty-two, viz.: in liquor, disguised therein, lushy, bosky, buffy, boozy, mops and brooms, half-seas-over, fargone, tight, not able to see a hole through a ladder, three sheets in the wind, foggy, screwed, hazy, sewed up, mooney, muddled, muzzy, swipey, lumpy, obfuscated, muggy, beery, winey, slewed, on the ran-tan, on the re-raw, groggy, ploughed, cut, and in his cups.

For one article of drink, gin, we have ten synonyms: max, juniper, gatter, duke, jackey, tape, blue-ruin, cream of the valley, white satin, old Tom.

Synonymous with a man, are a cove, a chap, a cull, an article, a codger, a buffer. A gentleman is a swell, a nob, a tiptopper; a low person is a snob, a sweep, and a scurf, and in Scotland, a gutter-blood. Thieves are prigs, cracksmen, mouchers, gonophs, go-alongs. To steal is to prig, to pinch, to collar, to nail, to grab, to nab. To go or run away is to hook it, to bolt, to take tracks, to absquatulate, to slope, to step it, to mizzle, to paddle, to cut, to cut your stick, to evaporate, to vamose, to be off, to vanish, and to tip your rags a gallop. For the verb to beat I can at once find fourteen synonyms: thus, to thrash, to lick, to leather, to hide, to tan, to larrup, to wallop, to pummel, to whack, to whop, to towel, to maul, to quilt, to pay.

A horse is a nag, a prad, a tit, a screw. A donkey is a moke, a neddy. A policeman is a peeler, a bobby, a crusher; a soldier a swaddy, a lobster, a red herring. To pawn is to spout, to pop, to lumber, to blue. The hands are mauleys, and the fingers flippers. The feet are steppers; the boots crabshells, or trotter cases, or grabbers. Food is grub, prog, and crug; a hackney cab is a shoful; a Punch's show a schwassle-box; a five pound note is a flimsy; a watch a ticker; anything of good quality or character is stunning, ripping, out-and-out; a magistrate is a beak, and a footman a flunkey. Not less can I set down as slang the verbiage by which coats are transformed into bis-uniques, alpacas, vicunas, ponchos, anaxandrians, and siphonias.

The slang expressions I have herein set down I have enumerated, exactly as they have occurred to me, casually. If I had made research, or taxed my memory for any considerable time, I have no doubt that I could augment the slang terms and synonyms to at least double their amount. And it is possible that an accomplished public will be able to supply from their own recollection and experience a goodly addition to my list. The arrival of every mail, the extension of every colony, the working of every Australian mine would swell it. Placers, squatters, diggers, clearings, nuggets, cradles, claims — where were all these words a dozen years ago? and what are they, till they are marshalled in a dictionary, but slang? We may say the same of the railway phraseology: buffers, switches, points, stokers, and coal bunks — whence is their etymology, and whence their authority?

But slang does not end here. It goes higher — to the very top of the social Olympus. If the Duchess of Downderry invites some dozen of her male and female fashionable acquaintances to tea and a dance afterwards, what do you think she calls her tea-party? A *thé dansante* — a dancing tea. Does tea dance? Can it dance? Is not this libel upon honest Bohea and Souchong slang? — pure, unadulterated, unmitigated slang.

The slang of the fashionable world is mostly imported from France; an unmeaning gibberish of Gallicisms runs through English fashionable conversation, and fashionable novels, and accounts of fashionable parties in the fashionable newspapers. Yet, ludicrously enough, immediately the fashionable magnates of England seize on any French idiom, the French themselves not only universally abandon it to us, but positively repudiate it altogether from their idiomatic vocabulary. If you were to tell a well-bred Frenchman that such and such an aristocratic marriage was on the *tapis*, he would stare with astonishment, and look down on the carpet in the startled en-

deavour to find a marriage in so unusual a place. If you were to talk to him of the *beau monde*, he would imagine you meant the world which God made, not half-a-dozen streets and squares between Hyde Park Corner and Chelsea Bun House. The *thé dansante* would be completely inexplicable to him. If you were to point out to him the Dowager Lady Grimguffin acting as *chaperon* to Lady Amanda Creamville, he would imagine you were referring to the *petit Chaperon Rouge* — to little Red Riding Hood. He might just understand what was meant by *vis-à-vis*, *entremets*, and some others of the flying horde of frivolous little foreign slangisms hovering about fashionable cookery and fashionable furniture; but three-fourths of them would seem to him as barbarous French provincialisms, or, at best, but as antiquated and obsolete expressions picked up out of the letters of Mademoiselle Scuderi, or the tales of Cribillon the younger.

But, save us, your ladyship, there are thousands of Englishmen who might listen to your ladyship for an hour without understanding half-a-dozen words of your discourse. When you speak of the last *faux pas*, of poor Miss Limberfoot's sad *mésalliance*, of the Reverend Mr. Caudlecup's being "so full of soul," of the enchanting *roulades* of that ravishing *cantatrice* Martinuzzi, of your dinner of the day before being *recherché*, of your *gens* being insolent and inattentive, how shall plain men refrain from staring wonderstruck at your unfathomable discourse?

And when your ladyship *does* condescend to speak English, it is only with a delightful mincingness of accent and a liberal use of superlatives. The Italian singer you heard last night was a "divine creature;" if you are slightly tired or dull you are "awfully bored" or "devoured with *ennui*;" if your face be pale you vow you are a "perfect fright;" if a gentleman acquaintance volunteer a very mild joke he is a "quizzical monster" — a dreadful quiz, he is so awfully satirical; and the comic actor last night was "killing;" and Julie, my child, hand me my *vinaigrette*, and take a shilling out of my *porte-monnaie*, and tell Adolfe to get some *jujubes* for Fido; and, let me see, if I go out in the pilentum to-day, or stay, the barouche (we have a *char-à-banc* down at our place, Doctor), I will wear my *moire antique* and my *ruche* of Brussels lace, and my *mantelet*, and my *chatelaine*, with all the "charms" Lord Bruin Fitzurse brought me from Dresden, and then we will take a drive in the Park, and I will leave a card at Bojannee Loll's for my next "Thursday," for really my dear "lions" are so scarce now, that even Bojannee Loll will be an acquisition: and so on.

I believe the abominable slang practice of writing P. P. C. on a

card of leave-taking, and R. S. V. P. at the bottom of a letter when you wish an answer to it, is gone out of fashion, and I rejoice that it has.

Young Lord Fitzurse speaks of himself and of his aristocratic companions as "fellows" (very often pronounced "faywows"); if he is going to drive a four-horse coach down to Epsom Races, he is going to "tool his drag down to the Derby." Lord Bobby Robbins's great coat, which he admires, is "down the road." An officer in the tenth hussars is "a man in the tenth;" a pretty young lady is a "neat little filly;" a vehicle which is not a drag (or dwag) is a "trap" or a "cask;" his lordship's lodgings in Jermyn Street are his "crib," his "diggings," or he "hangs out" there. His father is his "governor;" his bill-discounter a "dreadful old screw," if he refuses to do a "bit of stiff" for him. When his friend has mortgaged his estate, he pronounces it to be "dipped." Everything that pleases him is "crushing, by Jove!" everything that displeases him (from bad sherry to a writ from his tailor) is "infernal."

Then there is the slang of criticism. Literary, dramatic, artistic, and scientific. Such words as æsthetic, transcendental, the "harmonies," the unities, a myth: such phrases as an exquisite *morçeau* on the big drum, a scholarlike rendering of John the Baptist's great toe; "keeping," "harmony," "middle distance," "aerial perspective," "delicate handling," "nervous chiaroscuro," and the like, are made use of pell-mell, without the least relation to their real meanings, their real uses, their real requirements.

And the Stage has its slang, both before and behind the curtain. Actors speak of such and such a farce being a "screamer," and such and such a tragedy being "damned" or "goosed." If an actor forgets his part while on the stage, he is said to "stick" and to "corpse" the actors who may be performing with him, by putting them out in their parts. A "part" has so many "lengths;" a piece will "run" so many nights. Belville is going in the country to "star" it. When no salaries are forthcoming on Saturday, the "ghost doesn't walk" — a benefit is a "ben," a salary a "sal;" an actor is not engaged to play tragedy or comedy, but to "do the heavy business," or "second low comedy," and when he is out of an engagement he is said to be "out of collar."

Thus through all grades and professions of life runs this omnipresent slang.

In the immense number of new words which are being continually coined and disseminated throughout our gigantic periodical press lies, I conceive, the chief difficulty of the English language to foreigners. The want of any clear and competent authority as to what words are classical and what merely slang, what obsolete and what improper, must be a source

of perpetual tribulation and uncertainty to the unhappy stranger. If he is to take Johnson and Walker for standards, a walk from Charing Cross to Temple Bar, an hour at a theatre, or an evening in society, will flood his perturbed tympanum with a deluge of words concerning which Johnson and Walker are absolutely mute. How is the foreigner to make his election? Suppose the unfortunate Monsieur, or Herr, or Signor should address himself to write, as De Lolme did, a treatise on the English constitution. Suppose he were to begin a passage thus: — "Though Lord Protocol was an out-and-out humbug, Sir Reddy Tapewax was not such a flat as to be taken in: He proved the gammon of Lord Protocol's move, and, though he thought him green, did him completely brown." How many young politicians would not think it beneath them to talk in this manner, yet how bitterly the foreign essayist would be ridiculed for his conversational style of composition.

The French have an Academy of Letters, and the dictionary of that Academy, published after forty years labour, nearly two centuries ago, is still the standard model of elegance and propriety in composition and conversation. The result of this has been that every work of literary excellence in France follows the phraseology, and within very little the orthography which we find in the poetry of Racine and Boileau, and the prose of Pascal and Fénélon. And the French has become, moreover, the chief diplomatic conversational and commercial language in the world. It is current everywhere. It is neither so copious, so sonorous, or so dignified as English or German, but it is fixed. The Emperor of Russia or the Sultan of Turkey may write and speak (accent apart) as good French as any Parisienne. But in England, an Englishman even has never done learning his own language. It has no rules, no limits; its orthography and pronunciation are almost entirely arbitrary; its words are like a provisional committee, with power to add to their number. A foreigner may hope to read and write English tolerably well, after assiduous study; but he will never speak it without a long residence in England; and even then he will be in no better case than the English bred Englishman, continually learning, continually hearing words of whose signification he has not the slightest idea, continually perplexed to as what should be considered a familiar idiom, and what inadmissible slang.

To any person who devotes himself to literary composition in the English language the redundancy of unauthorised words and expressions must always be a source of unutterable annoyance and vexation. Should he adopt the phraseology and style of the authors of the eras of Elizabeth or Anne he may be censured as obsolete or as perversely quaint.

Should he turn to the Latin tongue for the construction of his phrases and the choice of his language, he will be stigmatised as pedantic or with that grave charge of using hard words. And, should he take advantage of what he hears and sees in his own days and under his own eyes, and incorporate into his language those idiomatic words and expressions he gathers from the daily affairs of life and the daily conversation of his fellow men, he will have no lack of critics to tell him that he writes insufferable vulgarity and slang.

Her Majesty Queen Anne is dead; but for Her Majesty's decease we should have had an Academy of Letters and an Academy Dictionary in England. There are two opinions in this country relative to the utility of academies; and, without advocating the formation of such an institution I may be permitted submissively to plead that we really do want a new dictionary — if not in justice to ourselves, at least in justice to foreigners, and in justice to our great-great-grand-children.

A NORMAN STORY.

Not many evenings ago, when the south-west wind had cooled the atmosphere, I was sauntering with my dog on the top of the cliffs not far from Fécamp, in Normandy. All at once my dog made a halt, pricked up his ears, and uttered a low growl. A few seconds afterwards I perceived in the shade a man who had also stopped on my approach. I called my dog; the man came forward; and, by his cloak lined with sheepskin, I recognised one of those numerous coast-guards, whose duty it is to watch all night long in little hiding-places that are built upon the cliffs, more than three hundred yards above the level of the sea.

"You have got there," he observed, as he laid his hand upon my dog's head, "an excellent companion for the evening. A real Newfoundlander," he added. "I once had on like him, but was obliged to part with him. We are no longer allowed to take dogs out with us. To be sure, they would discover a smuggling transaction sooner than we could by ourselves; but they would also inform us of the visits of our night inspectors, and that would not exactly suit them." While gossipping thus, he gave me to understand that this was his native place; that, although he was not particularly rich, with his salary of six hundred francs a year, he was yet glad to be home again. "And, Monsieur," he continued, "I have not enjoyed that pleasure long. Although I have now been here three days I cannot literally say that I have slept under my family roof; for I have only every fourth night to myself." During the course of this speech, he leaned forward from time to time, and peeped over the edge of the cliff.

"Do you hear anything?" asked.

"No," he replied; "but I am looking for a grotto about which my mother used formerly to tell me a curious story. The spots on which we have passed the happiest moments of our lives, are old friends whom we are delighted to meet again. Look there — that's the very place." And he pointed with his finger to a cavern in the cliff, which imprinted upon its white side a vast and irregular black spot. I will spare you the relation of the manœuvring which I employed, to induce the coast-guard to tell me his story. We sat ourselves down inside his little hut, and he began: —

"In the first place, Monsieur, I assure you that neither my mother nor myself ever knew the persons whose history I am going to tell you. The tale was told to my mother, as she told it to me, and as I shall shortly tell it to you.

"A very long time ago, a young man named Louis Morand was sent by his father to Paris, to complete his studies, and to take his Doctor's degree in the Faculty of Medicine. The father died; and the report went about that it was in consequence of grief at his son's ill conduct. However that might be, the youth, who had no great inheritance to expect, simply sent for the papers of his deceased parent, and employed himself one evening in destroying them, and in selecting those that promised to be of use. After the inspection of much that was of no consequence, he came to a bundle which contained letters all in the same handwriting. The very first letter made him extremely anxious to examine the rest, and he read a tolerably voluminous correspondence. They came from a friend who seemed greatly attached to his father. 'Since it is your wish' he wrote, 'that I should reserve for your son what I desire and am able to bequeath to you, send him to me as soon as he is five-and-twenty; and, if he shows a good disposition, I will undertake to provide for him handsomely. On the other hand, I will take good care not to furnish him with the means of developing a vicious and a malignant character, to the prejudice of those with whom he has to do.' When Louis Morand read the signature, he recognised the name of a man who was reputed here to be a sorcerer and a necromancer. He laughed at first at this offer of protection; but after he had spent, in as bad a way as possible, the trifling amount of money which remained after his father's affairs were settled, he then resolved, under pressure from his creditors and in uncertainty about his future prospects, to try his chance upon new ground, and introduce himself to this unknown benefactor, who appeared to have both the power and the will to serve him. He set out on his journey; and, after a troublesome search, arrived safely at the necromancer's house. I ought to tell you that this necromancer was perhaps no more a

sorcerer than you and I. Probably he was only better informed than other folks, and by means of a few chemical and mechanical secrets, contrived to impose upon the credulity of the vulgar."

At this last word, I looked at the coast-guard with some degree of surprise. "Do you think so?" I said.

"I don't think anything about it," he answered. "What I am now telling you is part of the narrative like all the rest. My mother told it me in that way, and probably that is exactly how she heard it herself. The magician's house was in the midst of a wood, on the slope of a hill. When Louis Morand knocked at the door, a little black-faced man came and opened it. His appearance made a deep impression upon Louis. At that time people were not accustomed to the sight of negroes; and, moreover, the figure and the costume of the slave were altogether strange and fantastic. His entire little person was completely covered with gold and precious stones. On beholding him, Louis took him for a gnome — one of those genii who, in the bowels of the earth, are deputed to keep guard over the treasures there. He inquired for Master Guillaume, trembling all the while to receive an answer; for the aspect of the tiny creature was by no means calculated to inspire confidence. The gnome — I am unable to state exactly whether he was a negro or a real gnome — the gnome introduced him into an immense saloon, where his master was reading by the light of a large fire. Nor can I tell you whether Louis's imagination caused him to see things differently to what they actually were; or whether this fire were supernatural; or whether the effect was produced by ordinary causes; but, to Louis's eyes, the fire was reflected in bright blue light all around the walls of the room.

"The old man's appearance was venerable. He had a long white beard; his silver locks were partially hidden beneath a violet cap; the rest of his costume was equally in keeping with his necromantic reputation. Immediately that Louis was announced, he embraced him and talked about his father with tears in his eyes; and then, after this outburst of feeling, he ordered dinner to be served directly. The repast was of exquisite delicacy; the wines, especially, were most delicious. Louis ate and drank to his heart's content. He afterwards, however, thought he remembered that Master Guillaume, who ate nothing but rice, and drank nothing but water, knitted his brows two or three times when he saw him fill and empty his glass; but the recollection was so utterly vague, that he never could feel quite certain of the fact. 'My son,' said Master Guillaume, 'your father was my dearest friend. His simple tastes and his contempt for earthly things made him refuse to profit by my friendship during the whole of his life.

If you are not degenerated from so honourable a parentage, you shall inherit it, according to his wish; and it is no contemptible inheritance that I offer you, as you yourself shall judge by and bye. We will now descend into my laboratory. There, we will talk about it, and I will then see what is to be done for you.'

"Guillaume and Louis then descended, by a dark and narrow staircase, for more than an hour. At the end of that time they found themselves in a large apartment richly hung with purple. It was illumined by lamps that shed a purple light, and gave an extraordinary air to the necromancer's subterranean retreat. Louis was struck with complete astonishment. When they were both seated upon some downy cushions, Master Guillaume pulled a bell, whose golden wire was hidden in one of the folds of the drapery. The gnome instantly made his appearance. Louis was alarmed at the apparition of the little creature who, in less than a couple of seconds, had passed a distance which had cost them an hour to traverse. The gnome remained standing, awaiting in silence the orders of his superior. 'Zano,' said Master Guillaume, 'there is one thing of importance which I have forgotten. It will perhaps be late when we leave this place; let a couple of partridges be prepared for our supper, one for each of us; but do not put them down to roast until I give the order.'

"After a long conversation, in which Master Guillaume questioned Louis about his past life, his habits, and his tastes, he said: 'My son, in consideration of the friendship which I still bear to your father, even beyond the grave, I will give you whatever you choose to ask me. But I am able to grant you only one single thing; and therefore, think of it carefully beforehand. My power extends no further than that.' — 'Master,' replied Louis, 'I have often pondered in my mind which is the most useful thing in life, and I am so thoroughly convinced that the surest and most fruitful source of enjoyment is to be the possessor of a large fortune, that I do not hesitate to ask you for it.' — 'So be it as you desire,' the old man replied with gentleness; 'but first allow me to warn you of the dangers which your choice will draw around your head. Men are like ships; they founder the more easily, in proportion as they are heavier laden with wealth. However honourable one may feel one's self to be, it is best to avoid the possession of too powerful and efficacious weapons. The sheep, perhaps, would be as ferocious as the wolf, if its teeth were as strong and sharp as those of its enemy.' — The old man here added a multitude of reflections and examples, which I will not relate to you, because my mother, who probably did not hear a word about them, repeated nothing of the sort to me; only

Louis afterwards stated that his aged friend's eloquence was by no means amusing; and that he passed all the time which it pleased Master Guillaume to employ in making his peroration, in thinking of the use he would make of his future riches, and of the pleasures which he was upon the point of enjoying.

"Master Guillaume concluded his long discourse in the very same words with which he had commenced it: 'So be it as you desire. Here is a little casket filled with gold. Whenever it is empty you will come to me, and I will fill it for you again. I shall not trouble you with any questions about the use which you make of your money. I only beg you not to visit me till the contents of the casket are entirely expended. More frequent applications would be a useless disturbance of my favourite pursuits. On the other hand, you have no occasion to hoard. If I die before you, the casket will continue to fill itself, according as you empty it.' Master Guillaume then gave him some further counsel — which you might find tiresome.

"Louis came tolerably often to get his casket filled. One day he again fancied that he saw the Master knit his brows. He then thought that perhaps some caprice of the old man might deprive him, at one moment or another, of the wealth to which he had become accustomed; and he determined to make a fresh demand as soon as half the money in the casket was spent, in order to be able to amass a treasure, and render his future career independent of the necromancer's whims. He spent his life in gambling, and in orgies of every description. There was nothing which he did not believe himself permitted to practise; and unhappily, the immense fortune which he had at his disposal converted those who surrounded him into so many slaves, who spared no pains to confirm him in that idea. In his despotic license, he knew no check; and afterwards, cloyed with pleasures which he could not greatly vary, on account of being unable to travel far from the source of his riches, he could find amusement in no other pursuit than in doing mischief to those around him.

"The intimate companion of his debaucheries was a clever and good-natured young man, who although partaking of a portion of his pleasures, did not, on that account, hesitate to blame other parts of his conduct; and who, for that very reason alone, had put himself in danger of incurring Louis's displeasure. An accident changed this discontent into a deep and envenomed hatred. Louis had a mistress, who resided a league from this spot; and her house was the usual scene of the riot and debauchery which occupied his life, excepting the moments when he was a prey to ennui. One day, he imagined that he discovered

between her and Rechteren certain looks of intelligence, which kindled a burning jealousy in his heart. He did not, however, cease to receive Rechteren in the most friendly manner. But one evening, when they were departing together from the house of—" Here the coast-guard hesitated. I waited for some time; and then, fearing that he might have fallen asleep, I made a noise to awaken him. But he was not asleep; only puzzling his brains.

"It is singular!" he said, "that I cannot remember the name of Louis Morand's mistress."

"Substitute some other, then."

"I shall remember it directly. I want to tell you the story exactly as it was told to me. — Her name was Hortense. — As they were leaving Hortense's house together, Louis Morand said to his friend, 'If you will be guided by me, we will take advantage of the ebb tide to follow the path at the foot of the cliffs. We shall see the sun set in the sea.' It is most probable," added the coast-guard, "that Louis Morand made use of some additional arguments to persuade his companion to go that way; for sunset is not so very uncommon a sight. The sun must set every evening, as long as he rises every morning. It was, as near as may be, at this season of the year, and the moon was at the full. Consequently, it was 'spring tides,' and the tide began to flow at four o'clock. As you would easily perceive if the water was not so high, and as you have most likely observed on other occasions, it is rather a rough and fatiguing task to have to walk over points of rock and pebbles which roll beneath your feet. They were proceeding exactly below the hut in which we are sitting. At this time of day, the tide rises ten fathoms over the spot where their feet were standing. They amused themselves with admiring the sunset, and with gossiping. The wind blew from the north west, and slightly tipped the waves with white. There are people in the world who would spend a whole week in gazing at the sea, without doing anything else. For the last eleven years it has been my principal employment, and I have yet to learn what pleasure it can give them. All of a sudden, Rechteren noticed that for the last hour the tide had been flowing, that the wind was driving the waves before it, and that it would be more prudent to retrace their steps, especially as they had scarcely advanced more than a quarter of a league. But Louis Morand burst out laughing, asked him scornfully if he were afraid, and assured him that in another quarter of an hour they would be walking in the town of Fécamp.

"'Very well, then,' said Rechteren, 'let us proceed.'

"But they could only proceed at a very slow rate. It was now almost night; and they incurred every moment the risk of breaking their legs between the rocks. Louis was continually finding

some pretext for retarding their progress. Sometimes he pointed out to Rechteren the yellow tints which the sun had left in the west; sometimes he noticed the earliest stars which were making their first appearance in the east. They were still far from the end of their journey, and the sea roared in a menacing tone. Every wave which broke upon the rocks advanced further than its predecessor had done. It now became completely night, and a faint glimmer behind the cliffs announced the rising of the moon.

"Rechteren stopped. 'Louis!' he exclaimed, 'let us return. In half an hour we can retrace the distance which we have advanced; and we do not know how long it will take us to get to the end of our present path. We have not even the moon to guide us. She is hidden behind the heavy clouds which the wind is driving before it from the offing.'

"'Return, if you like,' said Louis Morand; 'for my part, I shall go on.'

"'I will follow you then,' said Rechteren. And they started again without exchanging another word.

"A few hundred paces further, Rechteren again halted. The pebbles were black beneath his feet, and he stooped to touch them with his fingers. He then perceived that the cause of their blackness was that a wave, somewhat stronger than the rest, had reached the very foot of the cliff, and wetted it. Nevertheless, he made no remark; for, at the point which they had reached, if they were not nearer to Fécamp than to their place of starting, they must inevitably be drowned. Another step, and a wave glided forwards, wetting their legs as it broke on the shore.

"'Louis, we are lost!' he said. Louis made no reply, but doubled his pace. Rechteren refrained from uttering any reproach; but still it was his companion's obstinacy which had thus endangered both their lives. At last, they ran as fast as they could towards a portion of the cliff which jutted out into the sea. Perhaps behind that projecting point they might find a track where it would be possible to climb. But, as soon as they had gained the promontory, the sea burst roaring against the cliff. 'Louis,' repeated Rechteren, 'we are utterly lost!' He tried to measure the cliffs at a glance, as well as the night would allow him to do so. Far as his eyesight could pierce the gloom, nothing was to be seen but a wall three hundred feet high, and as upright as the mast of a ship. They hastily ran back again; but from time to time fatigue compelled them to pause and take breath. Rechteren swallowed a mouthful from a flask of spirits; and then they again endeavoured to press forward. In a quarter of an hour, they were once more arrested by the sea, which broke against the cliff. On either side escape was

impossible. The space of a couple of hundred feet was all that was left uncovered. Every advancing wave devoured the dry land; and before another half hour could elapse, the place on which they then stood would certainly be six fathoms under water. Rechteren stopped short, and looked right and left at the fast rising tide. Before him was the boiling ocean; behind, the smooth, unbroken cliff.

"'This is not the moment to flee like a hare,' he said; 'still less to give way to despair. We must be resigned to our fate, and await it boldly. Come, Louis; it is all over with us.'

"Louis walked a few steps onwards, and climbed a boulder which had fallen from the cliff, and which leaned against it to the height of seven or eight feet above the level of the beach. There, he sat himself down in silence. Rechteren followed him, and stood by his side.

"'My good friend Louis,' he said, 'can you guess what vexes me most in the midst of this terrible catastrophe! It is, that two or three fools of my acquaintance, who have often teased me because I cannot swim, and who have always predicted that I should die in the water, will conclude their funeral oration over me with an impertinent "I told him so!" That, I must confess, is a pleasure which I was scarcely disposed to confer upon them.' After a moment's pause, he continued: 'This is a horrible death! I do not fear to die, but I do fear the pain of dying. Look at those rocky points against which we shall soon be dashed! How frightful is the voice of these roaring waves and this whistling wind! But, however fearful it may be, the awful spectacle elevates the soul, raises a man above himself, and endows him with strength to die becomingly. It is better to meet death in this decided style, than to take the chance of being shot for giving the lie to a fool, who is afraid to fire the bullet which kills you. But Louis, you do not speak a word.'

"There was another moment of solemn silence, during which the sea could be heard to be constantly advancing. A wave, crowned with its wreath of foam, came and touched the rock which was their last refuge.

"'I have just experienced,' said Rechteren, 'a final paroxysm of despair and rage; I have been tempted to rush against the cliff, and try to climb it with my nails and fingers.' He then added, with a burst of blasphemy, 'A cat could not manage to perform the feat! A strange expression,' he added, 'has escaped my lips; that oath, uttered so near to death terrifies me. You may laugh if you like, my dear Louis, although you do not seem in a laughing mood; but I feel an irresistible impulse to pray. These voices of the sea and the winds, this death which advances on the foaming waves, all seem

to command me to fall down upon my knees.' Rechteren then knelt down upon the rock. 'It would be very difficult just now,' he said, 'to remember all the prayers which they taught me in days gone by; but the one I shall make will be as good as any.' After a few moments, he arose again. 'Louis, do you in turn follow my example. I assure you that it will do you no harm.'

"'No;' muttered Louis.

"'You seem to me to be rather in a stupor; I will not arouse you from your insensibility. It is one way, among others, of meeting death, and is perhaps the best thing that could happen to you. Only, if I have offended you in any respect, I now entreat your pardon for it.'

"Louis fixed his glittering eyes full upon the countenance of his friend.

"'I confess to have injured ... with regard to Hortense. But I am dying with cold. I should wish during the few minutes that I still have to live, to feel as little suffering as possible. Ah, yes! I have it now.' And he emptied the spirits which remained in his flask into a little hollow on the top of the rock: then, taking from his pocket the flint and steel which he always carried about him, he set fire to it, and a blue flame soon quivered over its surface. 'What a capital thought!' he exclaimed; 'But it is unlucky that we have no sugar here. It would be delightful to drink a glass of punch while we are waiting for the tide to rise enough. At any rate, it will warm my fingers till the sea comes and puts it out. But I shall then have no further need for it.'

"'Wretch!' said Louis Morand, 'do you not see that the waves are breaking against the rock which we have mounted?'

"'I see it, as well as you do; and I almost wish that it was all over and ended. For there is a moment coming which frightens me a little. But, Louis, why are you undressing yourself?'

"'Why? Because you have confessed your crime, of which I was already aware; because I have brought you up hither to have my revenge. Think, now, of your own and Hortense's perfidy.'

"He stepped from the rock; the water was up to his middle. As Rechteren shouted after him, 'Louis! Louis! Do you abandon me thus?' an enormous billow rose above Morand's head. He dived, and reappeared on the other side of the wave, which broke against the foot of the rock. Louis Morand had hard work to swim, plunging under every wave. Rechteren screamed, but he did not hear him; for the sea made a deafening noise, till he got completely away from the breakers. He then turned round. The blue flame was still shining in the darkness of night. A little afterwards, he turned again. The flame was extinguished. Three

hours later he arrived at Fécamp.

Look that way," said the coast-guard, pointing to the grotto which he had already indicated, "if the tide were low I could still show you, by descending to the beach, the hole in the rock in which Rechteren set light to the flask of spirits.

"Louis related the death of his friend, exactly as suited his own convenience. They had been surprised by the tide; in spite of desperate efforts, he had been unable to rescue Rechteren, and had had great difficulty in saving himself. He ostentatiously mourned the death of the man whom he had murdered; and everybody agreed in praising his excellent heart and his sensibility. But, what he really feared, was the presence of Master Guillaume and his severe and penetrating glance.

"This time he waited till the casket was completely empty before he made up his mind to apply to the sorcerer. At the door, he hesitated, and was very near turning back again; but by repeatedly reminding himself that Master Guillaume had imposed no conditions upon his favours, and that, moreover, he would be sure to be deceived, like other people, by the reports that were current, he took courage, and entered. Master Guillaume, according to custom, filled the casket without speaking a word. But there was something cruelly sardonic in his look; and when Louis Morand offered his hand as usual on entering, the master did not offer his in return. Louis retired, pale and horribly agitated; the master had evidently refused to take the hand of a murderer. An ironical smile had for a moment contracted his lips. Louis had everything to fear. Not only might he soon cease to receive any further supply of money from the sorcerer, but it was probable that his punishment would not end there. He was more than three months without daring to present himself again; and he spent all that time in the most serious anxiety. He had exhausted all the pleasures which the neighbourhood could offer him. Like the goat, which, after having cropped the grass within the circle which the length of its tether allows it to traverse, crops it again as short as velvet, and then lies down in discontent, so Louis, satiated with his past enjoyments, lived a life of worn-out dulness.

"A fearful thought entered his mind. It fixed itself there, and took firm root. It completely occupied him, by night and by day. He turned it over, and arranged his plans in his head; all his difficulties vanished, all his dangers were over. As soon as everything was prepared for the execution of his project, he went to the house of his aged friend. When Zano opened the door for him to enter, he rushed upon the negro, enveloped his head in his

mantle to smother his cries, and handed him to some men who carried him away. Then, followed by his accomplices, he proceeded, pistol in hand, to Master Guillaume's chamber, where they bound him hand and foot. 'Louis Morand,' asked the sorcerer, 'what is it that you want of me?'

"No one answered. Louis was left alone with the master, to whom he said, 'Deliver up all the treasures you possess.'

"'Louis Morand,' replied the Master, 'you have made too bad a use of the wealth I have already bestowed upon you, for me to be guilty of such an act of madness as to feed your vices any longer. With what you have hitherto received, you have only turned out foolish and wicked; if you were in possession of my hidden treasure, your vices would become crimes, and your wickedness would increase with the means of indulging it.'

"Meanwhile, Louis's attendants searched the house, from the roof to the cellar. They returned to say that they could not find the value of ten crowns altogether. Then they carried the old man away, and shut him up in a prison which Louis had contrived and built. It was a tall tower, lined inside throughout with plates of polished [illegible]. Here, they told him, he should be starved to death; and here he lay, enduring the dreadful pangs of hunger and thirst, for six days.

"Towards the evening of the sixth day a voice was heard, and Louis Morand's face appeared at one of the windows. He employed every means his imagination could suggest to induce the sorcerer to deliver up his treasures. Master Guillaume was inflexible. He hungered and thirsted, three days more. Louis Morand appeared at a window; the Master threatened him with the vengeance of Heaven. Louis Morand replied by an insulting smile, and urged him to give up his treasures. Master Guillaume wrapped his head in his mantle, and went to sleep. Next day, Louis Morand appeared again.

"'In the name of Heaven,' the Master faintly cried, 'do not kill, in such a cruel way, an old man who never did you anything but good!' — 'Give me, then, your treasures,' said Louis Morand. The old man bowed his head without replying. Louis disappeared. That night Master Guillaume did not sleep. He prayed, without being able to calm his spirits. He called Louis Morand. Louis Morand appeared.

"'My son,' he said, 'What have I done, to be condemned to die such a horrible death? Have pity on my white hairs! Have pity on your father's friend! Spare my life; if you refuse that, at least shorten the torments I suffer.' — 'Give me, then, your treasures,' repeated Louis. 'Mercy! mercy!' cried the old man. But Louis constantly replied, 'Give me your treasures!'

"At last, Master Guillaume

pulled a golden bell. A thick vapour rolled before Louis's eyes. With the vapour, the prison disappeared. Louis beheld the sorcerer sitting opposite to him in his velvet chair, which he had never quitted. He also found himself in precisely the same position he had occupied when the necromancer said to him, 'So be it, as you desire.' The golden bell was still vibrating within the purple drapery. The illusion, the effect of the sorcerer's art, was at an end. Zano entered.

"'Zano,' said Master Guillaume, 'put down only a single partridge to roast for supper.'"

OLD BONES.

Not many years ago there were discovered by some labourers who were digging in the gravel in front of St. John's College, Oxford, some "giant's bones." They were carefully placed in a wheel-barrow, and trundled off to the Professor of Geology, who had the reputation in that town of giving the best price for old bones. The discoverers presently returned to their fellow workmen, with information that the doctor had decided the bones to be, not bones of giants, but of elephants; and that he had given them (although there was no brag about it in his windows) two sovereigns more per pound than they could have obtained at any other house.

But how came an elephant to have been buried in the middle of the street? The oldest inhabitant at once decided, that although the doctor had as usual his own book-learned theory, the elephant was one that had died in Mr. Wombwell's menagerie when it was being exhibited in Paradise Square, long, long ago.

This was an elephant, however, that had lived before the days of Wombwell. Long before King Alfred had laid the foundation stone of University College, or the Fellows of St. John's had begun to enclose the nightingale-haunted groves of Bagley Wood, did this elephant, in company with others of his class, fearing no proctor, roam over the tract of land on which the undergraduate now lounges, looking about to see how he may spend paternal moneys. Times are changed, and we ought to be thankful for it. Great would be the annoyance suffered by the white-throated M. A., who in eighteen hundred and fifty-three should suddenly have his ideas disarranged by the apparition of that great leviathan on the top of Heddington Hill. There is no danger of that now; it is certain that those elephants are dead and gone, but at the same time it is not less certain that they died and went the way of their flesh in the neighbourhood of Oxford; and not about Oxford only, but throughout nearly the whole of England. In the streets of London the teeth and bones of elephants are frequently turned up

by the pick-axes of men digging foundations and sewers. Elephants' teeth have been found under twelve feet of gravel in Gray's Inn Lane. They have been found too at a depth of thirty feet. In digging the grand sewer near Charles Street, on the east of Waterloo Place, Kingsland, near Hoxton, in eighteen hundred and six, an entire elephant's skull was discovered containing tusks of enormous length, as well as the grinding teeth. In the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, there are some vertebræ and a thigh-bone of an enormous elephant, which must have been at least sixteen feet high; these bones are in the most delicate state of preservation. They were found at Abingdon in Berkshire, about six miles from Oxford.

Near the same place—namely, at Lulham—during the digging of a gravel-pit, not very long ago, there were found some "giant's bones," that were indeed human, and must have belonged to a man of considerable size. This discovery made a sensation at the time; and, to quiet the agitation and the scandal raised thereby, a coroner's inquest was held in due form over the skeleton, ending in a verdict, honestly arrived at by twelve true and lawful Berkshiremen. Upon subsequent examination by competent authorities, the mysterious skeleton was pronounced, most decidedly, to be that of an old Roman, who had been buried with all his arms and military accoutrements near the camp to which he had probably belonged, and of which the remains are still to be seen on the two hills called the Dorchester Clumps. Little did his comrades think when covering him up with gravel, how their departed friend would be disinterred and "sat upon."

With the elephant's bones found at Abingdon were mixed fragments of the horns of several kinds of deer, together with the bones of the rhinoceros, horse, and ox; showing that those creatures co-existed with the elephant, and that they formed a happy family. There were carnivorous races also then existing. We have only to go further down the Great Western Railway from Oxford, and, getting out at the Weston-super-Mare station, ask the way to Banwell Bone Caves. There may be found evidence enough of the former existence of more savage and rapacious animals than elephants or deer. The caves are situated at the western extremity of a lofty grass-covered range of hills. The hills contain ochre, calamine (carbonate of zinc), and lead. Some years ago, when sinking a shaft into them, caves were discovered, and the quantity of bones then brought to light excited as much surprise among the learned as among the unlearned.

The principal cavern is about thirty feet long, and there is a branch leading out of it thirty feet further. Of course it is quite

dark, and visitors must carry candles. The visitor must take heed that he keeps his candle alight; no easy matter, for the water comes down pretty freely in large heavy drops from the stalactites above. By help of the light there are to be seen bones, bones; everywhere bones.

They are piled up against the wall; they stick into the floor; they fill up recesses, in the most fantastic shapes. Here a candle is stuck in the eyeless socket of a skull: there John Smith, London, has inscribed his name in letters of hyænas' teeth. We are invited to rest halfway upon a seat composed of horns and leg bones. They may be handled by the most fastidious; having lost all traces of corruption for some ages past. Yonder deer's bone was picked, perhaps, by the teeth in this huge hyæna's skull; and as for the hyæna himself he died of a good age — that his teeth tell us. His tough body, after death, may have been dainty dinner to the bear whose monstrous skull is employed as the crown and summit of the monument of old bones raised in the cave in honour of a learned bishop — the Bishop of Bath and Wells. When the caves were first discovered, in eighteen hundred and twenty-six, it was he who took every means in the most laudable manner to preserve them and their contents intact. Mr. Beard was appointed curator, and he has arranged in his own house a fine collection of all the best specimens that have been found below.

To Mr. Beard I went, and by him I was most hospitably welcomed. His museum displays a very fine collection of the remains of the ancient British Fauna. The bones of the bear claimed first attention, and especially one large bone of the fore leg, which measured at the joint seven inches round; being larger than the corresponding bone in any known species of ox or horse. It is quite evident that the inhabitants of the bone caves lived before the times of King Edgar the wolf-destroyer — for the museum contained wolves' bones in abundance. Fine patriarchal old wolves they must have been that ran upon them. Many a fine old English deer, all of the olden time, they must have run down and devoured on the Mendip hills, their cry resounding through the valleys and over the dales where now the screaming whistle and the rush of the express train startles timid sheep, who live in a land where their great enemy exists only as a fossil.

Then, again, in those old days there were foxes living in a country that contained no hounds, who ground down their teeth to the stumps that are exhibited in Mr. Beard's pillboxes, and died of sheer senility. Glorious to foxes were the good old times, and the poor little mice that lived then, as we see by the contents of other boxes, had their bones crunched.

MOONRISE.

A MAN stood on a barren mountain peak
In the night, and cried: "Oh, world of heavy gloom!
Oh, sunless world! Oh, universal tomb!
Blind, cold, mechanic sphere, wherein I seek
In vain for Life and Love, till Hope grows weak
And falters towards Chaos! Vast, blank Doom!
Huge darkness in a narrow prison-room!
Thou art dead — dead!" Yet, ere he ceased to speak,

Across the level ocean in the East
The Moon-dawn grew; and all that mountain's side
Rose, newly-born from empty dusk. Fields, trees,
And deep glen-hollows, as the light increased,
Seemed vital; and, from Heaven bare and wide,
The Moon's white soul looked over lands and seas.

ACCOMMODATION FOR QUIDNUNCS.

Quid nunc? "What now?" or, "What 's the news?" is a question that can be answered more readily by the multitude in provincial towns than in the Metropolis. About two years ago we called attention to the fact that London was in one respect left behind by Liverpool and other towns: — we had no Penny News Rooms. Attempts, more or less vigorous, to supply that want, have since been made in divers quarters of the town, and they appear to have succeeded more or less according to the greater or less degree of vigour that has been thrown into their management. The harvest gathered by each speculator seems to have been pretty well proportioned to the capital and labour spent. External signs of prosperity are, to be sure, very delusive. Yet, setting up our opinion only upon them (having watched the growth of London Penny News Rooms — still infant phenomena not able, it would seem, to run alone), we are able to report of them that they are growing in health and strength.

The first attempt towards the supply of penny news was made, in an unpretending way by some newsvendor, who announced in his window that the papers might be read for a penny on his premises. Having the raw article passing through his hands in the way of business, it became easy for him to establish a reading-room in his back parlour, if he did not believe that the practice tended to reduce the number of newspaper buyers, and so damage his trade. Very few such attempts were made. We know at this date only of two. They are impromptus differing from the reading-rooms planned with deliberation as improvisation differs from poetry. The first Penny News Room, more deliberately established, is situated in Cheapside. So far as the system is concerned, it is not a fair experiment, inasmuch as it probably was not established with a view to the profit that would be extracted from itself alone. It is subsidiary to an

eating-house and tavern. It is not on that account the worse conducted, and no one who visits it is made to feel that he is bound to supply body and mind together. The dignity and independence of the entrance penny are in no degree impaired. It admits to a perusal of all the daily morning and evening papers properly arranged on stands, and to the file of back numbers both of them and of the leading weekly journals for the last six months. The weekly papers are on stands in a second room, a story higher. There is also a very good representation of the provincial press. There are scarcely any foreign papers, and the quarterly reviews and monthly magazines may indeed be kept, but they must be asked for especially. The rooms are very well conducted, and we have always found them crowded on the first floor with readers of the day's news; respectable, determined, active quidnuncs, bent upon ascertaining how the world wags in the least possible time, and being off again about their daily business. These liberally established News Rooms are, in fact, a variation upon the ordinary dining-room, in which a moderate supply of newspapers is provided for the satisfaction of the diners. In those you dined and had the opportunity of looking at the papers; in these you look at the papers, and, if you please, can dine.

I am not quite sure whether the second Penny News Room was not the one established in Holborn or Oxford Street by a teacher of languages, who has always a class in course of being formed on very cheap terms; and who has also a penny-a-volume library of cheaply printed French novels and other works. The chamber used is the front room on the first floor, unusually domestic in its proportions and in furniture. It is carpeted, and, in winter, there was always a good fire burning in an open parlour grate, under the cover of a domestic mantel-piece. The penny taker sits at a small table near the door. There is a low table in the middle of the room, and there are about a dozen, more or less, cane-bottomed chairs sprinkled about. The French books occupy a series of shelves on one wall; and, as a gentle hint to the newsreaders that they are not to help themselves to these books, a cordon is drawn across the room, isolating a little sanctum sanctorum, in which the philologist and his staff rule over the penny-a-volume library. The table is supplied with a number of daily newspapers, and a selection of weekly journals. There are also one or two French newspapers; of monthlies and quarterlies the supply is scanty and uncertain. About this room there are rarely so many as a dozen quiet persons quietly seated, quietly reading. They are evidently not City men. They are in no hurry. They are only interested in Russia and Turkey,

and in the Cab Question, like ordinary news-readers, and not in the Capel Court or Lombard Street sense. They prefer that News Room to more prosperous establishments (one of which stands nearly opposite), although it contains fewer papers, because it contains also fewer men. They simply wish to look over the day's news in peace; to read about the world in a snug nook withdrawn from all its bustle. The philologist exactly caters for their wants.

There is another quiet, but somewhat more business-like News establishment in the Strand apparently under the auspices of a photographer, whose frame is hung out at the door. It occupies two rooms on the first-floor and includes not only the Penny News Room, but other desirable accommodations for the public. A letter may be written there, pen and ink, paper and envelope being furnished for a penny. Letters may be addressed there and are taken and delivered to the enquirer at the charge of a halfpenny: for some such charge use may be made of a washing-room.

That the public is really disposed to support a Penny News Room when a man is found who throws his mind into its management, has been proved, in the case of an establishment in Oxford Street, which appeared to be under the management of a stationer in a small way of business; or some one who had superadded stationery to his news trade. I entered his shop door, and found the proprietor boxed up in a little place measuring four feet by three, more or less. Out of that four feet by three shop a sort of wicket gate gives admission to the News Room — a place scarcely equal in size to the rooms of the photographer or the philologist: and yet much more abundantly supplied. How so much paper and print could be spread open in such a space was a marvel. There were six morning newspapers (two copies of the Times), three evening papers, thirty-two weekly journals and newspapers, about the same number of country newspapers, twelve Irish and Scotch papers, twelve foreign newspapers, and sixteen monthly and quarterly publications. Every number of all of these was supplied on the day of publication; and there was such an embarrassment of riches that one was nearly smothered in paper. The readers sat or stood or screwed themselves up as they might; they knocked each other's heads, and trod on each other's toes, and jolted each other's elbows, from sheer want of space; and, when the gas was lighted and the room filled with evening readers, (there was always an escape of gas flavouring the air) oh, the temperature! There was a degree of discipline — probably connected in some degree with that paucity of space — quite rigorous. The daily papers were

framed up against the wall, the weeklies and provincials were placed on two tables, the Irish and Scotch were poked into a little corner, the pamphlets and miscellanies were placed in portfolios, while the monthlies and quarterlies were boarded — not technically but literally; for each was strung to a wooden board, from which the reader was requested in no wise to remove it. Regular visitors were accustomed to observe a constant work of improvement going on in those rooms. The number of periodicals and papers increased — from French and German journals we got on to Spanish — new means of establishing order and providing a place for everything (so that any journal might at once be found) were always being brought into play. The conductor of that room never was satisfied that he had brought it to perfection. It filled well, and attracted many foreigners. At the little wicket the foreigner was courteously told in French, Italian, or German that he had to pay a penny on entrance.

Suddenly one day this well-ordered room fell into confusion. Although it had given no previous signs of decline or fall, it was manifestly suffering the throes of dissolution. Presently it died out. But it died in Oxford Street only to be resuscitated in Holborn, in a spacious and well-appointed saloon behind a tailor's shop. The shop in Oxford Street became devoted to pure stationery, and a dash of the tailoring business was thrown into the News Room for a change. Whether we are to regard the tailor as the grand promoter of the undertaking, or the lessee of the premises who reserves a privilege of advertising himself freely among the news-readers, we do not know. We are not bound to acknowledge any impertinent suggestion of a connexion existing between penny news and guinea trousers. The News Rooms behind the tailor's shop are large, commodious, and well supplied. The grand step made by the old News Room in the course of its resuscitation was the introduction of the practice of filing a large number of the journals, both metropolitan and provincial. A certain amount of success or capital is necessary before the proprietor of a News Room can file the journals he receives instead of selling them. A body of filed papers will, however, be found in the end to form the most substantial basis of profit for any establishment of this kind. It should be a place supplied with ample means of reference as well as of daily current information. So far, therefore, the resuscitated News Room is improved. It is improved also in breadth of house-room. The papers, British and foreign, are also, we believe, not less liberally supplied than under the old *régime*. With more space, however, has come less scrupulous attention to the necessity of neatness and order, and a

busy visitor may by chance waste ten minutes in the endeavour to find any particular journal that he may wish to see among the confused mass of papers on the table. We are certain, however, that if the business has not changed hands, this objection will soon vanish.

In all these rooms, except perhaps the smallest, there are provided Directories, Court Guides, Railway Guides, maps of London, Law Lists, and other books of common reference. In the case of such books, it is convenient for every one to know where they can at any time be seen. In most of the rooms — we have already instanced one — letters are taken in for strangers or subscribers. In all of them letters can be written. There should be also, as in the Strand establishment, lavatories and other accommodation for the pedestrian in London streets. There are half a dozen little wants, the ministering to which can very fairly be made part of the machinery of the Penny News Room.

Penny News Rooms prosper very well in our northern towns, and there is no reason why they should not abound in London. Peele's Coffee-house in Fleet Street, Deacon's in Walbrook, and the Chapter Coffee-house, have become famous as coffee-houses for the files of papers that they keep. They have supplied admirably in their way, but still inadequately, a part of the great want which is now forcing the Penny News Rooms into existence. When we first broached the subject, we referred to the example more especially of Paris; and any reader who refers to what we then said,* will find that we have hitherto been by no means too bold in our ventures. While we are timidly grafting news upon philology, photography, or tailoring, in Paris the *Salons de lecture* exist of the highest character. Abundance of French, English, German, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, and American newspapers; reviews, magazines, and other periodicals; globes, atlases, and maps; a handsomely-bound collection of classical and popular literature; spacious windows letting in a flood of light by day, and shaded and chastened gas-lights for use in the evening; embossed maps on the walls and writing conveniences on the tables; green velvet sofas and divans; large mirrors and elegant decorations — all available at a charge of four sous or twopence per day. As we then also stated, there are no less than four hundred of these reading-rooms in Paris; and if the reader should feel no desire for the luxuries of velvet and mirrors, he could find abundance of establishments to which the rate of admission is two sous or one penny.

Heartily wishing prosperity to those who have established, or may hereafter establish, well-

* Household Words, Vol. VII. p. 161.

conducted Penny News Rooms, we turn now to an allied subject of still greater interest and importance. An attempt is being made in Westminster to set on foot, under the shadow of the Abbey, Reading and Refreshment Rooms for working people. Penny News Rooms are frequented by all classes; but chiefly by those who are comparatively well to do. The introduction of refreshments into them would defeat their purpose and destroy their character. The Reading and Refreshment Rooms for working people are designed to supply in the best possible way the particular wants of a class. The first room of the kind ever opened is in Edinburgh, where it was established about a year ago. There are now in that city several others. They are opened at five o'clock in the morning, and provide at that hour coffee or comfortable breakfasts for many a man who used to commence work with a glass of whisky. Thousands of working men, wanting refreshment, go to a public-house because they scarcely know what else to do. To take the case of Westminster — in which district it is proposed that the first London rooms of this kind shall be established — there are in the neighbourhood of the Abbey great numbers of work-people employed upon the new Victoria Street, many of whom come from a distance and are compelled either to bring food with them and eat it in the open air, or to retire into the public-houses. Two large public-houses have been in fact created for their use. Why not create something more desirable? Every one who is acquainted with that strange and ever widening London boundary of bricks and mortar, among which workmen are for ever stirring, and out of which houses are for ever rising, knows how the public-houses are built out in the fields at regular distances, in anticipation of the workpeople who presently will swarm about them. Why not set on foot the practice of providing in a better way for the comfort of respectable and steady workmen, who accept now unwillingly the tap-room as a necessary but most undesirable kind of accommodation?

The Reading and Refreshment Rooms for working people, which it is thought desirable to found in those and other localities, are by no means intended to diffuse teetotalism. They should supply meals on any scale within the workman's means; he will require generally roast or boiled meat for his dinner, and he will in most cases like a glass of beer. There is no reason why, with a few obviously reasonable precautions, anything that is comfortable within the limits of moderation should be denied. There are in London some few cheap lodging-houses for the work-people, in which they can get a good dinner, including beer, for sixpence, and a woman who has kept such a house for some years

allows that she makes fifty per cent. on her whole outlay. Contenting themselves with a more reasonable return for their investments the founders of Refreshment and Reading Rooms for working men could easily provide at a cost within the means of every industrious man a place in which during the intervals of labour he could wash, if he pleased, eat and drink, and obtain rational intellectual amusement.

We trust that the promoters of the scheme at Westminster, and of all cheap News Rooms, will succeed in their good work, and stimulate to exertion many active imitators.

A RUSSIAN STRANGER.

An illustrious stranger made his appearance in London in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one. He was not entirely unknown; the jewellers, and the lapidaries, and the dealers in articles of *vertù* had long appreciated him, and by them he was recognized as a valuable acquaintance; but to the world at large his very existence was scarcely known. When he made his first appearance in a polished green jacket, the inquiry ran around — who is he; what is his name; whence does he come; and how does he make his jacket? It was found that his name was Malachite; that he belonged to a Russian family; and that his jacket, like that of a harlequin, was a patchwork of pieces placed edge to edge. Still there were anxious queries put forth — What is malachite? and we have reason to believe that among the millions who made their first acquaintance with this foreigner in the year named, there is a very notable per-centage who could not and cannot yet answer this question. And yet it deserves to be answered, as we may soon see.

One very strange circumstance connected with malachite is, that it is not a stone or a marble of any kind; it has neither lime, nor clay, nor flint, nor sand in its composition — nothing which can be considered as a necessary or integrant part of stone or marble or alabaster. It is a salt. A sore puzzle this will be to those (and their name is legion) who recognise salt only as a condiment to be added in little crumbles to savoury mouthfuls; but the learned chemists have a way of applying the term salt, which it is worth while to know. When an acid is combined with a metal, or the oxide of a metal, or an alkali, or an earth, the compound becomes a salt — the chemists say so, and therefore of course it must be so. Now the delicate white granular substance which we can buy for daily use at three pounds for a penny, and which we should be perfectly willing to buy at a shilling a pound if we could not obtain it for less, is a salt because it is composed of muriatic acid and the alkali soda (or

more strictly chlorine and sodium); and by the same token malachite is a salt because it consists of carbonic acid and oxide of copper. We need not carry our chemistry further than this; suffice it to say that malachite is really and truly carbonate of copper. There may be, and are other forms of carbonate of copper; but malachite is believed to acquire its remarkable and beautiful appearance by being formed in drops, a sedimentary deposit analogous to stalactite and stalagmite. It is supposed by Sir Roderick Murchison that the carbonate was once a liquid, and that it gradually solidified by slow dropping — just as is the case at the petrifying dripping well near Knaresborough. Every mass of it seems to have been grouped round a centre, in more or less concentric layers; and according to the varying richness of the solution at different times, so do the concentric-layers exhibit a lighter and darker tint of green. A beautiful theory is this; for it explains not only the globular or rounded form of the masses, but also the rich play of green tints observable in all specimens of malachite.

It is a necessary consequence, or rather a necessary preliminary, that ores of copper should exist near the localities whence malachite is obtained; for it is a solution of the carbonate of metal which produces the gem (if malachite may be called a gem, which it almost deserves to be). It is not disseminated in large masses, like a metallic ore; it seems rather to have trickled into clefts and cavities, which determine its dimensions. Rarely can a piece be obtained weighing so much as twenty pounds. It is softer than marble, very much heavier, brilliant in its lustre, and almost silky in the delicate gleam of its green streaks; yet these qualities are marred by the extreme difficulty of working it. Fragile and yet obstinate, it sorely tries the patience of the workman. A Russian, however, is accustomed to patience; and he has conquered in his time more obstinate things than malachite.

Another curious circumstance connected with malachite is, the extremely limited number of spots where it has been found. Siberia and Australia are nearly the only two which can be named. In Australia the discovery has been very recent; but in Siberia malachite has long been known. Until within a few years, the largest mass obtained weighed about a hundred poods (a pood equals thirty-six English pounds); it was obtained from the copper-mine of M. Tourchaninoff, at Goumecheff (oh! these Russian names), and is deposited in one of the National Museums. But this has been beaten into insignificance by a recent discovery, to which are due the magnificent specimens of malachite brought to England. The Messrs. Demidoff, of St. Petersburgh, are the owners of some

copper mines in the Ural mountains; and while the miners were in search of the metallic ore, they on one fortunate day lighted upon a mass of malachite, weighing not less than three thousand poods. The miners were able to detach this in one block, and they then met with another thousand poods weight, filling up clefts and crevices in the surrounding rock. What a treasure this; considering that a fair specimen of malachite will bring fifteen shillings per English pound! There is supposed to be a still larger deposit of malachite near the spot whence this mass was obtained: precious nuggets (albeit green) which may by and bye put money into the pockets of the proprietors.

But like other treasures, malachite requires the hand of man before it becomes practically valuable. The large masses crumble in the air, generally into pieces of two to four pounds weight; and the question arises, how to work so very brittle a material. It is not altogether a new art; for museums and royal palaces, in many parts of Europe, contain specimens of inlaying or veneering with malachite. But when Messrs. Demidoff made their grand discovery, an incentive was given towards the adoption of larger mechanical appliances. They determined to establish a manufactory of their own at St. Petersburgh, which they placed under the care of M. Leopold Joffriand, who left no means untried to obtain a mastery over the material, and make it applicable to ornamental purposes. How he succeeded in his task, the malachite doors at the Crystal Palace testified; and what difficulties he has had to surmount, the following details will show.

In the first place, then, it must be borne in mind that the malachite is used, not in mass, but as a thin veneer. The pieces are cut by saws into veneers varying from a quarter to a twelfth of an inch in thickness. To effect this the block is cemented upon a carriage which has a traversing motion along a little railway; and the malachite is kept forcibly pressed against the edge of a vertical circular saw; fine sand and water are continually applied to the cut, until the slice of malachite is at length severed from the block. Thus is the block sliced away, not quite so quickly but much more carefully than the housewife's quartern loaf. Where a curved surface is to be covered with malachite, the saws for cutting the veneer are bent to a corresponding curvature; and an extremely delicate and precarious process of cutting then ensues.

The slices being cut, their junction into a uniform plane is the next point attended to. Here the most unwearied attention is called for. In every piece of malachite, the dark and light streaks of green form graceful curves, varying infinitely in appearance. Now, it would not satisfy an ar-

tistic eye, to see pieces joined together edge to edge without any reference to varying tints of the surface; there would be a mottled, confused, indefinite jumble of bits of curves and bits of tints. The workman, consequently, selects his pieces with especial reference to their streakings, and combines them edge to edge in such a way as to carry out somewhat like a principle of design — not stiff and formal, but just sufficient to satisfy the eye by a kind of intelligibility of arrangement. This is very difficult to accomplish, on account both of the smallness of the pieces and the variation of their shape. Every little fragment has its edges cut by means of a copper wheel. For each joint there must be two or three little copper grinding wheels employed, one to give the convexities or protuberances to one edge, and the other to impart the concavities or depressions to the other edge. It is in these joinings that M. Joffriand has made the most marked improvements. Before the establishment of the manufactory at St. Petersburgh, all malachite veneering had straight edges to the separate pieces, and very little attention was paid to the veins or markings; but the curved joinings now afford many facilities for producing elegance and symmetry in marking.

The fixing of these numberless little pieces upon the ground-work which is to support them is not so difficult an art as those which precede it; but still it requires great care and attention. This ground-work or substratum may be stone or marble; but it is generally iron or copper. The malachite is cemented down piece by piece, each in its proper position. Small interstices are left here and there, which are afterwards filled up with green breccia — plaster coloured with powdered malachite, and speckled with minute fragments. When the whole is filled up, the surface is ground with sand, to bring it to a proper level; and after this it is polished.

Those who remember (and few will forget) the gorgeous malachite productions in the Russian department at the Crystal Palace will be able to form some faint conception of the difficulties entailed in their execution. Every pound of malachite becomes reduced by weight to half a pound by the time it has reached the form of veneer, and further reduced to a quarter of a pound by the waste unavoidable in adjusting and fitting. The veneered surface thus assumes a value of about three guineas a pound; and as there are at least two pounds and a half to the square foot, this gives a value of seven or eight guineas for a square foot of malachite veneer, for material alone, irrespective of the value of the labour bestowed upon it.

Some of the churches in St. Petersburgh are said to have fluted columns of malachite, which pre-

sent an exquisitely beautiful appearance; but nothing ever seen out of Russia has ever equalled the wonderful productions which were sent over to us in eighteen hundred and fifty-one. There were transmissions of this remarkable material from a few other quarters. Thus, a Derbyshire firm, accustomed to works in gems and stones, prepared marble slabs with a surface of malachite; and a South Australian firm showed that the celebrated Burra Burra copper mines are capable of yielding fine malachite; and a Prussian firm exhibited a beautiful silver casket with four tablets of malachite; and some of the mining companies of Russia exhibited masses of the substance just as they had been obtained from their rocky bed. But all these sank into insignificance before the gorgeous productions of the Messrs. Demidoff. Who can forget the chimney-piece, and the round, and oval, and square tables, and the chairs, and the tazza, and the vases, and the pedestals, and the clock, and above all, who can forget the doors? These doors, suitable for the folding-doors of a grand saloon, and measuring together about fourteen feet in height, by seven in width, were made of metal, covered with malachite veneer about a quarter of an inch in thickness — much thicker than is ordinarily used. The cement with which the veneer was fastened to the metal was made with fragments of the malachite itself, so as to correspond with it in colour. It was stated by the Messrs. Demidoff that those two doors employed thirty men upwards of a year to fit, finish, and polish the malachite veneer! One feels almost inclined to ask whether, after all, they were worth so much labour; but this is a delicate politico-economico-æsthetico-social question, which must not be hastily answered. The malachite productions altogether were valued at the large sum of eighteen thousand guineas.

Such is this illustrious Russian stranger — malachite. When the name was scarcely known in England, there was another analogous substance well known to our jewellers and wearers of jewels — turquoise. It is curious to trace the points of resemblance between them. Both occur in small portions mostly rounded, imbedded in other rocks. Both owe their colour to copper. Both can with care be cut, and both receive an exquisite polish. The chief difference is, that while the one presents various tints of rich green, the other has a delicate blue or greenish blue colour. As the malachite admirers have, almost to this day, been much in doubt whether malachite ought to be considered a stone; so was turquoise for many years a mystery; it being a matter for speculation not only what it is, but whence it comes. Some persons thought

that turquoise is a sort of fossil ivory tinged with copper; while others stoutly maintained its claim to the rank of a true mineral. There appear, indeed, to be different kinds of turquoise, owing their blue colour more or less to the presence of a little copper; and it is supposed that some of the specimens which contain phosphoric acid are bones or teeth of animals, mineralised by the effects of a turquoise solution. Be this as it may, the Turks and Persians are amazingly fond of turquoise; they wear it as a gem in diadems and bracelets; they employ it as an adornment for the hilts of swords and the handles of knives; and they value it as an amulet or talisman. It is near Nishapore, in Persia, that the true turquoise is chiefly found. It is generally attached in small pieces to porphyritic rock, at some depth below the surface of the ground; but sometimes it seems to have bubbled out from the rock in the form of little beads or pimples; while, at other times, the blue turquoise matter pervades the fissures of the rock in the form of veins. It thus becomes evident that turquoise has either been at one time liquefied like malachite, or has been in a molten state by heat. The mines belong to the Shah, and he farms them out to the villagers who dig for the turquoise. The produce is either sold to travelling merchants who come to the villages, or it is sent for sale to Meshed. The lapidaries in that city cut and polish the turquoise, and bring it into the various forms fitted for ornamental use; and the gems thus made find their way, by means of the merchant caravans, to Herat, Candahar, Turkey, Bokhara, and other countries. Such at least used to be the case when Mr. Baillie Fraser travelled and wrote; but Persia is such an out-of-the-way place in these our railway days, that it is difficult to know what is doing there at present. We have Shylock's authority that a turquoise, especially if given by Leah to a bachelor, is worth a "wilderness of monkeys;" but notwithstanding this indefinitely large valuation, turquoises are much less known in Europe than in the East. Whatever may be the analogies between the green Russian and the blue Persian, however, there is this difference — the malachite is used as a veneer, and the turquoise is not.

TRUST AND NO TRUST.

I MEET my friend Claypaw once or twice in the year, commonly in Cheapside; now and then at a friend's house. When we meet he shakes hands with me in a formal friendly way, and looks round the corner of me for the bits of shirt that ought to be apparent at my elbows. They ought to be, but are not yet apparent; and Claypaw is, I fear,

disgusted at the slowness with which I proceed towards the verification of his prediction. For Claypaw is a practical man, a man who knows the world, and he has booked me for a fast coach on the road to ruin. I am all that he is not; if he, therefore, dubs himself with justice practical, I must be fantastical. Nevertheless I feed, and clothe, and house myself, take care of Mrs. Green, and lay by some provision for the future. Missing, no doubt, many a pound, I hit upon a good deal of pleasure; life is, indeed, much pleasanter to me than Claypaw finds it. Claypaw, should this meet your eye, you will know that it is the writing of your cousin Phineas Green, whose wife and seven children ought long since to have rubbed all the nap out of his coat; Green, the unpractical man, the theorist—and here he beards you.

At the bottom of my wordly theorising lies — as you know, Claypaw — the firm belief that men and women are, in the main, good fellows; and that because I happen never in my life to have seen A. B. (one of the eight hundred million the pleasure of whose acquaintance it has been unfortunately impossible for me to make), I have no right to set A. B. down as untrustworthy, fence about when I hold communication with A. B., or expect from A. B. any injury whatever. You, Claypaw, tell me that by this theory I lay myself open to be cheated right and left, that I have been already seriously bitten once or twice, and that I shall get a bite that will be fatal presently. I am at issue with you there.

Of course I do not mean to propose that, in the present state of the world, men should let any large stake depend too lightly on the assumed credit of a stranger. Let it be granted that I should not think it theoretically proper to place the key of Mrs. Green's pantry in the hands of the aforesaid A. B., without receiving from some X. Y. Z. of known respectability assurance that A. B. also was worthy of respect. Such proper assurance could be sought in no distrustful spirit. In all smaller matters I am theoretically disposed until I see reason to the contrary to take any man's good will and honesty at once for granted.

Again, I should say that I approve heartily of every business arrangement or strict habit of oversight, which makes it difficult for a dishonest action to escape discovery, because in that way temptations to crime are much lessened; and though we may be in the main good folks, we are in grain also peccable. We ought not to trust one another with our eyes shut. Let us work cheerily; but let every man have sense enough to know when an undue advantage has been taken of his confidence. We need not bite and ring every coin we touch, and we may take to our-

selves, now and then, a bad one unsuspiciously; but we ought, nevertheless, as a rule, to know the look of a bad shilling. Let us deal so with men in worldly intercourse.

Before I show you by examples, my dear cousin, how it is that I am not yet threadbare, I must lay down as an abstract principle another of my theories which you regard, I know, as a finger-post to shame. I attempt no mystifications, make no struggle to surround myself with false appearances, let every man know fairly and freely so much of my ways, means, or opinions, as it may profit him — not me — to be acquainted with, and take my chance. You tell me that, as I get no such candour in return (so, at least, you believe) I expose all my weak points to people prompt to take advantage of them, throw away my armour to fight men who come against me harnessed cap-a-pie. If you be right, Claypaw, and if I do (as I don't) live in a state of daily battle among folks who have thrown truth aside, I think the fact must be that they have cast off their armour, not I mine.

Those are my two main theories, practical friend. I am for a path through bright light and free air, you for a burrow underground: I would be a lark; you would be a mole. I walk with my neighbour arm-in-arm as a friend, you follow with an eye upon his pockets. As a man of business you reply that the mole turns up and stores up many a treasure, but that the lark finds neither worms nor earthnuts in the empty sky. Also that I get no butter for my parsnips from the soft words of my neighbour, while it is you only who know how to get at his purse. It is for me to starve, for you to fatten. But you see, Claypaw, I do *not* starve.

That brewery transaction. There, you think, you have me on the hip. Didn't I go and invest all my capital in partnership with a stranger whom I took to be an honest man, but who turned out to be a scamp? Didn't I get involved? Wasn't I forced to borrow? Didn't I narrowly escape bankruptcy? Didn't I incur obligations that were for years a drag upon my after life; hadn't I to eat bread for years when I was earning cake? And wasn't that enough to sicken me of putting confidence in man? Mr. Claypaw, to all your first questions, yes; but to your last, emphatically no. That brewery transaction is the source of half my belief in the goodness of humanity.

When I was a young man and wrote poetry, my heart was shattered three several times — once by Polly Bacon, aged eleven — but her whom once I loved the most, I soon forgot I had loved at all. My ill-fated heart next became an abandoned urn on account of Mary Louisa Johnson, who was too like a dream of Heaven to be merited by me, and went to a school at Tonbridge

Wells, from which she went to an aunt in Ireland for the holidays. My breast then thrilled before the look of Maria Susannah, but before I was nineteen years old I sang on account of her, in the spirit of a poet who in those days was a favourite of mine,

"Away! away! my early dream,
Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart, be still, or break."

It would not be still, and it broke. Now while so many breakages were going on within me, I was not at all contented with the world. It was a great abstraction. Something very hard and very cold. My soul began with an S for summer, the world with a W for winter. They were opposites. It never occurred to me that the world in which I sulked was a great universe of souls.

How I despised money! The pelf for which men sold themselves, the calf they worshipped, when was not even I a much more proper calf for them to honour? That men with money comforted their parents in old age, fed and instructed children; that it represented physical existence, and that the struggle for it was ordained in Heaven as a method of developing society, of widening the human intellect, of testing, exercising, strengthening the virtues that are in us, I never then so much as dreamed. I said that men kept their hearts locked up in their cash-boxes, and called the search for gold a species of slavery, compared it to forced toiling in the mines. For then I was too young to see what some have never yet discovered, that out of the active honest struggle, even for the gold we sneer at, ought to come the health and freedom of the spirit; that the mind so labouring and putting forth all its resources and its strength, is as the body that becomes athletic by good honest toil in the free air; that the mind with few desires to carry it abroad is as the body locked in jail, or growing cumbrous and unwholesome in the hermit's cell. If money be loved, not for itself, but for its uses (truly they suffer who misuse it), I have begun now to think that it lies at the root not only of all commerce, all civilisation, but that it gives rise to nine-tenths of all the strong and active virtue in the world, as truly as ever it can have been said to beget nine-tenths of all the vice.

Now, my dear cousin, I got these very theoretical opinions out of my unlucky brewery transaction. I had sung about the Hollow World, and the false tinsel that made up the triumphs on its stage. Thereafter I made my debut in it and broke down. But I was not hissed. The little bark of my fortunes after I had launched it was unfortunately boarded by a pirate who hung out false colours; I was allured, plundered, taken in tow for a short time, and cut adrift. But so adrift I found that the ships on the high seas were not all pirate vessels, and that their cap-

tains were not dead to the requirements of a vessel in distress.

I know, my dear Claypaw, your distaste for metaphorical statements of all kinds. I beg, therefore, to inform you plainly that I had reason to feel the Hearts, with a capital H, of business men beating quite warmly, often under formal letters three lines long, that began with "Mr. Phineas Green, Sir," and ended with "obedient servants, Firm, Brothers, and Co." I found that so long as any Firm, Brothers, and Co. felt satisfied that Mr. Phineas Green, Sir, was trying no experiments of tactics with them, they met truth with trust, candour with liberality and kindness. Some there were who went selfishly to work, but I found the world on the whole, though I had such bad luck in it, warm to the bone. Though nobody would do my own work for me, and supply my purse out of his own coffers, I expected that from none. But I found reason to expect and did receive from A. B., from C. D., from E. F., and from a whole alphabet of strangers, a full return for all frank trust that I was taught to put in them. With very few exceptions, I had only to believe men good and find them so. Cousin Claypaw, should the Bank of England ever break, and should you ever tumble to the bottom of the hill that you are diligently mounting with no help but your own staff, of course you will not sit lamenting at the bottom, but let me advise you not again to work your way up in proud silence. You may get on faster, but, believe me, the climbing is much pleasanter when cheerful talk beguiles the way, when you are ready to let any fellow-traveller hold out a hand to help your efforts where the hill is steep, and not less ready to stand still and lend a pull yourself when it is wanted. You may get on faster with your iron pole, but it is my theory that you would get on better if you went in company with flesh, and blood, and bone. Your distrust may be very practical, my worldly doctrine may be very theoretical, but I abide by the belief that there are more hands in the world ready to help a man than fists ready to knock him down.

Now, my dear cousin, if my theory be worth a farthing, can you tell me why there should be any need for all the trouble that we take about what are called, very properly, appearances? If the appearance correspond to the reality, there will be no need to see about its manufacture. It would be waste study, indeed, to take thought of what we should do to make a globe seem to be round. If the appearance be at variance with truth, we make it to our hurt and damage; always to the damage of our comfort, often to the damage of our wordly prospects which, in such cases, can be looked after in no thoroughly straightforward way. You practical men think much

about appearances, and may get profit out of them: to me, as a theoretical man, they would be fatal. It is not the lark's wish or interest to seem to be a parrot.

I know that a great deal of the struggle for appearances — as, for example, the desire to live behind the largest possible brick frontage, though one must rob a lodger to obtain the means of doing so — comes oftener of weakness than dishonesty. I know, also, that any man who is disposed to carry out my theories, will find it seen even from its own point of view, the most complete mistake. The world does not respect people for seeming what they are not — it generally finds out sooner or later what they are. On the contrary, let any one of my sect of theorists defy comment by showing himself undisguisedly for what he is, and the poor cowards of appearance-makers will be the first to respect him for his courage, and to wish that they could be as bold themselves. He may go about with a true seeming of poverty, but he will find it less despised than the false seeming of wealth. A man who desires friends and neighbours in their intercourse with him as a matter of courtesy to take for granted that he is what he is not, pitches a false key, strains the voices of his companions, and converts goodnature itself into a daily system of pretences. He throws his whole social position just so much out of joint as to create petty discomfort everywhere, and beget petty distrusts. Now this is all — as most people know — sheer nonsense. Nobody worth listening to will tell you that he regards his friends in any proportion whatever to the amount of brickwork and upholstery surrounding them. When I was first married to Matilda Jane I could have said, "My income makes it proper that I should assume a certain social status."

But there were the brewery debts. Very well. I made no secret of them, attempted no seemings, lived on a little, and maintained really a better and sounder social status among the very same friends that I should have had dancing quadrilles, if I had thought that necessary, in a drawing-room. Between five and nine years ago my first three children, Matilda Maria, Phineas Ernest, and Victoria Regia, though I had then (but for the brewery) an ample income, went without nursemaids in their infancy. To save their mother's arms, I carried them about constantly myself under a fire of eyes from London neighbours. It was an honest thing to do, and so I did not mind the look of it. Now the conventional principle in my neighbours and those people whom I met caused them at first to reflect that "it looked so to see a gentleman carrying a child in longclothes down a public street." Deeper than the conventions lay another feeling, which suggested that it was no very bad or queer thing after all to see an infant in

its father's arms; and that the public, which is made up wholly of fathers, mothers, and children, had no reason to be scandalized. It was not. On the contrary, I found new friendships made the faster, and old friendships made the firmer for all such proofs of resolute adherence to my worldly theories. Paulina Matilda, our last child, lies now in the arms of a nursemaid, born to a house deficient in no reasonable comfort.

Are you now able to understand how it is that the world, my dear Claypaw, treats me as a friend, and why it is of no use for you to look round at my elbows? You may predict my ruin as a theorist; nevertheless my coat will remain whole, I think. Let us shake hands, therefore, more warmly the next time we meet.

FRAUDS ON THE FAIRIES.

We may assume that we are not singular in entertaining a very great tenderness for the fairy literature of our childhood. What enchanted us then, and is captivating a million of young fancies now, has, at the same blessed time of life, enchanted vast hosts of men and women who have done their long day's work, and laid their grey heads down to rest. It would be hard to estimate the amount of gentleness and mercy that has made its way among us through these slight channels. Forbearance, courtesy, consideration for the poor and aged, kind treatment of animals, the love of nature, abhorrence of tyranny and brute force — many such good things have been first nourished in the child's heart by this powerful aid. It has greatly helped to keep us, in some sense, ever young, by preserving through our wordly ways one slender track not overgrown with weeds, where we may walk with children, sharing their delights.

In an utilitarian age, of all other times, it is a matter of grave importance that Fairy tales should be respected. Our English red tape is too magnificently red ever to be employed in the tying up of such trifles, but every one who has considered the subject knows full well that a nation without fancy, without some romance, never did, never can, never will, hold a great place under the sun. The theatre, having done its worst to destroy these admirable fictions — and having in a most exemplary manner destroyed itself, its artists, and its audiences, in that perversion of its duty — it becomes doubly important that the little books themselves, nurseries of fancy as they are, should be preserved. To preserve them in their usefulness, they must be as much preserved in their simplicity, and purity, and innocent extravagance, as if they were actual fact. Whosoever alters them to suit his own opinions, whatever they are, is guilty, to our thinking, of an act of presump-

tion, and appropriates to himself what does not belong to him.

We have lately observed, with pain, the intrusion of a Whole Hog of unwieldy dimensions into the fairy flower garden. The rooting of the animal among the roses would in itself have awakened in us nothing but indignation; our pain arises from his being violently driven in by a man of genius, our own beloved friend, Mr. George Cruikshank. That incomparable artist is, of all men, the last who should lay his exquisite hand on fairy text. In his own art he understands it so perfectly, and illustrates it so beautifully, so humorously, so wisely, that he should never lay down his etching needle to "edit" the Ogre, to whom with that little instrument he can render such extraordinary justice. But, to "editing" Ogres, and Hop-o'-my-thumbs, and their families, our dear moralist has in a rash moment taken, as a means of propagating the doctrines of Total Abstinence, Prohibition of the sale of spirituous liquors, Free Trade, and Popular Education. For the introduction of these topics, he has altered the text of a fairy story; and against his right to do any such thing we protest with all our might and main. Of his likewise altering it to advertise that excellent series of plates, "The Bottle," we say nothing more than that we foresee a new and improved edition of Goody Two Shoes, edited by E. Moses and Son; of the Dervish with the box of ointment, edited by Professor Holloway; and of Jack and the Beanstalk, edited by Mary Wedlake, the popular authoress of Do you bruise your oats yet.

Now, it makes not the least difference to our objection whether we agree or disagree with our worthy friend, Mr. Cruikshank, in the opinions he interpolates upon an old fairy story. Whether good or bad in themselves, they are, in that relation, like the famous definition of a weed; a thing growing up in a wrong place. He has no greater moral justification in altering the harmless little books than we should have in altering his best etchings. If such a precedent were followed we must soon become disgusted with the old stories into which modern personages so obtruded themselves, and the stories themselves must soon be lost. With seven Blue Beards in the field, each coming at a gallop from his own platform mounted on a foaming hobby, a generation or two hence would not know which was which, and the great original Blue Beard would be confounded with the counterfeits. Imagine a Total abstinence edition of Robinson Crusoe, with the rum left out. Imagine a Peace edition, with the gunpowder left out, and the rum left in. Imagine a Vegetarian edition, with the goat's flesh left out. Imagine a Kentucky edition, to introduce a flogging of that

'tarnal old nigger Friday, twice a week. Imagine an Aborigines Protection Society edition, to deny the cannibalism and make Robinson embrace the amiable savages whenever they landed. Robinson Crusoe would be "edited" out of his island in a hundred years, and the island would be swallowed up in the editorial ocean.

Among the other learned professions we have now the Platform profession, chiefly exercised by a new and meritorious class of commercial travellers who go about to take the sense of meetings on various articles: some, of a very superior description: some, not quite so good. Let us write the story of Cinderella, "edited" by one of these gentlemen, doing a good stroke of business, and having a rather extensive mission.

Once upon a time, a rich man and his wife were the parents of a lovely daughter. She was a beautiful child, and became, at her own desire, a member of the Juvenile Bands of Hope when she was only four years of age. When this child was only nine years of age her mother died, and all the Juvenile Bands of Hope in her district—the Central district, number five hundred and twenty-seven—formed in a procession of two and two, amounting to fifteen hundred, and followed her to the grave, singing chorus Number forty-two, "O come," &c. This grave was outside the town, and under the direction of the Local Board of Health, which reported at certain stated intervals to the General Board of Health, Whitehall.

The motherless little girl was very sorrowful for the loss of her mother, and so was her father too, at first; but, after a year was over, he married again—a very cross widow lady, with two proud tyrannical daughters as cross as herself. He was aware that he could have made his marriage with this lady a civil process by simply making a declaration before a Registrar; but he was averse to this course on religious grounds, and, being a member of the Montgolfian persuasion, was married according to the ceremonies of that respectable church by the Reverend Jared Jocks, who improved the occasion.

He did not live long with his disagreeable wife. Having been shamefully accustomed to shave with warm water instead of cold, which he ought to have used (see Medical Appendix B. and C.), his undermined constitution could not bear up against her temper, and he soon died. Then, this orphan was cruelly treated by her stepmother and the two daughters, and was forced to do the dirtiest of the kitchen work; to scour the saucepans, wash the dishes, and light the fires—which did not consume their own smoke, but emitted a dark vapour prejudicial to the bronchial tubes. The only warm place in the house

where she was free from ill-treatment was the kitchen chimney-corner; and as she used to sit down there, among the cinders, when her work was done, the proud fine sisters gave her the name of Cinderella.

About this time, the King of the land, who never made war against anybody, and allowed everybody to make war against him — which was the reason why his subjects were the greatest manufacturers on earth, and always lived in security and peace — gave a great feast, which was to last two days. This splendid banquet was to consist entirely of artichokes and gruel; and from among those who were invited to it, and to hear the delightful speeches after dinner, the King's son was to choose a bride for himself. The proud fine sisters were invited, but nobody knew anything about poor Cinderella, and she was to stay at home.

She was so sweet-tempered, however, that she assisted the haughty creatures to dress, and bestowed her admirable taste upon them as freely as if they had been kind to her. Neither did she laugh when they broke seventeen stay-laces in dressing; for, although she wore no stays herself, being sufficiently acquainted with the anatomy of the human figure to be aware of the destructive effects of tight-lacing, she always reserved her opinions on that subject for the Regenerative Record (price three halfpence in a neat wrapper), which all good people take in, and to which she was a Contributor.

At length the wished for moment arrived, and the proud fine sisters swept away to the feast and speeches, leaving Cinderella in the chimney-corner. But, she could always occupy her mind with the general question of the Ocean Penny Postage, and she had in her pocket an unread Oration on that subject, made by the well known Orator, Nehemiah Nicks. She was lost in the fervid eloquence of that talented Apostle when she became aware of the presence of one of those female relatives which (it may not be generally known) it is not lawful for a man to marry. I allude to her grandmother.

"Why so solitary, my child?" said the old lady to Cinderella.

"Alas, grandmother," returned the poor girl, "my sisters have gone to the feast and speeches, and here sit I in the ashes, Cinderella!"

"Never," cried the old lady with animation, "shall one of the Band of Hope despair! Run into the garden, my dear, and fetch me an American Pumpkin! American, because in some parts of that independent country, there are prohibitory laws against the sale of alcoholic drinks in any form. Also; because America produced (among many great pumpkins) the glory of her sex, Mrs. Colonel Bloomer. None but an American Pumpkin will do, my child."

Cinderella ran into the garden,

and brought the largest American Pumpkin she could find. This virtuously democratic vegetable her grandmother immediately changed into a splendid coach. Then, she sent her for six mice from the mouse-trap, which she changed into prancing horses, free from the obnoxious and oppressive post-horse duty. Then, to the rat-trap in the stable for a rat, which she changed to a state-coachman, not amenable to the iniquitous assessed taxes. Then, to look behind a watering-pot for six lizards, which she changed into six footmen, each with a petition in his hand ready to present to the Prince, signed by fifty thousand persons, in favour of the early closing movement.

"But grandmother," said Cinderella, stopping in the midst of her delight, and looking at her clothes, "how can I go to the palace in these miserable rags?"

"Be not uneasy about that, my dear," returned her grandmother.

Upon which the old lady touched her with her wand, her rags disappeared, and she was beautifully dressed. Not in the present costume of the female sex, which has been proved to be at once grossly immodest and absurdly inconvenient, but in rich sky-blue satin pantaloons gathered at the ankle, a puce-coloured satin pelisse sprinkled with silver flowers, and a very broad Leghorn hat. The hat was chastely ornamented with a rainbow-coloured ribbon hanging in two bell-pulls down the back; the pantaloons were ornamented with a golden stripe; and the effect of the whole was unspeakably sensible, feminine, and retiring. Lastly, the old lady put on Cinderella's feet a pair of shoes made of glass: observing that but for the abolition of the duty on that article, it never could have been devoted to such a purpose; the effect of all such taxes being to cramp invention, and embarrass the producer, to the manifest injury of the consumer. When the old lady had made these wise remarks, she dismissed Cinderella to the feast and speeches, charging her by no means to remain after twelve o'clock at night.

The arrival of Cinderella at the Monster Gathering produced a great excitement. As a delegate from the United States had just moved that the King do take the chair, and as the motion had been seconded and carried unanimously, the King himself could not go forth to receive her. But His Royal Highness the Prince (who was to move the second resolution), went to the door to hand her from her carriage. This virtuous Prince, being completely covered from head to foot with Total Abstinence Medals, shone as if he were attired in complete armour; while the inspiring strains of the Peace Brass Band in the gallery (composed of the Lambkin Family, eighteen in number, who cannot be too much encouraged) awakened additional enthusiasm.

The King's son handed Cin-

derella to one of the reserved seats for pink tickets, on the platform, and fell in love with her immediately. His appetite deserted him; he scarcely tasted his artichokes, and merely trifled with his gruel. When the speeches began, and Cinderella, wrapped in the eloquence of the two inspired delegates who occupied the entire evening in speaking to the first Resolution, occasionally cried, "Hear, hear!" the sweetness of her voice completed her conquest of the Prince's heart. But, indeed the whole male portion of the assembly loved her — and doubtless would have done so, even if she had been less beautiful, in consequence of the contrast which her dress presented to the bold and ridiculous garments of the other ladies.

At a quarter before twelve the second inspired delegate having drunk all the water in the decanter, and fainted away, the King put the question, "That this Meeting do now adjourn until to-morrow." Those who were of that opinion holding up their hands, and then those who were of the contrary, theirs, there appeared an immense majority in favour of the resolution, which was consequently carried. Cinderella got home in safety, and heard nothing all that night, or all next day, but the praises of the unknown lady with the sky-blue satin pantaloons.

When the time for the feast and speeches came round again, the cross stepmother and the proud fine daughters went out in good time to secure their places. As soon as they were gone, Cinderella's grandmother returned and changed her as before. Amid a blast of welcome from the Lambkin family, she was again handed to the pink seat on the platform by His Royal Highness.

This gifted Prince was a powerful speaker, and had the evening before him. He rose at precisely ten minutes before eight, and was greeted with tumultuous cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. When the excitement had in some degree subsided, he proceeded to address the meeting: who were never tired of listening to speeches, as no good people ever are. He held them enthralled for four hours and a quarter. Cinderella forgot the time, and hurried away so when she heard the first stroke of twelve, that her beautiful dress changed back to her old rags at the door, and she left one of her glass shoes behind. The Prince took it up, and vowed — that is, made a declaration before a magistrate; for he objected on principle to the multiplying of oaths — that he would only marry the charming creature to whom that shoe belonged.

He accordingly caused an advertisement to that effect to be inserted in all the newspapers; for, the advertisement duty, an impost most unjust in principle and most unfair in operation, did not exist in that country; neither was the stamp on newspapers

known in that land — which had as many newspapers as the United States, and got as much good out of them. Innumerable ladies answered the advertisement and pretended that the shoe was theirs; but, every one of them was unable to get her foot into it. The proud fine sisters answered it, and tried their feet with no greater success. Then, Cinderella, who had answered it too, came forward amidst their scornful jeers, and the shoe slipped on in a moment. It is a remarkable tribute to the improved and sensible fashion of the dress her grandmother had given her, that if she had not worn it the Prince would probably never have seen her feet.

The marriage was solemnized with great rejoicing. When the honeymoon was over, the King retired from public life, and was succeeded by the Prince. Cinderella, being now a queen, applied herself to the government of the country on enlightened, liberal, and free principles. All the people who ate anything she did not eat, or who drank anything she did not drink, were imprisoned for life. All the newspaper offices from which any doctrine proceeded that was not her doctrine, were burnt down. All the public speakers proved to demonstration that if there were any individual on the face of the earth who differed from them in anything, that individual was a designing ruffian and an abandoned monster. She also threw open the right of voting, and of being elected to public offices, and of making the laws, to the whole of her sex; who thus came to be always gloriously occupied with public life and whom nobody dared to love. And they all lived happily ever afterwards.

Frauds on the Fairies once permitted, we see little reason why they may not come to this, and great reason why they may. The Vicar of Wakefield was wisest when he was tired of being always wise: The world is too much with us, early and late. Leave this precious old escape from it, alone.

TRIBUNALS OF COMMERCE.

In France, Germany, Spain, Portugal and Sweden, men of commerce have obtained, since generations past, tribunals other than of law, by which their differences are amicably and speedily adjusted. No sooner has a dispute arisen than the disputants present themselves to one of these friendly councils; which does all that a court of law could do, except delay, and a great deal which no legal tribunal could accomplish. These councils are at once special juries and judges. In Paris they are composed of a president, ten judges, and sixteen assistant judges, selected from the commercial inhabitants of the district, who sit in sections so arranged that each

member performs duty twice within fifteen days. Their labours are discharged gratuitously; they take cognizance not only of all commercial disputes but of bankruptcies.

The leading feature in the proceedings of these councils is despatch. So simple are the forms of procedure that a decision is, in most cases, obtained immediately. The utmost time allowed for defendant to appear in court is twenty-four hours, whilst in certain cases requiring urgent decision the president can command the appearance of those concerned within an hour, if his messengers can find them. The cases are conducted and defended by the disputants themselves, the interference of attorneys being disallowed; only a few "licenciates," well acquainted with the commercial law of the country, are permitted to assist in expediting cases through the courts. That business in these places is wonderfully facilitated will be evident when I mention that no longer ago than eighteen hundred and forty-eight several hundred suits were disposed of in one day before the council of the Seine. Of course this could only be done by weeding out all extraneous matters, by rigorously conforming to the known usages of commerce, and by having several judges sitting at the same time.

The bankruptcy section of this commercial tribunal had been not less actively engaged. It is on record that, between the years eighteen hundred and thirty-six and eighteen hundred and fifty—that is to say during fifteen years — not fewer than six hundred and sixty-four thousand five hundred and sixteen decisions had been given: which is an average of forty-four thousand three hundred and one judgments in each year.

I would, however, remark that it is not only in expediting proceedings that the tribunals of commerce of the Continent are so valuable: they sift matters of a technical character with a degree of accuracy which no amount of legal acumen could pretend to; simply because the men composing them are intimately acquainted with the details and usages of every-day commercial life. The reader may possibly have some very faint idea of the singular technicalities which occasionally beset and bewilder both counsel and judges; but there are few readers who have any distinct conception of the difficulties, the blunders, the absurdities, the mischief entailed by lawyers undertaking to conduct and judges to decide upon matters pertaining strictly to trade, manufactures or science.

The rapid strides made by art-manufacture, by chemistry applied to industry, by science in relation to our most ordinary requirements, have materially increased the conflict of interests amongst the commercial part of the community, and the range of

knowledge necessary to unravel the intricacies of commercial and manufacturing disputes. Each year the learned in mere law are bewildered, judges are perplexed, and suitors are disgusted with the necessity which compels men of law to wade through statements and arguments on topics which are as intelligible to them as one of Southey's poems would be to a red Indian.

Imagine for a moment the position of counsel employed to defend a suit involving some delicate chemical invention, or a subtle point of science. The man of law, although a good Latinist, would nevertheless be at his wits' end to understand one single iota of the atomic theory, to fathom the mysteries of free and latent caloric, or to probe the depths of the "*Pharmacopœia Londinensis*," with its terrific array of Subacetates, Protocarbonates, and Supersulphates.

About seven years since I was interested in some valuable improvements in electric telegraphs, and applied for protection for them by Letters Patent. I was opposed by one of the great electrical Professors of the day, on the ground that my invention was neither more nor less than an infringement of his own patented discoveries. Counsel had of course to be engaged on both sides; and, inasmuch as the points in dispute were of a specially scientific character, my barrister underwent several most severe drillings, in the hope that I should enable him to argue my case. Never shall I forget the bewilderment and annoyance he suffered in his anxious endeavours to master the distinctive technicalities of the electric science. How he floundered amongst negative poles, and positive currents; how he impaled himself upon the points of "contacting needles." He would have given a dozen new silk gowns to have mastered but one half of what I vainly endeavoured to drum into his mind and memory. Was it indeed possible that in a few short hours he could be expected to comprehend the inner difficulties of a science which had occupied my time and anxious thoughts for years?

As a scientific forlorn-hope, I took my counsel to my laboratory; and set the model-telegraph in action in his presence. I soon found, however, that I was making matters worse instead of better. The complicated apparatus, the labyrinth of wires, the maze of chemical terms, the entire novelty of the scene, completely scattered from the lawyer's brain the small conception he had previously formed of the process. It was in vain that I discoursed upon the "metallic circuit;" he shook his head and intimated that that was a circuit of which he was not a member. The mention of "battery" he connected in some way with an assault case; and, when I endeavoured to explain the nature of "lateral metallic contacts," it was clear that he imagined I was alluding insidiously to his fees. Nor

was my opponent's counsel in any better plight. The judge was still more puzzled with the conflicting claims, and so completely blended the two opposing inventions in one heterogeneous whole, that in the depth of his chaotic bewilderment he decided on doing that which under a wholesome state of things should have been done in the first instance; he referred the case to a practical and scientific arbitrator; thus in fact, at once constituting a most competent Tribunal of Commerce in the person of Professor Faraday.

It is true that in certain cases a special jury is formed, composed of men supposed to be particularly versed in the matter in hand; yet, although that very expedient demonstrates the desirableness of practical tribunals, the special jury is too often hampered and perplexed rather than aided by the laboured pleading of learned counsel; who deem it their duty to talk for a certain time very wide of the subject. In these cases, too, the matter resting virtually with the jury, the judge — who cannot and does not attempt to form any opinion apart from theirs — becomes a mere automaton.

It is not long since a circumstance occurred in connexion with one of those special jury cases, which bears so strongly upon the point I am anxious to illustrate, that I cannot refrain from relating it. Like my own case, it was a contested point of patent-right; the invention being a machine of peculiar construction and application. As usual, counsel floundered dreadfully amidst cog-wheels, sockets, pinions, pistons, bearings, coupling-boxes, and cranks. The special jury had to depend entirely upon the witnesses to form the faintest judgment on the merits of the competing machines.

When counsel had finished torturing the principal witness for the plaintiff, the foreman of the jury — a thoroughly practical and shrewd man of the world — requested him to be so good as to repeat carefully his description of the plaintiff's machine; in order that he might commit it to paper, and thus prevent any misconception. The witness complied; and on the completion of his details, he was told that as he had been a long time in the witness-box he would not just then be called upon to hear the paper read over to him, but that it should be done on his being called up for re-examination. The chief engineering witness on the other side was requested, in a similar manner, to detail most minutely the several parts of *his* employer's machinery; and, having done so, was in like manner desired to stand on one side for the present; the foreman taking down his words also. Further evidence was taken; and eventually the two engineers were recalled separately, when the foreman of the jury, having read over the accounts of the two distinct machines, asked each of them if they felt positive that the

description therein given was a true and full explanation of their respective employer's inventions. They felt no sort of hesitation in declaring that they did so most completely.

The foreman then addressed the Court, and begged it to observe as a means of testing the value of the evidence they had just received, that he had read the description of the defendant's machine to the plaintiff's witness, and that of the plaintiff to the defendant's witness, and that they had thus both sworn to their opponent's specification. No doubt if they had been left to tell their respective stories in their own way, without the worrying of counsel, they would not have been confused, and would have given clear and distinct evidence. The case was eventually decided upon the personal inspection of the opposing machines by the members of the jury, who thus, after all, acted the part of Tribunals of Commerce.

I remember another circumstance which, still more forcibly illustrates the folly of flinging every dispute into a court of law when a reference to a tribunal of practical men would arrange the difference on the moment, and for the merest shadow of costs. A City merchant had purchased a number of cases of foreign goods, — I believe maccaroni. Many, on being weighed and examined were found to be no more than half full. A hole was discovered in these cases, and much of the maccaroni had been bitten to pieces, so that there could be no doubt but that the damage had been caused by mice. But who was to bear the loss? Certainly not the purchaser, who had bargained for full cases and sound maccaroni. The importer, declared that the mice must have attacked the goods while on the wharf in Thames Street; it being impossible his agents abroad should have shipped the animals along with the goods. On the other hand the wharfinger protested that there was not such a thing as a mouse to be found upon his premises; which he had been at great cost to have made mouse-tight.

Each party was resolute. The case was placed in the hands of "eminent lawyers," and there was every prospect of somebody having to pay handsomely in addition to the value destroyed by the mice. By great good luck the two disputants encountered each other one day on 'Change; and, happening to relate the matter with some bitterness to a third person, they were assured by him that, if they chose, they could settle the affair in ten minutes between themselves, by only taking a common-sense view of the case. He pointed out to them the certainty that the direction in which the mice-holes were gnawed would clearly indicate whether the animals had entered the boxes whilst lying on the wharf, or whether they had been imported in them; which might have occurred from the boxes having been left open at the port of shipment after

packing. The intruders could not have got in during the voyage; for, except in a few coasting vessels, mice are never found, as they have insuperable objections to sea-sickness. The whole question was;—did the mice eat their way into the boxes or did they eat their way out of them? If they were Italian mice, packed in with the maccaroni, which had eaten their way through the case for air, the holes would be gnawed and jagged within, and smooth without; if they were English mice, with a taste for maccaroni which deal boards could not baulk, the outside of the holes would bear the marks of teeth, and the inside would be smooth. The matter appeared so simple, when viewed in this light, that both parties agreed to adjust their dispute by the appearance of the holes in the cases. They did so within ten minutes of that time; and not only saved hundreds of pounds, but preserved their former friendly feeling, which, had the law-suit gone on, would no doubt have been completely at an end.

A thousand similar instances could be adduced to demonstrate the soundness of the views entertained by those who are at the present moment using their best exertions to promote the formation of Tribunals of Commerce in this country. Commercial differences, and many others of a similar character, cannot be met by the common law of the land: they require something more than a mere definition of legal rights for their proper adjustment. Even were it always possible for lawyers to conduct and decide upon such cases, the delay involved is frequently much more damaging than the costliness of the proceedings: often indeed so ruinous that a commercial man will prefer submitting to any amount of injustice rather than be involved in the delay, the vexations, and the spoliation of a law-suit. A case which was heard and argued at no more remote period than this last August is well worthy of attention; inasmuch as it does something more than support the arguments, already strong, in favour of practical common sense tribunals for practical common sense cases. It shows how completely the most eminent men of science, the most accomplished students, the deepest philosophers, may differ upon a point of practical chemistry or geology. The trial took place in Edinburgh, before the lord president and a jury, as to whether a certain mineral substance found in certain lands in Scotland was or was not coal. It appeared that the plaintiff had leased some land to the defendan on certain terms of royalty, for the latter had succeeded in turning The up very large quantities of a black inflammable substance richly impregnated with hydrogenous gas, and, as such, very valuable for gas-works, although not so suitable for ordinary fuel. The speculation became, in consequence, unexpectedly remunerative to the

workers; and mortifying in proportion to the proprietor; who, beholding the huge mine of wealth opened by others on his land, brought the action to try whether — as the right he had leased away was solely and exclusively the exploitation of coal — the substance dug up by the lessees was, or was not, coal; for, if not coal, they had no right to it. The plaintiff, therefore, by his counsel maintained that the mineral worked by the defendant was not coal; and, although he was not prepared to say what it really was in ordinary language, he called a legion of professors of geology and mineralogy, of microscopists and miners, to declare that it was shale, clay, bituminous earth — anything in fact but coal. A geologist took his hammer, and averred on his reputation as a professor, that it had no appearance of coal. The chemist took his crucible and his blow-pipe, and he too insisted, on the word of a philosopher, that it did not burn like coal, and did not leave the ashes of coal. The microscopist applied a powerful lens, and had no sort of hesitation in avowing the absence of all traces of those cellular and vegetable tissues which existed in all coal; consequently, it could not be coal. The miner declared that *he* had never seen any coal similar to that worked by the defendant, and that, therefore (modest man) it was absurd to call it coal.

So much for the science of the plaintiff. The defendant had a still larger array of philosophy on his side; and a host of men, equally known in the scientific world, did declare, on their reputations as geologists, chemists, and microscopists, that the substance in dispute had all the characteristics necessary to make it coal; that in short it was most decidedly, unequivocally, and beyond dispute coal, and nothing but coal.

The array of evidence presents a curious illustration of the fallacies of science in the nineteenth century, and is quite worth quoting. Professor A. declared that it burnt precisely like coal: Professor B. protested in plain English that it did not. Professor A. stated that he found it to contain only six per cent. of fixed carbon: Professor B. had found ten per cent. of carbon in it; while Professor C. met with sixty-five per cent. of carbon. Professor A. stated that the mineral was a bituminous shale: Professor B. asserted that it contained the merest trace of bitumen. Their duel being over, Professor C. found that no degree of heat would cause it to yield bitumen. Professors A., B., C., and D., declared positively in full chorus that it possessed no signs of an organic structure. On the other side, Professors E., F., G., and H., avowed much more positively, that it had a most unmistakeable vegetable organisation, with perfect traces of woody fibre, cellular tissue, and every other characteristic of the best Wall's

End. Professor I. found that it had no fixed carbonaceous base, but its base was earthy matter: Professor K. discovered on the contrary that the base was decidedly carbonaceous, with very slight traces of earth. Professor I. could obtain nothing like coke from it, and he had tried very hard too; whilst Professor K., with scarcely an effort, had obtained forty-one per cent. of coke from it!

Now, I take it, that there is no need of an acquaintance with chemistry or geology — no necessity for fathoming the constituents of bituminous shales, carbonaceous bases, cellular tissues, &c., to arrive at a due appreciation of the absurd and anomalous position in which science was here placed. The evidence of a Newcastle coal viewer adduced before a properly constituted Tribunal of Commerce would have settled the case in five minutes.

Setting these considerations aside, we arrive at a powerful argument for the establishment of tribunals; which, by a mere effort of common sense and common justice, will save the pockets of disputants, the time of public officials, and moreover save men of science from humiliating exhibitions. The coal case was given in favour of the defendant and lessee; and, so far, justice was doubtless served, for according to a straightforward and honest interpretation of words, a black inflammable substance dug out of the earth which gives forth inflammable gas, remains coal, until a new special word be given to it; and even then it must and will always belong to the genus Coal. Had the dispute been brought before a commercial tribunal the technicalities of science would not have been called to their aid — they would have contented themselves with an examination of the true purport of the lease by which the defendant held the mines, and whether the mineral in question was or was not what is popularly and generally known amongst business men as a coal, without reference to any scientific distinctions or legal quiddities.

The agitation in favour of "Tribunals" was commenced in the City of London about two years since. It has gone on with some degree of success; although far from sharing that countenance which it richly deserves. There are conflicting interests at work. Strong prejudices and legal opposition have hitherto stood in the way. Thanks, however, to the zeal and public spirit of one man, the tide of public opinion has begun to set in favour of the movement. The adhesion of nearly all the Chambers of Commerce throughout the provinces testify how keenly men of business feel the incubus of the law in their daily operations, and the result of strong convictions on the subject has been the adoption of petitions to both Houses of Parliament praying

that a committee may be appointed for the purpose of inquiring into this most important subject with a view to legislating thereon.

Such a committee would assuredly bring to light some curious and forcible testimony in favour of what is now asked, and there is no reason why Tribunals of Commerce may not be as readily formed in this country as elsewhere. The machinery may be so simple, the expense so trifling, that it is difficult to conceive any real objections to their formation. A council of merchants, bankers, and others accessible to the trading and manufacturing community at all times and in the speediest manner, would undoubtedly prove a welcome boon. The suggestion of a stipendiary judge with a sound legal education and training, instead of a purely commercial president may be well worth consideration. The legal element would perhaps be an essential ingredient in such a Court. Our complaint is, that it at present overrides and swamps every other good element. Sagacity in seizing the corns of evidence and separating it in an instant from the husk; skill in combining scattered points of testimony; acuteness in detecting discrepancies, and in harmonising varieties of evidence seemingly discordant but really in unison, are only to be found in a "legal mind."

BUCHAREST.

The name of Bucharest has of late become familiar in our mouths, and meets our eye in the corner of every newspaper. Political writers, and geographers call it a capital, and it certainly is the chief place, the seat of Government of the province of Wallachia. But it does not rise to our notions of a capital; being in reality nothing but a huge village scattered upon a plain on both sides the Dimbowitza at about thirty-seven miles of direct distance from the confluence of that river with the Danube; and two hundred and eighty miles west-north-west of Constantinople. The space it covers is enormous; and, when seen from a distance, it suggests ideas of prosperity — even of splendour. This is the case with most Oriental cities. They dazzle from afar; but, as you approach, their beauty vanishes; just as, in the mirage, imaginary forests, lakes, and islands dwindle, on near inspection, into tufts of sunburnt grass.

If you wish to have the pleasure of contrast, you must approach Bucharest from the north, and come suddenly to the edge of the eminence where stands the principal church, sometimes called the Cathedral. The whole extent of the city is visible from this vantage ground, and three hundred and sixty-five steeples, seeming architectural in the distance, shoot up and flash above

the houses and gardens. Let the time be the bright beginning of spring. The sky overhead has not a speck; except that here and there may be seen, slowly soaring, some hundreds of those huge vultures which serve as the scavengers of Eastern cities. The scene is one of exquisite beauty. The houses cluster far down on the banks of the river, nowhere unaccompanied by trees, and then scatter away on either hand, seemingly without lines; for where they appear to end, and the forest to begin, there may always be discovered other roofs and other white walls gleaming amidst the foliage. On the plain to the right several intensely green oval expanses are sharply defined. These are marshes on the edges of which the Zigans or gipsies dig in search of tortoises, which they bring to the market to sell. To the east, the country is covered as far as the eye can reach with vast forests of larch, pine, and oak trees. Beyond the city the yellow fields of maize set sharply off from verdant pasturages, or are intersected by streaks of ground covered with reeds and patches of brushwood. Altogether the impression is produced, especially on one who has just traversed the rugged defiles of the Krappack Mountains, that this is an opulent city — a city of merchants and monks, such as one has read or dreamed of.

Enter. Its grandeur is not overwhelming. You come up to a hedge of prickly artichokes, which some German topographist — fresh from descriptions of Choczin — have called the lines of Bucharest; and a single great beam is, or was (for this refers to ante-Russian times) drawn up by a pulley to admit you. Beyond, you find a semicircular little place bordered by huts, with a few trees scattered here and there. A vague idea suggests itself to the European traveller that this is the spot where the maidens of the neighbourhood come out to dance when daily work is done. But he is soon undeceived; for his waggon at once sinks axle-deep into black mud, and his horses or oxen begin to splash and struggle ineffectually. What may be the social reasons why every entrance of Bucharest is stopped up by a bog we do not exactly know. Some say it is for the convenience of the custom-house officers; who, if they happen to be asleep, are certain that no travellers can go stealthily in or out. After a nap they are sure to find half-a-dozen waggons sticking fast in the mud, from which they cannot be extricated except by several additional beasts brought for that purpose. It is true that in the hot season this mud is changed into grey dust, and is consequently more easy to cross; but there is no travelling at that time of year. We must observe that both the custom-house officers and the police, who invariably accompany them, at Bucharest, although in-

quisitive, are generally polite, and when they commit extortion, do it in a gentlemanly manner, that proves them to have received the influence of French civilisation.

Nothing can be more trivial than the prevailing style of architecture in Bucharest. A native will tell you that it is not worth while to build fine houses, because earthquakes would probably shake them down; otherwise, he adds, London and Paris would be left far behind. There is a great deal of good humoured provincial pride in these excellent Wallachians. The houses are all, or nearly all, of one story, generally standing separate and are surrounded sometimes by gardens; sometimes by expanses of rough ground. The materials are bricks and wood roughly whitewashed, which has an unpleasant effect in summer. The glare they occasion accounts for the fact that the people always go about with their eyes puckered up as if they had just laid aside spectacles. Here and there rise mean-looking churches; something in the Byzantine style, each with two, three, or even four steeples, in which the eastern traveller misses the elegance of the minaret. The bells are not hung in these steeples, but upon a cross-pole supported by two uprights in front of the door, so that on church going days, which frequently occur, a couple of moustachioed ringers dressed in sheepskin may be seen dangling from the rope, and at a distance may be supposed to be undergoing the extreme sentence of the law. There are nearly a hundred churches, but not one contains anything worthy of description, except, perhaps, that on the eminence to the north of the town. It was founded by Saint Spiridion, bishop of Erivan, in Armenia, and like all Greek churches, has the form of a cross. At first sight it resembles a fortress, and is in fact so built that it could serve for that purpose. The interior is decorated with paintings which are no doubt admired — in Bucharest; and there is a balustrade around the sanctuary, richly gilt and covered with mouldings and arabesques, executed with some taste.

Of late years, especially since the great fire, there have been built a good many houses, which are called palaces. At a little distance they appear not inelegant, being surrounded by colonnades or fronted with porticos; yet the pillars are nothing but lengths of pine trees covered with stucco. Here and there attempts at a frieze with plaster-of-Paris bas-reliefs peep out. Within, there are tolerably fine apartments fitted up curiously, half in the French and half in the Eastern style, with arm-chairs and divans, tables and small carpets to sit upon, books of caricatures and long pipes. In the same room may sometimes be seen a lady dressed from the first shops in the Chausée d'Antin and her

husband, a wealthy Boyard (landed proprietor) with a long beard, clothed in a kaftan.

Let us not yet, however, seek the shelter of a roof. We have something more to say about the streets, which are of various degrees of width; sometimes diminishing to mere alleys and sometimes spreading as broad as Portland Place. A few are paved roughly with stones placed, or rather thrown carelessly upon the ground. It would have been better had the people of Bucharest stuck to their wooden pavements, for as it is, their best streets sometimes resemble the bed of a mountain torrent. The name for streets is *ponti* (bridges); which, when laid with transverse logs of wood, they really are. But now at certain seasons they are channels without bridges. At various places regularly every spring when the snow melts, the earth gives way and sinks into great holes, which the people are compelled to fill up with straw and faggots. It never seems to have occurred to any one that a foundation was required for the paving-stones. The older streets are still covered with long beams of wood placed crosswise, under which water and mud collect undisturbed. They are not fastened with any pretence of care; and, when a carriage passes on one side of a street, it sometimes weighs down the end of a plank and casts the unfortunate passenger who may happen to be at the other end into the air. The people near him begin to laugh; but, when the plank goes down, a splash of black mud covers them from head to foqt and changes their merriment into rage and disgust. In winter, a depth of three or four feet of snow paves the street. It is rapidly trod into a hard mass, mixed with stones and dirt. Then they appear clean and smooth and the sledges go whirling to and fro. But spring comes on and when the thaw commences, neither horse nor man can proceed. Hundreds of galley-slaves are turned out, under task-masters armed with whips, to clear away the snow which rapidly degenerates into mud. Instead of removing it outside the town they pile it against the walls of the houses, which are therefore in some places half concealed by heaps of dirt, consisting of the sediment which has been left after the snow has melted. The streets are converted then into so many slimy kennels.

The bazaars of Bucharest are not interesting or well supplied. A few shops of semi-European appearance contain articles of French manufacture, but they are flanked by stalls in the native style; that is to say, recesses with great shutters that open upwards, to form a projecting roof during the day-time. As usual, in the East, each trade has a little street to itself. There is, for example, the street of the Leipsikani or traders from Leipsic; the street of the money-changers;

the street of the fiddlers, and above all the street of the Kofetars or sweetmeat-dealers. In some quarters the streets are bordered by lofty wooden palings, behind which the huts are concealed. It is here that strangers go to see the dances of the Zigans in perfection.

But we must not forget the Po-de-Mogochoya. This is the principal promenade of Bucharest. It crosses the town nearly from one end to the other, with a mean breadth of thirty feet. Here in the afternoon, or rather in the evening — for the hour becomes more fashionable as it grows later — may be seen a very curious spectacle. The Boyards are out to take the air; every one in his carriage, his droski, his sledge, or his tandem. They do not move gently along, but take that opportunity to show the mettle of their horses. It seems to be one of their objects to drive all pedestrians out of the street: as for their accommodation no foot pavement exists. The ground is almost always covered with mud and pools of water. About four o'clock some impatient Wallachian dandy comes dashing down. Immediately quiet people, who cannot afford a vehicle, begin to disappear. Those who are obstinate prepare to take refuge on the mounds that extend along the walls of the houses. The precaution is in vain, for the mud splashes up to the roofs on either hand, and prudent housewives shut their windows. Presently another young Boyard whirls into the street. By tacit consent a race is at once begun. A third competitor appears. Then a fourth. At length dozens, hundreds, of various kinds of vehicles join in; all moving at terrific speed, backward and forward, as if they were running desperate races for enormous stakes. Some may drop off, but others come to increase the whirl and confusion, and the hurry-skurry continues until long after the crazy lanterns are lighted. This is the best time to see the Po-de-Mogochoya in, what the fashionables of Bucharest are pleased to call its glory. From the roof of the hotel, kept by M. Louzzo, this thoroughfare resembles a vast trench, at the bottom of which lights are flashing to and fro with immense rapidity. Besides the trampling of the high stepping horses, and the rattling of the wheels, there rises on the air a continued shout; for the coachmen, getting excited in their work, urge on their horses with half-savage cries, or jeer one another; whilst their masters occasionally put their heads out of window and roar a salutation to some passing acquaintance. Accidents rarely occur, which seems a miracle. At about nine o'clock every one goes home to coffee and whist, and the streets are entirely deserted, save by a band of some fifty policemen, who patrol in various directions, and by some hundreds of private watchmen, called, from the cry they use, *Quiné Acôlo* (who goes there?).

It must be admitted that Bucharest is rapidly improving. In a few years our description will no longer apply; that is to say, if the development of civilisation be not checked by the continued presence of a foreign army, and the interference of rival despotisms. It would not be doing justice to the Wallachians if we omitted to mention, that all the classes which are accessible by position to education, have been, for some years past, animated by an extreme desire of improvement. Two distinct influences are at work: that of Russia, which is accepted by necessity; and that of France, which is chosen from taste. The Wallachian ladies, especially, import their ideas and their bonnets from Paris, and we have known some whose elegance and refinement, both of manners and of mind, could not be surpassed in Belgravia, or the Faubourg St. Germain. They have besides a certain simplicity of character that exhibits itself now and then in charming simplicities that only render them more fascinating. The fault into which they are most liable to fall, is affectation. They are sometimes ashamed of the very quality that gives the charm to their character, and escape into extravagance to avoid what they fear may be called rusticity.

It is not long since the people of Wallachia, nobles and peasants, were amongst the rudest and most uncouth people in Europe. Nearly all their improvement dates from this century. Fifty years ago, the children of the richest Boyards were brought up in almost a wild state, in company with the servants and slaves of the house; who were for the most part Zigans, who took pleasure in teaching them their own vices. The little instruction that existed, comprised a knowledge of the Greek language, which was made fashionable by the Court of the Zanariate Hospodars. A kaloyer, procured from some convent for the purpose, became part of the family, and whilst teaching his language, contrived to infiltrate a few notions principally on theological subjects. Some stiff old Boyards resisted this Hellenic influence; but as a general rule, all the upper classes spoke Greek. In the last century the services of the church were celebrated in the Sclavonic language, which neither the clergy nor the people understood; but afterwards they were translated into Wallachian or modern Greek. At present, the French language has been very generally introduced, and it is rare to find a respectable person who cannot speak it. In most houses there is a library of French literature, and it is worth observing that the Belgian piracies are looked upon with distrust and contempt: every one prides himself on having the best Paris edition. Since, indeed, the final emergence of Wallachia into the *quasi* independence in the year eighteen hundred and

thirty-four, praise-worthy efforts have been made, especially in Bucharest, to supply all classes with means of education.

We cannot say, however, that as a general rule the class of Boyards is very far advanced. To understand their real state and position, the knowledge of a few details is necessary. As in many countries of the east, the population of Wallachia is practically divided into four distinct castes, the limits of which are divided by social and political, not religious prejudices. Above the Zigans come the peasants; and then the merchants and the Boyards. This last word means a fighting man or warrior, and is now used as a title. Those who bear it are all landed proprietors, and indeed nearly the whole country is divided between them and the religious congregations. In old times, they lived scattered through the whole province on their estates like our feudal barons; but they now congregate in the capital and leave the charge of their property to stewards. When we speak of the influence of foreign civilisation on Wallachian society, we allude to this congregation of more or less wealthy landowners whose means and position allow them to indulge in luxury and to cultivate refinement.

A great many Boyards have now thrown aside the old kaftan and adopted our inelegant costume. A Bucharest dandy is wretched if not well supplied with patent leather boots and fine kid gloves. He has also an exaggerated fondness for eye glasses and spectacles; watch-chains, rings, and everything in fact that he supposes to be the outward sign of civilisation. As in the case of the Levantines who ape European manners, the young Wallachians sometimes fall into the mistake of supposing that there cannot be too much of a good thing, so that their toilette is often overdone. In fact a great portion of their faculties are expended in bringing their appearance into agreement with some ideal pattern of elegance, that is to say, some French exquisite fresh from the Boulevards des Italiens, who has passed that way in search of emotions. The satirical say that it became the fashion in Bucharest to yawn, because a certain dandy Count, attached to the French consulate, was addicted to that habit. However, we must hasten to remind the reader that it is not necessary to go to the banks of the Dimbowitza for empty-headed dandies; and to add that there exists in Wallachia, a nucleus of intelligent, well-educated, and high-spirited young men, who will probably at some future time exercise a great and decisive influence on the fortunes of their country. Let them not be offended at our good-humoured notice of the absurdities of some amongst them — for, in common with thousands of Englishmen, we have felt for the

sufferings of their country, and earnestly wish them better times.

We have already noticed the recent introduction of European ideas. There was much to reform. Within this century there have been committed acts in that country which rival all the horrors that have been related of more eastern parallel. The princes were cruel to the Boyards, the Boyards to the peasants. In eighteen hundred and two a man's feet were cut off for irreligion; and in eighteen hundred and twenty-one unmentionable horrors were perpetrated. Frequently, up to a very recent period, the Boyards used to exercise, with arbitrary ferocity, the right of life and death over their serfs and slaves. The punishments in use, both amongst them and the agents of authority, were strange and barbarous. One of the principal was the deprivation of sleep, which is now often applied in other countries of the East, especially Egypt. The patient is forced to remain upright by blows, and sometimes by wounds, until he drops from sheer exhaustion.

These are disagreeable subjects. Let us run away from them into the country. There is a place called Baniassa, about a league from Bucharest, where ladies and gentlemen go in fine weather to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the verdure of the fields, the perfume of the shrubs and flowers, and the pleasant shade of the trees. The wood is a succession of arcades, in which you sometimes meet a peasant dressed in his sheepskin tunic; sometimes a pretty woman dangling her parasol in her hand and listening to the soft things which a dandy in plaid pantaloons is whispering into her ear. The only objection to this otherwise charming spot is that it is too artificial. It is the Richmond or the St. Cloud of Bucharest, and contrasts curiously with the vast larch-woods beyond. There in reality can be admired the beauties of nature; and we would advise all those who are a little disappointed with the well-regulated beauties of Baniassa to push on over the semi-cultivated plain towards the confines of the hill-covered forests.

Besides, they may meet with a little adventure like that which once occurred to a gentleman, who was going in the country, but who learned more in one night about its manners than, if unfavoured by accident, he might have done in a month. He had proceeded about a couple of miles from Baniassa, when suddenly there came a burst of mingled screams and laughter from a grove near at hand; and, whilst he was considering what this might import, there rushed forth a crowd of youths and maidens pursued by another crowd, some armed with thongs, others with rods, both of which were used with good effect. Our traveller checked his horse and looked on in amazement, fancying himself suddenly trans-

ported back into the times of the Monades and Bacchanti. The girls had their black hair floating wildly over their shoulders, and were dressed simply in a sort of polka bordered with fur that reached only to their knees. They wore leather sandals, and as they ran the strings of beads and ornaments of metal on their necks, arms, and ankles jingled loudly. At first the spectator imagined that this was mere sport; but a maiden who passed right before his horse's head received such a lash from a vigorous pursuer that she turned round with tears in her eyes and an imprecation on her lips.

The traveller thought his path had been crossed by the inmates of a madhouse; and when the last of the group had disappeared in the distance, proceeded on his visit to the forest. A little way on he came up with a man walking briskly along; he recognised in him the servant of one of his friends, and remembered that he could speak French. He asked for an explanation of what he had seen.

"That," said the man, "is the marriage of my cousin. They have begun the ceremony rather early, so that I miss my share."

Mr. Smith (the wayfarer) was puzzled. He had travelled in many countries, but had never seen the nuptial benediction administered at the end of a thong. Being of a mythological turn of mind, he tried for an allegorical explanation, but could make nothing of it. He was quite convinced of one thing, however; that the girl who had received a lash under his eyes would carry the mark to her grave. Shame prevented him at first from frankly pursuing his inquiries. He did not like to show his ignorance. However, he at last mustered up courage to say, "Which was the bride?"

The man, who had no conception that marriages could be celebrated in any other manner, did not take notice of the absurdity of this question; but went on to explain the whole affair. From his eloquent description it appeared that as soon as the parents have consented to the union of their daughter with a young man who has asked for her hand, a certain day near at hand is fixed. Long engagements are unknown. There is no legal contract, the blessing of the priest supplying the place of everything. On the morning of the eventful day four of the bride's female friends come early, and dress her out for the ceremony. A tightly-fitting jacket, or polka, is first put on, often, we are sorry to say, without any of those intermediates, known under the generic name of linen. Over this is thrown a loose woollen tunic that entirely conceals the form; whilst an impenetrable veil is wrapped round the head. The chief feature of the bridal costume, however, is a heavy crown of tall black feathers placed upon the head, resembling the plumes of a hearse. Thus ac-

coutred, the bridesmaids take the hand of the bride, and lead her slowly like a victim to the altar. On the way the procession, which is often very numerous, stops from time to time, for her to distribute alms to the poor. At the door of the church she shakes off her companions; and it is a point of etiquette that she should walk, as Mr. Smith's informant expressed it, in the attitude of a saint, to the seat prepared for her near the altar. Here the bridegroom meets her; a few prayers are read, their forefingers are hooked and joined during the pronunciation of the blessing, they kiss the back of the Papa's hand, and are told that they are man and wife.

Once escaped from the church a scene of confusion ensues. The bridegroom takes his bride by the hand, and runs back with her towards his house, pursued by her parents, and friends, who pretend to try and overtake them. Not succeeding, and not desiring to succeed, they turn upon the relations of the bridegroom, and revenge upon them the loss they have suffered by blows and stripes. Sometimes this singular retaliation is inflicted in the evening, during the supper, by the father and mother of the new wife; but oftener it becomes a romp among the young people, who take this opportunity to revenge themselves with impunity for any indignity they may have suffered. Probably the maiden, whose sufferings Mr. Smith deplored, had atrociously jilted her pursuer, and deserved her punishment. Resistance, let us add, is forbidden; but immunity may be purchased by a jar of sulphured wine or a flask of arakee.

Mr. Smith arrived at the village, situated on the skirts of the forest, just as a couple of szigoms, armed with fiddles, were beginning to strike up a merry tune. Instead of proceeding at once to the country house of Prince Plïkza, where he was to pass the night, he determined to alight and look on. At first, indeed, he had some intention of asking the young lady whose whipping he had witnessed to dance a quadrille with him; and it would have been amusing to see our stiff countryman, with a shirt-collar sticking halfway up to his eyes — for we Englishmen adhere to this national feature in costume wherever we go as religiously as the Chinese do to their tails — bobbing up and down by the side of a lithe maiden, agile as a fawn. A tight jacket trimmed with fur served to display the symmetry of her figure. But it was not a quadrille that was danced; and Mr. Smith, being an indifferent waltzer and not comprehending the mazes of the other dances, felt quite unable to shine in that sort of exhibition.

He was told that neither among the szigoms nor the peasants is the marriage tie very much respected. The morals of the country are certainly relaxed. Better things might be expected, he thought, of the Boyards; but

an hour's conversation that evening at supper enlightened him. We are sorry to confirm his testimony. Russian communication has corrupted good manners. The story of Beppo was not very long ago repeated here under peculiar circumstances. A husband went away from his young wife for a year. On his return he found her married again. She had procured by some means a legal separation during his absence. He expostulated, and brought the matter before the law courts. Grave judges pondered on the case, a verdict was given for the wife, and the plaintiff-husband was non-suited with costs!

STARLIGHT IN THE GARDEN.

THE Garden (by its ivied walls inclosed)
Beneath the witching of the night remains
All tranced and breathless; and, in dreams reposed,
The white-walled house, with blinded window-panes,
Glimmers from far like one vast pearl between
The clustering of its dark and shadowy green.

A night in June; and yet 'tis scarcely night,
But rather a faint dusk — a languid day,
Sleeping in heaven — the interfluent light
Of Even and Morning, met upon one way;
And, all about the watchful sky, a bloom
Of silver star-flowers fills the soft blue gloom.

Silence and odorous dimness, like a ghost,
Possess this ancient garden utterly:
The grass-plots smile beneath the starry host;
The trees look conscious of the conscious sky;
The flowers, insphered in sleep, and dew, and balm,
Seem holding at their hearts an infinite calm.

Even the old brick wall — that with the sun
Of many years has ripened like a fruit,
In streaks of softened yellow, red, and dun,
With broidery of gold lichens, that strike root
In arid fissures — wears a face of rest,
Like one who blesses all things, and is blest.

The empty vases on the terrace-walk,
The path-ways winding underneath the trees,
The moon-white fountains that aye stir and talk,
The ivy's dark and murmuring mysteries,
And all the pale and quiet statues, seem
Half shrouded in some bright and filmy dream.

There is a soul to-night in everything
Within this garden, old, and green, and still:
The Spirit of the Stars, with noiseless wing,
Glides round about it, — and his ardours fill
All things with life; but most of all the flowers,
Close shut, like maidens in enchanted towers.

The sweet breath of the flowers ascends the air,
And perfumes all the starry palace-gates,
Climbing the vaulted heavens like a prayer:
The quickly answering star-light penetrates
Between the close lids of the flowers, and parts
Its way, and thrills against their golden hearts.

"Oh, bright sky-people!" say the flowers, "we know
That we must pass and vanish like a breath

Whenever the sharp winds shall bid us go;
And that your being hath no shade of death,
But floats upon the azure stream of years,
Lucid and smooth, where never end appears,

"And yet — oh, pardon the bold thought! — we yearn
In love towards your distant orbs; and we
Have quivered at your touch, and sighed to burn
Our lives away in a long dream of ye.
Oh, let us die into your light — as hues
Of sunset lapse, and faint, and interfuse!

"Out of the mystery of the formless night
We woke, and trembled into life's strange dawn,
And felt the air, and laughed against the light;
And soon our fragile souls will be withdrawn
Like sighs into the wide air's emptiness:
Yet sometimes of new life we dream and guess.

"Millions of blossoms like ourselves, we feel,
Have flushed before austere Eternity,
And twined about the year's fast-running wheel,
And drooped, and faded to the quiet sky.
We are as dew in noon; yet we aspire,
Moth-like, towards your white, etherial fire."

And the stars answer — "There is no true death:
What seems to blight the green earth like a curse
Is but a shade that briefly fluttereth,
God-thrown upon the luminous universe,
To dusk the too great splendour. Therefore, flowers,
Your souls shall incense all the endless hours.

"Within the light of our unsetting day
Your withered blooms shall waken, and expand
More fair than now when set in earthly clay,
Fast ripening to the grave in which ye stand.
The tender ghosts of hues and odours dead
Are as the ground on which our nations tread."

At this, the flowers, as if in pleasure, stirr'd,
And a new joy was born within the night:
The wind breathed low its one primeval word,
Like some most ancient secret on its flight;
And Heaven, and Earth, and all things, seemed to kiss,
Love-lost in many mingling sympathies.

THE GREAT SADDLEWORTH EXHIBITION.

Last week my friend, Miss Clytemnestra Stanley, asked me to go with her and her sister, Miss Cordelia, to the Saddleworth Great Exhibition, and to have a day's holiday upon the Moors to gather bilberries. As I am rather proud of Miss Clytemnestra's regard, I felt flattered by her invitation, to say nothing of wishing to see the Exhibition, of which I had heard wonders. One fine day last week we started early, to have a long day before us. The railway would have taken us within half a mile of the place, but we preferred going in our own conveyance — a light butcher's cart, drawn by a mare of many virtues, but considerably more spirit than was desirable.

Clytemnestra and her two sisters are dealers in fish and game; fine high-spirited women, who live by themselves, and scorn to have the shadow of a

man near them. They have lived together for years. Miss Cordelia was taught to groom the mare and stable it down when she was so little that she had to stand upon a stool to reach its neck. She is grown a fine tall young woman now, and nobody to look at her would suspect that she can not only groom her horse, but build a stable with her own hands if need be. They are three very remarkable women, but they would reqnire an article all to themselves. How they came to be christened such magnificent names is a mystery I never was told.

Well, we started with many injunctions from the eldest sister to take care of ourselves. Miss Adeliza seemed to consider us as giddy young creatures who would be sure to get into mischief — and she could not go along with us, as she had to attend to the scaling of a fine cod and the boiling of a peck of shrimps — after stuffing an armful of cloaks into the cart behind us, and enquiring whether we had recollected to take money enough, she allowed us to depart, watching us all the way down the street. Clytemnestra drove. She was accustomed to it.

"The Saddleworth district," as it is called, lies on the confines of Yorkshire and Lancashire. The high road runs along the edge of a deep valley, surrounded on all sides by a labyrinth of hills, the ridges forming a combination of perspective which seems more like the clouds at sunset, than things of solid land. Above the high road, along a steep embankment, is the railway, and the hills rise steep on the other side of it. The railway, with the electric telegraph, the high road, the canal, and the river, all run side by side within the breadth of a hundred yards of each other. The country is very thinly populated, and except when the mills are loose, there is an oppressive sense of loneliness. At every turn the hills shut out the world more and more, until it seems a wonder how we ever got here, or how we are ever to get out. The road is not level for a yard together, and every step brings us deeper amongst the hills. It is an intensely manufacturing district, the streams from the hills making a splendid water power. Magnificent cotton mills, looking more like palaces than places of industry, with beautiful villa-like residences at short distances from them, belonging to the proprietors, are to be seen in all directions; in the most picturesque situations, and often in places where it would seem impossible for a mill to stand. These mills, as well as the residences, are built of white stone, and are five or six stories high, with tall spire-like chimneys; they are all full of costly machinery. Clusters of grey stone cottages for the work-people are scattered about; but neither the mills nor the cottages seem to take up any room,

nor do they break the loneliness and silence of the scene. The amount of capital invested within a compass of six miles round Ashton and Stayley Bridge is something wonderful.

We passed through the village of Mossley, which seems cut out of the rock, and is inhabited entirely by work-people—"hands" as they are called. One small village rejoices in the name of "Down-at-the-Bottom," another is called "Herod," consisting of scattered houses, above our head and below our feet. The changing shadows on the hills and the deep clear purple mist that filled the valley, did not hinder the view, but gave it a strangely solemn aspect. No human life or human bustle seemed able to assert itself—the silence of nature swallowed it up. Our plan was to go to "Bills o' Jacks," about three miles from Saddleworth, dine there, and then walk across the moor to the Exhibition.

Gradually all signs of human life disappeared, and after ascending a steep hill, overhanging a precipice without any parapet wall to keep us from falling over, we came upon a wild tract of moorland, with steep crags towering high above our heads, and huge blocks of grey rock lying about, like masses of the solidest masonry overthrown; not a habitation in sight, only the hills shutting us in more closely than ever. It looked the very spot where a murderer might take refuge to hide himself. A sharp turn and a sudden descent brought us to a little wayside house of entertainment lying in a hollow under the high road, and not to be seen before. This is Bills o' Jacks, a place of great resort, in spite of its loneliness. Some years ago it was the scene of a ghastly murder. An old man and his son lived there together. It was then, as it is now, a wayside inn, and was their own property: it had been in their family for generations. The son was married, and had two children, but he did not live with his wife, as he had a romantic attachment to his father, and would not live away from him. They kept no servant. One day the son went out to buy some flour and groceries. Some acquaintance in the town asked him to stay awhile and rest. He said, "No: he had met some Irish tramps on his road, going towards their house, and he was afraid the old man might be put about with them—he must make haste home to help him." The next day, people calling at the house found the son lying just within the doorway with his head all beaten to pieces, and the things he had brought home with him saturated with blood. He had been killed, apparently, as he entered. The old man was lying dead upon the kitchen hearth, covered with frightful wounds. The murderers have never been heard of; and now, most likely, never will be.

The house still belongs to the same family.

The first person we saw on our arrival was the widow of the son, now an old woman, but erect and alert. She was extremely kind and friendly; but I fancied that she looked as if she had seen a horror which had put a desperation between her and the rest of the world. She lives with her son and his wife; the son a handsome, sensible-looking man, and his wife the very ideal of a comely matron — calm, kind, sensible, with mellow beauty; she seemed to spread a motherly peace and comfort around her. There was much bustle going on, for parties of country holiday-makers were there; but nothing seemed to disturb her calm hospitality. She was very fond of Clytemnestra and her sisters, whom she had known for years, so that our coming was hailed with delight. The best of everything was set before us to eat, and though I could not suppress a shudder at finding myself on the very spot where the old man had lain, yet, as the kitchen looked bright and cheerful, and no traces of the tragedy were visible, I tried not to think of it.

After dinner, we set off over the hill-side, which was in full bloom with the heather. Numbers of children and country people who had come from many miles round were swarming amongst the rocks, picking bilberries for sale. It was a lovely day and a lovely scene. As far as the eye could reach there was not a habitation in sight; a deep valley lay at our feet, and across it were the hills rising in long ridges, the breaks in them disclosing further ridges of other hills beyond, and again beyond those, forming a singular series of perspective distances, over which the deep blue shadows shifted and varied continually. It was hard to believe that such a thing as a town, or any congregation of human dwellings had there an existence, and it was certainly a most unlikely locality in which to seek for an Exhibition.

After descending the hill, at the foot of the rock called "Pots and Pans," we saw a little island of stone houses lying away before us, in the hollow of some hills, which rose in an amphitheatre above them. This was the village of Saddleworth; and, after a quarter of an hour's further walking across some rough fields, we had reached the end of our journey. Saddleworth is two straggling streets of shops and cottages; the ground so abrupt and irregular that the back door of one house will be often on a level with the top story of another. It is chiefly inhabited by the work-people of the neighbouring mills. A railway station has, within the last few years, brought it into the direct line from Manchester to Leeds.

Exhibition, in great letters over a door, told us we were

before the object of our search. Ascending a dark, narrow, wooden staircase, we paid our shillings on the topmost step, and found ourselves standing plump face to face with the wonders of the place. I felt curious to see the sort of people who would be gathered in that out-of-the-world spot. They were not "mill-hands," but quite a different class; people who, most likely, had cloth looms of their own at home — for in Yorkshire there is still very much of this domestic manufacture going on. The men buy their yarn, get it dyed for them, and weave it up in their own houses. They then take the web of cloth on their shoulders, and either go with it about the country to sell it, or else take it to the Cloth Hall at Leeds or Huddersfield, and dispose of it there on market-day. There was something touching in the good-humoured stupidity with which they looked upon the objects they had never seen before, and the intelligent greeting they gave to whatever was familiar.

The Exhibition had no specific feature; but, in the care and taste with which the various objects were arranged, it gave evidence that those who had presided over its getting up had not grudged trouble. The articles had chiefly been contributed by families connected with the district, who must have dismantled their houses and drawing-rooms of some of their most valuable adornments; and this gave a certain spirit of good intention and kind-heartedness to the whole affair, which was the real charm of it. The object, I was told, is to recruit the funds of the Mechanics' Institute, which (as is no wonder) are in a very languishing state. The first room contained several plaster casts and busts of every species of phrenological development — great men, murderers, and criminals of every degree; and there was also the cast of that unhappy youth with the enlarged head, who seems to have been sent to die of water on the brain for the especial interest of science; for his effigy is to be seen either cast or engraved in all places where the "human skull divine" is treated of. Clytemnestra was much attracted in this room by the bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and the anatomical preparation of a horse's head; but the real interest of the party was not excited until we entered a room where there were some cases of stuffed birds, not very rare ones; but such as may be seen in England. Here the little girl whom we had brought with us from Bills o' Jacks, came beaming up with the exclamation that "she found some real moor-game in a glass case, and a fox, that looked as if he was alive!" This sharp, bright little child of twelve years old — who had lived on the moors all her life, and had never been further from home than to Ashton, which to

her seemed a great metropolis — took no sort of interest in the pictures, and bronzes, and statuettes, and other fine things, but greeted the objects she knew, with a burst of enthusiasm. The only novelty she seemed to care about, was an ostrich egg, which she spoke of just as the people in the Arabian Nights' spoke of the roc's egg. Clytemnestra — an excellent judge of game—pulled me to come and look at some lovely ptarmigans, and the most beautiful grouse she ever saw. Certainly they were excellently well preserved and stuffed; but amongst so many novelties I did not expect they would have attracted one who sees grouse professionally every day of the season: I suppose it was like recognising the face of a friend in a strange place.

One room was filled with electrical and philosophical apparatus. A crowd of people were looking at them as if they had been implements of sorcery; whilst one, a placid, good-natured countryman was preparing to be "electrified;" his "missus" sitting by with an air that seemed to say he deserved whatever he might be bringing on himself.

In the machinery-room there were a few beautiful models: a knitting-machine in full force, which turned out beautifully knitted grey stockings: and a sewing-machine, which was even a greater innovation than the other. This appeared to be an attractive room. There were some tolerable pictures, which the people admired when the subjects were things they understood or had seen before — whatever was absolutely new, nobody appeared to care about. A hall was fitted up with curious old furniture, carved cabinets, old armour, tapestry, &c. — all arranged in a very tasteful manner — whilst an organ or seraphine, which was constantly played, made this the centre of attraction. Articles for sale were laid out in the centre of one room, and a collection of what some think curiosities, and others rubbish, was arranged along one side of the room. Amid the medley of carved ivory boxes, Chinese mandarins, and black-letter books, one pair of curiosities elaborately labelled attracted me; the shoe and patten of a certain Mrs. Susannah Dobson, or some such name, the daughter of her father and mother, whose names were inscribed. She died — the label told us how many years ago, and also that a monument to her memory had been erected in her parish church! the old lady was doubtless a notability in her day, and we saw how people walked in pattens when they were in genious inventions.

By this time we had gone pretty well through the Exhibition, and prepared to retrace our steps over the rocky moor. That strange wild district seems to lie apart from all the world, but in

some of the scattered cottages there are histories going on, beside which the incidents in a French novel are tame. There are men and women, too, who go about looking quite rough and natural, who have had incidents in their past lives that one would have thought must inevitably have wrecked any existence for ever — but it seems that fancy goes for a great deal in these matters. The matter-of-fact prosaic manner in which I was told some of the most startling incidents one could well listen to, astonished me even more than the things themselves. When we once more reached Bills o' Jacks, we had only time to have tea; for the evenings soon begin to close in, and our road home was not made for travelling in darkness. Our return home did not seem likely to be as successful as our coming out; for the little jade of a mare — who had had nothing to do but eat corn and enjoy herself — chose to be excited at findin herself in a strange place, an to be startled by the sound of the falling water, and began to plunge and dance in a way that Clytemnestra called playful. She made as many excuses for her as a mother might for a spoiled child; but the two facts remained — that I was a rank coward and that the road for the first two miles was down a hill that was awkward enough when we came up it in the morning. So Cordelia good-naturedly walked with me to the bottom; although I am sure it must have tried the patience of both sisters to see me frightened at what they did every day. When we were once more fairly seated in the cart, I was told that the mare had been kept without work and on an extra allowance of corn for three or four days, "in order that she might be quite fresh for us!" It was ungrateful of me, but how thankfully would I have changed her for a sedate cart-horse without any imagination, and with much less corn! The lights were gleaming on the hill sides as we passed along, and the dusk had long set in before we arrived home, and found Adeliza looking anxiously up the street for us, for she had begun to feel some misgivings about our capabilities of taking care of ourselves. She had a comfortable supper ready for us, and when she had heard our adventures, she declared, with an emphatic shake of her head, that the little Jezebel of a mare should go through a course of hard work before she trusted her to go anywhere without her again.

Thus we accomplished one object of our expedition. We had seen the Great Saddleworth Exhibition; but the pranks of the mare had prevented us from bringing home a single bilberry.

DEAD RECKONING AT THE MORGUE.

On the island of the city of Paris, stands the Palace of Justice, with its numerous courts of law and echoing Hall of the Lost Footsteps (*Salle des Pas perdus*); its near and necessary neighbour, the Prison of the Conciergerie, once vomiting indiscriminately into the guillotine-cart crime and innocence; the Holy Chapel, that marvel of Gothic architecture; the great flower market, which, with its rival on the Place de la Madeleine, supplies all Paris with *bouquets;* the Prefecture of Police, where strangers must go or send, if for no other purpose than to have their passports indorsed; the great cathedral of Nôtre Dame, alone worthy of a pilgrimage; the hospital of the Hôtel Dieu, always dedicated to humanity, and once called by that name, when the virtue was scarce in Paris; and, not the least curious, though, to the majority of sight-seers, perhaps the least agreeable, the Morgue, or "dead-house."

Why the Morgue is so designated, few except philologists can tell. According to Vaugelas, *morgue* is an old French word signifying face; and it is still used to express a consequential look or haughty manner reflected from the countenance. In former times there used to be a small lobby just within the entrance to all the prisons which, in France, was called the *morgue;* because it was there that the gaolers examined the *morgue* or face of each prisoner before he was taken to his cell, that he might be recognised in case of attempted evasion. At a later period, it was in these antechambers that the bodies of such as were found dead in the streets or elsewhere, were exposed, for recognition, to the gaze of the public, who peeped at them through a wicket in the prison door. In Paris, the general place of exposure was in the lower gaol or *morgue* of the prison of the great Châtelet, and the principal regulations to be observed in giving effect to the measure were set forth in a police ordinance of the ninth of the month *Floréal*, in the year eight, which means the twenty-eighth of April, eighteen hundred, as follows:

As soon as a corpse was brought to the lower gaol, it was to be exposed to public view, with all the respect due to decency and propriety, the clothes of the deceased hanging beside it, and it was thus to remain for three days. In case of the body being recognised, those who indentified it were to make their declaration before the magistrate of the quarter, or the nearest commissary of police, and he having furnished the necessary paper, the prefect of police would give an order for the delivery of the remains and their interment in the usual manner. Those who claimed the

corpse were expected, if it was in their power, to pay the expenses attendant upon finding and exposing it, and were allowed to have the clothes and other effects found upon the deceased. All the reports relating to the bodies taken to the lower gaol as well as the orders of interment, were to be inscribed in a register kept for that purpose at the prefecture of police; and a similar book was to be kept at the lower gaol itself, in which, day by day, were to be inscribed the admission of dead bodies, their appearance, the presumed cause of death, and the date of their removal. When fragments of a corpse were fished out of the Seine, those who discovered them were to give intimation of the fact to the nearest commissary of police, who was to take the same steps with regard to them as if the body had been found entire.

This ordinance remained in force for four years; but it being then thought advisable to have a building expressly devoted to the exposure of the dead, the present Morgue was constructed close to the north-eastern extremity of the bridge of Saint Michel, on the Marché Neuf. No change took place in the regulations above cited, nor has any material alteration been made in them since the promulgation of the original ordinance.

he establishment of the Morgue was particularly intended to apply to that class of persons, respecting whose habits of life and place of abode it was difficult to obtain such information as would enable the authorities to register their deaths in a proper manner; and the object which the administration hoped to attain by the institution, was that of universal identification. This has never been altogether possible, but great progress has been made towards it. For instance, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty, the proportion of bodies recognised was not more than four out of ten, while at present they amount to nine-tenths of the whole number exposed; with this material addition that, whereas the bodies formerly remained for the full period prescribed by law, and sometimes even exceeded it, the average time within which recognition now takes place is little more than twenty-four hours.

This information, with what will further be detailed, was communicated to me in a very business-like, and I had almost said, a very pleasant manner, by Monsieur Baptiste, the intelligent *greffier* or clerk of the Morgue.

No "mysterious disappearance of a gentleman," or lady, such as with us produces an advertisement in the Times, was the cause of my "looking in" one fine sunny morning while on my way, by the route which most people take, to Nôtre Dame. I was simply passing along the Marché Neuf when, from the open door of a

wine-shop, three or four men in blouses, accompanied by a woman, suddenly rushed out, and exclaiming loudly, "Ah! it is he then!" ran hastily across the street and dashed into the Morgue. I had often glanced, with an involuntary shudder, at the cold-looking vault-like building, and had always hurried onward; but on this occasion a feeling of curiosity made me pause. I asked myself who it was that had excited the sudden emotion which I had just witnessed? and, as I put the question, I found I was proceeding to answer it by following those who I had no doubt were the relatives or friends of some one newly discovered.

Passing through a wide carriage gate, I entered a large vestibule, and, turning to the left, saw before me the *salle d'exposition*, where so many ghastly thousands, the victims of accident or crime, had been brought for identification after death. It was separated from the vestibule by a strong barrier, which supported a range of upright bars, placed a few inches apart and reaching to the ceiling, and through the interstices everything within could be distinctly seen; this barrier ran the whole length of the chamber, dividing it into two nearly equal parts. It had need to have been strong, if the grief of all who pressed against it had equalled the passionate sorrow of the woman who now clung to the bar in her frenzied eagerness to clasp the dead. I soon learnt, from her own sobbing voice, that it was her son. The facts attending his exposure were of every-day occurrence: he had been fished out of the Seine, and there he lay, livid and swollen; but, whether he had accidentally fallen into the river, or had committed suicide, there seemed to be nothing to show. So at least it appeared to me; but the mother of the drowned man — he was under twenty, and she herself had scarcely passed middle age — thought otherwise; for every now and then she moaned forth a female name, which the friends who stood beside her endeavoured to hush, and from this I inferred that the deceased had probably acted under one of those impulses of jealousy which, when it does not seek the life of a rival, resolves to suppress its own. But, come by his death how he might, the identification was complete, and defeatured as he was, his mother found the sad task no difficulty. Indeed, the manner of exposure offers every facility for recognition. The clothes are hung up over the corpse in such a manner that they can be readily recognised. The body itself is placed on a dark slab, slightly inclining towards the spectator, with the head resting upon a sort of desk or low block covered with zinc; so that the features are clearly to be seen beneath the light, which comes in from windows high up

in the wall behind the corpse. There is a tap in the wall for turning on water, which runs off by a small gutter at the foot of the slab. This is all.

It was only after extreme persuasion that the mother of the deceased suffered herself to be led away from the Morgue to her dwelling opposite. One of the party remained behind. He, too, had identified the body as that of his cousin; and, upon his declaration, the *greffier* proceeded to draw up the document, which was to be taken to the commissioners of police before the body could be removed from the building, although it was now withdrawn from the *salle d'exposition* and placed in another apartment. Perceiving that I lingered in the vestibule after the departure of the cousin, Monsieur Baptiste accosted me, and civilly conjectured that, as I was alone, perhaps it would afford me some "amusement" to see that part of the building which was not usually shown to the public. He placed himself entirely at my disposition. I accepted his courtesy with many thanks; and, having crossed the vestibule, he opened a door on the right hand, and introduced me into the office over which he presided. "Here," he said, with a slight flourish of his hand, "all the important forms attendant upon the several entries and departures were filled up by himself — a function which, he knew he need not assure me, was a highly responsible one. To discover a dead body," he added, "was a sufficiently simple process — to daguerreotype it in pen and ink was another. Even if that *salle d'exposition* did not exist, Monsieur, here," he exclaimed, tapping an enormous folio with brazen clasps, "could be seen, in my own handwriting, all the proofs necessary for establishing a secure identification."

I ventured to suggest, with humility — for I was a stranger in Paris — that some impediment might be offered to this mode of giving general satisfaction, in the possible fact that the relations of at least one-half of the unfortunate people whose bodies were taken to the Morgue might not be able to read.

"Then," replied Monsieur Baptiste, undauntedly, "I would read my description to those poor people."

Of course, it was not for me to doubt the skill of the worthy little *greffier*, but I could not help fancying — from a certain recollection of the portraiture of passports — that it was quite as well the hall of exposure and identification *did* exist. However, I made no comment upon Monsieur Baptiste's triumphant rejoinder, and we passed on.

Apart from a little pleasant personal vanity, I found Monsieur Baptiste a very intelligent companion. From the office he conducted me to the *salle d'autopsie* (dissecting-room), in which were two dissecting tables, one of them

supplied with a disinfecting apparatus, communicating with a stove in an adjoining apartment. Beyond this was the *remise* (coach-house) containing the waggon-shaped hearse, which conveyed to the cemetery — without show, and merely shrouded in a coarse cloth — such bodies as were either unclaimed or unrecognised. The next chamber was called the *salle de lavage*, or washing-room. It was flagged all over and supplied with a large stone trough, in which the clothes of the persons brought in were washed; it served also for sluicing the bodies. Similarly flagged throughout was another apartment, the *salle de dégagement*, or private room, situated between the *salle de lavage* and the *salle d'exposition*, where temporarily deposited on stone tables — out of the reach of insects, from whose attacks they were protected by a covering of prepared cloth — lay the bodies of those who had been identified, such as were in too advanced a stage of decomposition to admit of recognition, and such as were destined for interment. The last apartment in the Morgue that remains to be noticed, but which I did not enter, was the *combles*, a sort of garret, in which that one of the two attendants slept, whose duty it is to pass the night on the premises; his sleep being very frequently disturbed by fresh arrivals.

"And how many admissions take place in the Morgue, in the course of the year?" I inquired of Monsieur Baptiste.

"Faith," replied he, [illegible]ng his shoulders, "of one kind or other, there is scarcely a single day without something fresh. Observe, Monsieur, they do not come in regularly. Not at all. Sometimes we are quite empty for days; and then, again, we are crowded to such a degree as scarcely to be able to find room for all that arrive. In the extremes of the seasons — the height of summer and the depth of winter — the numbers are the greatest. But if Monsieur is curious to know the precise facts, I shall have great pleasure in informing him."

Thereupon Monsieur Baptiste invited me once more to enter his office; and, having accommodated me with a seat, he appealed to the brazen clasped volume to correct his statistics, and communicated to me the following particulars.

The Morgue, he said, was supplied not only from the forty-eight *quartiers* into which Paris is divided; but received a considerable share from the seventy-eight *communes* of the *banlieue*, or townships within the jurisdiction of the capital; from the *communes* of Sèvres, Saint Cloud, and Meudon; from Argenteuil, Saint Germain, and from other places bordering on the river. The average number per annum amounted to three hundred and sixty-four, which Monsieur Baptiste arranged as fol-

lows: including the separate fragments of dead bodies, which he rated at eleven entries, there were brought, he said, thirty-eight children prematurely born, twenty-six that had reached the full term, and of adults two hundred and thirty-eight men and fifty-one women. He divided the two last into four categories. Of secret homicides, there were the bodies of three men and two women; of such as had died from sickness or very suddenly, thirty-four men and eleven women; of the accidentally hurt where death had supervened, sixty-six men and four women; and of suicides, the large number of one hundred and thirty men and thirty-five women.

I remarked that the disproportion between the sexes was much greater than I had imagined; indeed I had rather expected that the balance would have inclined the other way.

"If Monsieur would permit me," said the polite Baptiste, "I would cause him to observe that men have more reasons for committing suicide than women; or, if this be disputed, that they are less tenacious of existence than the other sex, who understand that their mission is to bear. A woman's hope, Monsieur, is almost as strong as her love, often they are the same. But a man! before the face of adversity he turns pale; the pain of the present is intolerable to him; in preference to that, he severs ties which a woman shudders to think of breaking. A woman never forgets that her children are a part of herself; a man frequently considers them a mere accident."

"But, after all," I remarked, "the sum total which you have named appears to me not enormous, considering the extent of Paris and its dependencies, the number of its inhabitants, and," I added, after a short pause, "the impressionable character of the people."

"That observation would be perfectly just," returned Monsieur Baptiste, "if all who met with violent deaths in Paris were transported to the Morgue. But the fact is different. Those chiefly — I might almost say those only — are brought here, whose place of abode is unknown in the quarter where they are found. The persons accidentally killed at work, a proportion of those who are run over or injured by animals, the victims of poison, or charcoal, or hanging, or duels, have for the most part a fixed residence, and to bring them to the Morgue for identification would be unnecessary. Even such as try the water, and they furnish the majority of cases (this act being the least premeditated), have homes or the dwellings of friends or masters to which they are conveyed by witnesses of the deed. It is the solitary, homeless suicide, who, in the middle of the night leaps from the parapet of the bridge, and is found in the meshes of the *filets des morts* (the dead-nets) that comes

to this establishment. That this is a fact the general returns officially declare; for the number of drowned persons who are exposed in the Morgue are only one-sixth of those whose remains are taken to their own dwellings; and this proportion is exceeded in most of the other cases."

I ventured to suppose that where everything was so methodically ordered, some approximation as to the cause of the numerous suicides — the last scene of which was witnessed in the Morgue — had been arrived at in the establishment. Monsieur Baptiste told me I was right. Diligent inquiry, voluntary information, and conjecture based upon long experience, had, he believed, arrived very nearly at the truth, and these conclusions were thus set forth.

Taking one hundred and sixty-nine for the annual aggregate, the number of men who committed suicide in a state of insanity or delirium, was twenty-two; of women eight. On account of domestic trouble, the numbers were eighteen and six; of drunkenness, fifteen and two; of misery, thirteen and four; of disgust of life, eleven and three; of disappointed love, ten and three; of misconduct, eight and two; of incurable maladies, eight and one; dread of judicial investigation, seven and one; embezzlement and defalcations, six and one; while on account of causes that could not be ascertained or guessed at there remained sixteen men and five women.

It appeared from what Monsieur Baptiste further stated, that self-activity in procuring the means of death was much greater in the men than the women.

"A woman, Monsieur," said the *greffier*, "when she has made up her mind to die, chooses the speediest and most passive form of self-destruction. Shrinking from the thoughts of blood, she seldom employs fire-arms or a sharp instrument — these are a man's weapons; for those who shoot themselves, we have ten men and only one woman; by the knife three men alone; it is merely on the stage that a woman uses the dagger. In suffocation by the fumes of charcoal — the easiest death known — the women exceed the men, the numbers being three and two; in cases of drowning, the general proportion holds twenty-six women and ninety-seven men selecting that mode of death. Sixteen men and two women hang themselves, four men and three women throw themselves from high places, two men end their lives by poison; and in this way, Monsieur, the sum total is made up."

"I have," I said, "but one more question to ask now. What is the period of life at which suicide is most frequent?"

"A man's tendency to shorten his days," replied Monsieur Baptiste, "is principally developed between the ages of twenty and fifty; it is strongest in woman be-

fore she reaches thirty, diminishes from that age to forty, subsides still more within the next ten years, revives again for another decade, and then becomes almost extinct. Old men become weary of life towards its close much oftener than women. In that *salle d'exposition* I have seen in one year the white hairs of four men of eighty, more or less; but of aged women never more than two. Ah, Monsieur, the Morgue is not a very gay place to live in, but it is a great teacher."

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

I SHALL not try to relate the particulars of the great civil war between King Charles the First and the Long Parliament, which lasted nearly four years, and a full account of which would fill many large books. It was a sad thing that Englishmen should once more be fighting against Englishmen on English ground; but, it is some consolation to know that on both sides there was great humanity, forbearance, and honour. The soldiers of the Parliament were far more remarkable for these good qualities than the soldiers of the King (many of whom fought for mere pay without much caring for the cause); but those of the nobility and gentry who were on the King's side were so brave, and so faithful to him, that their conduct cannot but command our highest admiration. Among these were great numbers of Catholics, who took the royal side because the Queen was so strongly of their persuasion.

The King might have distinguished some of these gallant spirits, if he had been as generous a spirit himself, by giving them the command of his army. Instead of that, however, true to his old high notions of royalty, he entrusted it to his two nephews, PRINCE RUPERT and PRINCE MAURICE, who were of royal blood, and came over from abroad to help him. It might have been better for him if they had stayed away, since Prince Rupert was an impetuous hot-headed fellow, whose only idea was to dash into battle at all times and seasons, and lay about him.

The general-in-chief of the Parliamentary army was the Earl of Essex, a gentleman of honour and an excellent soldier. A little while before the war broke out, there had been some rioting at Westminster between certain officious law students and noisy soldiers, and the shopkeepers and their apprentices, and the general people in the streets. At that time the King's friends called the crowd, Roundheads, because the apprentices wore short hair; the crowd, in return, called their opponents Cavaliers, meaning that they were a blustering set, who pretended to be very mili-

tary. These two words now began to be used to distinguish the two sides in the civil war. The Royalists also called the Parliamentary men Rebels and Rogues, while the Parliamentary men called *them* Malignants, and spoke of themselves as the Godly, the Honest, and so forth.

The war broke out at Portsmouth, where that double traitor Goring had again gone over to the King and was besieged by the Parliamentary troops. Upon this, the King proclaimed the Earl of Essex and the officers serving under him, traitors, and called upon his loyal subjects to meet him in arms at Nottingham on the twenty-fifth of August. But his loyal subjects came about him in scanty numbers, and it was a windy gloomy day, and the Royal Standard got blown down, and the whole affair was very melancholy. The chief engagements after this, took place in the vale of the Red Horse near Banbury, in Wiltshire, at Brentford, at Devizes, at Chalgrave Field (where Mr. Hampden was so sorely wounded while fighting at the head of his men, that he died within a week), at Tewkesbury (in which battle Lord Falkland, one of the best noblemen on the King's side, was killed), at Leicester, at Naseby, at Winchester, at Marston Moor near York, at Newcastle, and in many other parts of England and Scotland. These battles were attended with various successes. At one time the King was victorious; at another time the Parliament. But almost all the great and busy towns were against the King; and when it was considered necessary to fortify London, all ranks of people, from labouring men and women up to lords and ladies, worked hard together with heartiness and good-will. The most distinguished leaders on the Parliamentary side were Hampden, Sir Thomas Fairfax, and, above all, Oliver Cromwell, and his son-in-law Ireton.

During the whole of this war, the people, to whom it was very expensive and irksome, and to whom it was made the more distressing by almost every family being divided — some of its members attaching themselves to the one side and some to the other — were over and over again most anxious for peace. So were some of the best men in each cause. Accordingly, treaties of peace were discussed between commissioners from the Parliament and the King; at York, at Oxford (where the King held a little Parliament of his own), and at Uxbridge. But they came to nothing. In all these negociations, and in all his difficulties, the King showed himself at his best. He was courageous, cool, self-possessed and clever; but, the old taint of his character was always in him, and he was never for one single moment to be trusted. Lord Clarendon, the historian, one of his highest admirers, supposes that he had unhappily promised the Queen

never to make peace without her consent, and that this must often be taken as his excuse. He never kept his word from night to morning. He signed a cessation of hostilities with the blood-stained Irish rebels for a sum of money, and invited the Irish regiments over, to help him against the Parliament. In the battle of Naseby, his cabinet was seized and was found to contain a correspondence with the Queen, in which he expressly told her that he had deceived the Parliament — a mongrel Parliament, he called it now, as an improvement on his old term of vipers — in pretending to recognize it and to treat with it; and from which it further appeared that he had been long in secret treaty with the Duke of Lorraine for a foreign army of ten thousand men. Disappointed in this, he sent a most devoted friend of his, the Earl of Glamorgan, to Ireland, to conclude a secret treaty with the Catholic powers, to send him an Irish army of ten thousand men; in return for which he was to bestow great favours on the Catholic religion. And when this treaty was discovered in the carriage of a fighting Irish Archbishop, who was killed in one of the many skirmishes of those days, he basely denied and deserted his attached friend, the Earl, on his being charged with high treason; and — even worse than this — had left blanks in the secret instructions he gave him with his own kingly hand, expressly that he might thus save himself.

At last, on the twenty-seventh day of April, one thousand six hundred and forty-six, the King found himself in the city of Oxford, so surrounded by the Parliamentary army who were closing in upon him on all sides, that he felt that if he would escape, he must delay no longer. So, that night, having altered the cut of his hair and beard, he was dressed up as a servant and put upon a horse with a cloak strapped behind him, and rode out of the town behind one of his own faithful followers, with a clergyman of that country, who knew the road well, for a guide. He rode towards London as far as Harrow, and then altered his plans, and resolved, it would seem, to go to the Scottish camp. The Scottish men had been invited over to help the Parliamentary army, and had a large force then in England. The King was so desperately intriguing in everything he did, that it is doubtful what he exactly meant by this step. He took it, anyhow, and delivered himself up to the Earl of Leven, the Scottish general-in-chief, who treated him as an honourable prisoner. Negotiations between the Parliament on the one hand and the Scottish authorities on the other, as to what should be done with him, lasted until the following February. Then, when the King had refused to the Parliament the concession of that old militia point for twenty years,

and had refused to Scotland the recognition of its Solemn League and Covenant, Scotland got a handsome sum for its army and its help, and the King into the bargain. He was taken by certain Parliamentary commissioners appointed to receive him, to one of his own houses, called Holmby House, near Althorpe, in Northamptonshire.

While the Civil War was still in progress, John Pym died, and was buried with great honour in Westminster Abbey — not with greater honour than he deserved, for the liberties of Englishmen owe a mighty debt to Pym and Hampden. The war was but newly over when the Earl of Essex died, of an illness brought on by his having overheated himself in a stag hunt in Windsor Forest. He, too, was buried in Westminster Abbey, with great state. I wish it were not necessary to add that Archbishop Laud died upon the scaffold when the war was not yet done. His trial lasted in all nearly a year, and, it being doubtful even then whether the charges brought against him amounted to treason, the odious old contrivance of the worst kings was resorted to, and a bill of attainder was brought in against him. He was a violently prejudiced and mischievous person, had had strong earcropping and nose-slitting propensities, as you know, and had done a world of harm. But he died peaceably, and like a brave old man.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

When the Parliament had got the King into their hands, they became very anxious to get rid of their army, in which Oliver Cromwell had begun to acquire great power; not only because of his courage and high abilities, but because he professed to be very sincere in the Scottish sort of Puritan religion that was then exceedingly popular among the soldiers. They were as much opposed to the Bishops as to the Pope himself; and the very privates, drummers, and trumpeters, had such an inconvenient habit of starting up and preaching long-winded discourses, that I would not have belonged to that army on any account.

So, the Parliament being far from sure but that the army might begin to preach and fight against them now it had nothing else to do, proposed to disband the greater part of it, to send another part to serve in Ireland against the rebels, and to keep only a small force in England. But, the army would not consent to be broken up, except upon its own conditions; and when the Parliament showed an intention of compelling it, it acted for itself in an unexpected manner. A certain cornet, of the name of Joice, arrived at Holmby House one night, attended by four hundred horsemen, went into the King's room with his hat in one hand and a pistol in the other, and told the King that he had come to take him

away. The King, was willing enough to go, and only stipulated that he should be publicly required to do so next morning. Next morning, accordingly, he appeared on the top of the steps of the house, and asked Cornet Joice before his men and the guard set there by the Parliament, what authority he had for taking him away? To this Cornet Joice replied, "the authority of the army." "Have you a written commission?" said the King. Joice, pointing to his four hundred men on horseback, replied, "that is my commission." "Well," said the King smiling, as if he were pleased, "I never before read such a commission; but it is written in fair and legible characters. This is a company of as handsome proper gentlemen as I have seen a long while." He was asked where he would like to live, and he said at Newmarket. So, to Newmarket he, and Cornet Joice, and the four hundred horsemen, rode; the King remarking, in the same smiling way, that he could ride as far at a spell as Cornet Joice, or any man there.

The King quite believed, I think, that the army were his friends. He said as much to Fairfax when that general, Oliver Cromwell, and Ireton, went to persuade him to return to the custody of the Parliament. He preferred to remain as he was, and resolved to remain as he was. And when the army moved nearer and nearer London to frighten the Parliament into yielding to their demands, they took the King with them. It was a deplorable thing that England should be at the mercy of a great body of soldiers with arms in their hands, but the King certainly favoured them at this important time of his life in reference to the more lawful power that tried to control him. It must be added, however, that they treated him, as yet, more respectfully and kindly than the Parliament had ever done. They allowed him to be attended by his own servants, to be splendidly entertained at various houses, and to see his children—at Caversham House, near Reading—for two days. Whereas, the Parliament had been rather hard with him, and had only allowed him to ride out and play at bowls.

It is much to be believed that if the King could have been trusted, even at this time, he might have been saved. Even Oliver Cromwell expressly said that he did believe that no man could enjoy his possessions in peace, unless the King had his rights. He was not unfriendly towards the King; he had been present when he received his children, and had been much affected by the pitiable nature of the scene; he saw the King often; he frequently walked and talked with him in the long galleries and pleasant gardens of the Palace at Hampton Court, whither he was now removed; and in all this risked something of his influence with the army. But, the King was in secret hopes of help from the Scottish people; and the

moment he was encouraged to join them he began to be cool to his new friends, the army, and to tell the officers that they could not possibly do without him. At the very time, too, when he was promising to make Cromwell and Ireton noblemen, if they would help him up to his old height, he was writing to the Queen that he meant to hang them. They both afterwards declared that they had been privately informed that such a letter would be found, on a certain evening, sewn up in a saddle, which would be taken to the Blue Boar in Holborn to be sent to Dover; and that they went there, disguised as common soldiers, and sat drinking in the inn-yard until a man came with the saddle, which they ripped up with their knives, and therein found the letter. I see little reason to doubt the story. It is certain that Oliver Cromwell told one of the King's most faithful followers that the King could not be trusted, and that he would not be answerable if anything amiss were to happen to him. Still, even after that, he kept a promise he had made to the King, by letting him know that there was a plot with a certain portion of the army to seize him. I believe that, in fact, he sincerely wanted the King to escape abroad, and so to be got rid of without more trouble or danger. That Oliver himself had work enough with the army is pretty plain, for some of the troops were so mutinous against him, and against those who acted with him at this time, that he found it necessary to have one man shot at the head of his regiment to overawe the rest.

The King, when he received Oliver's warning, made his escape from Hampton Court, and, after some indecision and uncertainty, went to Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight. At first, he was pretty free there; but, even there, he carried on a pretended treaty with the Parliament, while he was really treating with commissioners from Scotland to send an army into England to take his part. When he broke off this treaty with the Parliament (having settled with Scotland) and was treated as a prisoner, his treatment was not changed too soon, for he had plotted to escape that very night to a ship sent by the Queen, which was lying off the island.

He was doomed to be disappointed in his hopes from Scotland. The agreement he had made with the Scottish Commissioners was not favourable enough to the religion of that country, to please the Scottish clergy, and they preached against it. The consequence was, that the army raised in Scotland and sent over, was too small to do much; and that, although it was helped by a rising of the Royalists in England and by good soldiers from Ireland, it could make no head against the Parliamentary army under such men as Cromwell and Fairfax. The King's eldest son, the Prince of

Wales, came over from Holland with nineteen ships (a part of the English fleet having gone over to him) to help his father, but nothing came of his voyage, and he was fain to return. The most remarkable event of this second civil war was the cruel execution by the Parliamentary General, of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, two gallant Royalist generals, who had bravely defended Colchester under every disadvantage of famine and distress for nearly three months. When Sir Charles Lucas was shot, Sir George Lisle kissed his body, and said to the soldiers who were to shoot him, "Come nearer, and make sure of me." "I warrant you, Sir George," said one of the soldiers, "we shall hit you." "Aye?" he returned with a smile, "but I have been nearer to you, my friends, many a time, and you have missed me."

The Parliament, after being fearfully bullied by the army, who demanded to have seven members whom they disliked given up to them, had voted that they would have nothing more to do with the King; on the conclusion, however, of this second civil war (which did not last more than six months) they appointed commissioners to treat with him. The King, then so far released again as to be allowed to live in a private house at Newport in the Isle of Wight, managed his own part of the negotiation with a sense that was admired by all who saw him, and gave up, in the end, all that was asked of him — even yielding (which he had steadily refused, so far) to the temporary abolition of the bishops and the transfer of their church land to the Crown. Still, with his old fatal vice upon him, when his best friends joined the commissioners in beseeching him to yield all those points as the only means of saving himself from the army, he was plotting to escape from the island; he was holding correspondence with his friends and the Catholics in Ireland, though declaring that he was not; and he was writing with his own hand that in what he yielded, he meant nothing but to get time to escape.

Matters were at this pass when the army, resolved to defy the Parliament, marched up to London. The Parliament, not afraid of them now, and boldly led by Hollis, voted that the King's concessions were sufficient ground for settling the peace of the kingdom. Upon that, Colonel Rich and Colonel Pride went down to the House of Commons with a regiment of horse soldiers and a regiment of foot; and Colonel Pride, standing in the lobby with a list of the members who were obnoxious to the army in his hand, had them pointed out to him as they came through, and took them all into custody. This proceeding was afterwards called by the people, for a joke, Pride's Purge. Cromwell was in the North, at the head of his men, at the time, but when

he came home, approved of what had been done.

What with imprisoning some members and causing others to stay away, the army had now reduced the House of Commons to some fifty or so. These soon voted that it was treason in a king to make war against his parliament and his people, and sent an ordinance up to the House of Lords for the King's being tried as a traitor. The House of Lords then sixteen in number, to a man rejected it. Thereupon, the Commons made an ordinance of their own, that they were the supreme government of the country, and would bring the King to trial.

The King had been taken for security to a place called Hurst Castle: a lonely house on a rock in the sea, connected with the coast of Hampshire by a rough road two miles long at low water. Thence he was ordered to be removed to Windsor; thence, after being but rudely used there, and having none but soldiers to wait upon him at table, he was brought up to St. James's Palace in London, and told that his trial was appointed for next day.

On Saturday, the twentieth of January, one thousand six hundred and forty-nine, this memorable trial began. The House of Commons had settled that one hundred and thirty-five persons should form the Court, and these were taken from the House itself, from among the officers of the army, and from among the lawyers and citizens. JOHN BRADSHAW, serjeant-at-law, was appointed president. The place was Westminster Hall. At the upper end, in a red velvet chair, sat the president, with his hat (lined with plates of iron for his protection) on his head. The rest of the Court sat on side benches, also wearing their hats. The King's seat was covered with velvet, like that of the president, and was opposite to it. He was brought from St. James's to Whitehall, and from Whitehall he came by water, to his trial.

When he came in, he looked round very steadily on the Court, and on the great number of spectators, and then sat down: presently he got up and looked round again. On the indictment "against Charles Stuart, for high treason," being read, he smiled several times, and he denied the authority of the Court, saying that there could be no parliament without a House of Lords, and that he saw no House of Lords there. Also that the King ought to be there, and that he saw no King in the King's right place. Bradshaw replied, that the Court was satisfied with its authority and that its authority was God's authority and the kingdom's. He then adjourned the Court to the following Monday. On that day, the trial was resumed, and went on all the week. When the Saturday came, as the King passed forward to his place in the Hall, some soldiers and others cried for "justice!" and execution on

him. That day, too, Bradshaw, like an angry Sultan, wore a red robe, instead of the black one he had worn before. The King was sentenced to death that day. As he went out, one solitary soldier said, "God bless you, Sir!" For this, his officer struck him. The King said he thought the punishment exceeded the offence. The silver head of his walking-stick had fallen off while he leaned upon it, at one time of the trial. The accident seemed to disturb him, as if he thought it ominous of the falling of his own head; and he admitted as much now it was all over.

Being taken back to Whitehall he sent to the House of Commons, saying that as the time of his execution might be nigh, he wished he might be allowed to see his darling children. It was granted. On the Monday he was taken back to St. James's, and his two children then in England, the Princess Elizabeth thirteen years old, and the Duke of Gloucester nine years old, were brought to take leave of him, from Sion House, near Brentford. It was a sad and touching scene, when he kissed and fondled these poor children, and made a little present of two diamond seals to the Princess, and gave them tender messages to their mother, (who little deserved them, for she had a lover of her own whom she married soon afterwards) and told them that he died "for the laws and liberties of the land." I am bound to say that I don't think he did, but I dare say he believed so.

There were ambassadors from Holland, that day, to intercede for the unhappy King, whom you and I both wish the Parliament had spared; but they got no answer. The Scottish Commissioners interceded too; so did the Prince of Wales, by a letter in which he offered as the next heir to the throne, to accept any conditions from the Parliament; so did the Queen by letter likewise. Notwithstanding all, the warrant for the execution was this day signed. There is a story that as Oliver Cromwell went to the table with the pen in his hand to put his signature to it, he drew his pen across the face of one of the commissioners who was standing near, and marked it with the ink. That commissioner had not signed his own name yet, and the story adds, that when he came to do it, he marked Cromwell's face with ink in the same way.

The King slept well, untroubled by the knowledge that it was his last night on earth, and rose on the thirtieth of January, two hours before day, and dressed himself carefully. He put on two shirts lest he should tremble with the cold, and had his hair very carefully combed. The warrant had been directed to three officers of the army, Colonel Hacker, Colonel Hunks, and Colonel Phayer. At ten o'clock, the first of these came to the door and said it was time to go to Whitehall. The King, who had always

been a quick walker, walked at his usual speed through the Park, and called out to the guard, with his accustomed voice of command, "March on apace!" When he came to Whitehall, he was taken to his own bedroom, where a breakfast was set forth. As he had taken the Sacrament, he would eat nothing more, but at about the time when the church bells struck twelve at noon (for he had to wait, through the scaffold not being ready) he took the advice of the good BISHOP JUXON who was with him, and eat a little bread, and drank a glass of claret. Soon after he had taken this refreshment, Colonel Hacker came to the chamber with the warrant in his hand, and called for Charles Stuart.

And then, through the long gallery of Whitehall Palace, which he had often seen light and gay and merry and crowded, in very different times, the fallen King passed along, until he came to the centre window of the Banquetting House, through which he emerged upon the scaffold, which was hung with black. He looked at the two executioners who were dressed in black and masked; he looked at the troops of soldiers on horseback and on foot, who all looked up at him in silence; he looked at the vast array of spectators, filling up the view beyond, and turning all their faces upon him; he looked at his old Palace of St. James's; and he looked at the block. He seemed a little troubled to find that it was so low, and asked "if there were no place higher?" Then, to those upon the scaffold, he said "that it was the Parliament who had begun the war, and not he; but he hoped they might be guiltless too, as ill instruments had gone between them. In one respect," he said, "he suffered justly, and that was because he had permitted an unjust sentence to be executed on another." In this he referred to the Earl of Strafford.

He was not at all afraid to die; but he was anxious to die easily. When some one touched the axe while he was speaking, he broke off and called out, "Take heed of the axe! take heed of the axe!" He also said to Colonel Hacker, "Take care that they do not put me to pain." He told the executioner, "I shall say but very short prayers, and then thrust out my hands" — as the sign to strike.

He put his hair up, under a white satin cap which the bishop had carried, and said, "I have a good cause and a gracious God on my side." The bishop told him that he had but one stage more to travel in this weary world, and that though it was a turbulent and troublesome stage, it was a short one, and would carry him a great way — all the way from earth to Heaven. The King's last word, as he gave his cloak and the George — the decoration from his breast — to the bishop, was this, "Remember!" He then kneeled down, laid his

head upon the block, spread out his hands, and was instantly killed. One universal groan broke from the crowd; and the soldiers, who had sat on their horses and stood in their ranks immovable as statues, were of a sudden all in motion, clearing the streets.

Thus in the forty-ninth year of his age, falling at the same time of his career as Strafford had fallen in his, perished Charles the First. With all my sorrow for him, I cannot agree with him that he died "the Martyr of the people;" for the people had been martyrs to him and his ideas of a King's rights, long before. Indeed I am afraid that he was but a bad judge of martyrs; for he had called that infamous Duke of Buckingham "the Martyr of his Sovereign."

THINGS THAT CANNOT BE DONE.

Nothing flagrantly wrong can be done, without adequate punishment, under the English law. What a comfortable truth that is! I have always admired the English law with all my heart, as being plain, cheap, comprehensive, easy, unmistakable, strong to help the right doer, weak to help the wrong doer, entirely free from adherence to barbarous usages which the world has passed, and knows to be ridiculous and unjust. It is delightful never to see the law at fault, never to find it in what our American relatives call a fix, never to behold a scoundrel able to shield himself with it, always to contemplate the improving spectacle of Law in its wig and gown leading blind Justice by the hand and keeping her in the straight broad course.

I am particularly struck, at the present time, by the majesty with which the Law protects its own humble administrators. Next to the punishment of any offence by fining the offender in a sum of money — which is a practice of the Law, too enlightened and too obviously just and wise, to need any commendation — the penalties inflicted on an intolerable brute who maims a police officer for life, make my soul expand with a solemn joy. I constantly read in the newspapers of such an offender being committed to prison with hard labour, for one, two, or even three months. Side by side with such a case, I read the statement of a surgeon to the police force, that within such a specified short time, so many men have been under his care for similar injuries; so many of whom have recovered, after undergoing a refinement of pain expressly contemplated by their assailants in the nature of their attack; so many of whom, being permanently debilitated and incapacitated, have been dismissed the force. Then, I know that a wild beast in a man's form cannot gratify his savage hatred of those who check him in the perpetration of crime, without suffering a thousand

times more than the object of his wrath, and without being made a certain and a stern example. And this is one of the occasions on which the beauty of the Law of England fills me with the solemn joy I have mentioned.

The pæans I have of late been singing within myself on the subject of the determination of the Law to prevent by severe punishment the oppression and ill-treatment of Women, have been echoed in the public journals. It is true that an ill-conditioned friend of mine, possessing the remarkably inappropriate name of Common Sense, is not fully satisfied on this head. It is true that he says to me, "Will you look at these cases of brutality, and tell me whether you consider six years of the hardest prison task-work (instead of six months) punishment enough for such enormous cruelty? Will you read the increasing records of these violences from day to day, as more and more sufferers are gradually encouraged by a law of six months' standing to disclose their long endurance, and will you consider what a legal system that must be which only now applies an imperfect remedy to such a giant evil? Will you think of the torments and murders of a dark perspective of past years, and ask yourself the question whether in exulting so mightily, at this time of day, over a law faintly asserting the lowest first principle of all law, you are not somewhat sarcastic on the virtuous Statutes at Large, piled up there on innumerable shelves?" It is true, I say, that my ill-conditioned friend does twit me, and the law I dote on, after this manner; but it is enough for me to know, that for a man to maim and kill his wife by inches — or even the woman, wife or no wife, who shares his home — without most surely incurring a punishment, the justice of which satisfies the mind and heart of the common level of humanity, is one of the things that cannot be done.

But, deliberately, falsely, defamingly, publicly and perseveringly, to pursue and outrage any woman is foremost among the things that cannot be done. Of course, it cannot be done. This is the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three; and Steam and Electricity would indeed have left the limping Law behind, if it *could* be done in the present age.

Let me put an impossible case, to illustrate at once my admiration of the Law, and its tender care for Women. This may be an appropriate time for doing so, when most of us are complimenting the Law on its avenging gallantry.

Suppose a young lady to be left a great heiress, under circumstances which cause the general attention to be attracted to her name. Suppose her to be modest, retiring, otherwise only known for her virtues, charities, and noble actions. Suppose an abandoned sharper, so debased, so wanting in the manhood of a commonly

vile swindler, so lost to every sense of shame and disgrace, as to conceive the original idea of hunting this young lady through life until she buys him off with money. Suppose him to adjust the speculation deliberately with himself. "I know nothing of her, I never saw her; but I am a bankrupt, with no character and no trade that brings me in any money; and I mean to make the pursuit of her, my trade. She seeks retirement; I will drag her out of it. She avoids notoriety; I will force it upon her. She is rich; she shall stand and deliver. I am poor; I will have plunder. The opinion of society. What is that to me? I know the Law, and the Law will be *my* friend — not hers."

It is very difficult, I know, to suppose such a set of circumstances, or to imagine such an animal not caged behind iron bars or knocked on the head. But, let us stretch elastic fancy to such an extreme point of supposition. He goes to work at the trade he has taken up, and works as it, industriously, say for fifteen, sixteen, seventeen years. He invents the most preposterous and transparent lies, which not one human being whose ears they ever reach, can possibly believe. He pretends that the lady promised to marry him — say, in a nonsensical jingle of rhymes which he produces, and which he says and swears (for what will he not say and swear, except the truth?) is the production of the lady's hand. Before incapable country justices, and dim little farthing rushlights of the law, he drags this lady at his pleasure, whenever he will. He makes the Law a screw to force the hand she has had the courage to close upon her purse from the beginning. He makes the Law a rack on which to torture her constancy, her affections, her consideration for the living, and her veneration for the dead. He shakes the letter of the Law over the heads of the puny tribunals he selects for his infamous purpose, and frightens them into an endurance of his audacious mendacity. Because the Law is a Law of the peddling letter and not of the comprehensive spirit, this magistrate shall privately bribe him with money to condescend to overlook his omission (sanctioned by the practice of years) of some miserable form as to the exact spot in which he puts his magisterial signature upon a document; and that commissioner shall publicly compliment him upon his extraordinary acquirements, when it is manifest upon the face of the written evidence before the same learned commissioner's eyes in court, that he cannot so much as spell. But he knows the Law. And the letter of the Law is with the rascal and not with the rascal's prey.

For, we are to suppose that all through these years, he is never punished with any punishment worthy of the name, for his real offence. He is now and then held to bail, gets out of prison, and

goes to his trade again. He commits wilful and corrupt perjury, down a byeway, and is lightly punished for that; but he takes his brazen face along the high road of his guilt, uncrushed. The blundering, babbling, botched Law, in splitting hairs with him, makes business for itself; they get on very well together — worthy companions — shepherds both.

Now, I am willing to admit that if such a case as this, could by any possibility be; if it could go on so long and so publicly, as that the whole town should have the facts within its intimate knowledge; if it were as well known as the Queen's name; if it never presented itself afresh, in any court, without awakening an honest indignation in the breasts of all the audience not learned in the Law; and yet if this nefarious culprit were just as free to drive his trade at last as he was at first, and the object of his ingenious speculation could find absolutely no redress; then, and in that case, I say, I am willing to admit that the Law would be a false pretence and a self-convicted failure. But, happily, and as we all know, this is one of the things that cannot be done.

No. Supposing such a culprit face to face with it, the Law would address him thus. "Stand up, knave, and hear me! I am not the thing of shreds and patches you suppose. I am not the degraded creature whom any wretch may invoke to gratify his basest appetites and do his dirtiest work. Not for that, am I part and parcel of a costly system maintained with cheerfulness out of the labours of a great free people. Not for that, do I continually glorify my Bench and my Bar, and, from my high place, look complacently upon a sea of wigs. I am not a jumble and jargon of words, fellow; I am a Principle. I was set up here, by those who can pull me down — and will, if I be incapable — to punish the wrong-doer, for the sake of the body-politic in whose name I act, and from whom alone my power is derived. I know you, well, for a wrong-doer; I have it in proof before me that you are a forsworn, crafty, defiant, bullying, pestilent impostor. And if I be not an impostor too, and a worse one, my plainest duty is to set my heel upon you — which I mean to do before you go hence.

"Attend to n yet, knave. Hold your peace! You are one of those landsharks whose eyes have twinkled to see the driving of coaches and six through Acts of Parliament, and who come up with their dirty little dog's meat carts to follow through the same crooked ways. But you shall know, that I am something more than a maze of tortuous ins and outs, and that I have at least one plain road — to wit, the road by which, for the general protection, and in the exercise of my first function, I mean to send you into safe keeping; fifty thousand Acts, and a hundred thousand Caps

and five hundred thousand Secs, notwithstanding.

"For, Beast of Prey, above the perplexed letter of all Law that has any might in it, goes the spirit. If I be, as I claim to be, the child of Justice, and not the offspring of the Artful Dodger, that spirit shall, before I gabble through one legal argument more, provide for you and all the like of you, as you deserve. If it cannot do that of itself, I will have letter to help it. But I will not remain here, a spectacle and a scandal to those who are the breath of my nostrils, with your dirty hands clinging to my robe, your brazen lungs misrepresenting me, your shameless face beslavering me in my prostitution."

Thus the Law clearly would address any such impossible person. For this reason, among others not dissimilar, I glory in the Law, and am ready at all times to shed my best blood to uphold it. For this reason too, I am proud, as an Englishman, to know that such a design upon a woman as I have, in a wild moment, imagined, is not to be entered upon, and is — as it ought to be — one of the things that can never be done.

LANNA TIXEL.

Under a stiff hollybush cut like a dragon, the chief glory in the garden of her father the Burgomaster, little Lanna Tixel lay with her face to the grass, sobbing and quivering. Ten minutes ago she had passed silently out of her father's sick chamber with a white face and eyes large with terror; she had fled through the great still house into the garden, and fallen down under the dragon to give way to an agony of something more than childish grief. Poor little Lanna! Sheltered by the prickly wings of that old garden monster, she had wept many a time for the loss of a pale, blue-eyed mother, who had gone from her to be one of the stars; but that was a grief full of love and tenderness, that led to yearnings heavenward. She lay then grieving with her tearful eyes fixed on the blue sky, watching the clouds or wondering which of the first stars of evening might be the bright soul of her saint. Now she had her face pressed down into the earth — her father was on his death-bed; but there was something wilder in her agony than childish sorrow. In the twilight the green dragon seemed to hang like a real fiend over the plump little child that had been thrown to it, and that lay cowering within reach of its jaws.

So perhaps thought the sallow-faced Hans Dank, the leanest man in the Low Countries and yet no skeleton; who, after a time, had followed the child down from the sick chamber and stood gravely by, lending his ear to her distress. He might have thought so, though he was by no means imaginative, for he had facts in his head that could have, by themselves, sug-

gested such a notion. "Lanna!" said Steward Dank, as quietly as though he was but calling her to dinner. "Lanna!" She heard nothing. "Your father asks for you." She rose at once, with a fierce shudder, and Mr. Dank led her indoors by the hand.

Burgomaster Tixel was the richest and most friendless man in Amsterdam. He loved only two things, his money and his daughter, and he loved both in a wretched, comfortless and miserably jealous way. He was ignorant and superstitious, as most people were in his time — two or three centuries ago. If he could live to-day, and act as he used to act, he would be very properly confined in Bedlam.

He lay very near death in a large room, gloomy with the shadows of evening and hung with heavy tapestries. Mr. Dank led Lanna to his side. "You will conquer your fear, darling," said the Burgomaster, with a rattle in his harsh voice. "If you have loved me I prepare for you a pleasure. If you have not loved me, if my memory is never to be dear to you — be punished."

"O father!"

"You are too young to think — but twelve years old — it is my place to think for you, and Dank will care for you when I am gone, because, dear, it is made his interest to do so. When you know the worth of your inheritance you will not speak as you have spoken. You are a child. What do you know?"

"She knows," said Mr. Dank, in a dry matter-of-fact way, "the value of a father's blessing."

"True," said the Burgomaster, glaring at the child; the signal lights of the great rock of death on which he was fast breaking to pieces, glittered in his eyes. "True, Lanna. Your obedience is the price of my last blessing."

"I will obey you," she said, and he blessed her. Then the little girl fell in a great agony of fear over his hand crying, "O father, I should like to die with you!"

"That is well, darling," said the Burgomaster. "Those are tender words."

He made her nestle on the bed beside him and then put an arm about her: pressing her against his breast. "Now," said he, "let the priests come in!" and the last rites of the Church were celebrated over the Burgomaster, while his little daughter remained thus imprisoned. And the dead arm of the Burgomaster, when his miserly and miserable soul was fled, still pressed the little girl to his dead heart.

Eight years after the death in Amsterdam of Burgomaster Tixel, there was born at Blickford, in Devonshire, the first and last child of Hodge Noddison, a tiller of the soil, with a large body, a hard hand, and a heart to match it. He was not naturally a bad fellow, but he was intensely stupid (as hand-labourers in those days usually were) for want of teach-

ing; and so through sheer stupidity he was made callous, obstinate, and cruel. He beat his wife every day more or less; amused himself on holidays with brutal sports, and very much preferred strong drinks to the coarse bread then eaten by the poorer classes in this country. Noddison had been twelve years married and had only recently been blessed with a child, solely in consequence of the aid of some scrapings from the tooth of a crocodile, mixed with a little hedgehog's fat and eaten off a fig-leaf.

One May evening Hodge Noddison was rolling home by the field path from a rough drinking party at the Bull Inn near Blickford, when the fat ribs of the fattest man in Devonshire came in his way, and he was not sober enough to see reason why he should not pummel them. To work he set with such drunken exasperation, that he belaboured his victim too frantically to find out that he was driving, as fast as he was able, the life out of the tyrannical Dutchman whom he called master; the dreadful old Dank, upon whom at that time, himself, his wife, and his first-born were dependant for bread. The fat old foreigner roared and screamed and bellowed with pain to such an excess, that his cries flew over the blossoms of the blackthorn hedge from the ditch in which he was lying, and reached the ears of Mrs. Noddison. Out she flew; and found Dank, although not seriously hurt, lying insensible behind the hedge. Noddison's wife had time to discover what deed had been done, and to take counsel, with herself before law and vengeance knocked at the door of their miserable shed.

They lived in a sort of grotto made by a rude heap of stones piled together on the edge of a great moor. There was a piece of muddy water close by, known to the Blickford people as Nick's Pond, in which it was the custom of the place to drown all the black kittens that were born, and through which all the black cats of the parish had gone down to perdition years ago.

Mrs. Noddison got her husband home with difficulty, and commenced maturing her plans. It was quite evident that he would not get any work again on the Dutch farm, and she did not mind that, for the estate was not in good repute among the neighbours; it was also evident that he would be required to go to jail if he could not escape the constables. How should he do that when he had his liquor to sleep off, and was already snoring at full length on the earthen floor? Her good man might be carted off to safety; but she had no cart, and he was much too heavy to be carried pick-a-back. There was no chimney up which he might be thrust; there was, of course, no cupboard; for indeed there was not so much as a second room in the fine old cottage

where they dwelt, all of the olden time. There was the straw they slept upon; but there was not enough of that to cover him. Besides, if there had been chimneys, cupboards, or whole waggon loads of straw, how could they conceal a man who snored so mightily?

Mistress Noddison, living in a lone place, had no near neighbours to whom she might run for counsel; great was her joy, therefore, when Goody Fubs happened to come in, late as it was, with the bit of frog's bile, which she had promised and vowed as a godmother should be her present to the baby. A most precious remedy against all mundane ills.

"Do you think, Goody, it would put my husband out o' harm?" Mrs. Noddison added to her question an exceedingly long narrative. Mrs. Fubs responded with long maledictions on the Dutch; and wished to know what right foreign wenches had eating up the corn in Devonshire. Mrs. Noddison didn't so much mind the wench; she was a bit mad to be sure; but if, as folk said, the heretics were out in her own country, and the powers of evil were let loose, and there were burnings, and quarterings, and cannon roarings, perhaps she was no fool to have come to Devonshire for peace and quiet. For herself, too, she was free enough of money and pleasant enough. — "When she is not possessed," said Goody Fubs. The gossips then proceeded to discuss how far the evil one had power over Lanna Tixel, who had a queer stare betimes about the eyes and wandered about unseemly and — Holy Mary! what was that?

A white figure flitted, like a phantom, by the open door. The two women looked out together. It was she of whom they talked. It was Lanna. When the moon shone out from among the flying clouds they recognised her, hurrying along like one pursued.

They came in and shut the door, and fastened it, and shook their heads at one another. Goody Fubs presently drawing a long breath hoped the Dutch witch might not be off to meeting. She looked, said Mistress Noddison, as if she had a mighty way to travel before midnight. A loud knocking at the door aroused them, and its clumsy fastenings were almost in the same instant burst open. The women overlooked Hodge altogether; justice had not. No lamentation hindering, he was at once bound wrist and ancle and dragged, grunting like a pig, to jail.

On the same evening, but somewhat earlier, before the night clouds had begun to flock into the sky, a young English soldier, captain of a regiment, had ridden from the stables of the manor house, leaving the squire, his father, comfortably coiled under his own dinner table, and had

galloped down the lane, between the hedges full of May blossom, to pay a visit to his neighbours of the Grange, known commonly as the Dutch Farm. He saw from his saddle over the hedge-top how Hodge Noddison was helping his unsteady homeward walk by steering with his cudgel. Moreover, he was not sorry presently to see the portly frame of Mr. Dank, surmounted by his very saturnine and ugly face, moving towards him, with his back turned to the Grange. The soldier greeted Dutch Dank with unwonted cordiality as he rode by, whispering to himself, "Lanna will be alone."

The Dutch Farm answered to its title; Cuyp might have painted scenes out of it. The Grange itself had a trim, closely shaven aspect; and, on a wide smooth lawn that stretched before the windows of the house, there were yew and box trees cut into fantastic shapes of cocks and men, and even fishes: one tree, a large hollybush, was being clipped and trained into the form of a green dragon with expanded wings. There were no fragrant flowerbeds or pleasant bowers; there was nothing gayer than a clump of guelder roses and laburnums near an open window.

At the window Lanna sat and saw the soldier coming. She was a girl of twenty, lovely as a girl can be who has a colourless face. She had a great wealth of brown hair, and had also large blue wondering eyes. She knew that she looked well in a white dress, and she, in some odd, boding way, expected Captain Arthur — the young soldier, in his father's neighbourhood, went by his Christian name — she was, therefore, dressed in white.

"Dear lady, you have never before looked so pale," he said.

The captain's horse was soon tied by its bridle to the hollybush, and Lanna, hurrying out upon the lawn, expressed her regret that Mr. Dank was absent. Yet, since she loved Captain Arthur — the first man who had taken pains to win her heart — with all the ardour of a young girl who is fatherless and motherless; who lives exposed to daily check and chill; in whom a flood of repressed feeling has for years been accumulating, she could not have regretted much the absence of the watchful steward. Captain Arthur was no genius, as Lanna would have known had she been ten years older, but he was in a passion of what they call love, with Lanna. And he had persisted in it, notwithstanding much that he had heard. He did not care if it were true, as the old squire swore, indignantly, that she bewitched him with her glances. To say that of a young lady is now a very pretty album phrase. Then it conveyed coarser imputations than can decently be specified. Lanna, holy as an angel in her maiden's heart, guessed her friend's love, and wished to hear it spoken.

Captain Arthur did not dis-

appoint her wishes. He spoke boldly out. When he would have placed the trembling girl upon a bench erected close under the clump of guelder roses, she looked at him, and said with a quivering face that would not lend itself to an attempt at smiles, "Let us sit under the dragon." So they did sit under the dragon; and there the captain made an end of speaking and left off so confident of her answer, that, while she remained fixed as the statue of a listener, he must needs turn from the main theme to ask her why her humour favoured that extremely ugly hollybush, and why she must pronounce his sentence under such a canopy. Lanna broke out into a wild fit of sobbing; Captain Arthur comforted her clumsily; but suddenly she became calm.

"Here," she said, "is best; I shall talk to this dragon when you are gone. We had such a dragon that knew my secrets at home. If you would know my secrets this is a good tree for you to be under. Here is your horse close by within reach. Should the wish suddenly seize you to leave me alone and forlorn, you have but to mount and fly."

The captain moved restlessly; did she mean to confirm the worst suspicions of the parish before answering his question? "I have no right to say what I would say to you," he began, "but there is an odd question I would if I dare" — He stopped suddenly — the stars of evening were coming out, and Lanna looked up at them.

"Help me, mother!" she cried; and Captain Arthur, running his thoughts on in the old groove, remarked that she demanded help of mother somebody, and (a suspicious fact) did not cry, "Help me, God!"

I cannot let my heart loose, or answer you any question that takes so much hesitation to ask," Lanna said, "until you know the terrible condition by which torment is prepared for any man who marries me."

The captain shrank from her side, and looked up with a shudder at the wings of the green dragon under which they sat enshadowed.

There is a doom upon me," Lanna murmured; "and it is I, now, who am waiting to be sentenced."

The captain had risen, and was stroking nervously his horse's

"Yet it is no great thing," Lanna continued, "that it should so much affright me. You are a man, and perhaps may laugh at it, and teach me to laugh at it with you." Still she spoke in a reckless, hopeless way, and Captain Arthur was more shocked than he had been before.

"Leave your horse but for one minute," Lanna said, "and come into the house."

The captain wavered for a little while; but there was yet love — or his sort of love — man-

fully wrestling in his heart with superstition. He followed Lanna through the rambling passages of the great house, lit dimly by the twilight out of doors. With a key taken from her girdle she opened way for him into a room, over the floor of wich he walked some steps and instantly turned back in affright, and meeting her on the threshhold, with uplifted hands and an imploring face, he pushed her from him with a heavy hand, mounted his horse and galloped away. She reeled; but the blow gave no pain to her flesh. It seemed to her that but an instant passed before she heard the rapid gallop of his horse. The first impulse she obeyed was absurd; she followed him. If she had told her story more methodically it could never have affected him so much, although it would no doubt have ended in his quitting her. She must explain all, or what would he think? But Captain Arthur galloped as though he were pursued by somebody not quite so innocent as Lanna Tixel. A few minutes of running through cool evening air, caused that first impulse to die out.

Then she sat down under the blossoms of a Maythorn hedge, picking industriously at its leaves; and so she sat in a long reverie, till the moon rose, and she heard groans of which she had not earlier been conscious. At the same time she saw, behind the opposite hedge a face covered with blood, which she took to be a dead face. It was the living face of Mr. Dank, who had returned to sense after his thrashing. She could not go home to rest. Terrified and vexed in spirit she fled, looking like a shrouded corpse herself, towards the moor, and then it was that she interrupted the gossips' learned conversation.

"And how does the frog's bile act?" asked Mrs. Noddison. "That," said Goody Fubs, "I quite forgot to ask, I had it from a gossip who is dead. No doubt it must be eaten." Mrs. Noddison was not at all comfortless over the departure of her husband. Free he would earn nothing, after his last evening's work. He might as well therefore be fed in jail. Her skin too would be the sounder for a rest. The baby was just one of those puny squalid things that used to perish by thousands in the wretched huts of a fine old English peasantry, all of the olden time. Mrs. Noddison was full of mother's care about it. Goody Fubs was full of neighbourly advice, and very eloquent upon the subject of her nostrum, a black fetid mess containing nobody knows what.

While the two gossips talked, the flying clouds let fall a flying shower. Lanna was still on the moor, and the sudden rain recalled her to a sense of her position. She was out, she recollected, at a strange hour. It must be at the earliest ten o'clock, an hour later than bed-time. Lanna turned homewards, though there

was no place so terrible to her as home.

"Well then, if you will hold the child," said Goody Fubs to Mistress Noddison, "I 'll give it the remedy, and then it never shall know harm again in this world." "Amen, Goody, and thank you." When the child felt the frog's bile in its throat it began to scream mightily and choke, but the stuff nevertheless was swallowed. At that instant, as Goody stated afterwards, the rain suddenly ceased to patter on the shingles. The child screamed more and more. It went into convulsions. The hut door had been left open, and indeed almost broken to pieces by the constables. A white figure glided by. "Ave Maria!" groaned old Goody Fubs, not to be heard through the screaming of the child, "there 's Lanna Tixel!" The child's face was black. The fierceness of the screaming caused Lanna to turn back, and stand irresolutely in the doorway, ready to enter and bring help if she were able. Goody Fubs made a great cross with her fingers over her own wrinkled forehead, and then flew at the delicate cheeks of Lanna with her nails. Lanna fled again, followed by loud shrieks from Mrs. Noddison; the child's voice was gone, it lay dumb in a death struggle.

"O, the bile!" moaned Mrs. Noddison.

"The witch!" groaned Goody Fubs.

The two or three domestics living in the Grange were in attendance on the barber surgeon, busy, Lanna found, with Mr. Dank, who had been waylaid and beaten, as she understood. She knew then that it was no ghost she had seen, and, pitying his condition, though he was no friend to her, she tended by the steward's bedside half the night through, after she had paid a visit to her secret chamber. His bruises were not serious, the cut upon his head had been bound up, he had been comfortably shaved, had been bled in the arm, and had received an emetic. His case therefore promised well, and towards morning the surgeon left him quietly asleep, and recommended Lanna to retire, as the same time suggesting that she should bathe her swollen nose with vinegar, and take a powder, for she seemed to have had a very ugly fall.

Lanna slept heavily for a great many hours, and in the morning found that Mr. Dank, though very much weakened, was not confined to his bed: he was up and out, gone to encounter Noddison in a formal and judicial way before the Squire and his brother justices. Lanna, with aching heart and throbbing nose, and a wide border of black round one of her blue eyes, endeavoured to go through her usual routine of duties. In the course of the day they took her into Blickford.

Two little boys at play in a

ditch about a quarter of a mile out of the village, leapt up when they saw her coming, and scampered on before as fast as they were able, shouting her name aloud. They had been put there as scouts or look-out men, and had beguiled their time while on their post with pitch and toss. Lanna understood nothing of that, and could not at all tell what it meant, when a turn in the road brought her in sight of the first houses in Blickford, and she saw the whole village turning out with brooms to meet her. Goody Fubs advancing as the village champion, struck the poor orphan with her broom, and then throwing away the weapon, grappled with her. Men threw stones at her, women pressed round, grappled together and fought for the privilege of pinching her or pulling at the rich locks of brown hair that Goody their leader had set floating.

"Nick's Pond!" was the cry. The young foreign witch must be tried by water — innocent if she drowned, and guilty if she swam. In a wild and terrible procession of the whole population of the village, with the children screaming and dancing joyously about in the excitement of a witch-ducking, Lanna was dragged to the moor, where Mistress Noddison flew from her cottage as a tigress from her lair, and tore the flesh and garments of the witch, and showed her the dead child. Mounted constables were hurrying in the direction of the riot, but they only came in time to drag the wretched girl out of the pond into which she was thrust, and they came not to protect but to arrest her. There was fresh evidence, some of the men hinted to the villagers, and a most aggravated case against her. She was therefore carried to the round-house, and spent the next thirty hours, half suffocated, and locked up with very filthy people.

Then she was brought out on one of the last and finest days of the merry month of May, and taken into the presence of the justices, with Squire Caufe at their head, who had long been of opinion that she had bewitched his son by wicked arts, and now was sure of it. The case was then gone into.

It was shown that on a certain evening Hodge Noddison maltreated the companion of the accused, a foreigner named Hans Dank, who it was now ascertained had secretly made his escape out of the neighbourhood, and had gone no one could find out whither. It was presumed that she received instant information from some imp of the deed that Noddison had done, for she was out in the direction of Noddison's house before any human tidings could have reached her. It was proved that Noddison was cast into a deadly lethargy, during which the witch was seen flitting about upon the moor before his door, and that immediately after she had vanished Noddison was

taken by the constables. It was proved that in further punishment of Noddison, the accused Lanna Tixel did by her arts throw his only child into violent convulsions, during which she again appeared at the door and gazed in upon the child with her large blue eyes, immediately after the infliction of which gaze it died. It was shown, also, that the rain ceased when she appeared, and that Goody Fubs lost a young porker, and suffered more than usually from her rheumatism on the day that she assisted at the ducking of the wicked woman.

These revelations were not necessary to induce Captain Arthur to appear against the siren who had practised on him with her arts. He proved that when he had been drawn by her devices— especially, he thought, by her large eyes — to declare love towards her, she, believing that she had him in her toils, confessed to him in plain words that she had a familiar in the shape of a dragon or a hollybush with which she often talked, and that it was acquainted with her secrets. The dragon on the lawn was, therefore, part of her enchantment, and it was natural to consider that the strange figures of cocks and fishes to be seen on the Dutch farm, though they looked like box, and yew, and holly trees, must be really and truly demons. The captain further proved, that being in some trouble, and sobbing, the witch called for help upon a certain Mother Somebody, he did not catch the name, because she, the said witch, sobbed while she was speaking.

In answer to a question from the bench he said that it was not "Mother of God." "She further," he said, "ventured so far as to tell me that I was to marry upon the condition of suffering eternal torment." (Here a thrill ran through the whole assembly). "She told me that she herself was doomed, but that it was a light matter, and that we might laugh at it together."

During this revelation Lanna fainted. She showed no trace of her former beauty, for no change of dress or means of cleanliness had been provided for her since she was taken from the filthy pond, and she appeared to have caught some kind of fever in the round-house. When she recovered she was compelled to stand up that her face might be seen during the rest of the examination. Her house had been searched. A white object was brought through a lane made in the shuddering crowd, and suddenly presented before Lanna. She was seized with violent hysterics. It was the waxen image of a corpse robed in its graveclothes: an exact effigy of the dead body of her father.

"She took me to a room," said Captain Arthur, "in which lay this image. I thought it had been taken from the grave, and felt at once that she was one of the

worst kind of witches. I see now that it is made of wax."

While Lanna remained still insensible a learned priest stood forward, and gave evidence that the use of these waxen images by witches was well known. They were the figures of men to whom they wished evil. The witches moulded them and caused them to waste slowly, and as the wax wasted, so wasted the victim's flesh. They also pricked and stabbed them, and when they did so the true flesh felt every hurt that was inflicted. This was undoubtedly the image of some person whom the witch Tixel had killed by her enchantments.

The learned justices then waited until Lanna was so far recovered that she could be made to speak; pains being taken to expedite her recollection of herself by means not altogether free from cruelty. She said, however, very little. There was no escape for her, she said, and she desired none. She had lived too long. But she wished Captain Arthur to reflect upon the words she had used, and hear now, if he would, the story she designed to tell him.

She was ordered to address the court, and did so, Captain Arthur being present. "That image was the doom I spoke of. It is the image of my father as he lay dead when, if I might, I would have died with him. He was superstitious, as you all are who accuse me here to-day of witchcraft. He was jealous of my love, and wished to be remembered by me daily when I had his wealth. I would have rejected that, for his desire was horrible to me. But next, on the peril of losing his blessing, I was made to promise that, whereever I lived, I would preserve the effigy of my dead father, every day eat my dinner in its presence, and every night kiss it before I went to rest. I was a child then, and a terror seized me which I never have been able to shake off. I have not dared to disobey. Hans Dank was my father's steward, who was privy to it all, and who was made by will my guardian and inquisitor. Let him prove that I speak truth in this. There is one thing more which concerns me little now. My father thought that while the image of his body lasted, the body itself would remain whole in the tomb, awaiting mine that was to be placed beside it. Then our dust was to mingle. He was a superstitious man, as you are superstitious men. I shall be burnt; you will defeat his wishes. That is the truth which I wish Captain Arthur now to hear. My mother died when I was four years old. I am friendless; and there is no one but the man who offered me his love for whose sake I care whether or not I die disgraced."

The squire was very wroth at these allusions to his son, and said, when she had made an end of speaking, "Witch, you know truly what will be your end. If your accomplice were indeed

here, he could not save you, but you can have no support from him, because, knowing his guilt, he fled when he first heard that these proceedings would be taken. For your tale, by which you artfully endeavour to mislead my son, it cannot serve you. It touches in nothing what has been proved against you in the case of the Noddisons, your victims. With what mysterious designs you caused this dreadful image to be made, and kept it secretly within your house, we cannot tell, nor does it concern us very much to know. The meaning of the image we know well, and we know also," said the squire, with a malicious grin, "to what good use it can be put. Truly it will be a fine thing to save faggots in the burning of a witch so worthless."

And the law took its course, and solemn trial led in due time to solemn sentence, and Lanna Tixel, with the fatal waxen effigy bound in her arms, was made the core of a great holiday bonfire, which enlivened the inhabitants of Blickford. When the wax caught, the blaze made even babies in their mothers' arms crow out, and clap their hands with pleasure.

A brilliant ending to this very pleasant story of the good old times! They are quite gone, and never will come back again. And so, nothing is left for us to do but to regret their memory, we puny men, we miserable shams.

AIR MAPS.

In a former number of this work we gave a short account of the new science of Submarine Geography, by means of which it has been shown that the great undulatory beds of the oceans may be as accurately mapped for all practical purposes of navigation, as are the mountains and valleys of our own dry earth. In that paper we dwelt upon the deep-sea soundings which had been carried on by the Government of the United States, and of some of the more immediate results of the knowledge thus acquired.

Current-charts and maps of the hills and valleys of Old Ocean formed but one portion of the labours of our persevering brethren across the Atlantic. A most important feature in their scientific proceedings was so to track the winds met with in the navigation of the highways of the seas, as to be able to lay down with tolerable accuracy a complete chart of the various currents of the atmosphere in every part of the world, at all times of the year — in short, to construct a huge Air Map.

The proceedings of the American Government since that paper was printed may be learned by what transpired at a public meeting convened, a short time ago, in the Merchants' Room at Lloyd's, for the purpose of receiving a communication from Lieutenant Maury of the United States Navy,

in reference to the co-operation of British commanders with those of America in carrying on a series of atmospheric observations.

Already a knowledge of the hitherto unnoticed variable winds have enabled navigators to shorten their voyages to some parts of the world by fully one-third of the usual time, and in a few instances to one-half. In speaking of the growing importance of our intercourse with the Australian Colonies, Lieutenant Maury expressed his belief that in a very few years the run to and from Australia from this country would be accomplished by ordinarily good sailing vessels in one hundred and forty days, instead of, as at present, one hundred and eighty to two hundred days. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that shipowners, merchants, and mariners should take a deep interest in them. Time has ever been considered as money, and surely this was never more truly the case than at the present moment, when electric telegraphs, high-pressure locomotives, and improved screws are doing all that electricity, steam, and iron can do to annihilate space, and bring distant places together. In thus looking, however, to shortening the voyage to and from the other side of the globe no new and costly mechanical appliances are needed, no novel motive power is thought of, not a new rope is required, not an extra square yard of canvas is asked for — all that is needed is a thorough knowledge of the winds at sea, so that the navigator may, by avoiding such of them as are adverse to him, make use only of those which are in his favour.

In so far as this practical, matter-of-fact end is arrived at, the man of the world will of course feel warmly interested in the inquiry. But the sympathies of the student of science are not less enlisted on the same side, for he will by such means gather together many new and beautiful facts serving to illustrate the economy of Nature in some of her grandest operations. Without a doubt it will be through a knowledge of the world of winds that we shall arrive at an understanding of many phenomena at present but guessed at. The course and duration of the air-currents will explain the fertility or sterility of many large tracts of country. The direction of the winds will go far to account for the luxuriant growth of particular plants in particular localities. The winds will be found to be the great ministers of good throughout the surface of this globe, carrying on their invisible wings precious gifts yielded up by Ocean to fertilize and beautify the earth in far distant places, and by a still wider and higher influence so to equalise the ever-recurring disturbances of temperature, moisture, electricity, as to fit the world for the life and health of the many species — animal and vege-

table — which exist upon its varied face.

"Fickle as the wind" is not an inapt adage, when applied to the local character of the winds. But looking at the general course of the air-currents over the ocean, if we follow the many wind-roads which stretch across the deep, we shall see that, so far from possessing any features of instability, the circulation of the atmosphere about us is fully as regular and well-defined, as are the motions of the earth itself and the other great bodies of our system. In fact, the winds are a part of that wondrous and beautiful whole which was called forth when "He measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in the balance." Long before modern science had told us anything concerning atmospheric phenomena, an inspired writer promulgated the whole system — "The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about unto the north: it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits." This passage really indicates what has been passing in the world of winds since earth was created. The aberrations of air currents upon land are but the eddies and offsets of the great atmospheric tides caused by geological irregularities, just as we find dead water and whirlpools amidst the largest rivers.

The winds must no longer be regarded as types of instability, but rather as ancient and faithful chroniclers; we have but to consult them intelligently to gather from them great natural truths.

In order to learn the course of ocean currents, investigators have long been in the habit of casting into the sea, bottles, labelled and marked, so that on these being found cast ashore at remote places their course might be made known to the world. What man does with the waters Nature accomplishes unasked with the air: she strangely places tallies and marks upon the wings of the wind in certain parts of the globe, by which the philosophers in a distant country may recognise the same wind, and so trace it in its path over ocean and over land.

The sirocco, or African dust, which in spring and autumn has long been observed falling in the vicinity of the Cape de Verdes, Malta, Genoa, Lyons, and the Tyrol, was believed to have been brought from the great sandy deserts of Africa by the prevailing winds coming from that quarter, and the theory appeared plausible enough. Men of science were, however, not content to take this supposition as it stood, and thanks to recent improvements in the construction of microscopes, one persevering philosopher, Ehrenberg, has been enabled to ascertain the precise nature and consequently the original source of this supposed

African dust. His examinations have demonstrated that this rain-dust does not belong to the mineral, but to the vegetable kingdom; that it consists not of earthy particles finely divided, but of minute infusoria and organisms whose habitat is not Africa, but South America, and that too in the region of the south-west trade winds. The professor was not content with examining one specimen; he compared the "rain-dust" gathered at the Cape de Verdes with that collected at Genoa, Lyons and Malta, and so closely did they all resemble each other that they might have been pronounced as taken from one spot. Nay, more than this, one species of infusoria, the *eunotia amphyoxis*, has often been found in this dust with its green ovaries, and therefore capable of life. That this dust could not have come from Africa is evident from its hue, which is red or cinnamon colour, whereas the sands from the great African deserts are all white or greyish.

Carrying this inquiry still further we shall by its means arrive at a key to the entire system of atmospheric currents. We have said that the rain-dust falls in the spring and autumn: the actual time has been at periods of thirty or forty days after the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. It requires no argument to demonstrate that these minute particles of organic matter must have been lifted from the surface of the earth, not during a rainy season, but at a period when everything in the vegetable kingdom was parched and dry, and consequently in a fit condition for being carried aloft and whirled through the upper realms of air on the wings of the wind.

If we examine the seasons of the various parts of the great South American continent, we shall find that the tract of country which suffers most severely from the tropical drought at the period of the vernal equinox is the valley of the lower Oronoco; which is then parched and burnt with intense heat. Its pools are dry, its marshes and plains arid; all vegetation has ceased; the great reptiles have buried themselves deep in the sands; the hum of insect life is hushed, and the stillness of death reigns through the valley.

In the autumnal equinox we find a similar state of things in the upper Oronoco and the great Amazonian basin. It is precisely at these times that all vegetable matter is in the fittest, impalpable, and feather-light condition for being lifted up and carried away, and it is precisely at such periods of the year that these regions are visited by terrific gales, whirlwinds, and tornadoes; which, sweeping over their lifeless, death-like plains and basins, raise up vast clouds of microscopic organisms and bear them away with lightning speed to be rained down in remote countries, chroniclers of the great wind-roads of the world.

It is quite evident from what has been here stated, that for these "organisms" to be carried from south-west to north-east, immediately opposite to the course of the prevailing surface winds of those regions, there must be other upper currents performing this work. This is the case, and in stating it to be so, we arrive at a solution of the whole secret mechanism of the atmosphere: we learn how it is that "the wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about unto the north."

We on shore find the wind frequently veering about from point to point of the compass, often blowing in opposite directions during a few hours. Not unfrequently we are visited with strong gales of wind, lasting for a day or more, and then followed by heavy falls of rain and calms. Yet such winds, in comparison with the general system of atmospheric circulation, are but eddies of the main current. They have no more effect in deranging or disturbing that system than the showers which they bring with them have in altering the course of the Gulf stream or other ocean currents.

Let us see, then, what this general atmospheric system is. On either side of the equator, commencing at a distance of some few degrees from it, we find a zone of perpetual winds extending to about thirty degrees north and south. These blow constantly in similar directions as steadily and perpetually as the tides of the Thames flow and ebb, and are called from the directions whence they come the north-east and south-east trades. These winds are constantly travelling from the poles, north and south, to the equator. Their spiral or curved motion is accounted for by the rotation of the earth on its axis from west to east. If, using the language of Lieutenant Maury, we imagine a particle of atmosphere at the north pole, where it is at rest, to be put in motion in a straight line towards the equator, we can easily see how this particle of air coming from the pole, where it did not partake of the diurnal motion of the earth, would, in consequence of its *vis inertia*, find, as it travels south, the earth slipping under it, as it were, from west to east, and thus it would appear to be coming from the north-east, and going towards the south-west: in other words, it would be a north-east wind. A similar course is followed by the wind coming from the south pole towards the equator. Now as these two winds are known to be perpetually flowing from the poles, it is quite safe for us to assume that the air which they keep in motion must return by some channels to their former places at the poles, otherwise these winds would soon exhaust the polar regions of their atmosphere, and piling it up, so to speak, about the equator, would cease to blow for the want of a fresh supply of air.

Looking at it in this light it has been assumed, and proved almost to a certainty, that there exist far above these trade-winds other and counter currents of air returning to the poles as rapidly as they are flying from it. In short that above the south-east trade there is a north-west wind, and above the north-east trade a south-west wind perpetually blowing. We have already told how Nature has so wonderfully and beautifully placed tallies on the wings of the latter, by means of the microscopic infusoria raised from the Orouoco and Amazon valleys, and doubtless this first outlining of the new Air Map will, in due course, be filled up in other parts of the world by certain indications of the true course of the upper strata of air returning towards the south pole.

Believing that these phenomena are those actually in operation, we will endeavour to show more in detail the course of the "wind roads" of the world, and to do so by again making use of Lieutenant Maury's illustration of a single particle or atom of air, as representing the entire volume.

We will start from the north pole, in company with our fellow atom, and here we find by some agency not yet understood that we are travelling southwards in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and not along the surface of the world, until we reach about the parallel of thirty north latitude, in the vicinity of the Canary Islands. Here we meet with a similar supposed particle, travelling also in the upper atmosphere the return journey towards the pole. The two adverse particles press against each other with their entire force, and being of equal power, produce an equilibrium or accumulation of dead air. This is the calm belt of Cancer.

From under this belt or bank of calms, two surface currents of wind are ejected; one towards the equator and, from the cause already assigned, taking a south-westerly course as the north-east trade wind; the other towards the pole, as the south-west passage wind. These winds, coming out as they do at the lower surface of this calm region, must come from above by means of downward currents, just as we may suppose a vessel of water filled from the top by two streams flowing in from opposite directions and flowing out from two openings below in contrary channels. In support of this downward theory of the air, we find the testimony of Humboldt who tells us (as others do) that in this calm region, the barometer stands higher than it does to the north or south of it.

Not the least interesting feature of this journey of the winds, is the fact that the currents of air thus forced out from the lower surface of this calm belt, are not those which were previously travelling in the contrary direction: the wind from the pole does not

sink down and return northwards as a surface wind; it has yet a long journey before it, a journey given to it to perform, by infinite wisdom, for wise and beneficent purposes: it has yet to go towards the south before it turneth about unto the north. The particle of air in company with which we have travelled thus far, makes its way by some mysterious agency — believed to be electrical, and indeed all but proved to be so by Faraday's recent discoveries — across this calm zone, but at the same time downwards, and appears on the surface going southerly as the north-east trade wind: it cannot pass along in the upper air, for there is another similar particle wending its way back to the pole, having performed the allotted circuit which this one fresh from the north is about to make.

As the north-east trade, our particle journeys until near the equator, where it encounters a similar particle as the south-east trade. Here, at this place of the equatorial meeting, there is another conflict and another calm region, as all those who have made a voyage to the south know full well. The consequence of this encounter of the two typical particles is similar to that which took place at the calm belt of Cancer, but is brought about in a different manner.

The great heat of the sun near the equator, added to the presence of the two conflicting winds one against the other, causes them to ascend, and once more crossing the belt of calms, they make their way still in their onward course; the northern particle, with which we will suppose ourselves still in company, taking an upper course, until, arrived at the zone of Capricorn, between twenty and thirty degrees of south latitude, it encounters the southerly breezes, and this time descending comes out at the lower surface on the opposite side of the calm region, and makes its way to the south pole as a surface wind. Entering the polar regions obliquely, it is pressed against by similar particles coming from every meridian, and as it approaches the higher latitudes, having less space to move in, it flies along more rapidly and more obliquely, until it, with all the rest, is whirled about the pole in a continued circular gale: at last, reaching the great polar vortex, pressed up on every side, it is carried upwards to the regions of atmosphere above, whence it commences again its circuit, and journeys back to the north as an upper current, thus fulfilling its allotted task of turning about unto the north. It now passes back over the same space, but this time its path is altered; where it was before an upper current it is now a surface wind, and *vice versâ*.

Having thus pictured the wind-roads across our Air Map, we will proceed to point out the

reasons for believing them to be the actual paths travelled on day by day, from year to year, in the great world of air.

It will be necessary to bear in mind the following facts, since they form the ground-work on which our structure of reasoning will be built. In the northern half of the globe land greatly predominates over water; the southern half of the world being chiefly occupied by the ocean. Nearly all the great rivers of the world are to be found north of the equator; whilst south of the line there is but one large stream, the Plata, the Amazon being in the equatorial region and receiving half its supply from the north and half from the south. In South Africa there is no river of any moment, and the rivers of Australia are insignificant.

The main source of supply for the waters of these rivers is of course to be found in the clouds, which furnish it in the shape of rain. The clouds derive their supply from the ocean, whence vapour is raised by evaporation. "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence they came thither they return again." This is precisely what is taking place daily. If the winds did not take up from the sea large quantities of vapour, and store it in the clouds for distribution when wanted, the sea would "be full," with all these gigantic streams passing into it; yet it is never full.

The facts here given appear at first sight anomalous, but on examination they will be found to speak in favour of the theory previously advanced as to the wind-roads. The all but riverless countries of Southern America, South Africa and Australia are situated in the midst of the largest expanse of ocean, with surface winds blowing over them that have swept the face of the waters for many thousands of miles, and which must at their temperature be heavily loaded with vapour. Yet these winds furnish no supplies of rain sufficient to form any rivers of magnitude. Those lands are almost riverless.

On the other hand the winds which blow over the gigantic rivers of the northern hemisphere — the mighty streams of America, Russia, India and China — have all traversed but little of ocean, their way from the equator has chiefly been over dry land, whence they could raise up little if any moisture. Whence then is it that countries with comparatively so little water about them should receive so copiously of rain, whilst those in the very heart of the seas are devoid of any such supply?

To take up surface water and hold it in suspense the air must be at a high temperature; to part with it again in the shape of rain its temperature must be considerably lowered. The only winds which, by reason of the temperature, can perform this

lifting process, are the Trades on either side of the equatorial region. In their course over the vast body of waters, they become highly charged with vapour. On their meeting at the zone of equatorial calms they rise, reach a cooler atmosphere, and consequently become expanded and part with some of their moisture; and hence we hear of such extraordinary falls of rain in these regions as that sailors have actually taken up buckets of fresh water from the surface of the ocean during one of these downpourings. But the winds only part with a portion of their load; the south-east trade lifts itself and its load of aqueous vapour high above the surface, and coursing on towards the north in the contrary direction of the north-east trade below, becomes gradually cooled on its way, and as it cools parts as gradually with its vapours in the shape of rain.

In like manner the north-east trade that rose as an upper current at the equator to take its way to the south, performed also its task of evaporation, but to a far less degree. Coming from the regions of the north, it is a cold wind, and therefore not in a condition to raise up vapour until it be near the equator, consequently it has but little to precipitate in the shape of rain, and hence we find the lands of the south so devoid of rivers. Were it to be otherwise than thus, were the south-east vapour-loaded winds to traverse the surface of the earth in their northerly career, they would not part with their moisture where most needed by reason of their high temperature, but would deposit the whole when arrived in the frigid zone, where least needed.

Again, if this south-east wind when it rose up was turned back in its course, and instead of passing over to the northern hemisphere to water these vast regions of dry earth, pursued a southerly career, its stores of rain would be spent over very small tracts of earth and over immense regions of water. It is clear, therefore, that no other system than that which it is now believed is the course of the winds could be productive of the great benefits which we receive from them. The southern hemisphere may be likened to an enormous boiler, the northern to a huge condenser, by means of which all the moisture in the world is dealt with for distribution.

The one exception of the Rio de la Plata to the absence of large rivers in the south, serves equally to prove the theory. If the reader will refer to a map of the world, he will perceive that the north-east trade-wind which is lifted at the equator, passes as an upper current of precipitation over the sources of the Plata, must have crossed the equatorial region in about one hundred degrees west longitude, and, therefore, having come from the

north-east, must have traversed some thousands of miles across the Atlantic, and then meeting in its southerly career with the lofty Andes, become forced up by them into still higher regions of cold, draining in its ascent the last drop of moisture from those mountains to supply the solitary river of the south.

In like manner, a reference to the map will show that the north-east wind which traverses the Great Sahara of central Africa, is flung up at the equator, and thence passes over South Africa in a south-westerly direction, leaving no rain in that riverless country. Again, the same trade which sweeps the sterile, rainless steppes of Chinese Tartary, crosses the line to the southward of Ceylon, and thence takes its vapourless way over the great Australian continent, where also there are no rivers of any size.

There is a remarkable circumstance connected with whirlwinds at sea, or cyclones as they are termed, which goes far to confirm this theory of our Air Map. In the northern hemisphere, all these circular storms revolve from right to left; in the south they revolve from left to right; and these are precisely the courses indicated by the present theory, which the various currents of atmosphere take at the two poles in their return circuits.

We have thus given the main features of the great wind-roads of this earth, as laid down by Lieutenant Maury. There are, however, many lesser tracts — small footways, as it were — diverging from the main trunk roads of the atmosphere, which taking their course and strength from the varied surface of the land follow irregular, and, as yet, but little known directions. It is to these, and to the confirmation of what is already believed to be the case, that the attention of nautical observers is wished to be directed, so that, in the course of time, by the united efforts of British and American navigators, we may be enabled to fill up the many blank and uncertain spaces in our great Air Map.

GONE!

I HAVE the letter yet, Minnie,
You sent the very day
That gave your first-born to your arms,
And I was far away.
I saw through every trembling line
How precious was the boy,
How pleasure shook the weakened hand
That wrote to wish me joy.

Of all thy mother's little ones,
The plaything and the pet,
Poor children, lovingly they come
To rock the cradle yet;
And, knowing not how sound his sleep,
All arts to wake him try.
Alas! from so much love, Minnie,
To think that he should die!

Look at the small pure hand, Minnie,
So motionless in mine,
I used to let it, soft and warm,
About my finger twine;
And as it fastened in my heart
That slight uncertain hold,
Its touch will linger on my hand
Till my hand too is cold.

Our bridal day; that summer day!
Dost thou remember now?
Joy's blossoms were unsullied then
As those about thy brow.
Thank God! I have my fair bride still,
And, by thy loving eye,
Thou wouldst not give *me* up, Minnie,
E'en that he might not die.

A Heaven of safety and repose;
Ah! should we wish him back
From its clear lights and thornless flowers
To tread life's dusty track.
Think what a radiant little one
Shall meet us by-and-bye;
And yet that he should die, Minnie —
Alas, that he should die!

BAD LUCK AT BENDIGO.

Arrived at Melbourne on the nineteenth of September, I took an early opportunity of distributing my pile of letters of introduction. Found, that although addressed by influential people to influential people, they were altogether valueless. Influential friends in England were at that time showing no mercy to the Melbourne people, who received a great many more drafts upon their courtesy than it was possible for them to honour.

I agreed then to join a party of my fellow passengers, and try fortune's temper with them at the diggings. All the tools and implements which my new friends had brought from London being buried at the bottom of the ship's hold, we were told that some days must elapse before they could be disinterred. As for myself, I had taken out only a knapsack and a sea chest. If I ever were to make the trip again I should take only a knapsack. Not meaning to be detained for an indefinite time we resolved, bold Layards that we were, to institute some excavations on our own account. We set to work therefore at once, and had no lack of curious discoveries. Barrels of flour, casks of stout, bags of sugar, bales of slops, butts of water, bundles of spades, we dragged and hauled about, meeting with a little of everything except the things we wanted. After lighting an unlawful lantern, and exploring all the crannies, we at last saw, at the bottom of a well dug through the other merchandize, a cart. We hoped it was our own, and after several hours' labour, during which we moved, among other articles, a grand piano in a case, we came down cleverly upon it. "Just you let that air cart alone, will you?" Truly we had no right to touch it, for it was not ours. More hours' labour, and at last we got our property together; ours, because I had bought my share in it. The cart had been brought out, in the innocent belief that horses were to be bought at about fifteen pounds each. The price of a horse we found was about seventy pounds. One we learnt also would not be enough; two would be required, and they would very likely be both stolen before the week was out. Tools of all kinds which we had brought from the other end of the world were to be bought at the diggings, from men leaving, at a trifle less than the common London price.

Nobody carried picks and shovels out from Melbourne with him. The best thing we could do we did; put everything into a sale, and so got rid of all encumbrance.

The only thing we did not sell, of all our London importations, was a tent, which we proposed sending to the diggings by a carrier. After a search through the town which cost us a whole day, we at last found a carrier starting to Bendigo — our destination — who for the moderate sum of eight guineas, engaged to take charge of our gold-diggers' home.

The next morning we were up betimes, had an early breakfast, and equipped ourselves in marching order. Each of us strapped on a belt, containing a revolver, an axe, and a knife; each carried on his shoulders a knapsack and blanket, and slung by his side a havresack, with bread, meat, and a can for water. So furnished, off we started. The transition from town to bush is very abrupt, and in a few minutes we seemed to have passed all traces of civilisation. We halted at midday, and dined. After an hour's rest, strapped on our "swag" again and went our way. At sunset we found ourselves in a rough-looking country, abounding with volcanic boulders, and very scant of trees. There was a clump of them to be seen on our right, and as a supply of wood is very necessary for judicious camping, we selected that clump as our lodging for the night. On reaching it we found it to be located upon very swampy land, and promising a bed infested with a new kind of jumper — not with fleas, but frogs. Frogs were hopping about there by tens of thousands.

We had not yet been broken in to all that sort of thing; we minded frogs, and therefore I suggested that we should be careful to pick out the highest and the dryest spot. We did so, and then having thrown the knapsacks from our aching shoulders, cut down wood with our axes and kindled a bonfire, which we set to roar against the trunk of a fine tree. Thereupon we made ourselves some tea in our tin pots, and sat down upon our knapsacks to a hearty supper. While munching we were accosted by three horsemen, stock farmers, on their way home. They cheered us with the information that if we were bound for Bendigo we were not on the right track, at the same time pointing out Mount Macedon in the distance (a hint afterwards important to us), by which they said the road wound; then wishing us luck they rode off.

To have gone astray in the wood like the famous babies was no great luck, but it consoled us that we could be savage; London savages. We took to forest life, as boys to cricket. First, we cut down about a cart-load of wood and built it into a heap near the fire, for use as fuel. Then, with the bushy ends of the branches, we formed about ourselves a sort

of hedge to keep the wind off. Within our enclosure we arranged that each should watch in turn for two hours during the night; that is to say, from eight o'clock till daybreak. I lay down on the ground, head on knapsack, hand to pistol, feet to fire, and in three minutes was sound asleep. At two o'clock I was roused to take my watch, and found the stock of wood exhausted and the fire low; so I took my axe, and kept myself awake by hacking away at the trees in the dark—a good savage amusement — splashing about, ancle deep in water, because I could not see to pick my steps. There is a wild charm after all about a night bivouac, of which a man must be a dullard if he is not sensible. I grew to like it. But for the scandal I should now be glad to quit my house in Camberwell of nights, and go to bed by a bonfire set alight under the lamppost. I used never to tire of watching the fitful flame that embraced the tree, against which it was always kindled, killing it with kisses; of the dimly defined trunks that formed our chamber wall, and against which hung our havresacks; of the wild firelit figures of the sleepers, with their arms in readiness; and, of the silence, broken only by the wind that moaned in the dim forest. So we enjoyed our first night in the bush. At daybreak I aroused our party; and, after a refreshing wash in the next puddle, we had breakfast, and resumed our journey.

Noonday halt and evening camp were the same for several days. Our route lay through a picturesque country, with many signs of volcanic origin. On the evening of the fourth day we camped at the bottom of a dell, by the side of a pleasant running stream among enormous fragments of volcanic stone. Towards the middle of the night it rained heavily. The rain awoke me; but, as it could not be turned off by any tap I knew of, I lay still. After a short time I heard a low conversation between two of my companions. They were uncomfortable. Very much so. They did not like it. Our meat was all gone, and nothing remained but a few biscuits. When they also were gone we might be starved to death. Goaded by such horrible thoughts I heard them conspiring how they would return to Melbourne. Day broke; and, during breakfast (which consisted of a biscuit each) they broached to me their plot. I asked them, Did they want to go back for umbrellas? As for provisions, it was certain that we must soon come upon some flocks of sheep, when we could buy one and eat it. Finally, I declared that I meant to go on, that I was willing to wait two hours in our camp while they tried about for mutton; but if they did not, by the end of that time, return to me, I should go on alone. I had — each of us had — three biscuits; I would put myself upon a biscuit a day; and there was no fear but that within

three days I should meet with something eatable.

They consented to this plan, and off they went. When the two hours were fully up, I climbed on to the highest boulder for a parting look after my comrades, and fancied that I saw them in the distance; fired my pistol, and was answered by another. I then waited. They came back unsuccessful, very sulky; moreover, they had been scurvily used. Seeing a man at a distance they had gone up to him to ask for food, when he savagely presented a pistol, threatening to shoot them if they did not keep their distance. The stranger had no food to spare for them, and did not know where they could get any. Now, it happened that during the absence of my friends I had been thinking, and had come to the resolve, that if compelled to travel by myself, I would abandon the tracks, which are the marks left by the carts going to the diggings. These tracts often wind very circuitously to avoid the hills; and I saw no reason why, guided by a pocket compass and an excellent map of the colony that I had with me, I should not try for a straight cut across the country. Mount Macedon, a known point, was visible in the distance, and I calculated that if I crossed the chain of mountains, of which Macedon forms part, in a N.N.W. direction, I should save many miles of journey. All this I stated to my comrades; and, after much discussion, it was agreed that we would try the adventure of a dash into the pathless country.

So we did; and, after crossing solitary plains, arrived by night at hills covered with dense wood. We supped upon half a biscuit each, and in the morning breakfasted upon the other half. Then, with angry stomachs, we resumed our march. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the intense labour and fatigue we next experienced. For miles after miles our course lay across mountains heavily timbered, overwoven with thick tangled underwood. Of level open ground there was literally not an acre; the base of one mountain joined to the base of the next, with a quagmire always at the point of junction. At the top of each mountain, as well as at the bottom, the compass was referred to, and there were bearings taken. Mountain after mountain we had scaled, frequently obliged to cling with both our hands, and pause to pant for breath at every few steps. How often, on arriving at the summit of some height we looked eagerly forward, hoping to see an expanse of clear, level, ground! But no, there was ever another mighty barricade to climb over, and our limbs ached and our stomachs hungered at the sight.

Once through an opening in the forest, I caught sight of Mount Macedon, and calling my companions pointed it out to them. On examining the com-

pass we found that our course was exactly true. By that discovery they got a little confidence.

We had been, for a long time, forcing our way through the tangled underwood to the top of one particular mountain which, from the bleached skeleton of a sheep that we found on the top, I claimed my right, as a pioneer, to call Mount Skeleton. When we did reach the top of that mount we were utterly exhausted, and for some time totally unable to go any farther. Flinging ourselves on our backs, panting for breath, and all of us black as sweeps (from contact with the trunks of the trees, blackened by bush fires) we were too tired to speak or stir, and lay stretched out as motionless as though we ourselves had been, or were about to become skeletons. Flocks of brightly coloured birds danced in the air about us, screaming, perhaps a wake; and the laughing jaguar (commonly called jackass) with his loud Ha, ha, ha! seemed to consider our predicament the happiest of jokes.

Suddenly a report was heard, quickly followed by another, and another. Something mortal that way came. Forgetful of fatigue up we started, and made off in the direction of the sound. Down the side of the mountain we went, plunging through the underwood, heedless of pain, and came at ast upon a stockman driving a eam of bullocks. He told us that we could get meat, flour, and other necessaries, at a station a few miles further on; that we were right for Bendigo, and had saved twenty miles by our short cut. So, bidding him good day, we pushed on for the station. There we told the owner what we wanted, and he led us into a large, rough, wooden building like an English barn; but, instead of corn in it, there were commodities of all kinds; the place was a general store. The farmers in the interior, when they sell their wool, lay in at such places a sufficient stock of everything they are likely to want for a year. We each bought flour and a quarter of mutton. That is the smallest quantity sold; and, during the heat of the Australian summer, it is generally half thrown away, for it becomes covered with maggots a few hours after it is killed. Ours was a hot summer experience, and I may state generally that we were obliged to eat our meat either before the warmth of life was out of it, or else with more life in it than might be palatable to anybody nice about his dinner.

Next day we resumed our journey, which still lay through forest. In a few hours we came upon an extensive encampment, and found that it was composed of some sixty emigrants on the way to the diggings. They complained sadly of the difficulty they had in finding enough food for so many; had no compass

among them, and had lost their way repeatedly since they first came into the wood. It was the famous Black Forest in which, as we journeyed on, we passed several other parties going up to Bendigo. It was wretched work for horses there, and bullocks; numbers of them lay like camels in the desert, dead by the road-side. The tracks were ploughed up to the very axles. Frequently a dray would be bogged, and it would be the work of sixteen oxen fastened on to extricate it. At other times the road on a hill side was so shelving, that there were ropes fastened to one side of the dray, and held by men, to prevent an overturn.

We had been eleven days in the Black Forest, and were growing tired of its scorched trunks. It is a notorious place for bushrangers, who come and go with a strange suddenness. Of this we had an instance. We had halted at mid-day, and were deep in the mysteries of cooking, when a horse's head was laid affectionately on my shoulder. I felt for my pistol, and turning round, faced a bold horseman, quite of the Claude du Val school. He was mounted on a blood mare, wore long riding boots of polished enamelled leather, had a Colt's revolver in his belt, another pair in his holsters, and a green veil hanging from his broad straw hat. The long lash of a handsomely mounted stock whip was coiled elegantly in his hand. Probably he came to reconnoitre; but as he found us too well armed for his purpose, he simply asked the usual question, "Had we seen any bullocks?" to which we replied No, and asked in return where we could buy meat. He directed us to a station and rode off. Not one of our party had seen his approach until he was close upon us. Had we not been well armed (we took care to let him satisfy his mind on that point), we should certainly have been attacked.

Then we had an odd parody upon shopping in the bush. We saw by public advertisement upon a paper, nailed against a tree, like the boots of Bombastes, that meat and flour were to be sold hard by. The place indicated was a station, situated on a gently rising ground, around which ran a clear stream. As there was no bridge to be seen, I volunteered to leap across the water, and bring back supplies for all our party. So I did. The building, when I reached it, proved to be of the rudest kind. The walls were of hewn planks, clumsily nailed together, having crevices between them wide enough to let the hand through; the floor was of beaten clay. There were no flowers planted there, and no attempt whatever had been made to give an air of comfort to the place. Yet I learned that the owner and his family had been residing in that shed for sixteen years. I went with the dairy-woman to an out-house for provisions. She was

very independent, and on my politely expressing a preference for another joint instead of the one she wished to sell, I was told that there was my beef, and that I might take it, or leave it, she did not care which. A coarse joint being better than no meat, I decided of course to take it, and also bought some flour, paying sixpence for the pound of each. I asked whether there was not a bridge by which I could return; she said there was a small one on the other side for their own use, but that it would not suit them to build bridges for strangers. I was glad to leave the scornful lady and return to my companions; but they, during my absence, had been walking on by the side of the stream. I shouted to them and they stopped; but when I came up loaded with my meat and flour, I found the stream between us rather more than could be taken at a leap; the only way of crossing for a stranger was to wade through it. So I put down the flour upon the grass, and walked into the little river, meat in hand. The water rose to my chest, but I soon crossed, and handing up the meat went back to fetch the flour, which also was brought over safely. Now, I think a little competition would have rubbed the rust off those uncivil shopkeepers. And who knows that there may not be a very Oxford Street of shops fifty years hence, across that hill; for we were there getting to the verge of the Black Forest, and soon after quitting it, the country became more open, and we met more travellers. Tents, for the sale of provisions, were set up at short intervals, and all fears upon the score of provender were at rest. On the last night's camp, before entering Bendigo, I felt a desire to wash the linen frock and trowsers which I had worn during the journey, for I had noticed what appeared to be a nice pool of water close at hand. I took, therefore, my piece of soap, put on my other suit of clothes out of my knapsack, and set off. Down went "my wash" beneath the crystal surface; but oh! woe was me when it came up again, converted into a thick lump of green slime. Rinse it off I could not, for the whole pool was a fraud, a trick of Nature played on the unwary traveller. The top of the water was indeed clear, but underneath it was a museum of aquatic botany. Naturally disconcerted, I set to work with my knife to scrape off the mass of specimens that I had thus collected, and next morning had to squeeze the clothes into my knapsack, streaky, smeary, and damp, a lump of linen most ridiculous and lamentable.

After we had been fourteen days on the journey through the wood as aforesaid, we reached Bendigo. Pits, tents, and people gradually became numerous. On each side of the dusty path the earth was turned up, and there were miners at work; stores of

goods were exposed for sale. We inquired our way to the Commissioner's camp, in order that we might be ready to get our licences in the morning, for we had no mind to lose time, and having taken up a satisfactory position, flung off our loads like pilgrims, with our progress ended, and so camped at last within our golden city.

In the morning our first care was to seek the tent of which the carrier had taken charge. We could not find it; we never did find it. The carrier had taken our eight guineas, and remained charged with the tent into the bargain. He would not burden us again with it, good man. We also looked about for second-hand tools, and of these we found that there were plenty to be had, at reasonable prices. Having made our purchases, and taken out our licences, we went back to our location, voting ourselves worthy of a holiday for the remainder of the day. That over we set to work, and dug four holes. After delving down to a depth of about six feet, the water came into our holes, and we came out of them. We found this to be a common accident, numbers of pits being rendered useless by the underground springs. Shifting our operations we sunk four holes more, and were busy in them for some days. The ground was obstinately hard, being a burnt clay, and every shovel full of earth that we threw out could be thrown out only after it had been loosened by the pickaxe. We had built a hut of boughs to shield us from the mid-day sun; the days were very hot, but the nights dreadfully cold. One night while we were asleep a heavy rain set in, which lasted until morning. The boughs, of course, afforded no protection; we and our blankets were soon dripping wet; the camp fire was extinguished, and the ground around us a complete lake district. If there was anything that my companions particularly hated it was rain, for their umbrellas were unfortunately left in London. It occurred to me that our best course was to build a hut which should be quite as sound as an umbrella. This was proposed and agreed to; we arranged to work at the pits and the hut alternately. We had by that time come to the bottom of one pit about twenty feet deep, without getting anything more satisfactory out of it, than if we had gone out to dig on Putney Common. Therefore we set to work again on fresh holes.

After a time we wanted flour, and one evening, after our day's work was finished, I, and another of our party went to purchase it. Knowing how quickly darkness succeeds sunset there, we walked as fast as we could to the store, which was about two miles distant. Having made our purchases, we returned, but were soon unable to see the path. The light had faded into darkness, and the intricacy of so many paths as

there were winding among the excavations, puzzled us completely. To make matters worse, we did not know how to describe the position of our camp. The nearest known point was the Commissioner's station, and our hut was a mile distant from it. We certainly could lie down where we were, and wait until morning, but as we could not camp down properly, for want of blankets, axe and matches, we did not like the option.

After spending some time over experimental trips, we spied a camp fire, and went up to it to ask of the inmates, at any rate, could they be so kind as to tell us the way to the Commissioner's? On our approach two bull-dogs, chained to a stake, sprang forward and almost choked themselves in their attempt to get at us. They were Bendigo watchmen. I knew an unfortunate man out late at night, who, passing on his way between two tents, was seized by the dogs belonging to them, and had his flesh nearly torn from his bones before he was rescued. Well, when we had told our story, a man very kindly said that he would go with us himself, and show us the way on: just as he might have done in London. Setting out again at a sharp pace, he led us along a path, still winding between deep pits that were dug on either side. I was congratulating myself on our escape from a great risk of being lost among them, when, stepping on what appeared to be dry level ground, I sank down, in an instant, to my chest. As I was altogether vanishing I shouted out, and our conductor, turning round, had time to catch my hand. There was no time lost, and I was just struggling out, as my companion, who followed closely at my heels, went in behind me. We pulled him also out, and although it was but a dirty joke, we could not help laughing at our own condition. We were both encased in a thick coating of wet clay, nearly up to our necks; for we had sunk into a worked out hole, which had been filled up with the wet refuse of other pits. We had become a pair of plaster images, and only wanted an Italian boy to put us on a board, and sell us like Greek slaves.

In a few minutes more we came to the Commissioner's, and our guide repeating his regret for our misfortune took his leave. Left to ourselves, we again tried to find the way to our hut, crossing and recrossing in different directions. At last, when it was nearly midnight, we gave up our search as hopeless. But what could we do? We could not lie down in night-dresses of wet clay, and we could light no fire. I proposed that we should go to the police camp at the Commissioner's, and ask leave to lie down by the fire there until morning. The suggestion was approved, and, ascending the hill on which their watch-fires blazed, we considerably surprised the police force by the extraordinary appearance of two plaster casts

in search of a bed. Leave to rest was of course readily granted, but there was no spare blanket or horsecloth with which we poor images might cover ourselves. We lay down by the fires, cold to the bones, or the wires, if we were really casts. Then one of the sentinels (a good fellow), with an oath declaring that he could not see men in such a state, took off his great-coat and placed it at our disposal. We thanked him heartily, stripped off our wet clothes, and covered ourselves over with it.

In spite of my fatigue I could not sleep: sometimes the wind would come rushing and eddying, now driving the flame almost over us, and the next minute taking all the warmth out of our marrow. The scene around, too, was very novel and exciting to the fancy. Out of the wall of gloom, beyond the glare of the fire, tall military figures, well-armed, came and went, frequently stopping to examine us — as if they thought of buying us — with some degree of curiosity. At half-hour intervals, a sentinel close to our ears called out in a loud voice, "Number one — all 's well!" which was immediately answered from a distant spot, by "Number two — all 's well!" Then Number three, and, lastly, Number four vouched for the well-being of their respective posts. And so that long night passed. At the first dawn of morning I jumped up, and as the plaster on my clothes had set quite hard, I began banging them upon a log close by. This knocked it off, and knocked up my companion, who soon followed my example. A fine cloud we raised together, in which we were both concealed, as though we had been really heathen gods, Cupids or Apollos made of other stuff than plaster. Before leaving, we each offered to the good-natured sentinel some money as a return for his kindness, but he positively refused it, nor could we prevail upon him to accept anything more than a hearty shake of the hand, as we bade him a cordial good-bye. With the light came a release from our difficulties, and in a quarter of an hour we regained our own abode.

Our hut then occupied the whole of our spare time. The framework was composed of the trunks of trees, which we felled, and lopped, and fixed in the earth, fitted with ridge poles and rafters, and across which we stretched a tarpaulin. The sides were filled in with turf sods, set in wet clay. There only remained the two ends to complete. At this stage of our career my companions became disheartened. There was no success in digging. The work was very severe, the discomfort was excessive, and we had to support ourselves entirely with the money we had brought out with us: the prices of all kinds of food (and that none of the choicest) being enormous. At last one of our men declared his intention of abandoning the diggings altogether. He should go back to Mel-

bourne. Off he went. A few days more of hard work, and no pay, ate up the patience of the other two, and they also departed, urging me very much to go with them. I steadily refused, because I had determined to give to my undertaking a fair three months' trial.

Left alone with my own thoughts at the other side of the world, I was amused, and perhaps now and then touched by the aspect of shiftlessness and incompleteness that belongs to a community, consisting almost wholly of men. I was standing one day in the forest talking to some men, whose beards of many months' growth, bronzed complexions, and rough dress, gave them a savage appearance, when, suddenly, a lady on horseback (probably the wife of the Commissioner), followed by a servant, appeared. All conversation instantly ceased, and we followed her with our eyes until the last flutter of her riding habit was lost amongst the trees. On her disappearance one of the men, with a deep gasp, as if he had not breathed for the last few minutes, exclaimed, "Ah, a sight like that does a man good!"

I was left quite alone, but even that did not discourage me, as I considered that if the toil was greater, so also might be the reward. I continued at work as before; but, although I found gold, it was in such small quantities, that, as an Irishman said, it would take a ton of it to weigh a pound. One evening, soon after my companions had left, I went to the store to buy a camp oven, which I brought home with me. It was very rusty, but I thought it would bake none the worse for that. After washing myself I went to bed. In about an hour the palm of my left hand (which was covered with broken blisters, from the constant use of the axe) began to ache very much; the pain increased fast, and

[illegible]

ly increased to worse, and at the end of the week my hand and arm had run together into one unsightly mass. The rust had acted on my blistered fingers. The pain was agonising, it allowed me no rest day or night. Not only was I unable to work, but I could scarcely dress myself, or cook. The slightest movement gave me increased pain. At the end of a fortnight the inflammation came to a head, and no less than five openings formed; four in my arm, one in the palm of my hand. Those who have never been in Australia can form no idea how rapidly under its hot sun inflammation advances. Since I had no one to bring me the least help, the fever became aggravated. Sometimes I was nervously at work for three quarters of an hour trying to get a fire, sitting on a log and blowing it with one hand, whilst the pain in the other was distracting me. Then perhaps, just as I thought that I had coaxed a few sparks into action, a great gust of wind rushed in

from the unfinished end of my hut, killed them entirely, and dispersed their ashes. I know what utter desolation is, since I have tasted illness thus alone in the backwoods. Scarcely able to dress myself (indeed I was obliged for several nights to lie down in my clothes, being unable to get them off), and quite deprived of power to use my axe, I could but make a fire with the small sticks blown down from the trees, which I gleaned from the ground, wandering about like an old woman for the purpose. Through the open ends of my hut, clouds of dust came whirling. The commonest necessary I had to fetch for myself, however high the fever, from a distance; and the water, which it cost me much trouble to procure, was of the colour of pea-soup. I was obliged to drink it, and also to use it with my tea. All that I could do for myself, as a physician, was to apply bread poultices (requiring for the purpose one half-quartern loaf three times a day, at a daily expense for the three loaves of seven-and-sixpence), together with warm fomentations. One night I lay down as usual, having bathed my wounds, applied fresh poultices, clean bandages, and finally wrapped a clean kerchief over all. Next morning at daybreak I took off the bandages, and who cannot understand my horror on perceiving that the wound in my palm was alive with maggots. Some one of the blowflies, of which there were millions about, had during the night crept in through the linen folds and done the mischief. I remained for a few moments stupified at the sight — almost cast down into complete despair. Oh for a familiar hand or voice at that moment! However, the necessity for exertion soon made itself felt, and hastening my fire to boil the water, I sat down on a log, penknife in hand, and cut the maggots out; then I fomented the whole wound with boiling water. Happily I succeeded in the work of extirpation. I was afraid lest the corruption might have penetrated to the bone, in which case I should have attempted the amputation of my hand, for travelling to Melbourne in any such condition was impossible.

For six weeks I led this life, which would have tried Robinson Crusoe; confined to my hut, except when I was obliged to go out to purchase necessaries, counting the flight of time by the course of the sun by day, and of the moon by night. I dared not leave to go down to Melbourne, as my wounds required incessant care, and water was not always to be had upon the journey. I dreaded mortification, but at last the wounds closed. I resumed the spade, but found my hand unable to sustain the shock of digging. I then determined to quit Bendigo. Disposing of all my tools for half the amount they cost me, I packed up my knapsack, sewed my money under my arms, filled my havresack with

bread and meat, and so bade farewell to the golden soil.

It was most necessary that no time should be lost on the journey, as if I had any relapse upon the road I should be worse off than ever. I was of course very much weakened and reduced. My face, which two months before had become copper-coloured from the exposure to the sun and air, was almost white. Loaded with the impediments essential to bush travel, I started on Tuesday at noon, and camped outside Melbourne on Friday night, having walked in three days and a half one hundred and thirty miles, of which the greatest part lay through hilly and forest country. I completely wore down both my shoes and stockings to the ground. Several times I was obliged to stop, when I found a stream, and wash my feet, which were very painful, and became encased with dirt and blood. A pair of socks, that I bought at a store in the way, were cut to pieces by the end of the day because my shoes afforded them no shelter. At one time during my journey I had to rub on for twenty-four hours without tasting food. I had taken the wrong track in the Black Forest, and so missed the bush inn where I had hoped to replenish; and having finished my last biscuit on Thursday morning, it was not until two o'clock on Friday that I ate anything more.

After getting into Melbourne, I spent nearly a whole day in hunting through the town to get a lodging. What I at last did get was a room containing nothing but a bare mattress, a cane chair, and an empty box for table. For the use of all this, and food, I was to pay two pounds a-week. Money would scarcely purchase vegetables or fruit, of which I was in great need. My landlady sent all over the town to get me a cabbage for my dinner, but not one could be procured for any price. The governors of the hospital at that time were indeed advertising for some one to contribute a few cabbages for the poor patients. The diggers' diet prevailed very much, perforce, in Melbourne: mutton, damper and tea. The miserable accommodation I have just described was in a few days taken from me, the owner wanting the room for himself; so I then camped in Canvas Town until I finally returned to England.

THE GIPSY SLAVES OF WALLACHIA.

All travellers who have journeyed from Zemlitza on the Danube to Bucharest, agree in painting the country they are obliged to traverse in the most sombre colours. Once out of sight of the lines of trees that border the Danube, you enter upon an interminable dismal plain, with a level horizon that surrounds you like a circle, of which you are ever the centre.

There are no objects behind, to mark your progress by their gradual disappearance; there is nothing ahead, to encourage you on; no mountains of blue rising higher and higher, becoming substantial as you advance, breaking up their long line into peaks and valleys bristling with crags or clothed in forest. If you would know that you are in motion, you must look upon the ground beneath your feet and see the pebbles and plants pass slowly backwards as your waggon moves sleepily on, or whirl dimly by as the karoutchor pursues its mad career. In winter time, an additional dreariness is given to this desert by the absence of the sun, which is hidden from view by one vast cloud stretching from horizon to horizon, low down, so as almost to resemble a mist just risen from the earth. Here and there, a few slight elevations a foot or two high, indicate the presence of an underground village. At various distances, tall poles rise into the air, marking the positions of wells, around which the sky is speckled by flights of crows and vultures. Now and then you meet parties of peasants clothed in sheepskin, and wearing prodigious mustachios, wandering across the level. At night the only sound is the wind whistling through the low bushes, occasionally bringing to the ear the reports of a volley of musketry fired by some party of travellers who amuse themselves in this martial way.

It is not uncommon in cross these sad plains to come up groups of wild-looking indi duals, black as Ethiopians, scantily covered by old rags, stepping jauntily out, waving their arms, nodding their heads, rattling fragments of songs, and clattering together as they go the blacksmith's tools which they bear upon their backs. Further on, perhaps, when night has fallen, an hour or two after these odd-looking people, have gone ahead of your waggon (they take two strides for one of your oxen) the ground ahead will probably become spangled as with glow-worms; and presently a sort of whirlwind of strange sounds, half song, half shout will be borne by the night breeze, to mingle with the buzz of your own caravan, and the creaking of the wheels. You have come upon a village, an encampment, a burrow of gipsy troglodytes (dwellers in caves), who are either sitting around the remains of the fires they have lighted to cook their evening meal, or, with open doors or traps, by the light of a candle stuck in the ground, are engaged in smoking red clay or cherry-wood pipes, and drinking the harsh wine of the country.

These people are of the most humble and most unfortunate section of the Wallachian people, the Zigans, who of old formed a flourishing little state, paying tribute to the Greek empire, but who are now reduced to a condition of abject slavery. Their

history is most obscure, and it is not with certainty known whence they came or by what steps they descended to their present level. It seems certain, however, that they belong to the same family of wanderers who are known in Egypt as Gayaras, in Hungary as Zingari, in Germany as Zigeuner, in Spain as Gitanos, in France as Bohemians, and in England as Gipsies. Their own traditions derive them from Syria, whence they were transported in the eighth century, by one of the Greek emperors, to Thrace. On account of some peculiarities in their manners, perhaps of some strange forms of doctrine, they seem to have become detested and despised by neighbouring nations, and especially by the Mohammedans. When the Turks penetrated into their territory, instead of merely requiring tribute from them, they attacked them with fury, dispersed them, hunted them down like wild beasts, and condemned those to perpetual servitude whose lives they spared. In this persecution they were encouraged by the Christians: who shared, indeed, the greater part of the newly made serfs among themselves. It is estimated that at present there are more than twenty-three thousand Zigan families in Moldo-Wallachia, comprising about a hundred and fifty thousand souls. A certain number of these belong to the State, which employs them in mines and public works; whilst the others are divided among the monasteries and the Boyards. Some of these latter possess as many as five or six thousand, engaged in part in the most laborious works connected with their estates, in part let out upon hire. They sell or exchange them at certain fixed periods of the year, bringing them like cattle to market; until lately, they treated them with such severity that they not unfrequently drove them to suicide. Many Boyards of humane character now grant a semi-liberty to their Zigans, allowing them for so much a year to go about as they please, seeking for work, and retaining the produce of it. Once every spring, the half-enfranchised slave must make his appearance and pay his tribute. Sometimes, also, he brings an instalment of his own price, and thus manages by degrees to free himself. An industrious man may earn his liberty in ten years; but this unfortunate race has been so brutalised by long suffering, and is so addicted to every kind of debauchery, that very few succeed in rescuing themselves from bondage. Amongst the Boyards of the present day there are a good many whose copper complexion, white teeth, and general cast of countenance, evidently prove them to be descended from Zigans.

The physical constitution of this unhappy people is strongly marked. The men are generally of lofty stature, robust and sinewy. Their skin is black or

copper-coloured; their hair, thick and woolly; their lips are of negro heaviness, and their teeth as white as pearls; the nose is considerably flattened, and the whole countenance is illumined, as it were, by lively rolling eyes. All, without exception, wear beards. Their dress consists commonly of a piece of tattered cloth thrown carelessly around them: perhaps an old bed-curtain given by some master, or a blanket that has gone through every degree of fortune, until it has been rejected by the scullion.

As is the case in many savage tribes, the women are either extremely ugly or extremely handsome. Most of the Zigana are beautiful up to the age of twenty; but, after that time, they suddenly shrink and shrivel, change colour, bend, and lose the lightness of their step, as if an enchanter's wand had changed them from youth, admired and wooed, to dishonoured old age. The dress of these women is peculiar, consisting generally of nothing but a tight tunic or boddice made of sheepskin, and scarcely reaching to the knees. It leaves their legs, their arms, and their necks bare. Over their heads the most coquettish throw a white veil, and some few indulge in leather sandals. As ornaments they wear earrings of brass filigree, necklaces of paras strung upon a slender thong, and a variety of metal bracelets. The children go naked up to the age of ten or twelve, and whole swarms of girls and boys may sometimes be seen rolling about together in the dust or mud in summer, in the water or snow in winter — like so many black worms. As you pass by, a dozen heads of matted hair and a dozen pairs of sharp eyes are raised towards you, and you are greeted with a mocking shout, which alone tells you that the hideous things are your fellow-creatures.

In fine weather the Zigan is a very independent being. He sleeps in the open air, in the forests, in the fields, in the streets of the towns — anywhere, in fact, where he can find a place to lay his head. However, it is their custom, for the summer season, to erect little sheds of canvas, of straw, of branches or of mud; whilst in winter they scratch deep holes in the earth, which they roof with reeds and turf. Their furniture is surprisingly simple, consisting of an old kettle, a few two-pronged forks, and perhaps, a pair of scissors, a poignard, and a gourd to hold brandy, or arakee — to the use of which this race is particularly addicted. When they have stowed these articles in their holes, or under a shed, they call the place their home, and go back to it every night. They squat upon heaps of filth, and begin smoking their pipes, while the women set before them the supper which has been cooked in the before-mentioned old kettle, swung upon

three sticks over a fire of wood brought in by the children, mixed with a kind of peat. Sometimes a piece of turned meat, which all Christian cooks have rejected in the butchers' shops, or a portion of some animal that has come by an untimely death and has been distributed by a generous Boyard, is added to the porridge of beans or maize on which the Zigans generally support their strength. They use no plates or spoons, but dip their hardened fingers into the steaming kettle, and bring up a ball of porridge or a fragment of meat, which they cool by throwing from one palm to the other until they can venture to cast it down their throats. The women and children eat after the men, who, as soon as they have wiped their hands in their hair, take again to their pipes, and — if they can afford it — to drinking. They make themselves merry for an hour or two, until fatigue comes over them, and then go pell-mell to their huts, or stretch out by the embers of their fires. Nothing can be more abominably filthy than the habits of this degraded tribe. They are often obliged to abandon their villages on account of the dreadful state to which they have been brought by their carelessness. This abandonment costs them nothing in feeling or in money: they are essentially wanderers. When the air is too pestiferous to breathe, they shoulder their working utensils and their furniture, and remove a mile or two away. If it be summer, they set up their sheds again in a few hours; if it be winter, and the frost has not yet come on, they form subterranean dwellings in the course of half a night.

As we have said, a good many of the Zigans are employed in the rough labours of agriculture. The greater number, however, are artisans, and are celebrated for their ingenuity. Their favourite trade is that of the blacksmith, but they can turn their hands to anything; and the bazaars of Bucharest are filled with a vast variety of toys and fancy-work, which would do credit to our cleverest workmen. But the vagabond tendencies of the Zigan — perhaps, also, the contempt with which he is regarded — prevent him, except in the rare instances we have mentioned, from rising, by means of his industry, in the social scale. It is difficult to learn anything of his religious or other opinions. From his talk one would sometimes fancy him to be half Christian, half Mohammedan; at other times to be a fire-worshipper, an infidel, a believer in fetishes, or what you will. He is a man of many colours, like his language, which contains traces of an original character, but which is encrusted, as it were, with words borrowed (it might, perhaps be more appropriate to say, stolen — for the Zigan, like his brethren we know of, has great pilfering propensities) from a dozen different dialects. The sound is not at all unmusical;

and some of the songs which have been taken down are curiously characteristic. The following is the beginning of one of them:

"Through the pathway of the sky
Quail with sharpen'd beak doth fly,
Christos praising with sharp beak.
What, oh dun quail, dost thou seek?
To the grog-shop come with me,
And treat me to some arakee!"

It will be seen from these lines that the ideas of the Zigans on various points are somewhat confused, or, at any rate, it seems rather odd to interrupt a pious quail in its doxologies by an invitation to tipple. Perhaps, as is the case in many eastern songs, the words are arbitrarily thrown together for the sake of harmony — an observation that might apply sometimes to the verse-ing in our civilised regions.

The Zigans are not only poets and singers, but they are musicians also, and their favourite instrument is the fiddle. They often ask permission of their masters the Boyards to form what are called Witzoulin, or storms of music, consisting of ten or twelve members, who go about the country to the towns, and castles of the rich, and let themselves out at so much an hour. No ball is considered complete without one of the musical storms, who ask very little for their services, pretending that they are paid by their pleasure; but who, unless they be grievously wronged, generally contrive to leave a deficit behind them somewhere, either in the larder or the hen-roost. They often lead a few bears about with them; and when there are no balls toward, dance a strange dance among themselves for the amusement of the public. Forming into a circle, men and women, they begin by uttering frightful cries, and then, as the fiddle strikes up, whirl, jump, stoop, roll, crawl, crowd together, separate, throw their arms and legs into the air, wag their heads, shake their bracelets, and work themselves up into a kind of fury. The dance, in fact, is a kind of compendium of the bolero, the saltarella, and the fandango. Sometimes, a single performer goes through a ferocious jig, which may be called the jig of murder and suicide, for these two pleasant things are the basis of his representations. The acting is often so clever, that the unaccustomed spectators shriek, and rush away to save themselves. The ragged and breathless artist, fancying they want to escape payment, pursues them with his greasy cap held out, shouting for a piastre.

Little is really known of the relations of the Zigans among themselves. Marriage can only take place within the limits of the tribe, and generally within the limits of the property of one master, whose permission, also, is required before the ceremony can take place. There is no ceremony of betrothal, no intervention of match-makers or friends; the youth goes to the

father of the girl he has chosen, and, after some attempts at politeness — as offering a pipe, or praising the size of the old gentleman's beard — comes straight to the point, and proposes himself as a son-in-law. Few questions are asked, few conditions made. Unless there be some important objection, the young lover receives permission to call his comrades together, and build a hut during the course of the night to receive his bride. The very next day he requests his mother to prepare a full pot of porridge, and then repairs to the dwelling — a hole six feet square, or perhaps a tent of branches — where the maiden of his choice, dressed in her sheepskin tunic, with a veil borrowed from a neighbour, is modestly crouching in a corner. He takes her by the hand and leads her to where his family is collected. The oldest man of the tribe is there by appointment, encouraged by a fee of a few handfuls of porridge, and hastily mutters a few words by way of blessing. This is the whole ceremony, if, indeed, the great feed that follows be not more worthy of that name; and thus the Zigans continue from generation to generation. We are sorry to be obliged to add that both women and men are, as a rule, exceedingly debauched.

MR. GULLIVER'S ENTERTAINMENT.

James Gulliver respectfully submits to the attention of a discerning public the following detail of facts, upon which he proposes to found, during the approaching winter season, a new public entertainment. It is James Gulliver's firm determination not to gull the public, and he therefore frankly states that in obtaining from the conductor of Household Words an introduction into the majestic presence of the English people, it is his hope that he may not only save himself a large outlay in posters, but receive money instead of paying it for the insertion, in that widely circulated journal, of the following advertisement.

For many years James Gulliver has watched the growth of popular intelligence and taste in England and America, and has endeavoured to keep pace with it. New York and London are no longer to be amused with the inexhaustible bottles and mysterious cards of the professed conjuror. Mystery must be real to satisfy the age. To fetch guinea, the exhibitor must raise a ghost. To fetch a crown, it is requisite at least that J. G. should in sober seriousness produce evidence of having discovered as much as his distinguished forefather, Lemuel. The ground, however, being already occupied, so far as concerns the discovery of a new people entitled Lillipu-

tians, two of which are now being exhibited in London, and there being not much hope for a rival show of Brobdignagians, James Gulliver has sought in new directions, and has happily succeeded in obtaining the distinguished aid of the late Mr. Lucian, of Samosata, near the Euphrates, in the production of an exhibition which he flatters himself will be more surprisingly agreeable than anything yet seen in London.

Very recently a young man of business having had occasion to consult the spirit of a deceased partner on the subject of an error made by him while living, in the transfer of some entries from the waste book, was surprised by the statement of Miss Fraude, the medium, that an old school-friend desired to speak with him. It proved to be the Greek satirist Lucian, who spoke by raps as follows: "Get a room for me. My time is come again. I also have travelled." My friend asked, "What do you mean?"—Answer: "Aztec Lilliputians."

Question. Did you ever see them? — Answer by one rap, meaning No.

Q. What do you mean, then? — *A.* I have seen stranger things.

Q. You refer to your History of your Wonderful Travels? — *A.* Yes.

Q. They have been often imitated, are you envious of any imitator? — *A.* Yes.

Q. Of whom, of Münchhausen? — *A.* No.

Q. Of Lemuel Gulliver? — *A.* No.

Q. Of Velasquez? — *A.* Yes. Get a room for me.

Q. You want to exhibit and to tell your story? — *A.* Yes.

Q. But you said when living that your tale was false, and that it was meant as a caricature of the ridiculous tales palmed upon the world by Fesias, I think, in his History of the Indies, and by Sambulus in his account of the wonders of the ocean; do you mean now to affirm that it was not invented? — *A.* It is true enough, I promise you. Get a room for me.

Q. But can you produce anything for us to stare at in corroboration of your story? — *A.* Get a room for me.

The young man of business, looking at the matter very properly in a business point of view, had a short conversation with Miss Fraude, and then applied to the above-named James Gulliver, who has since, in association with the expert medium, had various communications with the said spirit of Lucian, under whose direction he has organised the following programme of an entertainment, which will include not only a constant series of the sounds, but also of the smells proceeding from spirits, together with a phantom panorama, and the production of a great number of amazing things.

The introduction of smells into the entertainment has been suggested by Lucian himself, to

whom at a recent *séance* it was pointed out that, in a book published by the Chancellor of Killaloe a year or two before spirit-rapping became popular, it was a result of certain reasoning that the souls of men lie in the gases which escape from their bodies, and which no clod or coffin can confine; that the spirit of humanity consists, accordingly, of carbonic acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, and the like. Lucian was asked whether this was true, and replied, Yes, that it was quite correct. Moreover, that although such gases could and did without difficulty make themselves heard, yet is was more inevitable that they should be smelt, and that they were really often smelt when no one heard them. Upon reflection the querist agreed that this was true, and asked whether, in communicating with the public as a lecturer — which Lucian proposed to do — he could not facilitate communication and hasten the work of the interpreter, not only by having recourse to sights and sounds, but to smells also. He said that he could and would. It was agreed, therefore, that at the proposed entertainment, he, the spirit of Lucian, should deliver his own narrative in a continuous series of sounds aided by smells, which should be interpreted as they were made by James Gulliver and Araminta Fraude. That, as he would be disposed to make his lecture entertaining by much personal allusion, it would be convenient to represent to the nose certain ideas frequently recurring, such as names of things or persons; that in especial he would represent Miss Fraude by a smell of ammonia, himself by a smell of sulphuretted hydrogen, or rotten eggs, James Gulliver by an odour as of strong garlic, and the public present at the entertainment by a smell of greens.

The travels of Lucian, as he will deliver them, have been for many centuries before the world in Greek, but as they are almost unknown in English, and are peculiarly calculated to obtain credit in the present day, the following brief sketch of a portion of them is appended, together with an indication of the mode of illustration by which it is hoped to make them popular in London. The lectures will probably be delivered in the Moorish Palace, Leicester Square.

Lucian stated, and will repeat the statement, that he embarked with fifty men in a well-rigged ship, and went out from between the Pillars of Hercules into the Atlantic Ocean. There they were storm-tost for seventy-nine days. At this part of the narrative, the room will become filled with a dense smoke, through the cloud of which the vessel will be seen tossing, until it is cast — as Lucian will explain that he was cast — upon a mighty island, where they at first saw nobody and nothing but two footprints on the rock, those of Bacchus

and Hercules, that of Hercules being about an acre larger than the other. Having worshipped Bacchus in the hole made by his shoe, they travelled inland and came to a river running Chian wine, and at the spring of it they found vines laden with large grapes, from which the whole stream of that river was distilled. The river swarmed with fish which had the taste of wine, and which being opened were found full of lees. Several carp swimming in port wine will at this period of the entertainment be sent round to be tasted by the company.

Lucian was, however, dreadfully alarmed, and lost two of his companions among the tendrils of a vineyard, whereof the vines were lovely women that had green stocks for their bodies, and a head-gear of tendrils interwoven with grape clusters, and ripe grapes growing at their fingers' ends. Escaped from the clinging tendrils of these vines, Lucian and his party — who will be represented flying from the magic vineyard over the surface of a large transparency — set sail again, and through ill luck were overtaken by a whirlwind which lifted their ship out of the water to the altitude of three hundred thousand fathoms, and so altered its course that it continued sailing through the air, until on the eighth night it touched on a round shining island. When they had advanced a little way into that country they were taken by the native Hippogypians, who are men mounted upon vultures that have three heads. The wings of these birds are as large as a ship's sail, and their legs are like the legs of ducks. One of these interesting creatures, stuffed, will be exhibited.

The captives were carried before the king of that island called the Lunar Globe, who proved to be no other than Endymion. His portrait was sketched by an artist of the party and will be found among the drawings illustrative of the lecture. Endymion, who knew the prisoners by their dress to be honest men and Greeks, promised them good cheer, provided he got well off in his war with the Heliots or sunmen, whose king, Phaeton, contested with Endymion for the right of sending a colony to the morning star, which is a desert island. Lucian, astride upon a vulture, took part in the great battle, which he has described and will describe again in a spirited way. The battle was so dreadful that the blood soaked through the clouds and dyed them as they are seen sometimes to be dyed at sunset. The Lunatics being victorious, piled up among the clouds a lofty trophy, but while they were dispersed in triumph, they were fallen upon by a reserve guard of wind-monsters, who swept all the trophies down and chased Endymion's army home, whither he was followed also by Phaeton

and all his rallied host. Lucian was among others taken prisoner and carried to the sun. A wall of circumvallation, built of clouds, was raised about the moon, so that it received no more light; but in the end Phaeton abated his displeasure, and, for a tribute of ten thousand vessels of dew yearly, he agreed to terms of peace, which were engraved upon a plate of amber, placed upon the boundary line between the realms of night and day.

Endymion after this offered to Lucian letters of naturalisation as a Lunatic, which he declined, but of which a copy was taken; and a copy of the said letters of naturalisation will be presented to every gentleman or lady who shall have paid ten shillings for admission to the front seats at the proposed entertainment.

Quitting the Lunar Island, Lucian and his friends sailed for a long way, touching only at the morning star to take in water. At last they came to the capital of the Land of Lamps, where they stopped for a night, having lamps lighted everywhere about them. On the next day they came down by a city in the clouds, and after four days descended again gently to the sea, which they found calm. Unluckily, however, they soon got among big fishes, whereof one had teeth like steeples and was fifteen hundred leagues in length of body. Into the mouth of that whale the ship rushed as into a whirlpool, and was carried safely down the creature's throat. At first it was all dark inside, but when the whale came to gape and let the light in there was visible a world of other fish, with carcases of men and bales of merchandise, anchors and masts of ships. Towards the middle also there was earth with mountains, made probably by the quantity of mud which the great monster had swallowed. On the land there was a forest, thirty miles in compass, among the trees of which herons and halcyons were flying. After some days, Lucian and six of the crew went inland and discovered a small temple built to Neptune, heard also the barking of a dog, and saw smoke at a distance. So they were led to an old man and his son, who said that they had lived there miserably for seven-and-twenty years. There was no lack of food, but there was great trouble with the natives, more especially the pickled-men, who have the face of a lobster and the body of an eel. One of these pickled-men will be included among the curiosities belonging to the entertainment. As the natives of all kinds, although numerous, had no arms but fish-bones, it was determined by Lucian and his fellow sailors to make war upon them; and so Lucian was engaged in his second war, of which also a graphic account will be given, illustrated by a heavy rain of fish-bones, which will fly like hail across the room, to represent the arrows of the pickled-men, the carcinochiers, the crab-tritons,

and other wild monsters against whom that war was waged.

Lucian and his companions having lived in this way for more than a year and a half, it happened, on the fifth day of the ninth month, at about the second gaping of the monster — who gaped once every hour, and so enabled them to reckon time — that they heard a vast noise without, and creeping up to those parts of the fish which, lying near its mouth, were thinly inhabited, being made swampy by the constant overflow of water, they saw the outer sky and water, and a great combat of giants about the stealing by one party of a herd of dolphins. They were themselves, however, unable to escape, and though they afterwards dug a tunnel six hundred paces long through the creature's side, yet they could find no outlet. Then it occurred to them to fire the forest on the island; and so cause his death. It burnt for seven days before it made the monster cough and choke a little; then, however, he began to gape more dully and grow sick and faint. On the eleventh day they perceived by the smell of him that he was dying, and propped open his mouth with long beams, that they might not be shut in and lost entirely. Then after the three days' labour they launched their ship safely again into the open sea.

So sailing on they found nothing unusual until they got into a sea of milk — cups of the milk will be handed round — whereon the Princess Tyro, daughter of Salmoneus, governed an Island of Cheese. Plates of the cheese will be distributed. Continuing their way over the Atlantic, they arrived finally at the Isle of the Blessed, governed by Rhadamanthus. There the corn grows in little loaves, needing neither to be ground, kneaded nor baked; the inhabitants sit outside their city upon beds of flowers in the Elysian fields, and have meat blown to them by the winds, while crystal trees droop over them, producing for fruit glasses of all sorts, which are no sooner plucked than they are full of wine. A tankard plucked from one of these trees, full of spiced sack, will be sent round among the visitors as a loving cup, and it will at the same time be made to rain over the whole room slices of meat and drops of gravy. While the company assembled are enjoying this, a grand tableau of the Elysian fields will be displayed in a blaze of green light, and so the entertainment will be brought triumphantly to a conclusion.

James Gulliver respectfully submits that the above programme promises an amount of novelty and excitement that has never yet been provided, either in London or New York, to the lovers of the marvellous. He begs, therefore, to entreat that the same favour may be shown to him that has been already so liberally bestowed on other exhibitions similar in their design.

AFRICAN ZEPHYRS.

You think this article is to be sentimental — a pastoral, or a fairy tale — because it treats of the Zephyrs of the South? You never made a greater mistake in your life. My Zephyr has no relationship with either Eurus or Boreas. Though he possibly is not wise enough in his generation to be able to say that he knows his own father, he still does not in the least pretend to be one of the sons of Æolus. Like Figaro, he is perfectly indifferent whether you take him for the offspring of a god or a demigod — of an emperor, a duke, a pope, or a cabman. It is sufficient for him to be a Zephyr. His native place, of course, is Paris; or, if not born in the metropolis of France, a sojourn there has long since naturalised him. He is quite as much at home in the army, with drums and trumpets, corporals and serjeants, bayonets fixed, and cap cocked on one side. These Zephyrs, therefore, are not in the least afraid of balls and yatagans, want and hardship, long marches, heat, hunger, and bad quarters. It was they who supplied the heroes of Mazagran. They are beings whom you can neither hate nor praise; creatures for whom you reserve in the corner of your conscience a grain of indulgence and half-a-dozen excuses.

To write in intelligible language, Zephyrs is a nickname given in Algeria to a corps which is recruited from the entire body of the French army. These select and admired individuals are all gay fellows, endowed with that free and independent spirit which does not square with vulgar ideas of discipline. Artists and geniuses of original talent scorn drill. High-flyers, they soar above routine. *Voler* is a verb in the French language, meaning both to fly and to steal. Grammatically speaking, therefore, theft comes as naturally to Zephyrs as flight. Many of these ingenious gentlemen can count on their fingers as many days of punishment as of actual service. And punishment, be it long or short — be it an hour's imprisonment or ten years at the galleys — does not reckon in the term of military duty which the State requires from every conscript. Penitence ended, the old standing debt has still to be paid. The ranks of the Zephyrs are also increased by soldiers who are drafted from a less pure source than a regimental place of arrest. With this miscellaneous and doubtful class, battalions have been formed, officially known as the light battalions of Africa. But the nick-name of the canteen and the battlefield has prevailed, and has spread the favourable reputation of those whom every one now calls Zephyrs. The nickname, however, for those who bear it, is, in fact, no nickname. It is a title of which the light gentry are ex-

ceedingly proud, and which they take every pains to merit. It is not a little that will daunt a fellow who wishes to be thought a genuine Zephyr.

Descriptions in natural history are easy, because a duck is a duck, and a pig is a pig; but Zephyrs are not to be driven up in a corner, and dashed off in half-a-dozen strokes. They all bear a general resemblance; and yet there are not two of them alike. Their uniform is at first the same as that of other soldiers, except that a little huntinghorn on their white buttons replaces the number of their regiment, which they are now thought unworthy to bear; but they disguise their dress with remarkable success. Look closely, and you will soon see something to remind you of the rooted animosity which the Zephyr cherishes against discipline and regimentals. Observe that cap more rumpled than worn with having been so often dashed passionately on the ground. There cannot be a shadow of doubt that some extra-regulation repairs have been made by its proprietor, and have given it a more coquettish and comfortable shape. Sometimes the peak, by means of a clever cut, slopes downwards towards the eyes to shade them from the sunbeams. Sometimes it stands up in pert defiance, that the wearer may confront the skies. In France the military stock is commonly called "the pillory." It is not so in Algeria; for the Zephyr, when he has not lost it, generally carries it in his knapsack. The Zephyr has the art of wearing with grace even those ugly and vast great-coats, for which, when the army tailor made them, he took measure of the sentry-box. Draping it artistically to conceal a rent, and showing the lining by cross-buttoning, he converts it into more than a civilised garment; it is a dressing gown of the newest style. The Zephyr's trowsers' fashion has also its peculiar stamp. In them he has the skill to combine a madder-red cloth uniform with an article of clothing more in harmony with the exigencies of a tropical climate. The hybrid pantaloons consist of cloth, as high up as the skirts of the coat; but, after this externally visible zone, there commences a much more extensive region of linen, borrowed from army sacks, or from the remnants of some old worn-out tent. When the coat is buttoned up nothing unusual is even suspected. But, to see the Zephyr battalion in action storming a breach, they look like wiry, energetic beings, disguised in tatters that never belonged to them.

However fallen the Zephyr may be, you will always find in him one unfailing motive impelling him towards good and towards evil. Vanity, pride, the love of glory, if you will (there being many different sorts of glory) is his mainspring of action, and his guiding-star. The Ze-

phyr, unequal to a consistent line of life, is still susceptible of the most generous transports, and capable of the most heroic and brilliant actions. He would willingly sacrifice his life to obtain a trophy from the enemy. He would risk his neck, ten times over, to steal a fowl from a native hut. He is greatly influenced by surrounding circumstances. Danger elevates the most degraded soul. But the bright side of our aerial heroes, on which they shine with undisputed splendour, is their joyousness and hilarity. Their spirits flow on with inexhaustible wit, passion, and sometimes even madness. Their industrial talents know no bounds. Happy, ye officers, who command such troops; if the lash had not so often to be used. Beware, even, of too much of it. In action a Zephyr has been known to put a bullet into the back of his commander's head, coolly remarking to his next-door neighbour, "He made a little too free with me; it's my turn now to make free with him. When he feels the lead he'll merely say, 'Those confounded Arabs have done for me!'" But use your Zephyrs decently, and they will furnish you with every assistance you can want; — a valet-de-chambre for yourself, a first-rate head-dresser to curl your wife's hair, a watchmaker, a farce-writer, a painter, a nurse-maid, and, thanks to the suck-bottle, even a nurse. These various talents are displayed either in so many separate volumes, or all are bound up in one single copy. Does there exist a cocoa-nut which a Zephyr cannot transform into a trinket? — a wisp of straw which will not, in his hands, become a useful piece of furniture? — a scrap of white and pink paper which it is not soon converted into a hand screen, a cocked hat, or a pin basket? And you, celebrated iron wire, what is it that a Zephyr cannot make with your metallic threads, from a gun-pick to a suspension bridge?

The Zephyrs were the gentlemen who sold the police-station. Shortly after the capture of Bougie, a few of these happy rogues, in consequence of some extempore fantasia, had been imprisoned in a native house recently abandoned by its Arab owner. For want of better gymnastic exercise they mounted to a garret window, to enjoy the pure and intellectual pleasure which the mere sense of sight affords. They soon perceived an honest compatriot who had followed in the train of the expedition, looking out for a place wherein to exercise the trade which flourishes wherever the European plants his foot — the profession St. Crispin delights to patronise. To question him about his plans, and to tell him to use a little strength against the outside of the door while they lent a helping hand within, was the work of a very few seconds. "You want to hire a

shop, my friend? Take our advice at once, and buy one. That is the only certain method of contriving to get off without paying rent. Never fear; your countenance pleases us. We are the conquerors and masters here. Come, we won't be too hard upon you. You shall have all this freehold property for a mere nothing — twenty francs, say. The only trouble you will put us to is to move a little further up the street. Here, you know, we are quite at home."

Two hours afterwards an officer, going his rounds, found the innocent purchaser installed, and cobbling away with an easy conscience. The Zephyrs had made use of their wings and were flown. But at that very moment the sound of wine-impeded voices fell upon his ear. A group of men with torn uniforms, and eyes veiled by bruised eyelids, made their appearance at the corner of the street. The gentle Zephyrs, having spent the twenty francs, were returning home under arrest.

Not long after, a horrible sirocco was blowing at the same place. Who on earth could help being thirsty? At noon eight of the most knowing sylphs presented themselves to a Bougie merchant. Their serious, almost military attitude, their ropes and wooden shoulder-yokes which are used for carrying various burdens, all seemed to intimate that an actual order had been given. One of them addressing the master of the house, said that the superior commandant requested a cask of wine, the same as the last which he had received. The party took charge of their precious load, and departed in the same deliberate style. A few days afterwards the wine-merchant asked the commandant how he liked the last wine he had sent for.

"Wine! what wine?"

"The wine I gave the men of your battalion, who said they were sent to fetch it for you."

"You delivered a cask of wine to those fellows? Then you furnish me with the solution of an enigma, which I have in vain been endeavouring to comprehend. It has happened that for two days past every man who goes up to the fountain just outside the walls of the town, either stops there entirely or comes back drunk. I could not in the least make out how the Gouraya water had acquired such an unusual property. Follow me, we may perhaps be in time to save a remnant of your property." The two speakers, guided by a line of reeling Zephyrs, passed through the gates of Bougie, and reached the neighbourhood of the three fountains. Several drunken snorers, stretched at length on the battle-field, like Curiatii whom wounds had betrayed to the vengeance of the conqueror, indicated the path to a thicket of pomegranates and aloes interwoven with clematis. In the midst stood the enormous wine-

barrel upright, and with its head staved in. Four men lying close by, in attitudes that were more than picturesque, kept sleeping guard round the empty tomb, in which, however, they had buried their senses.

A couple of Zephyrs, in a forward state, were strolling arm-in-arm through the low quarters of Algiers, thinking more about the privileges of beauty than of those of rank and epaulettes. In fact, they had completely forgotten the latter. A superior officer happened to pass. The youths were so intently occupied in staring at a brown and bright-eyed face, which peeped through a little square upper window, that they each forgot to touch his cap. The officer stopped, and asked the Arcadian nearest to him, in a tone which sounded roughly interrogative, "Don't you know politeness, Sir?"

The questioned Zephyr, without the least embarrassment, gravely turned to his companion, and said, "Gauthier, do you know Politeness?"

"No," replied Gauthier innocently. Then turning again to the officer, he formally clapped his heels together, stretched his left arm along the seam of his trousers, and deliberately declared, with his open right hand to the peak of his cap, "Not known in the battalion, Commandant!"

The Zephyr sometimes enters the service of science, and turns science to his own private profit. For instance, the Oran Zephyr will procure you fossil fish which he finds in the marl by industriously searching and splitting the strata. But, if his labour prove unfruitful or the order given be too heavy to fulfil, he will nevertheless furnish you with all the species by means of sardines, red herring skin, and a little strong glue. It is said that a Zephyr was the only person who could supply an erudite and zealous naturalist with the ratel of the Atlas, mentioned by Sallust and by the learned Doctor Shaw. This Atlas ratel bore a great resemblance to the common rat, except that his nose terminated in a little proboscis, and his tail was nearly a quarter of an inch shorter than it should have been. This excessively rare specimen of a race now almost extinct was at once the joy of the purchaser and the finder, who had simply deprived one of his prison companions of a morsel that could well be spared, to graft the superabundant part, by means of a little incision, on the root of his nose.

Another scientific Zephyr, to avoid coming to a *nonplus* in a difficult moment, contrived to take advantage of the mania which urges so many people in Algeria to form large collections of insects. An officer at bivouack, perceiving, at the twilight hour, a hand which, after discreetly raising the curtain of the tent, was inquisitively taking a turn under the cloak that served him for a pillow, jumped up, and

caught a Zephyr in the fact of a search which was somewhat more than suspicious. "What are you doing there, you villain?" he shouted, beside himself with rage.

"I, captain? I was feeling for *coleoptera*." An extremely probable time and place for beetle-hunting!

If you have the slightest taste for eccentric dishes, a Zephyr is the purveyor to stock your larder with an ever-varied supply of game. To-day you have a fillet of gazelle, to-morrow a quarter of porcupine. Hedgehog, hyæna, jackal, tortoise, and lion, will all be sure to figure on your bill of fare. There is no occasion to trouble yourself about cats, and dogs, and trunkless ratels. You will get all those by hundreds. In a town where the Zephyrs had lately arrived the public treasury was exhausted by the payment of a trifling bounty intended to encourage the disappearance of rats. Their skill was too much even for the rats of Algeria, the most knowing rodents in the world.

In more than one town, and in more than one camp, the Zephyrs have managed to organise theatres, which were in no respect inferior to those of the mother-country. The most remarkable fact is that the best supported parts were those of interesting heroines and dashing coquettes, kindly undertaken by beardless members of the corps! It is inconceivable what industry and talent have been displayed on these exciting histrionic occasions. The Zephyrs devoted themselves, body and soul, to the accomplishment of the mighty work. Scenery, costumes, and properties, were produced by magic. Nothing stopped the ardent Zephyr, not even the humble office of prompter. One day, at Orleansville, a lieutenant-general arrived to inspect the division. The fountains were to spout their best in honour of his presence, and the theatrical performance had not been forgotten. Nevertheless, previous to the hour of amusement, the inspection of the troops demanded some attention. The roll-call was first strictly read; but, to the astonishment of the lieutenant-general inspecting, only a single private of an entire Zephyr regiment mustered, and he had to answer for all the rest. "Gauthier?" shouted the orderly

"Here."

"Jobinel?"

"Not here. Hairdresser at the theatre."

"Falempin?"

"Walking gentleman in the comedy."

"Grimplin?"

"Heroine in the tragedy."

"Sansbarbe?"

"Grisette in the farce."

"Potauver?"

"Scene-painter."

"Then is your theatre the Grand Opera?" asked the general.

"Very nearly, General."

"And you mean to show me that?"

"Certainly, General, the theatre is a part of the army which you have to inspect."

In the evening, by the light of a brilliant chandelier, the inspector applauded the graces of the Zephyrs, who, elegantly perfumed, curled, and gloved, in the guise of charming *Parisiennes*, played out their plays to the great entertainment of the divisional general inspecting.

But after the vaudeville, comes the tragedy; the great piece treads on the heels of the little one. The farce will then follow, to make us forget Melpomene's dagger and poison-bowl.

The scene is changed; the theatre is forgotten. The merry chorus is heard no more. We have passed beneath the cold and humid vaults of one of the ancient Spanish buildings. There are no external apertures; no day-light enters that sombre mass of stone. The ceilings sweat an icy water, which falls drop by drop, like tears from the eye whose briny source is being exhausted by sorrow and long-continued want. Having passed through some doors of incredible weight and thickness which swing heavily on their rusty hinges, we enter a narrow dungeon excavated in a damp and chilly soil; although beneath a glorious sky, which is ever tinged with blue or gold. Through the veil of a grey and gloomy twilight which is never pierced by a ray of sunshine, we perceive two men crouching opposite to each other on the ground, and holding in their hands cards. What are they saying? — "Hearts! clubs!"

"Trumps! The game is mine!"

"I have lost again!" the other replies. Then, stretching towards his adversary one of his three remaining fingers, "There, cut away!" he shouts. The door unexpectedly opens.

We were then in the fort of Mers-el-Kebir, whither insubordination and crime had conducted a pair of Zephyrs. Isolation and the stings of conscience, soon became insupportable to such excited spirits. The worst of the two had pocketed a pack of cards, his only missal. They first tried hard to find amusement in contests which soon were found insipid. What could they play for, who possessed nothing? — nothing which could give value to the victory? They had nothing there, except their own persons. But one's person is a sort of property; and it is possible, too, to venture it. The craving for excitement, and the dread of vacant hours, made them mutually chance the loss of a finger, to be cut off by the winner at five points of *écarté*. The loser was about to suffer mutilation, when the door opened to admit the serjeant who acted as the turnkey of the prison. Shocked at such an atrocious bargain, he forbade the performance of the sacrifice. But, as soon as the serjeant's back was turned, the gamesters

chose another stake. The loser was to murder the interloper who had prevented the payment of a debt of honour. The loser kept his word, and they were both executed for the murder of the serjeant.

We will now have a peep at more cheerful scenes; for many a Zephyr has the art of employing, in merry mood, the hours which he is obliged to spend in a dungeon, or at the bottom of the *silos*. Silos are dull places of retirement. They are a sort of enormous cisterns in which the Arabs store their grain. When, during oppressive heats, the first culprit descends to the bottom of the vast amphora, a sensation of coolness refreshes him for a moment. The change is rather agreeable than otherwise, and the arrival of a companion in misfortune gives him an equal additional pleasure. But soon three, four, and five new prisoners are added; and, before long, air, which can only enter at the upper orifice, begins to run short. Mutual assistance is necessary to mount each other's shoulders, and they have to transform themselves into a living ladder to enable each to take in a stock of air at the hole, to last until his turn to breathe comes round again. Meanwhile continued jokes and laughter burst forth from the various human rounds of the ladder. It is wonderful that such an amount of hardship and trial does not suggest to them Franklin's idea; to turn honest and respectable men, as the most successful piece of roguery they can play.

Tattooing is a grand pastime during captivity. The battalion has its regular professors of engraving upon human skin, who never stir without their instruments about them, carefully treasured in proper cases. What delight is theirs to find a new recruit, a blank page of white paper, upon whose fair and virgin surface they can exercise their decorative talent. In order that every customer may be suited to his taste with an emblem to fix upon his chest or his arm, they convert themselves into vast pattern books, entirely covered with specimens. Many an admiring amateur, excited by the beauty of these pictures on living vellum, has allowed subjects to be punctured on his skin, which he would afterwards thankfully get erased, even by means of a red-hot iron. We were once acquainted with a Zephyr-lad, whom we never knew by any other name than the one he had punctured upon his forehead. This unfortunate boy commenced his career by taking a spite against the number which was drawn when, at twenty years of age, the day of conscription arrived for chance to decide whether he was to go for a soldier or not. Fatal number One replied in the affirmative. The slight success he met with in his new career, his punishments, his transit to the Battalion of Zephyrs, were all

attributed to the malign influence of that hated and cursed unit. So, during a melancholy fit, believing it useless to struggle against fate, he turned the evils that awaited him into a subject of pride and boasting. As a final mode of defying destiny, he had tattooed, from temple to temple, "Unlucky Number One." The ice once broken he did not stop; and his whole body soon swarmed with choice engravings, like Punch and the Illustrated London News combined. It is impossible to describe the contents of this truly curious museum; for at least half the subjects are unmentionable. From the hands, covered with red and blue rings, you passed to the wrists, decorated with cameos. On his arms were daggers threatening hearts that burnt with an ever-equal flame, and were encircled by the motto, "Death to faithless woman!" Then came names entwined, and full-length portraits. On the shoulders were a pair of spinach-seed (officer's) epaulettes, with the three stars of lieutenant-general; a cross of the Legion of Honour on the heart; an enormous crucifix on the middle of the chest; and, lastly, the Order of the Garter, tattooed at exactly the spot which it ought to occupy on a knight's leg. Meanwhile the day arrived when Unlucky Number One ceased to be a Zephyr. He was snatched away to the altar. It would be curious to know what soft-hearted woman took pity on this miscellaneous gallery. Perhaps she afforded another instance of severely punished female curiosity.

The Zephyrs have contrived to raise auxiliaries among quite a novel kind of recruits. At Bougie, the service of the place compelled that the ground should be reconnoitred every day, up to the edge of a certain ditch; which ditch had been hollowed out to prevent cavalry from advancing too near, and from retreating too abruptly after a surprise. This reconnoitring duty was seldom performed without several Arab shots being fired from the opposite thicket, to the disturbance of the morning walk, and sometimes the sudden death of the walker. The Zephyrs determined to train some dogs to take part in the sport; since it proved so dangerous to the sportsmen themselves. They, therefore, reared some fierce Arab puppies, of a species nearly related to the wolf and the jackal, with whose merits they became acquainted in the course of their adventures. As the little Mussulman dogs grew up they were fed and caressed by the red-legged Zephyrs. They imbibed a strong affection for their masters, who taught them, by a very simple method, to entertain a profound aversion for the costume of the indigenous population. As the pupils' dinner-hour approached, a Zephyr clad in a burnous, or Arab cloak, treated them all with a hearty

good beating; after which his comrades, in their ordinary costume, overwhelmed them with kindness and fed them liberally. Such a mode of education produced its fruit. The full-grown dogs entertained such an aversion to the Arabs, that any who ventured within their reach would instantly have been torn to pieces. These dogs were afterwards perfect wonders; beating the woods and hunting the thickets, marching fifty paces in front of the column; and, not content with indicating the presence of danger by pointing at any hidden enemy, furiously joined in the attack whenever a skirmish or engagement took place. At a later period, the organisation of these brute allies was officially recognised. Every *blockaus* (outpost) had three or four dogs, who were included in the effective forces of the garrison, and who were supplied with regular daily rations. One of them, whose thigh had been amputated in consequence of a gunshot wound, enjoyed for several years the honours of superannuation. Her position, nevertheless, was not purely honorary; for she still, in spite of her infirmity, continued to supply the state with valiant defenders.

In the midst of the varied excitements of African life, the Zephyr's thoughts will occasionally recur to the day when he is to return once more to the land of France. That day is not merely the moment of liberation; it is the concentration of liberty itself. For a long time past, he has lived in complete ignorance of furloughs, Sundays, and holidays. His dream, against the day of departure, is to purchase a uniform of his original corps, from which his pranks have banished him; to exchange the hated bugle button for the button displaying the number of his original corps. If he belonged to the cavalry the expense would be beyond his hopes; but for infantry the thing is possible. There is nothing, therefore, that he will not do to amass the trifling sum which will enable him at least to change his buttons. For he would not like to return home with the marks of disgrace upon his coat. At this last epoch, at the approach of the metamorphosis, the most wasteful spendthrifts are suddenly seized with the love of economy and of gain.

A monkey, the property of a friend of mine, once procured us the acquaintance of a Zephyr. The introduction took place thus: — One day, the Zephyr, melting with perspiration, and apparently quite out of breath, rushed into the middle of a *café*, holding my messmate's monkey in his arms. "Lieutenant," he gasped, "I've caught your monkey, who had got loose. He had already reached the *blockaus*, and was going to desert to the Arabs. Luckily, I seized him just in time. I had a devilish hard chase after him, though!"

These words, uttered with charming simplicity, while the orator, cap in one hand, was wiping his dripping forehead with the other, could not fail to draw forth a thankful reply, partly expressed in words, partly in silver.

Three days afterwards, Mustapha broke out of bounds again. The same recompense was given for his recovery, but not without some feeling of suspicion. But, when the fugitive's ransom was a third time claimed, and Zephyr after Zephyr took his turn in the monkey-hunt, my friend declared from the balcony of his window, that he would do nothing for the future in behalf of so expensive an animal, and begged the battalion to be informed that he would no longer consider himself answerable for any debts which Mustapha might henceforth contract. Mustapha's rope was broken no more. The cunning mine was countermined.

The first author of this clever trick (which would have been perfect if plagiarists had not vulgarised it), was thinking about his return to France. He had escaped from the dangers of the late assault of Constantine; and he did not forget the horrors of the Barrière de la Villette, and of the Gate of St. Denis. He thought, above all, about his lancer's uniform, which he anxiously desired to sport once more. He commenced a search then, if not with the hope of finding the special articles of brilliant costume, at least of picking up the money to buy them with. After a two hours' absence, he returned to his captain. "Captain, will you have the kindness to take care of some money till I leave, for fear I should spend it at the canteen?"

"What is all this? Whence have you stolen it?" said the captain, surprised at the amount.

"I have not stolen it at all, Captain. It belongs to me honestly. And I have earned it."

"In what way?"

"I am going to tell you. You know that, on the other side of the breach, the rocks are precipitious. Some men and women tried to escape from the siege that way, by means of a cord. The cord broke, and the fugitives were killed upon a jutting point. Said I to myself: People who try to make their escape generally take money with them; so I fastened a rope round my waist, and persuaded my comrades to let me down. I hunted right and left in the pockets of the wretches, and found the money you see here." It was enough to make one giddy, only to look up from below to the face of the rock down which the Zephyr had to slide.

Meanwhile, the certainty of having a uniform did not cool his ardour for treasure-hunting. Believing that the house of the captain, whose servant he was, contained hidden valuables, he spent the whole day in taking off the locks of the uninhabited

chambers. They consequently found their way to a Jew, who purchased the produce of the locksmith's labours. A few days after finishing the bolts and bars, he sold to the same Israelite a heap of wheat, which ought by right to have gone to the State. For every sackful he carried by night he received from his friend a five-franc piece. "The State," he interpreted, meant "himself." It is easy, from this to comprehend that in a town taken by storm, the Zephyr is not scrupulous on whose property he lays his hands.

At last the Zephyr, in his much-coveted uniform, finds himself on the way to France. He bestows a passing smile of gratitude on the *café chantans* at Marseille; but his heart is fixed no longer there. If Mazagran, luckily, was included in his career, he will proudly wear the decoration of honour; and this star of glory, while absolving him from the past, will probably guarantee his future prospects. Otherwise, he may perhaps turn out the most turbulent blackguard to be found in his quarter, or the most thorough rogue that infests his village.

However, he will have his campaigns to relate, and three or four handsome scars to show. A pair of dark and expressive eyes, moved by his narrative, may perhaps subdue his untameable character. Will Hercules spin at the feet of Omphale? The case is just as likely as not. Hymen will finish the conquest. Our Zephyr, while dutifully rocking the cradle, will thank Heaven that all has ended so well, and pray that his babes may be like — their mamma.

A SPLENDID MATCH.

Mrs. Chesterton won the day. She was a good manager and a careful mother, and understood the tactics of society to a nicety. The Crawfords and the Macclesfields, the Thorntons and the Parkinsons were utterly beaten, and their colours lowered. Mr. Fitzgerald, of Ormsby Green, had proposed; and Mrs. Chesterton shed tears as she consented that he should marry her dowerless Eveline to his ten thousand a-year.

"For you know, Mr. Fitzgerald — you *must* know by your own love — that I am making a most painful sacrifice for my darling's happiness. If it were not that she loves you so much — the fond, foolish child! — I do not think that I could part with her. But she has fixed her whole heart on you. What can I do but make the sacrifice of all that I have left me now on this earth to love," — (a retrospective sob for General Chesterton, who departed this life fifteen long years ago) — "and ensure her happiness at the expense of my own? No, Mr. Fitzgerald! I am not a selfish mother. Take

her, since you love her and she loves you, and God bless you both!"

Mrs. Chesterton wept afresh. As she sobbed, Eveline entered the room. Her round, dimpled, waxen cheeks were flushed. She saw her mother, with the lace pocket-handkerchief to her face, and she rushed to her, throwing herself on her knees beside the chair; and, caressing her gently glanced all the time, as if by stealth, at Mr. Fitzgerald: then, lowering her eyes suddenly when they saw that his were fixed broad and wide upon her.

"Poor, dear child!" said Mrs. Chesterton, smoothing her hair, with a glance and a gesture that demanded Mr. Fitzgerald's admiration. It was very pretty hair, glossy bright and golden, and worthy of the time, labour and expense bestowed on it; for Eveline's hair cost her almost as much as her feet.

"Ah, Mr. Fitzgerald!" continued the mother, sighing, "what a treasure I am giving into your hands! May you value it as you ought, and guard it as carefully as her mother has done."

"What is the matter, Mamma? What do you mean?" demanded Miss Eveline in an agitated voice. She raised her eyebrows and opened her large blue eyes with a look of wonder that was perfect.

"Dear innocent creature! She at least has never speculated on this moment! Oh Mr. Fitzgerald — Charles, if I may call you so," added the lady, with a sudden expansiveness of manner, such as people have on the stage when, *apropos* of nothing, they seize each other's hands and look into each other's faces sideways, "what have you not escaped in those Crawford and Macclesfield girls; and what have you gained in my sweet Eveline! Do you think they would have been as innocent as this dear guileless child?"

"Agnes Crawford is a very good girl," Charles said, in a voice that was a strange mixture of timidity and boldness. "I don't think she was either a flirt or a schemer."

"Perhaps not," the lady replied hastily; "Agnes may be an exception to her family."

"But what does all this mean, Mamma?" again inquired Eveline; seeing an angry spot beginning to burn on her lover's cheek, which she was half afraid might burn through the marriage contract.

"It means, my love," answered Mrs. Chesterton, calling up her broad bland smile in a moment, "that I have interpreted your wishes and spoken from your heart. I have promised your hand where you have given your love, naughty child!" — tapping her cheek — "to our dear Charles Fitzgerald — your future husband, and my beloved son."

"Charles — Mr. Fitzgerald!" said Eveline. "O, Mamma!" she added, hiding her face.

Charles was intoxicated with

joy; and, encouraged by a sign from Mrs. Chesterton, took the little hand which lay buried beneath the ringlets poured out on the mother's lap. He pressed it nervously. With a strong grasp, it must be confessed, and awkwardly.

"O! how he hurts me — the clumsy man!" muttered Eveline, disengaging the mangled member, as if from bashfulness, and plunging it among her mother's interlaced fingers. Her rings had made a deep indentation and a broad red mark on her tender little fingers, and Mrs. Chesterton saw that she must have suffered a great deal. However, she gave her an expressive admonition with her knee, which said plainly, "Don't mind a little pain — it well bought." And Eveline abandoned her small fair hand again to her maladroit lover, who squeezed it even more unmercifully while pouring forth a flood of love and happiness, and childlike security in the bright promises of the future that made Eveline yawn behind her handkerchief; driving her at last to count verses on her fingers.

"If this is love," she thought, "love is a horrid bore. O, when will he have done! How tired I am! How I wish that Horace Graham would come in. This little man would be obliged to be quiet, then, and go away."

Charles all the time was in the seventh heaven; believing he had carried up his *fiancée* with him, seated on the same golden garment of love with himself. As he did not suspect, he understood nothing of the ennui of sated ambition, which a keener vision would have read in every word and gesture of the girl, and tortured the heart which, he believed, he was enrapturing by the passionate babble of his unanswered love. It was very late before he gave the first threat of going away, and much later before he had gained sufficient moral courage to fulfil it. And even then he lingered till the girl was in despair; telling her in a very doleful voice — half-sobbing himself — "Not to weep; he would come very early to-morrow!"

Eveline did almost cry from weariness. And, when Mrs. Chesterton said, in dressing-gown and curl-papers, with the air of a workman at supper or a cabinet minister after dinner, with the peculiar satisfaction inspired by repose after labour — "I give you joy, my dear! Ten thousand a year, and only a mother with a mere jointure, charged on the estate. And I have heard that old Mrs. Fitzgerald has a heart-disease." Eveline's only answer was, "Ten thousand a year dearly paid for too, Mamma. As you would say yourself if you were going to be married to half an idiot!" Then, tearful and pouting she went to bed to dream of waltzes and polkas with Horace Graham, and to act imaginary scenes of tempest and storm with Charles.

Charles Fitzgerald, good and amiable as he was, did in truth almost justify Eveline's harsh expression from his excessive weakness of character and tenuity of intellect. He was one of those credulous, generous, kind-hearted beings who are the chartered dupes of the world. A man who thought it a sin to believe any kind of evil, no matter of whom or what; who denied the plainest evidence if condemnatory, and who interpreted the most potent fact of guilt into so much conclusive proof of innocence: a man who could not receive truth, and who did not require it; but who was contented to slumber away his days on optimist fallacies and rose-water possibilities: a man without nerve or muscle, weak, amiable, and womanly. His temperament was nervous; his habits shy; his manners reserved. He had a dislike that was almost abhorrence for society, and a desire that was almost a mania for solitude and a rural life of love.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was at breakfast at Ormsby Green, when she received a letter from her son, announcing his intended marriage with Miss Chesterton, "the only child of a deceased General Officer; a Lady as remarkable for her Beauty as for her Virtue," he said, with a nervous flourish among the capitals. The letter was written very affectionately and respectfully; but gave not the most distant hint of compliance with the mother's views, should they be opposed to the marriage. On the contrary, the energetic determination expressed under different forms throughout three pages and a half "of making his adored Eveline his own at the earliest possible opportunity," showed no present intention of reference to Mrs. Fitzgerald in any way. He neither asked her advice nor waited her concurrence; but in every line that passionate doggedness of a weak mind which admits no second opinion and requires no aiding counsel. Mrs. Fitzgerald's heart sank within her. She had heard of the Chestertons, and dreaded them.

However, as Charles had asked her to the wedding, and as Eveline had enclosed a short note also — written on pink paper with violet-coloured ink — Mrs. Fitzgerald determined on seeing the bride herself before she allowed presentiments to degenerate into prejudices.

"But Charles is so very very weak!" she thought, "I have always dreaded his falling into the snares of a family of schemers; and few, none indeed, except some rare nature like that of Agnes Crawford, which could see and love his goodness in spite of his mental defects, would marry him except for his money. But such women," she further thought, with a sigh, "do not write with violet ink on pink paper scented with patchouli; and they do not write such a hand as this."

Mrs. Fitzgerald determined to go to London, where the Chestertons lived in a pretty little cottage at Brompton, to judge for herself, by knowledge rather than by fear; anxious and willing to prove herself in the wrong, and hoping to be self-convicted of injustice. When she arrived, she was obliged to confess that everything in the house was arranged with consummate taste, and that Mrs. Chesterton was a well-bred woman, of the gay, worldly, party-giving kind; of the well-fitting sick gown and family lace cap kind; of the kind that delights in veils; and revels in flounces, and wears numerous ends of ribbon floating in all directions; of a fashionable, talkative, and clear-headed kind; a very different variety of English gentlewoman to the grave matron who came from her country seat like some old châtelaine of romance, and who looked on the modern world with her deeply set grey eyes — grave with the wisdom of nature — as a sage might watch a child's game beneath the trees. She was struck with Eveline's extreme beauty. Yet the shallow nature, vain, artificial, and unloving, was evident as well. A dark shadow spread out before her when she saw standing before her eyes the future wife of her beloved son. Long times of pain and disappointment were woven in with every breath and gesture of the girl. A small, light, childish thing, with large blue eyes, and long bright hair; a figure perfect in its proportions and a complexion dazzling in its waxen bloom; a damsel with false, fair words, and with caressing ways. She knew what the future must bring; she saw the wreck beating against the treacherous sands, and watched the precious freight of love and trust scattered to the waves of despair. She knew that Eveline would bring only anguish to her home, and she set herself to endeavour to avert it.

But remonstrances were useless. Charles was bewitched, and his mother's warnings only irritated him. He asked her coldly, "What fault she found with Miss Chesterton, that she should thus endeavour to make him forfeit his plighted honour?"

"A want of stability of character," began Mrs. Fitzgerald.

"How proved, Mother?"

"Too evident to require any proof. It is proved by every word and look."

"You find it perhaps in her beauty?" continued Charles. "Does this evident instability of character, which you have seen at a glance in your first short interview, lie in her eyes, because they are blue and bright; or in her hair, because it is fine and glossy? Is it in her small hands or in her tiny feet? for I don't think you know her well enough yet to judge by anything but externals. You have not probed her mind very deeply."

The young man's tone was hard and dry. His manner defiant,

and his eyes angry and fixed. Mrs. Fitzgerald had never heard such an accent from her son before. She was shocked and wounded; but her tears fell on desert sand.

She applied herself to Eveline. She spoke of her son's virtues, but she spoke also of his weakness; and asked the girl "if she had weighed well the consequences of her choice — if she had reflected on her life with a nervous and irritable man; self-willed and unable to accept argument or persuasion?" Eveline tossed her head and said, "it was very odd, that Mrs. Fitzgerald, his mother, should be the only one to speak ill of dear Charles; that, indeed, he was not weaker than other people; and as for being irritable, nothing could be more amiable than he was to her. She thought that if people only knew how to manage him, and cared to give way to his little peculiarities — and we all have peculiarities — he would be quite a lamb to live with!" She added also, "that she saw through the motive of Mrs. Fitzgerald's advice, which was to get a rich wife for her son."

The attempt was hopeless. Between folly and knavery the sterling worth and honesty of the mother fell dead, and all that she had done was simply to embroil herself with both her son and her daughter. Things went on without her consent pretty much as they would have done with it, and of all the party she was the only one who suffered. The wedding-day came amidst smiles and laughter from all but her. Even Eveline merged her personal distaste for Charles in her gratified ambition, and Mrs. Chesterton was more pseudo-French, and dressy than ever. Eveline looked undeniably lovely. The church was crowded with the Chestertons' friends, all saying among themselves, "How beautiful she is!" a few, such as Horace Graham of the Guards, adding, "and what a fool she is marrying;" or, "by Jove, what a life she will lead that muff!"

After the honeymoon — that prescribed season of legal bliss — Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fitzgerald came back to London. She, radiant with smiles and happiness, at escaping from the tedium of her country life; where she had been bored to death; where she had yawned all day, and where she had slept when she was not yawning. He, saddened to think that his green lanes must be abandoned, his evening walks in the moonlight in the wood foregone, and his young dream of quiet happiness exchanged for the turmoil called pleasure. Yet, when in town, he found another pleasure in the happiness of Eveline. For he had been obliged to confess to himself that she was often sad and melancholy in the country; and now it was such a pleasure to see her dimpling smiles and hear her merry laugh again. He said

she had got tired of Ormsby Green, because she was away from her mother — she wanted to see her mother; dear child! she had never left her before; and it was a very sweet and natural feeling in her, and he loved her all the more for it.

When they arrived home — Mrs. Chesterton's cottage answering that purpose for the present — the first person they met was Horace Graham, looking more handsome and impudent than ever. He had called in by chance, he said; and, hearing that "Mrs. Charles" was expected, he had stayed just to shake hands with his old friend. Eveline thanked him very prettily, and then asked him to spend the evening with them so engagingly that Charles was fain to second the invitation, which he did with an awkward attempt at cordiality that did his powers of dissimulation no credit. But Horace accepted the invitation in his off-handed way, and the evening passed merrily enough; he singing to Eveline's playing, and Charles applauding in the middle of bars, and saying, "but the next verse?" when all was finished.

A house was bought in Belgravia. It was furnished with extreme elegance, and did honour to the decorative taste of Mrs. Chesterton, she having been extraordinarily active among the upholsterers and decorators. With their new house began the young couple's new life. Charles bore his part in the whirlpool that it became bravely; and, for the first three months, was all that the most dissipated woman of the world could require in the most complaisant of husbands. A strange kind of peace rested between the married pair. Strange, because unnatural — the violent binding together of two opposing natures: the lurid stillness that glides on before a storm: a peace that was not the peace of love, nor of sympathy, nor of respect; that was the peace of indecision, the peace of ignorance, the peace of fear, and, worst of all, the peace of slavery.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was in the country, brooding mournfully over the angry silence of her son; for he had not yet forgiven her interference in his marriage. But she would not understand it thus, and wrote often to him and to Eveline grave, kind, earnest letters; speaking much to her of her son's goodness, and susceptibility of nature, and feeling sure that Eveline was all that a fond mother could wish in the wife of her son. At last Eveline no longer read the letters; she threw them aside, crying, "The tiresome old woman! as if I did not know every word of her sermon beforehand!" And saying this before her husband too, from whom she did not care to hide her open contempt of his mother. Indeed, emboldened by his timid compliance with all her wishes, and his weak approval of all her

actions, she cared to hide very little that was disagreeable; and more than once startled him with exhibitions of temper and of coldness. Charles was fretted at his wife's indifference, fretted at Horace Graham's constant presence, and at the undisguised good understanding that existed between him and Eveline; fretted at Mrs. Chesterton's contemptuous manner of interfering in his household arrangements, and at her assertion of motherly rights superior and opposed to his own, over his wife; fretted at the constant round of dissipation in which they lived, and at the breaking up of all his fairy castles of bliss and quiet; fretted at this, and at that, and at everything, and in the fair way of falling seriously ill with some brain or nervous affection.

"You will not go to the ball to-night, Evy?" he said one day, in a timid but querulous voice, flinging himself wearily on a sofa. They had been married about four months, andwere very unhappy in secret; although nothing had been said or done openly.

"Why not, Charles?" asked his wife, coldly.

"I am too nervous, too ill and unstrung to go with you," he answered, "and I thought that perhaps you would stay at home with me, and read. Will you, Evy?" He took her hand — still the same timid manner.

"O dear me, no! stay at home? O, no! You had better go to bed if you are ill," Eveline said, leaving her hand cold and dead in his. "That will be much wiser than sitting up half the night reading stupid poetry that only makes one yawn and go to sleep. I will tell Justine to give you anything you want when I am away; but really you had better go to bed at once."

Charles let her hand fall. "Who is going with you, then, as I cannot?" he said.

Eveline walked away to the mirror, humming a tune and arranging her bouquet. "My mother —" she said. "And Horace Graham," she added, turning suddenly round, fixing her eyes on her husband with a peculiar look. A look that defied suspicion, and was beforehand with objection. A look that conquered, because it wounded, Charles, and made him humble and submissive.

He rose from the sofa slowly, and passed into the library, there to fret like a sorrowing child; scarcely knowing what he thought or what he ought not to think; feeling only that his happiness was slipping from his grasp, and that he was being left alone on a desolate shore without hope and without love.

This was the first raising of the mask — the first confessed declaration of indifference — a declaration repeated subsequently every day and every hour. Eveline was never at home. Morning and evening alike saw her drown-

ed in the world's great sea of pleasures; every home affection cast aside, and every wifely duty unfulfilled, Gaiety was her life; and, without this gaiety, she would die, she would say. Charles grew ill, and certainly excessively strange and disagreeable in his behaviour. For hours together he would sit without speaking, his lips pressed against each other, and his dull eyes fixed on the ground. Then came fits of passion, which were like the throes of madness — fits that terrified Eveline, and made her fear for herself. To these a violent reaction succeeded; a period, generally very brief, of frantic gaiety and restless pleasure-seeking, such as incommoded Eveline greatly, binding him to her side without release; and, under the appearance of complaisance, giving her a gaoler and a spy. Often at such times, struck to the heart with something he had seen, chilled by something he had heard, Fitzgerald would fall back again into his mournful stupor, and drag out his weary life with the listless, hopeless expression in his face and in his whole manner of a condemned criminal.

The world began to talk. It talked, although gently, of Eveline's open flirtation with Horace Graham; gently, because it talked also of Charles Fitzgerald's jealousy and strange irritability; of his violence and his fearful temper. On the other hand, it spoke of his evident unhappiness, and of the contempt showered on him by his wife and his adopted family: it darkly adumbrated a lunacy commission on one side, and Doctors' Commons on the other. At last the whisper grew so long and loud, that it spread down to Ormsby Green, and penetrated to Mrs. Fitzgerald. The echo of this dread whisper had sounded long ago in her own heart; she had looked for its coming; and, when it found her, she started without an hour's delay for London; and, not caring for the cold reception she would probably meet with, she presented herself at once at the house of her son. Eveline was from home. She was riding in the park with Horace, to try a horse he had that day bought for her. Charles was in the library, sitting in one of those dumb, dull sorrows that are far more painful to witness than the most turbulent passion.

He looked up with his glazed fiery eyes as his mother entered; and started and stared wildly, rising and retreating as if he did not know her, but trying with all his might to recognise her. She came forward, speaking cheerily and kindly.

"Well, Charles, my love, I have taken you by surprise!" she said. But her voice failed; he was so wild and altered. He kept his eyes upon her for some time, and then with a cry that came straight from the sad heart, almost breaking it, with sobs wild and fast, and tears which fell

like blighting rain, Fitzgerald exclaimed, "Mother, mother, you have come to see me die!"

The line of ice was thawed, the band of iron was broken, the stifled heart cried out aloud, and the love that had been thrust back into the darkness came forth again. He was no longer alone, with nothing but indifference or enmity to bear him company. He had now his own best friend, the guardian of his youth, his friend and guide: he might count now on one heart at least, and believe that it loved him. He poured out his grievances to her. They were all very vague and indefinite; simply wounded feelings, or affections misunderstood; no startling facts, no glaring wickedness, no patent actions. But she understood, and sympathised with his sufferings; impalpable as they were. She soothed and comforted him, calming his irritated nerves and weaving bright dreams of hope for the future. Dreams, in which she believed nothing herself, and which smote her conscience as falsehoods when she told them.

Next morning she spoke to Eveline, in her grave, bland, gracious manner, and gave her serious counsel, sweetening her censure with assurances of her trust in the giddy wife's good intentions — "but then you are young, my child, and youth is often curiously heedless!" But Eveline gave herself unnumbered airs, and was very ill-used, and said "that indeed she was a better wife than most girls would have been to any one so cross and disagreeable as Charles; and that Mrs. Fitzgerald had better speak to him about his temper than to her about hers."

However, Mrs. Fitzgerald's mere presence was a comfort to her son; and he got calmer and milder now that he could speak of his sufferings, and that some one cared to soothe them away. At first Eveline, being awed in spite of herself by Mrs. Fitzgerald, behaved with some small attention to appearances, so that the young household sat in the sunshine again. Horace Graham, too, happened to go away just at this moment; consequently a conjunction of favourable stars seemed to shed rays of domestic happiness over the gaudy, meretricious household.

But Horace came back one Thursday afternoon, and Eveline invited him to dinner. She pressed him to come when, as usual, he refused for the childish pleasure of being entreated. Charles had a nervous attack when he heard this, and then gave way to so terrible a fit of passion in Eveline's dressing-room, that he showed at last how obnoxious the young guardsman was to him. Eveline every now and then looked at him with flashes of scorn and contempt which may be called deadly. At last turning from him with a spurning action, she said, "Charles, if I had known you as I do now, not twice ten thousand a-year would have tempted me to

marry you: you are not like a man. You are worse than a child or a woman!" Then she went on arranging the most becoming toilette her busy fancy could devise.

Charles conquered himself at last, and managed to appear at dinner with some show of calmness. Eveline was so extremely gay that she became quite overpowering. She armed herself with all the little graceful coquetries she knew so well how to employ, each in their right time and place, and heightened them in revenge for her late enforced cessation from all excitement while grudgingly going through the dull task of pleasing a sick husband and a rigid matron. Even Mrs. Fitzgerald, who had expected much, was surprised at the open manner in which her flirtation with Graham went on; and, although believing it to be nothing more real than the folly of a vain girl, yet she could not deny its grave appearance, nor the compromise that it made of her son's honour. She determined to speak to Eveline seriously, and to endeavour — by arguments, if affection were of no use; by threats if arguments fell dead — to open her eyes to the true knowledge of herself and her conduct, and to force her to abandon a farce that might end in tragedy. Eveline seemed to foresee this lecture; for nothing would induce her to meet Mrs. Fitzgerald's eyes. She shrank from her words and drowned them in thick showers of banter with Horace; in her behaviour to whom there was a kind of defiance and bravado, that betrayed as much fear of the future as indifference of the present.

In the evening they strolled out into the little garden; for they boasted a plot of blackened ground, dignified by that sweet name of fruits and flowers—Eveline and Horace wandering away together, and Charles and his mother returning soon to the house. Speaking to his mother of Eveline, a flash of his old tenderness returned, and with it his old hatred to believe in evil. After all, Eveline was young and giddy. She meant no harm, and did not know the full significance of what she did. She was his wife too — she must be gently dealt with. He could not bear to hear her condemned. When his mother replied to him, he shrank nervously from every subject which threatened to lead to a discussion on her conduct. Mrs. Fitzgerald read his heart, and kept silent. But while he was thus careful, he was also haunted, restless and tormented; and at last, unable to contain himself, he went into the garden, where the shadows had deepened into darkness, walking slowly and silently towards the quiet trees planted to hide the upper wall. Horace and Eveline were there, seated on a bench together. They were talking low, but talking love — if such frothy vanity could be called love — and "dearest Horace," and "beloved Eveline," were often mingled with their

talk. They sat, like two silly children, hand in hand.

Charles stole back to the house, and entered — a creature from whom life and soul had departed. Eveline had seen him; and he knew that she had seen him. There was no more disguise; and, as she said, "discovery had at least spared her the necessity of deception." She threw off the flimsy veil she had hitherto worn, and boasted openly of her love for Horace; still coupling it with perfect innocency. Which was true. For indeed she was too shallow and too intrinsically selfish to commit herself, even where she loved.

After this discovery, and the distressing scene between the husband and wife which followed it, Eveline went out more than ever, and was with Horace more than ever also; many pitying her for being married to a jealous irritable fool, and lamenting that such a lovely young creature should have been so sacrificed by an ambitious mother, against her own expressed inclinations; many more deploring her wayward, systematic neglect of her husband.

Charles Fitzgerald's eccentricities of temper — his bursts of passion and of violence, mingled with fits of silence and of gloom — became every day more marked. Even his mother was no longer a soothing or a restraining influence; but, capricious, violent, irritable and uncertain, he made his home a Hades for others, as his wife had made his life a torment for him. At last his language became, occasionally, so bitter and infuriated; and, more than once, his arm had been raised to strike, and more than once his hand, twisted in the meshes of her hair, had threatened her with death—that Eveline was justified in demanding a legal separation. She was advised that the law could not grant it, unless both parties consented; and Charles vehemently refused. But what the law denied, Nature gave. A thousand airy nothings of speech and conduct, each innocent apart, all maddening together, had worked on the husband's weak brain until they produced an unsettlement of intellect, which a few days of wifely tenderness might have prevented. The world only said that Eveline was right in consenting that her husband should be placed in restraint — poor, young, beautiful thing, married to such a terrible person! Charles was placed in proper hands. The blow was struck beneath the applaudings of Eveline's wide circle of admiring acquaintances. She took refuge among her crowd of simpering sympathisers, and was received with all honour and pity, like some martyred saint. There were some, however, who made her feel the just meed of her bad, selfish career, and would not notice her.

After a time Charles gradually grew better, and he and his mother wandered away to Brussels; but there his "eccentricities of

temper" became more and more violent; so that at last even his mother was forced to arm herself with legal power to protect him from himself. For at length he became mad — mad for life; mad with a lingering madness, that left no hope and that gave no rest; wan, wild, raving — haunted ever by a false fair face, that glided from his clasping hands, and denied his fevered lips.

Eveline's pensive air, and eyes veiled beneath their drooping lids (which she knew to be extremely effective in society), gained more sympathy than the madman's ravings and the madman's sorrows. People only shook their heads, and said, "What that young creature must have suffered in her married life! — and how heroically she concealed it from the world!" and "Let us be kind to the pretty little woman, for her lot has been a sad one, and her anguish meekly borne!"

A LAMENT FOR THE SUMMER.

Moan, oh ye Autumn Winds!
Summer has fled,
The flowers have closed their tender leaves and die;
The Lily's gracious head
All low must lie,
Because the gentle Summer now is dead.

Grieve, oh ye Autumn Winds!
Summer lies low,
The rose's trembling leaves will soon be shed;
For she that loved her so,
Alas, is dead;
And one by one her loving children go.

Wail, oh ye Autumn Winds!
She lives no more,
The gentle Summer, with her balmy breath,
Still sweeter than before
When nearer death,
And brighter every day the smile she wore!

Mourn, mourn, oh Autumn Winds,
Lament and mourn;
How many half-blown buds must close and die;
Hopes with the Summer born
All faded lie,
And leave us desolate and Earth forlorn!

MORE PLACES WANTED.

AS LADY'S-MAID, a young person who has lived in the first families, and can have four years' good character. Fully understands dressmaking, hair-dressing, and getting up fine linen. Address Miss T., Bunty's Library, Crest Terrace, Pimlico.

Miss Fanny Tarlatan, the young lady in quest of a situation, does not reside at Bunty's library. Mr. Bunty and Mr. Bunty's wife are only friends of hers. Mr. Bunty is tall and stout, with a white neckcloth, and is very like a clergyman, with a dash of the schoolmaster and a smack of the butler. Mrs. Bunty is an acrid lady in ribbons, with a perpetual smile for lady customers; which would be a little more agreeable if it did not twist her neck, and screw her mouth up, and tortuate her body over the counter. At Bunty's library are three-volume novels bound in dashing cloth; and Bunty's library is carpeted;

and in the centre thereof is a great round table groaning beneath the weight of ladies' albums, and works of genteel piety, and treatises written with a view to induce a state of contentment among the rural population (hot-pressed and with gilt edges), together with neatly stitched pamphlets upon genteelly religious and political subjects, and handsomely clasped church services, with great red crosses on their backs and sides.

No; Miss Tarlatan does not live at Bunty's; but she is an old colleague of Mrs. Bunty's (once Miss Thorneytwig, my Lady Crocus's waiting woman,) and calls her Matilda, and is by her called "Fanny, and a dear girl;" and therefore she gives Bunty's library as an address; it being considered more aristocratic than Tidlers' Gardens; where, in the house of Mrs. Silkey, that respectable milliner and dressmaker, Miss Tarlatan is at present staying.

She can dress hair, make dresses, and perfectly understands getting up fine linen. The French *coiffeur* is still a great personage; but his services are now-a-days often supplied by the lady's-maid; and there are many fair and noble ladies who are not too superb to employ Miss Tarlatan, and go, resplendent from her skill, into the presence of their sovereign, or into the melodious vicinity of the singers of the Italian opera. Also to wear ball and court dresses made, not by the pallid workwomen and "first hands" of the great millinery establishments of the West-End, but by the nimble fingers of Fanny Tarlatan. Also to confide to her sundry priceless treasures of Malines and Brussels, Honiton and old point, or "Beggar's lace," sprigged shawls and veils, and such marvels of fine things, to be by her got up. All of which proceedings are characterised by the great millinery establishments, by the fashionable *blanchisseuses de fin*, and by M. Anatole, *coiffeur*, of Regent Street, as atrocious, mean, stingy, avaricious, and unjustifiable on the part of miladi; but which, if they suit her to order and Miss Tarlatan to undertake, are in my mind, on the broad-gauge of free trade, perfectly reasonable and justifiable. Some ladies make a merit of their Tarlatanism, stating, with pride, that their maids "do everything for them;" others endeavour uneasily to defend their economy by reference to the hardness of the times, to their large families, to the failure of revenue from my lord's Irish estates, to the extravagance of such and such a son or heir, or to Sir John having lost enormously in railways or by electioneering. One lady I have heard of who palliated all domestic retrenchments on the ground of having to pay so much income-tax. Unhappy woman!

Hairdresser, dressmaker, getter-up of fine linen; skilled in cosmetics and perfumes; tasteful arranger of bouquets; dexterous cleaner of gloves (for my lady

must have two pairs of clean gloves a-day and, bountiful as may be her pin-money, you will rarely find her spending one thousand and thirty times three shillings per annum in gloves); artful trimmer of bonnets; clever linguist; of great conversational powers in her own language; of untiring industry, cheerfulness, and good temper — all these is Fanny Tarlatan, aged twenty-eight. I have a great respect for Fanny Tarlatan, and for the lady's-maid, generically, and wish to vindicate her from the slur of being a gossiping, tawdry, intriguing, venal waiting-maid, as which she is generally represented in novels and plays, and similar performances.

Fanny is not without personal charms. She has ringlets that her lady might envy, and the comely good-humoured look which eight-and-twenty is often gilded with. She has been resolute enough to steel her heart against the advances of many a dashing courier, of many an accomplished valet, of many a staid and portly butler. She does not look for matrimony in the World of Service. Mr. Whatnext, at the Great Haberdashery Palace, Froppery House, head man there, indeed (though Mr. Biggs, my lord's gentleman, has sneeringly alluded to him as a "low counter-jumper"), has spoken her fair. Jellytin, the rising pastrycook at Gunter's, has openly avowed his maddening passion, and showed her his savings' bank book. But that did not dazzle her; for she too has a "little bit of money of her own." Her revenues chiefly lie, not in her wages — they are not too ample — but in her perquisites. Lawyers would starve (figuratively, of course, for 't is impossible for a lawyer to starve under any circumstances) on the bare six and eightpences — it is the extra costs that fatten. Perquisites are Fanny Tarlatan's costs. To her fall all my lady's cast-off clothes. Their amount and value depend upon my lady's constitutional liberality or parsimony. A dress may be worn once, a week, a month, or a year before it reverts to the lady's-maid. So with gloves, shoes, ribbons, and all the other weapons in the female armoury, of which I know no more than Saint Anthony did of the sex — or that Levantine monk Mr. Curzon made us acquainted with, who had never *seen* a woman. Old Lady McAthelyre, with whom Fanny lived before she went to the Countess of Cœurdesart's (Lady McA. was a terrible old lady, not unsuspected of a penchant for shoplifting and drinking *eau de cologne* grog), used to cut up all her old dresses for aprons, and the fingers off her gloves for mittens, and was the sort of old lady altogether who might reasonably be expected to skin a flea for the hide and tallow thereof. Mrs. Colonel Scraw, Fanny's mistress after Lady Cœurdesart, made her old clothes her own peculiar perquisites, and sold them herself. But such exceptions are

rare, and Fanny has had, on the whole, no great reason to complain. Perhaps you will, therefore, at some future time, meet with her under the name of What-next, or Jellytin, or Figgles, or Seakale, in a snug, well-to-do West-End business, grown into a portly matron (with ringlets yet; for they are vital to the lady's-maid through life), with two little girls tripping home from Miss Weazel's dancing academy. I hope so, with all my heart.

There is a custom common among the English nobility, and yet peculiar to that privileged class, to get the best of everything. Consequently, whenever they find foreign cooks and foreign musicians more skilful than native talent, it is matter of noble usance to refect upon foreign dishes; to prefer the performances of foreign minstrels and players; to cover the head, or hands, or feet, with coverings made by foreign hands; and, even in the ordinary conversation of life, to pepper its discourse with foreign words, as you would a sheep's kidney with cayenne. So my lord duke entertains in his great mansion a French cook, a Swiss confectioner, an Italian house steward, a French valet, German and French governesses, a German under-nurse or *bonne* (that his children may imbibe fragments of foreign language with their pap), besides a host of non-resident foreign artists and professors gathered from almost every nation under the sun. It is, therefore, but reasonable that her grace the duchess should have a foreign attendant — a French, or Swiss, or German lady's-maid. I will take Mademoiselle Batiste, warranted from Paris, as a sample.

When I say warranted from Paris, I mean what the word "warranted" is generally found to mean — not at all like what it professes to be. Mademoiselle Batiste says she is from Paris; but she does not bear the slightest resemblance to the pert, sprightly, coquettish, tasteful, merry creation in a cunning cap, a dress closed to the neck, a plaited silk apron and shiny shoes, that a Parisian lady's-maid generally is. My private impression is that she is a native of some distressingly lugubrious provincial town in the *midi* of France — Aigues Mortes, perchance — whence she has been sent, for our sins, to England, to make us mournful. She is a most dolorous Abigail; a lachrymose, grumbling, doleant, miserable waiting woman. When she is old (she is in the thirties, now,) she will take snuff and keep a poodle on some fifth floor in the Marais, I am sure. Whether she has been disappointed in love, or her relations were guillotined during the great revolution; whether she was born on the eve of St. Swithin, or like Apollodorus, she nourishes scorpions in her breast, I know not, but she is a very grievous woman — a female knight of the

rueful countenance. If you fail to please her, she grumbles; if you remonstrate with her, she cries. What are you to do with a woman, whose clouds always end in rain, unless you have Patience for an umbrella? In person, Mademoiselle Batiste is tall; in compass wofully lean and attenuated; her face is of the hatchet cast, and she has protruding teeth, long dark eyebrows, stony eyes, and heavy eye-lashes. A sick monkey is not a very enlivening sight; a black man with chilblains and a fit of the ague is not calculated to provoke cheerfulness, and there are spectacles more cheerful than a workhouse funeral on a wet day; but all these are positively jocose and Momus-like compared to Mademoiselle Batiste wailing over her lady's wardrobe, her own wrongs, and her unhappy destiny generally. The climate, the food, the lodging, the raiment, the tyranny of superiors, and the insolence of inferiors: all these find a place in the category of this melancholy lady's unhappiness. She prophesies the decadence of England with far more fervour than M. Ledru Rollin. She will impress herself to leave this detestable land; without sun, without manners, without knowledge of living. Somehow she does not quit the detestable land. She is like (without disrespect) that animal of delusive promise, the conjurer's donkey, which is always going for to go, but seldom does really go, up the ladder. Mademoiselle Batiste weeps and moans, and grumbles, and changes her situation innumerable times, and packs up her "effects" for the continent once a week or so; but stays in England after all. When she has saved enough money, she may perhaps revisit the land of the Gaul, and relate to her compatriots the affliction sore which long time she bore among *ces barbares*.

In reality, Mademoiselle Batiste is an excellent servant; she is not only apt but erudite in all the cunning of her craft. M. Anatole, of Regent Street, might take lessons in hair-dressing from her. She far surpasses Miss Tarlatan in dress-making; although she disdains to include that accomplishment in the curriculum of her duties. But her principal skill lies in *putting on a dress*, in imparting to her mistress when dressed an air, a grace, a *tournure*, which any but a French hand must ever despair of accomplishing. Yet she grumbles meanwhile; and when she has made a peri of a peeress, sighs dolefully and maintains that an Englishwoman does not know how to wear a robe. This skill it is that makes her fretfulness and melancholial distemper borne with by rank and fashion. She has, besides, a pedigree of former engagements of such magnitude and grandeur, that rank and fashion are fain to bow to her caprices. The beauteous Duchesse de Faribole in Paris,

and the Marquise de Lysbrisée (very poor, very Legitimist, but intensely fashionable); the famous Princess Cabbagioso at Florence, Countess Moskamujikoff at St. Petersburgh, the Duchess of Champignon, the Marchioness of Truffleton and Lady Frances Frongus in England — all these high-born ladies has she delighted with her skill, awed with her aristocratic antecedents, and grieved with her melancholia. Although so highly skilled in dress-making she pays but little regard to costume herself. Her figure is straight all the way down, on all sides. She wears a long pendent shawl, a dreary bonnet with trailing ribbons; and carries, when abroad, a long, melancholy, attenuated umbrella, like a parasol that had outgrown itself, and was wasting away in despair. These, with the long dull gold drops to her earrings; two flat thin smooth bands of hair flattened upon her forehead; long listless fingers, and long feet encased in French boots of lustreless kid, give her an unspeakably mournful, trailing appearance. She seems to have fallen altogether into the "portion of weeds and outgrown faces." Her voice is melancholy and tristfully surgant, like an Æolian harp; her delivery is reminiscent of the Dead March in Saul; — a few wailing, lingering notes, closed with a melancholy boom at the end of the strophe. Adieu, Mademoiselle Batiste.

There are plenty more lady's-maids who want places; and, taking into consideration the increased facilities offered by the abolition of the duty on advertisements, I sincerely hope they may all be suited satisfactorily. But I cannot tarry to discuss all their several qualifications. Although I can conscientiously recommend "Wilkins" (Christian name unknown), the lady's-maid of middle age, and domesticated habits, who was with Mrs. Colonel Stodger during the whole of the Sutlej campaign; who is not too proud to teach the cook how to make curries; is reported to have ridden (with her mistress) in man's saddle five hundred miles on camel's back in India, and to have done something considerable towards shooting a plundering native discovered in Mrs. Stodger's tent. Nor would I have you overlook the claims of Martha Stirpenny, who is a "young ladies'-maid," and is not above plain needlework; or of Miss Catchpole, the maid, nurse, companion, amanuensis, everything, for so many years to the late Miss Plough, of Monday Terrace, Bayswater, who ungratefully left all her vast wealth in Bank and India stock to the "Total Abstinence from Suttee Hindoo Widows' Society," offices Great St. Helens, secretary, G. F. L. B. Stoneybatter, Esq.; and bequeathed her faithful Catchpole, after twenty years' service, only a silver teapot and a neatly-bound set of the Reverend Doctor Duffaboxe's sermons. All

these domestics want places, and all letters to them must be post-paid.

AS COOK (professed) a Person who fully understands her business. Address L., Pattypan Place, Great Brazier Street.

There is something honest, outspoken, fearless, in this brief advertisement. L. does not condescend to hint about the length and quality of her character, or the distinguished nature of the family she wishes to enter. "Here I am," she seems to say: "a professed cook. If you are the sort of person knowing what a professed cook is, and how to use her, try me. Good cooks are not so plentiful that they need shout for custom. Good wine needs no bush. I stand upon my cooking, and if you suit me as I suit you, nought but a spoilt dinner shall part us two." L., whom we will incarnate for the nonce as Mrs. Lambswool, widow, is fat and forty, but not fair. The fires of innumerable kitchen ranges have swarthed her ruddy countenance to an almost salamandrine hue. And she is a salamander in temper too, is Mrs. Lambswool, for all her innocent name. Lambswool, deceased (formerly clerk of the kitchen to the Dawdle club), knew it to his cost, poor man; and for many a kept back dinner and unpraised made dish did he suffer in his time.

If Fate could bring together (and how seldom Fate *does* bring together things and persons suited for one another), Mrs. Lambswool and Sir Chyle Turrener, how excellently they would agree. Sir Chyle — who dwells in Bangmarry Crescent, Hordover Square, and whose house as you pass it smells all day like a cook-shop — made his handsome competence in the war time by contracts for mess-beef as execrable, and mess-biscuit as weevily, as ever her Majesty's service, by sea and land, spoilt their digestion and their teeth with. He is, in these piping times of peace, renowned as the most accomplished epicure in the dining world. He does not dine often at his club, the Gigot (though that establishment boasts of great gastronomic fame, and entertains a head man cook at a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds a year): he accuses M. Relevay, the *chef* in question, of paying more attention to the greasing and adornment of his hair, and the writing out of his bills of fare in ornamental penmanship, than to the culinary wants of the members; he will not have a man cook himself: "the fellows," he says, "are as conceited as peacocks and as extravagant as Cleopatra." Give him a woman cook — a professed cook, who knows her business, and does it; and the best of wages and the best of places are hers, at 35, Bangmarry Crescent.

Let us figure him and Mrs. Lambswool together. Sir Chyle — a little apple-faced old gentleman with a white head, and as fiery in temper as his cook —

looks on Mrs. Lambswool as, next to the dinners she cooks and the government annuity in which (with a sagacious view towards checking the prodigality of his nephew and expectant heir) he has sunk his savings, the most important element in his existence. He places her in importance and consideration far beyond the meek elderly female attached to his household in the capacity of wife — used by him chiefly in forming a hand at whist and in helping soup (catch Sir Chyle trusting her with fish!) and by him abused at every convenient opportunity. He absolutely forbids any interference on her part with the culinary economy and discipline. "Blow up the maids as much as you like, Ma'am," he considerately says, "but don't meddle with my cook." Mrs. L. crows over her mistress accordingly, and if she were to tell her that pea-soup, was best made with bilberries, the poor lady would, I dare say, take the dictum for granted. Sir Chyle Turrener is exceedingly liberal in all matters of his own housekeeping —although he once wrote a letter to the Times virulently denouncing soup-kitchens. When a dinner of a superlative nature has issued from his kitchen, he not unfrequently, in the warmth of his admiration, presents Mrs. Lambswool with gratuities in money; candidly admitting that he gives them now, because he does not intend to leave his cook a penny when he dies, seeing that she can dress no more dinners for him after his decease. On grand occasions she is summoned to the dining room, at the conclusion of the repast, and he compliments her formally on this or that culinary triumph. He lauds her to his friends Tom Aitchbone, of the Beefsteak club, Common Councillor Podge, Sergeant Buffalo, of the Southdown circuit, and old Sir Thomas Marrowfat, who was a pronothotary to something, somewhere, some time under a hundred years ago, and can nose a dinner in the lobby (the poor old fellow can hardly hold his knife and fork for palsy, and the napkin tucked under his wagging old chin looks like a grave-cloth) with as much facility as Hamlet stated the remains of King Claudius's chamberlain might have been discovered. It is a strong point in the Turrener and Lambswool creed and practice to hold all cookery-books — for any practical purpose beyond casual reference — in great indifference, not to say contempt. Sir Chyle has Glasse and Kitchener, Austin and Ude, Francatelli and Soyer, beside the Almanack des Gourmands, and the Cuisinier Royal in his library, gorgeously bound. He glances at them occasionally, as Bentley might have done at a dictionary or a lexicon; but he does not tie himself nor does he bind his cook to blind adherence to their rules. True cookery, in his opinion, should rest mainly on tradition, on experience, and, pre-eminently, in the inborn ge-

nius of the cook. Mrs. Lambswool holds the same opinion, although she may express it in different language. She may never have heard of the axiom: "One becomes a cook, but one is born a roaster;" but she will tell you in her own homely language that "roasting and biling comes nateral, and some is good at it, and some isn't." Her master has told her the story of Vatel and his fish matyrdom, but she holds his suicide to have been rank cowardice. "If there wasn't no fish," she remarks, "and it wasn't his fault, why couldn't he have served up something neat in the made-dish way, with a bit of a speech about being drove up into a corner?" But she hints darkly as to what she would have done to the fishmonger. Transfixure on a spit would have been too good for *him*, a wretch.

Through long years of choice feeding might this pair roll on, till the great epicure, Death, pounces on Sir Chyle Turrener to garnish *his* sideboard. If dainty pasture can improve meat, he will be a succulent morsel. He has fed on many things animate and inanimate: Nature will return the compliment then. For all here below is vanity, and even good dinners and professed cooks cannot last for ever. The fishes have had their share of Lucullus, and Apicius has helped to grow mustard and cress these thousand years. So *might* the knight and the cook roll on, I say; but a hundred to one if they ever come in contact. The world is very wide; and, although the heiress with twenty thousand pounds, who has fallen in love with us, lives over the way, we marry the housemaid, and our heads grow grey, and we die and never reck of the heiress. Sir Chyle Turrener may, at this moment, be groaning in exasperation at an unskilful cook, who puts too much pepper in his soup and boils his fish to flakes; and Mrs. Lambswool's next place may be with a north country Squire with no more palate than a boa-constrictor, who delights in nothing half so much as a half raw beefsteak, or a pie with a crust as thick as the walls of the model prison, and calls made dishes "kickshaws."

"As Good Cook in a private family," &c., &c., &c., — the usual formula, with a hint as to irreproachable character, and a published want of objection to the country. The Good Cook does not pretend to the higher mysteries of the 'professed.' I doubt if she knows what a *baïn-mani* pan is, or what *Mayonnaises*, *Salmis*, *Sautés*, *Fricandeaux*, *Gratins* or *Soufflés* are. Her French is not even of the school of 'Stratford-atte-Bow,' and she does not understand what a *met* is. Her stock made dishes are veal cutlets, harico mutton, stewed eels and Irish stew. She makes all these well; and very good things they are in their way. She is capital at a hand of pork and pea soup; at pigeon pies; at roast-

ing, boiling, frying, stewing, and baking. She is great at pies and puddings, and has a non-transcribed receipt for plum pudding, which she would not part with for a year's wages. She can cook as succulent, wholesome, cleanly a dinner as any Christian man need wish to sit down to; but she is not an artist. Her dinners are not in the "first style." She may do for Bloomsbury, but not for Belgravia.

HOUSEMAID (where a footman is kept), a respectable young woman, with three years' good character. Address L. B., Gamms Court, Lamb's Conduit Street.

Letitia Brownjohn, who wishes to be a housemaid, who has three years' good character (by her pronounced "krakter") is two-and-twenty years of age. Her father is a smith, or a pianoforte maker, or a leather-dresser, stifling with a large family in Gamms Court. Her mother has been out at service in her time, and Letitia is in the transition state now — in the chrysalis formation of domestic drudgery; which she hopes to exchange some day for the full-blown butterflyhood of a home, a husband, a family, and domestic drudgery of her own. Ah, Letitia, for all that you are worretted now by captious mistresses, the time may come when, in some stifling Gamms Court of your own, sweltering over a washtub, with a drunken husband and a brood of ragged children, you may sigh for your quiet kitchen, the cat, the ticking clock, the work-box in the area window, and your cousin (in the Guards) softly whispering and whistling outside the area railings.

Letitia Brownjohn, like most other young ladies of the housemaid calling, has had an university education. Not, I need scarcely tell, at theological Oxford or logarithmical Cambridge; nor at the Silent Sisters, who would not suit Letitia by any means; nor at Durham, famous for its mustard and its mines; nor at any one of those naughty colleges in Ireland which the Pope is so angry with; nor even at any one of the colleges recently instituted in this country "for ladies only," as the railway carriages have it — yet in an university. Letitia, as most of the university-educated do, went in the first instance to a public school; that founded by Lady Honoria Woggs (wife of King William the Third's Archbishop Woggs), where intellectual training was an object of less solicitude by the committee of management than the attainment of a strong nasal style of vocal elocution, as applied to the sacred lyrics of Messrs. Sternhold and Hopkins, and the wearing a peculiarly hideous costume, accurately copied and followed from the painted wooden statuette of one of Lady Woggs's girls, in Lady Woggs's own time, placed in a niche over the porch of the dingy brick building containing Lady Woggs's school, and flanked in another niche by another

statuette of a young gentleman in a muffin cap and leathers, representing one of Lady Woggs's boys.

From this establishment our Letitia passed, being some nine or ten years of age, to the university; and there she matriculated, and there she graduated. Do you know that university to which three-fourths — nay, nineteen-twentieths — of our London-bred children "go up?" Its halls and colleges are the pavement and the gutter; its lecture-theatre the doorstep and the post at the corner; its schools of philosophy are the chandler's shop, the cobbler's stall, and the public-house; of which the landlord is the chancellor; its proctor and bull-dogs are the police-sergeant and his men; its public orators, the ballad-singers and last-dying-speech cryers; its lecturers are scolding women. The weekly wages of its occupants form its university chest. Commemoration takes place every Saturday night, with grand musical performances from the harp, guitar, and violin, opposite the Admiral Keppell. The graduates are mechanics and small tradesmen and their wives. The undergraduates are Letitias and Tommies. The university is the street.

Right in its centre stands the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil. And all day long children come and pluck the fruit and eat it; and some choose ripe and wholesome fruit, the pleasant savour of which shall not depart out of their mouths readily; but some choose bad and rotten apples, which they fall upon and devour gluttonously, so that the fruit disagrees with them very much indeed, and causes them to break all out in such eruptions of vicious humours, as their very children's children's blood shall be empoisoned with years hence. And some, being young and foolish and ignorant, take and eat indiscriminately of the good and of the bad fruit, and are sick and sorry or healthful and glad alternately; but might fare badly and be lost in the long run did not Wisdom and Love (come from making of rainbows and quelling of storms, perhaps a million miles away, to consider the sparrows and take stock of the flies in the back street university) appear betimes among these young undergraduates gathered round the tree, and teach their hearts how to direct their hands to pluck good sustenance from that tree. I never go down a back street and look on the multitude of children (I don't mean ragged, Bedouin children, but decently attired young people, of poor but honest parents, living hard by, who have no better playing-ground for them), and hear them singing their street songs, and see them playing street games, and making street friendships, and caballing on doorsteps or conspiring by posts, or news-mongering on kerb-stones, or trotting a pence for the beer, or listening

open-mouthed to the street orators and musicians, or watching Punch and the acrobats, or forming a ring at a street fight, or gathered round a drunken man, or running to a fire, or running from a bull, or pressing round about an accident, bonnetless and capless, but evidently native to this place — without these thoughts of the university and the tree coming into my head. You who may have been expensively educated and cared for, and have had a gymnasium for exercise, covered playing courts, classrooms, cricket-fields, ushers to attend you in the hours of recreation; who have gone from school and college into the world, well recommended and with a golden passport, should think more, and considerately too, of what a hazardous, critical, dangerous nature this street culture is. With what small book-learning these poor young undergraduates get, or that their parents can afford to provide them with, is mixed simultaneously the strangest course of tuition in the ethics of the pawnbroker's shop, the philosophy of the public-house, the rhetoric of drunken men and shrewish women, the logic of bad associations, and bad examples, and bad language.

Our Letitia graduated in due course of girlhood, becoming a mistress of such household arts as a London-bred girl can hope to acquire at the age of fourteen or fifteen. Well, you know what sort of a creature the lodging-house maid of all work is, and what sort of a life she leads. You have seen her; her pattens and dishevelled cap, her black stockings and battered tin candlestick. We have all known Letitia Brownjohns — oft-times comely, neat-handed Phillises enough — oft-times desperately slatternly and untidy — in almost every case wofully over-worked and as wretchedly underpaid. She must be up early and late. With the exception of the short intermission of sleep doled forth to her, her work is ceaseless. She ascends and descends every step of every flight of stairs in the house hundreds of times in the course of the day; she is the slave of the ringing both of the door bell and the lodgers' tintinnabula. She must be little more than an animated appendage to the knocker — a jack in the box, to be produced by a double rap. She is cook, housemaid, lady's-maid, scullery maid, housekeeper, all in one; and for what? For some hundred and fifty shillings every year, and some — few and far between — coppers and sixpences, doled out to her in gratuities by the lodgers in consideration of her Briarean handiwork. Her holidays are very, very few. Almost her only intercourse with the outer world takes place when she runs to the public-house at the corner for the dinner or supper beer, or to a neighbouring fishmonger for oysters. A rigid supervision is kept over

her conduct. She is expected to have neither friends, acquaintances, relations, nor sweet-hearts. "No followers," is the Median and Persian law continually paraded before her; a law unchangeable, and broken only under the most hideous penalties. When you and I grumble at our lot, repine at some petty reverse, fret and fume over the curtailment of some indulgence, the deprivation of some luxury, we little know what infinite gradations of privation and suffering exist; and what admirable and exemplary contentment and cheerfulness are often to be found among those whose standing is on the lowest rounds of the ladder.

But Letitia is emancipated from the maid-of-all-work thraldom now, and aspires to be a "House-maid where a footman is kept," yet not without considerable difficulty, and after years of arduous apprenticeship and servitude. With the maid-of-all-work, as she begins, so 't is ten to one that as such she ends. I have known grey-headed maids-of-all-work; and of such — with a sprinkling of insolvent laundresses and widows who have had their mangles seized for rent — is recruited, and indeed, organised, the numerous and influential class of "charwomen" who work household work for eighteenpence a day and a glass of spirits.

But Letitia Brownjohn has been more fortunate. Some lady lodger, perchance in some house in which she has been a servitor, has taken a fancy to her; and such lodger, taking in due course of human eventuality a house for herself, has taken Letitia to be her own private housemaid. And she has lived with City families, and tradesmen's families, and in boarding-schools, and she has grown from the untidy "gal" in the black stockings and the mob cap to be a natty young person in a smart cap and ribbons, aspiring to a situation where a footman is kept. That she may speedily obtain such an appointment; that the footman may be worthy of his companion in service; that they may please each other (in due course of time), even to the extent of the asking of banns and the solemnisation of a certain service, I very cheerfully and sincerely wish.

For the present, my catalogue of "Want Places" is at an end. By and by, possibly I may tell you jocund tales of stalwart footmen, and portly butlers, and valets-de-chambre, to whom their masters were no heroes.

A BRAZILIAN IN BLOOMSBURY.

While we write — it may not be so when this is read — many of the naturalists of London are getting up and going to bed, talking by day, for want of better matter, of the weather and the Turkish "difficulty," and sleep-

ing of nights, perfectly unconscious of a mine of excitement that may at any hour be sprung in the midst of them — of the fact, in short, that there is an Ant-bear in the town. Should it live and get its rights, we shall have Ant-bear Quadrilles, Ant-bear Butter-dishes, Ant-bear Paper-weights, Ant-bear pictures of all sorts, and perhaps a dash of Ant-bear in the Christmas Pantomimes. For the Ant-bear, or Great Anteater, is a zoological wonder; a thing never before seen in Europe; an animal more eccentric and surprising than the Hippopotamus, and for whose appearance among us we are less prepared by any widely spread acquaintance of a general kind with its form and habits. Should the Ant-bear lodging now in a poor house at number seventeen, Broad Street, Bloomsbury, find its way, as we believe it will, to the more fashionable precincts of Regent's Park, and should it live through the next London season, no war of Turk or Russian — should there then be any — will stand against it.

We may state generally that the Great Anteater is at home in certain parts of South America; that it is found there only, and that it lives on insects — chiefly on ants; that it is (though very different in form) as large as a small bear; that it has a copious coat of coarse hair, a pair of immensely powerful forelegs with which to tear open the hard nests of the white ant, a nose half as long as its body, with a small mouth at the end to be thrust into the nest, and a long tongue like the tongue of a serpent, that can be darted out surprisingly, more than a hundred times in a minute. The long nose in front of the Ant-bear is more than balanced by the huge tail behind — a very complete brush and a very complete hair-roofing when its owner thinks proper to be snug. In lying down he tucks the long nose under one arm, like an umbrella, and then turns the tail over his body, every part of which it covers so completely, that the animal asleep looks like a grey mat, or a heap of hair; and not in the least like any living thing. All the ants in the world might wage a useless war against their enemy, once coiled under the shelter of that tail. It is to the Ant-bear as his vine and fig-tree under which he is accustomed to repose.

The name "Anteater" suggests a good many vague notions. When we first heard of the Ant-eater, there were recalled to our minds several varieties of the animal: — the African Anteater, the Aardvark, found round about the Cape colony; the scaly Ant-eaters or Pangolins, of which there is one species found in Senegal and Guinea, and two others in the Deccan, Bengal, Nepaul, Southern China, and Formosa. Furthermore, we were reminded of the Australian or Porcupine Anteater, called a [illegible] by the colonists of

Sydney. In America two kinds of Anteater exist, the Great and the Little, differing not only in size but also in form and structure. These two kinds of Anteater belong exclusively to Central and South America. The animal we found in Bloomsbury was the Great Anteater from Brazil; or, to give him his full scientific honours, the Myrmecophaga jubata. Many attempts have been made to bring a specimen alive to Europe, but it has never yet been able to survive the sea passage. The Ant-bear now in Broad Street, Bloomsbury, is therefore the first that has been seen alive in Europe. It has been brought over by some poor Germans, who had found their way so far from Vaterland as the interior of Brazil, four hundred miles from Rio Janeiro. In Brazil the Ant-bear is at home, and is occasionally reared in houses as a domestic pet. The idea of carrying home with them some specimens to Europe as a speculation having been broached among these Germans, one party determined upon carrying if possible two young Ant-bears to Paris, and another party undertook to convey two to London. They were brought away from home in the first month of infancy. The two destined for Paris both died on the way. Of the two destined for London, one died on the way to Rio Janeiro, and was there stuffed very badly. The other has survived the long sea-passage, though he has grown very lean over it and has while we now write been a week in London.

The poor proprietors appear to have arrived in town with no higher ambition than the establishment of an obscure show. With little cash and less English they engaged a lodging for themselves and their infant, then five months old, at a house in that perverted and degenerate thoroughfare, Broad Street, Bloomsbury. There they put a bill into the window of a small shop — their show-room — inviting the public to come in and see that very wonderful animal, never before brought to Europe, the Antita (so they spelt Anteater in their largest letters) from Brazil. The charge for admission was established at sixpence, with the usual tenderness in the allowance of half-price to children. At this hour, it is only here and there a stray member of the London public who has heard of the existence of this animal among us. It was by one of those few early discoverers that we were ourselves directed to its dwelling-place.

On opening the shop door we found ourselves, in proper showman fashion, shut from a sight of the inner mystery by a check curtain. Passing that we came into the shop, which was divided by a little wooden barrier into a small space for spectators, and a small space for the proprietors of the animal and for the animal himself, whose den was a deal box standing on its side, with a

small lair of straw inside, and the stuffed Anteater on the top of it. On the straw was a rough grey hair mat, of a circular form, or a heap of hair, which presently unrolled itself into the form of a magnificent tail, from under which the long nose of the living Ant-bear was aimed at us like a musket. Then the whole curiosity came out to eat an egg, which it heard cracked against the wall. In accordance with the fate common to exiles, this Ant-bear is very thin. Being now five months old, he stands about as high as a Newfoundland dog. As there were no other visitors present we had an opportunity of becoming pretty sociable with him and with his owners, and could feel his long nose and his shaggy coat with the same hand that had been called upon to feel the small heads of the Aztecs. Here, however, was a fit object upon which to spend our wonder — not a deformed fellow-being, but a work of creation hitherto unseen among us, an example not of defect, but of perfection in the adaptation of means to an end — from mouth to tail an Anteater.

We have already, in some pages of this work, had occasion to remark, that the feeding of one animal upon another is not in principle a savage or a cruel thing, but the direct reverse. Except where man has interfered to make the life of any creature painful, there can be no doubt that every brute existence ends with a large balance on the side of happiness enjoyed. All healthy animal life — except perhaps in the least organised animals that scarcely possess any consciousness — is pleasure, and to multiply creatures is to multiply the sum of happiness enjoyed upon this globe of ours; therefore the earth is full of animated beings. The vegetable world feeds myriads of individuals, and there is scarcely an herb that does not feed at least one class of animals; a race expressly created to enjoy it; born to eat nothing else. But if all animals ate fruits there would be a limit set to the multiplication of kinds, and to the aggregate increase of numbers that is now far overpassed. Upon one animal another lives, another upon that; so there is no waste in the great system of creation, and ten happy beings live in vigour where, had all animals been vegetable feeders, there would have been but five, and at least two of those enduring the distresses of a slow decay. Man is subject to diseases that arise almost entirely from his social errors, yet they tend to develop all his higher faculties — they give play to his sympathies and affections, elevate him as a moral being; at the same time they serve as admonitions to his intellect, which is by them led to trace bad effects to their causes in conditions of existence that require amendment; as for example we are taught by cholera that we must not so misuse our

power of free action as to pen one another up in filthy heaps, neglecting to use the fresh air, the pure light and the clear water that lie ready to our mouths and eyes and hands. Brutes, however, are created not for progressive development, but for the simple enjoyment of the life and power that they have. Sickness has not for them its uses, instinct commonly teaches them to avoid causes of disease, and those which become a prey to animals that feed upon them die suddenly a quick and easy death, after a life that has been wholly free from aches and pains, and all the toils that old age and debility bring with them. They go to make fresh life and vigour, and there is in this way a great wealth of strong and happy life established in the world, and a great deal of fatigue and suffering kept out of it. A further use of this method of maintaining one set of animals on the waste of another, is to increase very much the variety of form and structure which give to our universe so much beauty and interest, and to the thinking man so many clues by which he may lead his thoughts upward and increase his own small stock of wisdom by the study of a wisdom that is infinite and perfect. While the varieties of form are increased there is a due check put on the undue reproduction of any single species. — We might follow these reflections out a great deal farther, but we have said enough for our purpose, which was to suggest the reflection that a large animal created with direct and obvious reference to his assigned business of destroying ant's nests, and subsisting upon their inhabitants, illustrates a great principle in the government of the world that springs wholly from beneficence, and can be thought strange only because it is unfamiliar and striking. Equally or even more surprising would be the net spread by the spider, if one, with the animal at work upon it, could be exhibited to a people among whom spiders never have been seen. Yet we sweep such things down from the corners of our houses, and regard them but as common dust.

There is some reason to doubt whether the Ant-bear in Bloomsbury will live through an English winter. It is now healthy, but thin and languid, as most exotic animals become when they are brought among us. Mrs. Meredith, in her account of her Home in Tasmania, gave us the other day quite startling accounts of the briskness of a tame opossum under its own skies, in opposition to the common statement made here, even by some naturalists, that they are sluggish animals. The Ant-bear that crawled lazily out of its box under the shadow of St. Giles's steeple, would at this time have been fishing and leaping with fierce vigour if left to the shelter of the forests of Brazil. At home, when

rendered fierce by hunger, it will make a bound of ten feet to spring on the back of a horse, tear open the horse's shoulder with its huge claws, and then suck the blood out of the wound. Here it comes, lean as it is, very lazily out of its box at the crackling of an eggshell to follow its master about, licking the yolk out of an egg with its long tongue. It does that very cleverly. Like most of the tame Ant-bears in Brazil, this one in Bloomsbury, though but an infant, eats fifty in a day, with a little milk, and meat chopped finely or in soup.

It needs not only food but air. It would do best, said the German, if it had some green to run upon. The air of a small room in Holborn or in Oxford Street, to which last thoroughfare the show entertained a notion of removing, adds one more peril to the chance of maintaining alive this little stranger. The peril, however, is not very likely to be of long duration. Such a prize as an Ant-bear could not hide itself a day in London from the eye of the ever active secretary of the gardens in Regent's Park. He was already in treaty with the Germans, and had offered them, if they went with their animal to the Zoological Garden, the weekly payment of quite a royal pension during its life. They were to have every week certainly as much as they could make of profit out of their show during six months in Broad Street. They had refused that offer, and desired to sell their treasure outright at a price that was but ten weeks' purchase of the pension offered, with a condition that they would return one-third of the money if the Ant-bear died within ten weeks. This suggestion proves that the owners themselves consider the Ant-bear's life a very bad one to ensure themselves a salary upon. So the negociation stands at present, that is to say while we write. When this is read, the matter will be settled. The strange animal may have become famous among us, and be in a fair way to get through the winter under able watching and with the best artificial aid, or it may be still pining in an obscure show-room, or it may be dead and stuffed and framed and glazed, or dead and dissected

If dead and stuffed, let no man put faith in its appearance. We have seen no English picture of the Ant-bear at all equal to the truth, and if we may take as a sample the stuffed specimen brought from Rio Janeiro with this living animal, the stuffer fails yet more completely than the painter. The long, smooth, hard nose, like a stiff, straight, hairy proboscis, only by no means a proboscis, for it has no mouth under it but carries a little toothless mouth at the end of itself, and a pair of small, keen eyes at its root; that wonderful long head which we call nose, which is made to dive into the inner-

most recesses of the ant's nest, and which is as striking a characteristic of the beast as the stork's bill is of the bird, that essential feature shrivels and wrinkles and grows limp under the stuffer's hand, and conveys no notion of the original clear and even elegant outline of the Ant-bear's head, and of the firmness of its bone and bristle. Then the forelegs and the tremendous claws are marred inevitably. The forelegs even in the young living specimen of which we speak are models of animal strength that would delight the eye of any artist. There is a size of bone, a manifest firmness and tension of muscle in them, that recal to the mind many an old ideal sculpture. They end in huge claws retracted inwards, as we should say of fingers bent towards the palm, and the animal, walking in a strange way, treads upon them so; he does not spread the foreclaws out, but walks, as it were, upon his knuckles. In the stuffed specimen the claws are spread out carefully as they are never to be seen in nature. The outer crust of the ant-hills becomes often hard as stone, and the use of those massive claws and of the huge power in those forelegs is to enable the Ant-bear to rend them asunder, as the oak was rent by Milo. The hind legs of the Ant-bear although strong are altogether weaker, and they end in feet like human feet, which are of great use in supporting him while he is at work with his foreclaws. In the stuffed specimen again the marvellous tail is turned in the wrong direction. In the living creature it resembles nothing so much in form as a peacock's tail, with the sweep reversed. A peacock's tail without the gaiety, made of grey hairs instead of gaudy feathers.

We remained for some time with the young Brazilian, during which there arrived only one visitor, a gentleman to whose ears the report of it had come. He saw the Ant-bear eat an egg and scratch itself, then went away. It scratches and pulls its hair about with its hard foreclaws precisely as it would if they were horny fingers, and turning its head round always when it does so to bring one bright eye to bear upon its work, its mouth is brought at the same time into the neighbourhood of its hind feet or of its tail. We heard two little sons of St. Giles, asking outside whether that was where the show was and what was the charge for seeing it, but they demurred at threepence and retired. An object of attraction that in proper hands would draw half London was of no account in Bloomsbury. Few seemed to care for "the Antita." When that young Brazilian had in a leisurely way refreshed himself with eggs and milk, properly scratched himself with each of his four legs, and made inspection of our trousers, he determined to lie down. Not, however, until he had made his

bed. When he had arranged the straw to his satisfaction, he lay down on one side, and holding out an arm for his long head, took it to his breast and cuddled it as though it were a baby that he had to bed with him. Then he drew over all his long tail in the fashion of a counterpane, and remained thereunder as quiet as death.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Before sunset on the memorable day on which King Charles the First was executed, the House of Commons passed an act declaring it treason in any one to proclaim the Prince of Wales — or anybody else — King of England. Soon afterwards, it declared that the House of Lords was useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished, and directed that the late King's statue should be taken down from the Royal Exchange in the city and other public places. Having laid hold of some famous Royalists who had escaped from prison, and having beheaded the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Holland, and Lord Capel, in Palace Yard (all of whom died very courageously), they then appointed a Council of State to govern the country. It consisted of forty-one members, of whom five were peers. Bradshaw was made president. The House of Commons also re-admitted members who had opposed the King's death, and made up its numbers to about a hundred and fifty.

But, it still had an army of more than forty thousand men to deal with, and a very hard task it was to manage them. Before the King's execution, the army had appointed some of its officers to remonstrate between them and the Parliament; and now the common soldiers began to take that office upon themselves. The regiments under orders for Ireland mutinied; one troop of horse in the city of London seized their own flag, and refused to obey orders. For this, the ringleader was shot: which did not mend the matter, for, both his comrades and the people made a public funeral for him, and accompanied the body to the grave with sound of trumpets and with a gloomy procession of persons carrying bundles of rosemary steeped in blood. Oliver was the only man to deal with such difficulties as these, and he soon cut them short by bursting at midnight into the town of Burford, near Salisbury, where the mutineers were sheltered, taking four hundred of them prisoners, and shooting a number of them by sentence of court-martial. The soldiers soon found, as all men did, that Oliver was not a man to be trifled with. And there was an end of the mutiny.

The Scottish Parliament did not know Oliver yet; so, on hearing of the King's execution, it

proclaimed the Prince of Wales King Charles the Second, on condition of his respecting the Solemn League and Covenant. Charles was abroad at that time, and so was Montrose, from whose help he had hopes enough to keep him holding on and off with commissioners from Scotland, just as his father might have done. These hopes, however, were soon at an end, for, Montrose, having raised a few hundred exiles in Germany, and landed with them in Scotland, found that the people there, instead of joining him, deserted the country at his approach. He was soon taken prisoner and carried to Edinburgh. There he was received with every possible insult, and carried to prison in a cart, his officers going two and two before him. He was sentenced by the Parliament to be hanged on a gallows thirty feet high, to have his head set on a spike in Edinburgh, and his limbs distributed in other places, according to the old barbarous manner. He said he had always acted under the Royal orders, and only wished he had limbs enough to be distributed through Christendom, that it might be the more widely known how loyal he had been. He went to the scaffold in a bright and brilliant dress, and made a bold end at thirty-eight years of age. The breath was scarcely out of his body when Charles abandoned his memory, and denied that he had ever given him orders to rise in his behalf. Oh, the family failing was strong in that Charles then!

Oliver had been appointed by the Parliament to command the army in Ireland, where he took a terrible vengeance for the sanguinary rebellion, and made tremendous havoc, particularly in the siege of Drogheda, where no quarter was given, and where he found at least a thousand of the inhabitants shut up together in the great church: every one of whom was killed by his soldiers, usually known as Oliver's Ironsides. There were numbers of friars and priests among them, and Oliver gruffly wrote home in his despatch that these were "knocked on the head" like the rest.

But, Charles having got over to Scotland, where the men of the Solemn League and Covenant led him a prodigiously dull life, and made him very weary with long sermons and grim Sundays, the Parliament called the redoubtable Oliver home to knock the Scottish men on the head for setting up that Prince. Oliver left his son-in-law, Ireton, as general in Ireland in his stead (he died there afterwards), and he imitated the example of his father-in-law with such good-will that he brought the country to subjection, and laid it at the feet of the Parliament. In the end, they passed an act for the settlement of Ireland, generally pardoning all the common people, but exempting from this grace such of the wealthier sort as had been

concerned in the rebellion, or in any killing of Protestants, or who refused to lay down their arms. Great numbers of Irish were got out of the country to serve under Catholic powers abroad, and a quantity of land was declared to have been forfeited by past offences, and was given to people who had lent money to the Parliament early in the war. These were sweeping measures; but, if Oliver Cromwell had had his own way fully, and had stayed in Ireland, he would have done more yet.

However, as I have said, the Parliament wanted Oliver for Scotland; so, home Oliver came, and was made Commander of all the Forces of the Commonwealth of England, and in three days away he went with sixteen thousand soldiers to fight the Scottish men. Now, the Scottish men, being then—as you will generally find them now—mighty cautious, reflected that the troops they had were not used to war like the Ironsides, and would be beaten in an open fight. Therefore they said, "If we lie quiet in our trenches in Edinburgh here, and if all the farmers come into the town and desert the country, the Ironsides will be driven out by iron hunger and be forced to go away." This was, no doubt, the wisest plan; but as the Scottish clergy *would* interfere with what they knew nothing about, and would perpetually preach long sermons, exhorting the soldiers to come out and fight, the soldiers got it in their heads that they absolutely must come out and fight. Accordingly, in an evil hour for themselves, they came out of their safe position. Oliver fell upon them instantly, and killed three thousand, and took ten thousand prisoners.

To gratify the Scottish Parliament, and preserve their favour, Charles had signed a declaration they laid before him, reproaching the memory of his father and mother, and representing himself as a most religious Prince, to whom the Solemn League and Covenant was as dear as life. He meant no sort of truth in this, and soon afterwards galloped away on horseback to join some tiresome Highland friends, who were always flourishing dirks and broadswords. He was overtaken and induced to return; but this attempt, which was called "The start," did him just so much service that they did not preach quite such long sermons at him afterwards as they had done before.

On the first of January, one thousand six hundred and fifty-one, the Scottish people crowned him at Scone. He immediately took the chief command of an army of twenty thousand men, and marched to Stirling. His hopes were heightened, I dare say, by the redoubtable Oliver being ill of an ague; but Oliver scrambled out of bed in no time, and went to work with such energy that he got behind the Royalist army and cut it off from

all communication with Scotland. There was nothing for it then, but to go on to England; so it went on as far as Worcester, where the mayor and some of the gentry proclaimed King Charles the Second straightway. His proclamation, however, was of little use to him, for very few Royalists appeared, and on the very same day two people were publicly beheaded on Tower Hill for espousing his cause. Up came Oliver to Worcester too, at double quick speed, and he and his Ironsides so laid about them in the great battle which was fought there, that they completely beat the Scottish men, and destroyed the Royalist army, though the Scottish men fought so gallantly that it took five hours to do.

The escape of Charles after this battle of Worcester did him good service long afterwards, for it induced many of the generous English people to take a romantic interest in him, and to think much better of him than he ever deserved. He fled in the night with not more than sixty followers to the house of a Catholic lady in Staffordshire. There, for his greater safety, the whole sixty left him. He cropped his hair, stained his face and hands brown as if they were sunburnt, put on the clothes of a labouring countryman, and went out in the morning with his axe in his hand, accompanied by four wood-cutters who were brothers, and another man who was their brother-in-law. These good fellows made a bed for him under a tree, as the weather was very bad; and the wife of one of them brought him food to eat; and the old mother of the four brothers came and fell down on her knees before him in the wood, and thanked God that her sons were engaged in saving his life. At night, he came out of the forest and went on to another house which was near the river Severn, with the intention of passing into Wales; but the place swarmed with soldiers, and the bridges were guarded, and all the boats were made fast. So, after lying in a hayloft covered over with hay, for some time, he came out of this place, attended by Colonel Careless, a Catholic gentleman who had met him there, and with whom he lay hid, all next day, up in the shady branches of a fine old oak. It was lucky for the King that it was September-time, and that the leaves had not begun to fall, as he and the Colonel, perched up in this tree, could catch glimpses of the soldiers riding about below, and could hear the crash in the wood as they went about beating the boughs.

After this, he walked and walked until his feet were all blistered, and, having been concealed all one day in a house which was searched by the troopers while he was there, went with Lord Wilmot, another of his good friends, to a place called Bentley, where one Miss Lane, a Protestant lady, had obtained a

pass to be allowed to ride through the guards to see a relation of hers near Bristol. Disguised as a servant, he rode on the saddle before this young lady to the house of Sir John Winter, while Lord Wilmot rode there boldly, like a plain country gentleman, with dogs at his heels. It happened that Sir John Winter's butler had been a servant in Richmond Palace, and knew Charles the moment he set eyes upon him; but, the butler was faithful, and kept the secret. As no ship could be found there to carry him abroad, it was planned that he should go — still travelling with Miss Lane as her servant — to another house, at Trent near Sherborne in Dorsetshire; and then Miss Lane and her cousin, Mr. Lascelles, who had gone on horseback beside her all the way, went home. I hope Miss Lane was going to marry that cousin, for I am sure she must have been a brave, kind girl. If I had been that cousin, I should certainly have loved her.

When Charles, lonely for the loss of Miss Lane, was safe at Trent, a ship was hired at Lyme, the master of which engaged to take two gentlemen to France. In the evening of the same day, the King — now riding as servant before another young lady — set off for a public-house at a place called Charmouth, where the captain of the vessel was to take him on board. But, the captain's wife, being afraid of her husband's getting into trouble, locked him up, and would not let him sail. Then they went away to Bridport, and coming to the inn there, found the stable-yard full of soldiers who were on the look out for Charles, and who talked about him while they drank. He had such presence of mind, however, that he led the horses of his party through the yard as any other servant might have done, and said, "Come out of the way, you soldiers; let us have room to pass here!" As he went along, he met a half-tipsy ostler, who rubbed his eyes and said to him, "Why, I was formerly servant to Mr. Potter at Exeter, and surely I have sometimes seen you there, young man?" He certainly had, for Charles had lodged there. His ready answer was, "Ah, I did live with him once; but I have no time to talk now. We 'll have a pot of beer together when I come back."

From this dangerous place he returned to Trent, and lay there concealed several days. Then, he escaped to Heale, near Salisbury, where, in the house of a widow lady, he was hidden five days, until the master of a collier lying off Shoreham in Sussex, undertook to convey "a gentleman" to France. On the night of the fifteenth of October, accompanied by two colonels and a merchant, the King rode to Brighton, then a little fishing village, to give the captain of the ship a supper before going on

board; but, so many people knew him, that this captain knew him too, and not only he, but the landlord and landlady also. Before he went away, the landlord came behind his chair, kissed his hand, and said he hoped to live to be a lord and to see his wife a lady; at which Charles laughed. They had had a good supper by this time, and plenty of smoking and drinking, at which the King was a first-rate hand; so, the captain assured him that he would stand by him, and he did. It was agreed that the captain should bepretend to sail to Deal, and that Charles should address the sailors and say he was a gentleman in debt, who was running away from his creditors, and that he hoped they would join him in persuading the captain to put him ashore in France. As the King acted his part very well indeed, and gave the sailors twenty shillings to drink, they begged the captain to do what such a worthy gentleman asked. He pretended to yield to their entreaties, and the King got safe to Normandy.

Ireland being now subdued, and Scotland kept quiet by plenty of forts and soldiers put there by Oliver, the Parliament would have gone on quietly enough as far as fighting with any foreign enemy went, but for getting into trouble with the Dutch, who in the spring of the year one thousand six hundred and fifty-one sent a fleet into the Downs under their Admiral Van Tromp, to call upon the bold English Admiral Blake (who was there with half as many ships as the Dutch) to strike his flag. Blake fired a raging broadside instead, and beat off Van Tromp, who, in the autumn, came back again with seventy ships, and challenged the bold Blake — who still was only half as strong — to fight him. Blake fought him all day, but finding that the Dutch were too many for him, got quietly off at night. What does Van Tromp upon this, but goes cruising and boasting about the Channel, between the North Foreland and the Isle of Wight, with a great Dutch broom tied to his masthead, as a sign that he could and would sweep the English off the sea! Within three months, Blake lowered his tone though, and his broom too; for, he and two other bold commanders, Dean and Monk, fought him three whole days, took twenty-three of his ships, shivered his broom to pieces, and settled his business.

Things were no sooner quiet again than the army began to complain to the Parliament that they were not governing the nation properly, and to hint that they thought they could do it better themselves. Oliver, who had now made up his mind to be the head of the state, or nothing at all, supported them in this, and called a meeting of officers and his own Parliamentary friends, at his lodgings in Whitehall, to consider the best way of

getting rid of the Parliament. It had now lasted just as many years as the King's unbridled power had lasted, before it came into existence. The end of the deliberation was that Oliver went down to the House in his usual plain black dress, with his usual grey worsted stockings, but with an unusual party of soldiers behind him. These last he left in the lobby, and then went in and sat down. Presently he got up, made the Parliament a speech, told them that the Lord had done with them, stamped his foot and said, "You are no Parliament. Bring them in! Bring them in!" At this signal the door flew open, and the soldiers appeared. "This is not honest," said Sir Harry Vane, one of the members. "Sir Harry Vane!" cried Cromwell; "O, Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" Then he pointed out members one by one, and said this man was a drunkard, and that man a dissipated fellow, and that man a liar, and so on. Then he caused the Speaker to be walked out of his chair, told the guard to clear the House, called the mace upon the table — which is a sign that the House is sitting — "a fool's bauble," and said, "Here, carry it away!" Being obeyed in all these orders, he quietly locked the door, put the key in his pocket, walked back to Whitehall again, and told his friends, who were still assembled there, what he had done.

They formed a new Council of State after this extraordinary proceeding, and got a new Parliament together in their own way: which Oliver himself opened in a sort of sermon, and which he said was the beginning of a perfect heaven upon earth. In this parliament there sat a well-known leather-seller, who had taken the singular name of Praise God Barebones, and from whom it was called, for a joke, Barebones's Parliament, though its general name was the Little Parliament. As it soon appeared that it was not going to put Oliver in the first place, it turned out to be not at all like the beginning of heaven upon earth, and Oliver said it really was not to be borne with. So he cleared off that Parliament in much the same way as he had disposed of the other; and then the council of officers decided that he must be made the supreme authority of the kingdom, under the title of the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth.

So, on the sixteenth of December, one thousand six hundred and fifty-three, a great procession was formed at Oliver's door, and he came out in a black velvet suit and a big pair of boots, and got into his coach and went down to Westminster, attended by the judges, and the lord mayor, and the aldermen, and all the other great and wonderful personages of the country. There, in the Court of Chancery, he publicly accepted the office of Lord Protector. Then he was sworn, and

the City sword was handed to him, and the seal was handed to him, and all the other things were handed to him which are usually handed to Kings and Queens on state occasions, and handed back again. When Oliver had handed them all back, he was quite made and completely finished off as Lord Protector; and several of the Ironsides preached about it at great length, all the evening.

THE MODERN PRACTICE OF PHYSIC.

Numerous introductory lectures were delivered in the various hospitals of London on the first and third days of October, at the commencement of the winter session. I have been reading them, and desire leave, as an apothecary of the world, to add one more lecture to the number. Prelections to the student let there always be. Fill his mind with a sense of the duties he will take upon himself when he becomes practitioner of physic. But I am very strongly of opinion that there is an oration due also to the patients upon whom he is hereafter to practise, and I ask permission forthwith to discharge the debt.

Ladies and gentlemen, the lecture-rooms of the medical schools in this metropolis are now filled with young men well or ill prepared for study; hopeful or careless, sensible or silly; who will by very different paths arrive at the privilege of bleeding, blistering or bandaging your persons. Respectable individuals who are hereafter to select for themselves doctors from among these young men, will make their choice. Every one of them will, I have no doubt, take care to place himself or herself in the hands of a respectable practitioner. What does that mean? Am *I* respectable, for instance?

My own secret opinion is that I am not. I attend a great many families who keep my purse in health while I keep them in physic. I dress in black, wear spectacles, am rather bald, and keep a brougham; but I am a humbug, if my conscience is not very much deceived. I could not help it, and I cannot alter it. To make such a confession in my own name would be *felo de se*, and I have no right to do it. Anonymously, however, I can venture to be candid.

The truth is that I know very little indeed about my profession. As a student, at the opening of three successive sessions, I was warmed a little by my teachers into good designs of study; but I was so fond of pleasure, that I could accomplish very little indeed. I had a youth's relish for fun, and a youth's disrelish for labour. Not that I was absolutely idle. I attended a very fair number of lectures, slurred over a good many "parts" in the dissecting room, went round with

the physicians and the surgeons to the bedsides; but I did not fix attention properly on anything or anybody that meant work. I was not by any means the idlest fellow at St. Poultice's, and I do not think that there was any active harm in me. I was quiet enough to be thought well of by the lecturers, and to be considered quite respectable, and better than an average St. Poultice man, even in those days of initiation. It was often thought that I could easily have taken honours in some classes had I tried for them. When the time came for passing my examinations at the Hall and College, I grew rather nervous; for I knew myself so well, as to be quite sure that my attainments would not bear a close investigation. My nervousness was tempered by a spring of hope arising from two sources: One was the knowledge that at the College of Surgeons the examination (which was only on two subjects) would last but for an hour; during which I should be cut into four quarters and divided among four sets of examiners, each of whom would have little civilities to say at starting, and might spend even as much, I trusted, as five minutes a-piece over them, in consideration of the fact that they all knew, and would think it polite to ask after, my father.

At the Hall, my hope lay in the fact concerning the examining apothecaries, that each of them was supposed to keep sets of examinations, got up by him as an actor gets up parts. Every such line of business was known, and taught publicly to me and to my fellow pupils during our hospital walking time by certain gentlemen called grinders; who also kept duplicates of all the drug bottles exhibited in trays on the examination tables. They also in those days — I do not know how it may be now — even contrived to get from Chelsea gardens, on the morning of examination, duplicates of all the plants that had been sent down to Blackfriars on the previous evening, to be named by candidates for the apothecaries' license. The Hall, therefore, could be passed after grinding for a few months without any previous study. I ground at second-hand; borrowing the notes and information gathered by a friend who was himself in attendance on a grinder. Yet I passed; I went through the Surgeons' with a flourish. In justice to the Apothecaries I should say that they almost rejected me; but the scale turned finally in my favour when I was asked the quantities of opium put into the several compounds of the pharmacopœia that contained that drug. It was one of the stock questions of the place, of which my friend had written down the answer for me on the back of his visiting card. I had nothing like an idea on the subject; but I knew the list by heart, and had it at that moment near

my heart, for it was in my waistcoat pocket. So I passed, and became licensed to practise.

Immediately afterwards, I took charge of a large pauper Union. There was no time for study, and there never has been any since; for I have prospered, and I should have had no heart for study had I failed. I look solid and oracular, deal to a judicious extent in jokes; which are I find accepted best and repeated oftenest as mine, when they are not my own. I understand my patients' characters and humours; although I do not understand their maladies so well as I could wish. Of course I take care not to let that fact be suspected. Profound in tact, I give to no one reason for supposing that there can be anything between consumption and nail-cutting, that I do not scientifically understand. I am considered to be especially able in respect to chest diseases; and I use the stethoscope — by which I am supposed to hear the sounds that betray physical order or disorder — with much grace and gravity. I never yet heard anything more than a general bumping, which I take to be produced by the patient's heart, and a crepitation which I believe to be caused by the hairs of my whiskers rubbing against the wood. Nobody knows that, however. All that is known about me is that I am, as before confessed, a respectable practitioner in the world's esteem, grave and a little bald, and that I keep a brougham. Ladies and gentlemen, I may this very day have written out my fiat for six draughts for one of you. Nevertheless, let no one tremble; for if it should be so, the chances are nineteen to one that I have ordered you a little harmless effervescent, or a draught coloured with T. Card. Co., which is something innocent and aromatic. I do not prescribe savagely. I live in fear of my own ignorance and do no active harm.

Permit me now, ladies and gentlemen of the world, as an apothecary of the world, gravely to call your attention to the very large number of young men who have recently been exhorted on the subject of the studies upon which they enter, and the duties they will have to undertake. Between thirty and seventy fresh youths enter every October at each hospital as recruits to the ranks of the Medical army. They believe themselves to be committed to an honest calling — as indeed there is none in the world honester or worthier of general respect — to embark on a wide ocean of knowledge. If they are themselves honest and high-minded, they will do so; but, if they look at me and think much of my brougham, it may possibly come into their heads that it is not worth their while to venture very far to sea. The studies connected with the practice of medicine have so much in them of truth and vitality, of real

and deep philosophy, that it is impossible for them not more or less to enlarge, strengthen, and at the same time refine the mind. They produce, therefore, a body of men, even at this day, second to no other class in its collective dignity; but the profession is not what it ought to be. The dim shadow of their future careers — felt alike by the students and by their teachers, when introductory orations open the campaign of study with allusions to the work that is before them — sends a touch of sadness to the mind of a pound, shilling, and pence surgeon like me. I am a sham myself, but I can respect what is genuine in others; and I have very good reason to know that the profession would shine more than it does, if public ignorance did not eat into it like a rust.

Is *this* right, for example? An old lady came under my care who would have none of my physic. She had a prescription from the great Dr. Podgy, which she wished me to make up. She was absolutely in love with Dr. Podgy, and told me so much about his ways and manners, that I, in my comparative humility and innocence, administered the humbug he prescribed in stronger doses than good tact would prompt. Nevertheless Dr. Podgy seemed not to have erred in the low estimate he put upon the public understanding. He was the king of a provincial town; and, although he had written nothing and had done nothing to obtain the shadow of a name among his brethren who were qualified to understand his merits, he had one of the most profitable medical practices in Europe. I doubt whether there was its equal out of London. Very well. The invaluable prescription of Dr. Podgy (which consisted of Epsom salts diffused in an infusion of roses) I made up several times. Some sudden notion of weakness caused the old lady to travel off one day to see the great man and consult with him once more. He told her he would add something strengthening to her prescription. He did so, and the learned recipe came back to me to be made up. Dr. Podgy resolved to strengthen the old lady with a little steel, and had accordingly added some sulphate of iron to the salts and the roses. By so doing, in ignorance of a chemical fact known even among druggist's boys, he spoilt his pretty roses altogether, and caused the mixture to look like a bottle of bad ink. "I cannot take that filthy mess," said my good lady. "You have made some mistake." Dr. Podgy could not be wrong and she had no more to do with me; I was summarily dismissed. Now, does it speak well for the good sense of the public, when it is stated that to this Dr. Podgy there have been decreed, in his own town, the honours of a public statue? At the same time I know a dozen, and the world could reckon up more than a hundred physicians

who are men of science, who are incorporating their names with the history of their art, and who, for want of a due practical recognition of their merits by the doctor-needing public, are doomed for the term of their natural lives to eat cold mutton and wear rusty clothes.

Ladies and gentlemen, you certainly will benefit yourselves if, when you select your own attendants from the coming race of medical practitioners, you look less than your forefathers have looked to tact and exterior manner, and institute a strict search after skill and merit. Attend, I entreat you, less to the recommendations of your nurses and your neighbours, and prefer rather physicians who have obtained honour among men really qualified to pass a verdict upon their attainments. Now, if a man labours much in his profession with his head at home when he ought to be dining out and winning good opinions by his urbanity and by the geniality of his professional deportment, he is commonly said to be a theorist, and left to eat the covers of his books, or to nibble his pen. Most of the really first-rate medical practitioners indeed who have obtained large practices, had manner as well as matter in them, tact as well as talent.

There may be some justice in this disposition of things; but, that the use of a little wise discrimination by the public in the choice of medical attendants, would stimulate the students more than all the introductory orations that were ever spoken, and, in due time, exalt the whole profession — strengthening very much its power to do good — I think I can make evident.

When I hinted at a little sadness that accompanied the thought of the respective futures of the students now at work in all our hospitals, a retrospect lay at the bottom of my mind. I can go back to my own student times, and recal the groups that sat about me in the lecture-room. Enough time has elapsed to let me see, in very many cases, how they have been dealt with by the world. I do not know whether it is everywhere so, but at St. Poultice's there is, or used to be, a spirit of fellowship abroad. There is a band of us alive, firmly believing that St. Poultice's never had so good a set of men studying together as there were in our time. So we, who were "respectable" there, think of each other, ignoring the tag-rag which belongs to every other and all other time. I suppose that students of each year grow up in the satisfaction of the same persuasion. Never mind that. One consequence of this fellow feeling is, that we who were at work (or play) together look and inquire much after one another. If I meet Brown he knows where Thompson is, and must tell me how Thompson is getting on. I, having seen Jenkins lately, tell all I know of him. Every one of

us is a repertory of the histories of nearly all his old companions at St. Poultice's. So complete is our feeling in this way, that I was stopped in the road by a gentleman the other day. "Your name," he said, "is Point."

"Yes," I replied; "and yours, I think, is Comma." I didn't know him at all, but guessed at hazard that he must be some St. Poultice man.

"No," he said, "I'm Colon. What are you doing? How are you getting on?" We exchanged questions and cards and shall visit; but I am confident that when we were at hospital together we never exchanged two words. We were not acquaintances at all; merely in fact seeing each other there occasionally.

Now, I will relate fairly and truly a few cases of the after careers of some of the students I knew best. There was Pumpson to begin with, a fine manly broad-chested fellow, who worked like a steam-engine; but kept his work oiled so pleasantly that there was no creak, puff, pant, or sign of labour to be detected in him. To see him with his tails up before the library fire, chattering pleasantly, you would suppose that he was a man who scorned to fag. He liked a game at billiards; he was a leading member of our boat club; he was a leading man in half a dozen odd things that smelt rather of the flowers than the fruits of student life; but there was not one among us really working so earnestly as Pumpson. He was quick in acquisition of all kinds of knowledge, and he had a taste for everything intellectual and pleasant; but he toiled so thoroughly in his own quiet way — burning I do not know how many pints of oil per month in his own room — that he carried away the cream of all the honours for which we were expected to compete. Finally, he attracted the attention of our great authorities so much, that a good foreign appointment was offered to him at the close of his student career. He declined it as beneath the aim of his ambition, and went off, a highly trained physician, to create a practice in a large provincial town.

I spent a week lately in Pumpson's town, and found our old friend prosperous enough. He has a wife and children about him, and he lives in a good house in his old pleasant way; for he has private means. Moreover, there is nobody in the said town of Feverton more widely known. Pumpson is every public body's secretary; the foremost man in every scientific coterie; great at the chess club; great as a lecturer at the local medical school; great in private circles. Nevertheless, if Pumpson had no private means he would be threadbare. His revelations, in reply to the "How are you getting on?" question, gave me to understand that his professional gains would not make him liable

for income tax. Smith and Jones, members of the Feverton public, severally offered to tell me in confidential chat over their tables, who was the rising man of the locality.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Why," they said, "Pumpson. Wonderfully able man."

"Does he attend your family?" I asked of Mr. Smith.

"Why no," he replied, "when I want a physician I always call in Dr. Droney. I am rather afraid, to tell you the truth, of Pumpson's cleverness. He might be wishing to try some new remedies upon me. I rather dread a scientific man, because he is so liable to make experiments"

Pumpson began life with money and talent: Bilcher had neither. In some respects Pumpson and Bilcher at St. Poultice's contrasted greatly with each other. Pumpson was always well and neatly dressed: Bilcher was always shabby and awkward. Pumpson had a remarkably wide range of ideas: Bilcher a peculiarly narrow one. Pumpson learned a great deal with no show of working: Bilcher picked up very little, although he was always to be seen grubbing for knowledge. All his spare time Bilcher spent in the dissecting room; and, as he was not fond of soap and water, it was not the pleasantest accident that could befal one of us in the day to have to shake hands with Bilcher. He was an amiable fellow, very much liked; but you would have said that he was altogether too slow to get forward in a busy world. Out of his profession he had no ideas; and in it, although he worked for them very hard, he never could get any students' honours. Bilcher in due time passed; and electrified us all immediately afterwards by marrying a fashionable widow with a thousand a year. She was twenty years his senior, and made him father to a young lady of his own age. After that Bilcher cleaned himself and clothed his neck in a white napkin very thick with starch. Bilcher then gravely contemplated the world from the top of his collar, and the world looked up to him. Bilcher has now an extensive practice. He keeps two carriages, and boasts to us of duchesses whom he attends.

In the considerable town of Shredby, Porson is established as physician: a man of strict religious principle whom, as a medical student, I respected greatly, and whom I still no less respect. We were not very intimate, because he was not fond of amusement, and I was. Porson studied seriously, and learned his profession in a quiet conscientious way. He showed no abilities. The reward of all his industry as a student was one Third Certificate of merit, which he obtained in a class when there happened to be only three men who competed for its honours. Being in Shredby recently I met Porson, who invited me to tea, and gave

me muffins. I found him living on his profession very comfortably; then in mature life and about to marry. He told me solemnly (I never saw him laugh, as youth or man) that he was doing very well. His Third Certificate hung, framed and glazed, over the chairs in his consulting-room. I found by inquiries in the town that he was a very thriving man; for, being conscientiously diligent in his attendance on the Independent Chapel — he was an Independent — the whole Independent body looked upon him as the fittest man to give advice to them upon their fleshly ailments.

Partleby is another of our old set at St. Poultice's. He was, and still is, not less deeply imbued than Porson with religious principle and feeling; but he was at least ten times more clever. Partleby had a taste for literature; read English, French, and German authors; wrote verses that were almost poetical; but he was not less attentive to his studies. He was a conscientious working student, distinguished himself in two or three classes, and liked his profession. He was a perfect gentleman in mind and manners when he went into the world, a well trained surgeon and an accomplished man. But he stands only five feet in his shoes; looks small in a room, and has thoughts of his own; says original things for which people are not prepared, because they do not understand them, and are therefore annoyed with *him*. He is thence considered odd; and having bought a practice worked at it with the most unremitting application; married on it, and at last found that it would not keep his children. Partleby then bought a partnership with a man whose religious feeling pleased him. The man proved to be a rogue in saint's clothing. Partleby was cheated of the profits due to him; and at the end of the term of years for which the partnership had been made, the false saint — an incompetent practitioner — carried off all the patients. Partleby was thus left, after twenty years of work, very much where he was when he began the world. His practice now consists of five small families, who cannot be at all times ailing. The energies of Partleby are broken down. If he had not belonged to a family able to keep his bark afloat for him, he would have sunk years ago, and would by this time have died. If he had not a religious mind and a clear conscience, he would have been throughout his career very wretched.

Burdle, another of our set, prospers and deserves prosperity; but what price has he paid for it? Possessed of a fine intellect he vowed it all to his profession; worked intensely, and had not been half-a-dozen years in the world before he had achieved, by original research, an European reputation. Some years ago I congratulated him on his

prosperity. "You have got on well, Burdle," I said; "and if ever a man earned his prosperity you have."

"No," he replied, "I have not got on. It is a question between science and pudding. I am not great-minded enough to remain poor for the love of my profession; so I have made up my mind to leave off cultivating that and cultivate the public." Burdle did as he threatened, and is growing rich. It is quite true in his case that the patients who have gone to him, have gone to a most competent and able man, whose knowledge can repay their confidence. It is not, however, for that reason that he prospers; he has put a restraint on himself and thrown a bushel over the light that was in him. He means, in fact, to be rich in spite of all his talents and attainments.

This is not the whole case that I, as an apothecary of the world, wish to lay before you, ladies and gentlemen, but there is here perhaps enough of it. Some men there are, who have in them a spark of that high energy by which they are enabled not only to merit much, but to secure also the attainment of their full deserts. That energy belongs to genius; for I have no faith at all in obscure Hampdens. But the great mass of a profession does not consist of men gifted with extraordinary powers; and, in the discriminating between its respective members — in the case of medical men certainly — very great mistakes are made by the public. It is not my intention to be metaphysical. I own my wit to be too shallow to enable any one to dive at all deeply into the causes of these facts that I have pointed out. I only state them and affirm their truth. I think I can affirm also that a knowledge of these things is acquired very early by our students of Medicine, if they do not at the very outset bring it with them to the hospitals. I believe, also, that the errors of the public, when the students are transformed into practitioners, tend in the highest degree to induce young and struggling men to adopt a tone of feeling or a line of conduct that is very much at odds with the spirit of a philosophical and liberal profession. I think that there would be more study among pupils, and a great deal less that is disreputable among the practices of surgeons and physicians, if we all knew that the public took some pains to judge us on our own respective merits.

To do this gentlemen and ladies must not learn for themselves the whole art of healing from a pamphlet or a handbill, and then choose to be attended by that person among us whose stock of knowledge seems to be most nearly level to the contents of such a manifesto. Neither must we be chosen for any supposed merit in our coats, our carriages, our persons. If Smith has a greyer head, and, perhaps, a thicker skull than mine, let not his hair

give him a start in the race with me for public confidence. I cannot undertake to tell in what way people ought to use, in regard to us, the judgment the possess; nevertheless, I think that, on the whole, they could do better than they now do, if they tried. I may be lecturing to the winds, or I may not. Should, however, any amendment take place in the public understanding of the respective merits of practitioners, I shall not fail to become aware of it. For I am afraid that it will cause me to put down my brougham.

THE EVE OF A JOURNEY.

A RESPECTABLY dressed middle-aged woman sat in the window-seat in the fine old hall of Chedbury Castle. There was nothing remarkable in her appearance, except a look of settled yet patient anxiety, which deepened, as the short October's day drew near to its close and broad slanting sunset gleams and shadows stole across the quiet little shrubbery and grass plot, upon which she looked out fixedly. The servants, after having made her the offer of refreshment — which she declined — came and went upon their various errands, without any apparent consciousness of her presence. And this was an occasion upon which a personage of higher note might very easily have been overlooked: one of those times of general bustle, preparation, and delightful confusion, when everybody seems to be busy helping somebody else; and the bonds of discipline undergo a not unpleasing relaxation. The family were going abroad.

Two or three men servants, under the direction of an elderly duenna — with respectability imprinted on every wrinkle of her countenance and rustling out of every fold of her black silk dress — were busily cording trunks and portmanteaus. She stood over them proud, pleased, and important; for she was one of the travelling party; my own woman, who had waited upon her from her childhood. She looked upon her own trunk complacently; for it carried her fortune; and, had she ever heard of Cæsar, she could have made a very apt quotation. As it was, she unbent in a little stately chat with a man who wore, like herself, the aspect of an old, privileged retainer.

"Well, Mrs. Jenkyn," he remarked, "I cannot but say that I wish you were well across the seas and back again, to tell us all that you have met with among the Mounseers — for I reckon you *will* come back to Chedbury, and so perhaps will my lord, and so will Mrs. Moreton; but, as to our young lady, we shall have seen the last of her when she leaves the Park gates behind her to-morrow. There are not so many like her, from all I 've heard of foreign parts; so good and so pretty; with so many

acres at her back, that they'll let her away from among them so easily. Take my word for it, some prince of the blood, or duke at the very least—for where you 're going they 're as thick as blackberries at Martinmas — will take and marry her, whether she likes it or not. Besides," he added, sinking his voice into a confidential whisper, "old stories 'll be left on this side of the salt water. They won't cross it after her."

The stranger in the window-seat started, with a quick, uneasy movement.

"This side or the other side," returned Mrs. Jenkyn. "It 's not for them that eat the family's bread to be raking up what 's past and gone and out of people's minds. And before strangers too," she added with a side glance in the direction of the window-seat

"You 're always so touchy, Mrs. Jenkyn," returned the old man, speaking, however, in a submissive tone, "just as if nobody cared about the family but yourself. And what 's the use o minding the woman who 's sa there four mortal hours, and never stirred or spoken? She ' either deaf or stupid."

"I 'm not so sure of that," replied the discreet Mrs. Jenkyn and, at this moment the woman as if to justify the old lady's observation, roused herself from her deep pre-occupation, an said abruptly: "Will any on take a second message from me t Mrs. Moreton? I have come many miles to speak with her. It is now getting late, and I want to be upon my way home."

Mrs. Jenkyn answered her very civilly: "I will go and carry your message. It is very seldom that Mrs. Moreton keeps any one waiting; but I suppose," she added smiling, "nothing goes quite straight at a time like this."

At that moment a bell rang. It was Mrs. Moreton's bell — she wished to see the person who had been waiting so long.

"Here, William," said Mrs. Jenkyn, "show this good woman into the stone parlour. Mrs. Moreton will speak to her there; and, Ma'am," she added, good-naturedly, "you can take a look at the pictures on the grand staircase as you pass the foot of it."

The gossiping old man, as they went along, had many things to point out to his silent, steadfast-looking companion. He left her, however, at the turning of one of the long passages to run back to the servants' hall with a hound which had stealthily strayed into forbidden precincts. Between this spot and the stone parlour there were several intricate windings, and he expected to find the woman standing exactly where he left her. Without his guidance, however, she had preceded him to the door of the stone parlour; and waited for him, with a look of abstraction as fixed as if her feet had brought her to that threshold of their own accord.

"So, Mistress," exclaimed the old man, "you are not quite so

much of a stranger in this house as I thought."

He beat on her a look of keen scrutiny. She was too little conscious to be embarrased by it, and replied quietly, "I have been here before."

While this little scene was being acted below stairs, Mrs. Moreton — half governess, half friend to the heiress — was seated with her young pupil in the great drawing-room. They too had been very busy. The splendid apartment showed marks of disarrangement. The elder lady was immersed in accounts: the younger one had placed a little table within the embrasure of the deep old-fashioned window, so as to give her drawing — upon which she was very intent — the full benefit of the already declining daylight. She was about fifteen; fair, and ingenuous looking; of slender figure, with mild, almost melancholy brown eyes.

"I think I shall have time to finish this," she said, musingly; "it will please papa when he comes home this evening, will it not, dear Mrs. Moreton?"

"My lord will think that you have made great progress," replied that lady, without lifting her eyes from a very long line of figures.

"I do think it is like old Chedbury — like enough, at any rate, to remind us of the place, when we are away. Although, after all, there is nothing here that I shall much miss. You and papa and good old Jenkyn are all going with me; and who else is there in the world whom I care about? Yet," she went on, thinking aloud, "if I had some one to leave behind; some young companions who would miss me and talk about me when I am far away, I think I should be happier. I sometimes think it very strange" — she looked up at Mrs. Moreton — "that my father has never allowed me to make any friends of my own age. But, of course," she added, after a pause, "he cannot be expected to enter into all that a girl feels. How different everything would have been if my mother had lived!"

Without making her pupil any answer, Mrs. Moreton started up with a sudden exclamation, and ran to the bell. "Is it possible," she said, self-reproachfully, "that all this time I have forgotten the poor woman who asked to speak to me four hours ago?"

Mrs. Moreton entered the stone parlour with some kind words of apology; and seated herself in her accustomed chair prepared to lend her best attention to the visitor. But the woman — is she the same who sat out those four hours so patiently in the window-seat; who followed the old servant through the long passages with such a face of blank unquestioning apathy? Her look of settled preoccupation had dropped from her face like a mask; yet her real features, now revealed, wore a scarcely less fixed expression. Every line quivered with agitation; yet her eyes, through it all,

were never removed from Mrs. Moreton's face. She held to the table for support. She trembled in every limb; not from timidity: but from anxiety; eagerness. Her soul was gathered up into her face.

Mrs. Moreton did not particularly observe her. Her thoughts were still at work with the business of to-day and to-morrow. "Well, my good woman," she said mechanically, by way of opening the case, as she opened all cases that came before her in that stone parlour, as the delegated Lady Bountiful of Chedbury. "What can I do for you?"

There was no rejoinder.

"My time, to-day," she went on, in the same gentle yet rather magisterial tone, "happens to be rather valuable."

"I am sorry," replied the stranger, "to have to trespass upon it." Mrs. Moreton, struck by something peculiar in the woman's tone, looked up; for the first time became conscious of those eyes — earnest, imploring, sad with an unspoken history — that were fastened upon her own, and said, with much less of state and more of gentleness than she had yet shown, "You seem to be in some trouble. Can I do anything to help you?"

"You can — you, and no one else in this world can."

"I? — surely we have never met before," replied Mrs. Moreton, feeling by the woman's manner that hers was no case of every-day appeal for charity. "Pray tell me your name."

The woman was silent, and her lips seemed to be slightly convulsed. At length, with a violent effort to conceal a strong emotion, she answered, "It is one that you have heard — it is, or was, for I now bear it no longer, Elizabeth Garton."

Mrs. Moreton's face had been lighted up with a kindly interest; but a shade, like the sudden falling of a curtain, now dropped across it, and shut out the sympathy she had begun to manifest. She rose, and said coldly, "In that case I am not aware of any matter in which I am likely to be able to serve you. I must refer you to Mr. Andrews, my lord's agent; he being the person with whom it will probably be most fitting for you to communicate." She then moved towards the door; but her effort to leave the room was vain. The visitor, like the old mariner in the weird story, held her with her eye. Before she could reach the door she tried to pass this strange, sad woman, and could not.

"Listen to me, Madam," exclaimed the visitor, "and then you will not mistake my errand. It is *not* Lord Chedbury; not his agent; not anything either of them could give me, if it were this great house itself, that I want. It is you — you only, that can help me, and you will help me — you *must*." She spoke these words almost authoritatively; yet, checking herself, went on in

a tone of deep and touching submission. "You are a good lady, Mrs. Moreton; you have every one 's good word. You will not make yourself hard against the supplication of a broken heart — God himself has promised to listen to it."

Mrs. Moreton trembled. She was indeed a woman of this world, but with much tenderness and large sympathies. "I do not feel harshly towards you — forgive me if I appeared harsh — but your coming here took me by surprise. Lord Chedbury's orders are exceedingly strict respecting you; and I understood that you were settled comfortably in your own station in life, far above any kind of want."

"I *am* settled comfortably," returned the woman; "above want — above my hopes. I have a kind husband, a home, and children. Every one is good to me. No one casts up my fault to me. No one, I think, remembers it now, except myself, when, upon my knees, I ask God to forgive me that, and all my other sins. That I had ever known Chedbury, or seen Lord Robert — he was Lord Robert then — would have sunk into the past long before this, like a dream—except for one thing — O! Mrs. Moreton, my daughter! Her, too, I had put from me, as much as a mother *can* forget her child; but since I heard you were all going beyond seas — perhaps for ever — I know not what it is that has come over me; something that will not let me rest, day nor night — it is a fire in my heart. Have pity upon me. I do not ask to speak to her — not to say nor to hear one word. She need not know that it is her mother — need not know that there is such a person in the whole world. All I ask is to see her — only to see her — my daughter, only to see my daughter."

Mrs. Moreton was deeply agitated. "It is impossible, and it is cruel in you," she said, "to ask it — cruel to yourself, cruel to me, trusted as I am by Lord Chedbury; cruel, most of all, to her. You know under what strict conditions his lordship brought home his daughter, so soon as the death of the old lord, his father, made this house his own. You know, too, that these conditions, hard as they might seem, were dictated by no personal unkindness towards yourself; but grew out of your daughter's altered position, and a sense of what is due to the station she will one day occupy. She has been trained carefully in all the ideas that befit a young gentlewoman of rank. She has as yet seen little of the world, and knows nothing of its evil. She left you at three years old not more innocent than she still is, now." Mrs. Moreton paused a moment and went on with emotion, "That opening life — that young unsullied mind, what should I — what would you — have to answer for if we darkened it by a shadow of bygone misery and evil in which she had no share? She has been taught

to believe her mother dead. My poor woman," she went on solemnly, "you must be dead to her. A day will come, not in this world, when you may claim her for your own."

"I must see my child now, that I may know her in Heaven," exclaimed the woman wildly. "I must see her, that she may comfort me in my thoughts, and be near me in my dreams. Do you," she exclaimed, suddenly, "who talk to me so wisely, know what I, the mother of a first-born child, am talking about? Did you ever feel a child's arms clinging round your neck, and find the little being growing to you day by day as nothing else can grow; loving you — whether you are the best woman in the world or the worst — as nothing else will ever love you; not even itself when it grows older, and other things come between its little heart and yours?"

Mrs. Moreton returned to her chair, sank into it, and wept. The stranger saw her advantage. She flung herself on her knees before Mrs. Moreton. She kissed the hands in which she believed the balance of her fate to be trembling. She kissed her very gown, and covered it with tears.

Mrs. Moreton, withdrawn within in severe colloquy with herself, was scarcely conscious of these passionate demonstrations. It was her heart she communed with; bearing on it, although a little dimmed by constant attrition with the world, a higher image than that with which a somewhat rigid thraldom to convention had impressed her outward aspect.

There was a pause of a few moments.

"Even if I am doing right in this"—so she reasoned with herself—"the world will blame me. Yet, if I am doing wrong, God will forgive me." She rose from her chair. "Get up," she said, "my poor woman. You shall see your daughter. But you must first make me one solemn promise. I am trusting you very deeply; can you trust yourself?"

The woman made a gesture of passionate asseveration; for at that moment she could not speak.

"Swear then," said Mrs. Moreton, "swear that you will be true to yourself and to me; that you will pass through the room in which she is sitting without either word or look that can betray you."

She rang the bell. "Send Mrs. Jenkyn to me."

"Jenkyn," she said, when the confidential servant appeared, "this good woman's business with me is over; but, as she comes from a distance, I should like her to see something of the house before she leaves. You can show her over the principal rooms; as much as there is time for before dark."

"And the great drawing-room, Ma'am?" insinuated Mrs. Jenkyn.

"Certainly; it will not disturb your young lady in the least."

It was rather an extensive orbit

that the two had to traverse; and the old housekeeper, who had revolved in it so many years, moved so slowly — at least, so it seemed to her companion — from point to point, from picture to picture, that, by the time they reached the great drawing-room, the sunlight had almost faded from it.

Almost; for there was still a strong slanting golden beam, that played and flickered about the picture-frames, and glanced to and fro upon the white and gold of the heavy, carved arm-chairs — a few moments, and it would be gone. The girl — who, sitting in the window, rejoiced in this after-thought of the sun, which gave her a little more time to finish her drawing — did not know how lovely it made her; kissing her innocent young forehead, and resting, like a benediction, upon her smooth, shining hair. She went on quietly with her sketch: Mrs. Moreton (who had returned to see that faith was kept) persevered with her accounts. Mrs. Jenkyn and the woman walked round the room very slowly. When they reached the door that led into an inner apartment, Mrs. Jenkyn, with her hand upon the lock, said, "And this used to be the favourite sitting-room of my lady, my lord's mother."

She held the door open; but her companion still lingered.

Mrs. Moreton looked up from her accounts and said impressively, "I think you have now seen *all* in this room, and Mrs. Jenkyn has more to show you in the others."

"But why," said the young lady, speaking for the first time, but without looking up from her occupation, "should the good woman be hurried away until she has seen as much as she wishes? Pray stay," she said, with a sort of careless sweetness; still without looking up, "as long as you can find anything to amuse you. You do not disturb us in the least."

Almost while she spoke, she suddenly rose and flitted about the room from table to table, in search of something needed for her drawing. She soon found it; but once, before she returned to her seat, she passed close to the woman; so close that her silk dress rustled against the homely duffle cloak: mother and daughter really so near — conventionally so distant — with a world between them!

Mrs. Jenkyn's fingers were again upon the door handle; and the concluding part of her often-told narrative was upon her lips. They had still the state bedroom to see, and they passed into the boudoir.

"And this," she went on, "was my lady's favourite apartment. It used in her day to be called the blue drawing-room, because — But you are tired," she said, remarking that her companion's attention wandered.

'Yes — no," said the visitor incoherently; "I must go back.

I have forgotten something in the next room."

She did go back. She turned the handle of the great folding door; but, before she could push it open, she was met by a heavy resistance from within. In the half-opened space stood Mrs. Moreton, confronting her with a stern admonitory whisper — "Woman! are you mad or wicked?"

The mother stood arrested — uilty. She turned to follow the housekeeper; but there was an anguish at her heart that could not be controlled.

"Hark!" exclaimed the young lady, her pencil falling from her fingers, and she turning pale as death, "What is that?"

Mrs. Moreton shuddered. A cry, piercing and inarticulate like that of a dumb creature in agony, burst from the inner room.

They rushed together into the boudoir. "It was the poor woman, ladies," said the housekeeper, anxiously. "I fear she is very ill: it has come upon her quite of a sudden."

She was standing up in the middle of the room, rigid as if her feet had grown into the inlaid boards. Her eyes were glassy, and her mouth was a little drawn to one side.

"Run, Jenkyn," exclaimed the young lady, "for wine, or whatever is most necessary. We will attend to her."

She took the poor woman by the arm; she drew her into a chair; she bent over her; she rubbed her cold hands in her own. When the wine was brought, she raised the glass to the tient's lips; and, while she so, the sufferer's breath came and went thickly, with a hard stifling effort. She felt that kind young heart beating against her own. Who can tell — who but the Giver of all consolation — what balm there was in that one moment; what deep unspoken communion; what healing for a life-long wound? But the mother kept silence even from good words. Only, while the young lady was so tenderly busying herself about her, she took hold, as it were unconsciously, of one of the folds of her dress — she stroked it with her hand — she smoothed it down, as if pleased with its softness; and, so long as she dared to hold it she not let it go.

It was almost dark. The young lady stood at the window of the great drawing-room, looking after a solitary slowly-retreating figure, still distinctly visible, in spite of the grey dusk spreading like a veil over lawn and lake and garden; through which the distant mausoleum loomed dimly above the woods.

"The poor woman!" she said, softly; "she is not fit to travel home alone; yet she would neither consent to stay all night, as I wished, nor let old William drive her — strange, was it not, Mrs. Moreton?"

But Mrs. Moreton had left the room. The young heiress still looked out upon the scenes she was so soon to leave, as her destiny had decreed, for ever. She mused on she knew not what. Her heart was stirred — an invisible touch had been upon it. She leaned her head pensively against the window, while many thoughts, as vague as the shadows that were so thickly falling round her, chased each other rapidly through her fancy. Many visions gathered round her; but among them there was no presage of the coronet that afterwards spanned her brow — the coronet of the princely yet peasant-descended house of Sforza. Still she watched the retreating figure, until it was lost in the deepening darkness; and when she did turn from the window, she heaved a deep and pitying

[illegible]

er sadness suited the hour of twilight, and it passed with it. She knew not, nor did she ever know, who had that day been so near to her.

CAUGHT IN A TYPHOON.

The ship Futta Mombarrac was a beautiful vessel of eleven hundred and seventy-four tons register. After loading with Chinese light goods, we sailed from Macao for Bombay by way of Singapore on the twentieth of September, with a fine fair wind, and every prospect of an easy voyage.

When night came on the ship had made considerable progress. The night was lovely, and the stars appeared so near that, although fantastic, it seemed natural to fancy that a sweep of the tall masts might bring some of them down. I paced the deck; and, noticing the ship's increasing speed — as she flew under the pressure of studding-sails at the rate of twelve knots an hour — made up my mind that we should have to boast of a remarkably quick passage. The wind continued gradually to increase until it became requisite to shorten sail. The studding-sails were taken in, one after the other; and, by two in the morning, all the small sails were furled. The vessel was then running under topsails and foresail, the sky still being clear and cloudless. At four in the morning it became necessary to reef the topsails, and all hands were called. Two reefs were taken in after much exertion on the part of the Lascar crew, and the men were about to come down from aloft, when the captain's voice resounded through the speaking trumpet, "Take in the third reef! Bear a hand, brothers!" His orders were addressed to the crew not in English but in Hindostanee.

The wind had increased to a gale. The sea also was rising; but the ship went easily and gallantly along. While the men

were still on the foretopsail yard and strenuously labouring to reef the sail, a sudden gust blew it completely from the yard and out of the men's hands. There was then daylight, and we could see the sail hurried away like a wrecked balloon for half a mile before it fell into the water. The remnants were then picked up and made snug to the yard. The maintopsail was close reefed and set for a short time; but the wind, which during the whole morning had continued to blow from the north eastward, began presently to veer to the northward, and the sea became a confused mass of white foam, boiling up fearfully. The vessel rolling gunwales under, we were again compelled to reduce sail, and, at noon on the twenty-first she scudded under bare poles; not a stitch of canvas could be shown. For twenty-four hours, she continued thus to run before the wind at the rate of from thirteen to fourteen knots an hour. The wind by degrees got more round to the northward. It was almost north by east when it had forced the ship to within about eighty miles of a group of islands and shoals called the Paracels. Then it became evident that if we held on the same course for five or six hours more, the vessel must be lost; it, therefore, became necessary to heave to.

The crew staunch at their stations, our commander stood on the weather side of the poop, with his eyes fastened on the sea, watching intently for the precise moment when the waves, subsiding for a few minutes, would give the best brief opportunity for bringing the ship to the wind. After a short suspense he gave the order; and the vessel, which had been going at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, gradually brought the wind to bear on her port beam. The evolution having been slow, she had not made sufficient way; and, a tremendous sea striking her at the critical time, she plunged right into it. When at length she rose to the surface, shaking and trembling violently like a living thing conscious of peril, all the masts seemed to be toppling as if they presently would go over the side. As she emerged, men shouted through the gale, "The bobstays are gone! The bowsprit has sprung!" and the loud, rapid voice of the commander trumpeted orders out in quick succession: "Hard up with the helm! Run up the foretopmast staysail! Loose the goose wings of the foresail! Get the stream chain out through the hawse holes! Stay the foremast with the fish tackles!" and many more, all of which orders were obeyed with equal promptitude. The staysail was but half hoisted when the wind rent it into shreds; still, however, the fine vessel, true to her helm, payed off slowly. As she rolled her gunwales under, washing away the greater portion, straining every mast and rope, the top-

mast backstays proved unable to bear the sudden jerk — they parted. The ship was then in a most perilous position. Having lost her velocity in coming up in the wind she was again obliged to run before the gale, of which the terrors were then heightened by dark heavy clouds, by incessant thunder bursting directly on our heads, and by lightning that made every man on board exclaim as he felt its flash, in fear that he was blinded.

Proper repairs were at length made, and all again was in readiness for heaving the ship to. The heavy rolling of the vessel again broke the backstays; but, as running was become far too dangerous, it was determined to heave to. In that moment of our peril we found the foresail a great hindrance to our efforts — the ship would not come to the wind — and it became necessary to get rid of the sail at once. The crew being called, every man but one refused to go aloft; for the service required was perilous in the extreme. The man who preferred his own risk to the wreck of all was the second mate; a manly fellow, who, without the slightest hesitation, hastened aloft, and succeeded in cutting the head of the sail adrift; the wind then made short work of it, and blew away the canvas. We did not, at the time, think much of the deed, but of its doer. All on board had been watching the efforts of the brave fellow to gain the yard, for we imagined the mast to be going over the side almost instantly. The captain after nervously watching his progress — although he knew how much the safety of the vessel must depend on the completion of the enterprise — could not refrain from shouting at the utmost stretch of his voice, "Come down — for God's sake — come down, or you will be lost!" While all our hearts were beating with anxiety, a fearful crash was heard — an ominous sound that terror increased tenfold. The ship gave a tremendous roll to port. Another awful crash. She slowly recovered her upright position — a wreck — all her masts gone except the foremast. Then still on the fore yard, waiting only for an opportunity to reach the deck, was our second officer miraculously saved. In a few moments he stood again unharmed among us. The mainmast had gone by the board, the mizenmast head broken short off, and the fore topmast went at the cap. The main yard fell across the port gangway; and, when the ship rolled (still going through the water at a tremendous rate) the sea took the outer yard-arm, which, acting as a lever, wrenched off the staunch and covering board along the waist for the distance of about twenty feet. Thus there was laid open a clear space for the water to pour down into the hold.

Obedient to their chief, the

whole crew were then at work in broken groups with axes, tomahawks and knives, in all parts of the ship, cutting at the rigging, in order that we might get the vessel clear of the surrounding wreck. That, however, was not work to be done rapidly: the men had to secure themselves with ropes to the ringbolts; for there was great risk of being washed away, and they could only make a cut now and then at the rigging. In the meantime the masts were buffeting about under the counter of the vessel, and at times giving tremendous blows against the stern. Then the great power of the sea tried us with a new disaster. The heavy mass of masts and rigging towing astern had very much lessened the vessel's speed, and the terrific seas overwhelmed the vessel, or as the seamen phrase it, pooped her. In an instant every cabin, with the whole of its furniture, was gone; not a chair, not a table, not a panel, was to be seen. There remained nothing but a hollow space between the decks.

The shock was fearful; the man at the helm, carried away by its violence, clung for safety [illegible]ng, but it gave way to his hand. At the same moment, the stump of the mizen mast broke short off below the deck and, falling flat along the poop, cut through the wheel at the very spot from which the man had just been swept. 'Owing to the height of the bulwarks, the confused mass of cabins, furniture, and clothing, had not been washed overboard.

The wreck was, after great exertion, cut adrift; but we were at the mercy of the waves, which rolled over us from side to side, lashing in upon us furiously, carrying away all our boats, hencoops, and sky-lights. The ship too appeared to be settling down. The well was sounded, and eleven feet of water reported. The order was then given to send a gang of hands to the pumps, and another to lighten the ship by throwing overboard some of the cargo. It was found impracticable to obey either command. The uppermost part of the cargo consisted of Chinese umbrellas, packed in cases that contained one hundred each. They were very light; and, when thrown overboard, were always again washed on deck. The ship tossed like a log on the water; and, finding that we could not get rid of the cargo while the sea was continually pouring down the hatchways, the order was given to desist. Men were not more successful at the pumps.

I have before said that the bulwarks were washed partially in board, and that the cabin furniture was strewn over the deck. The boxes of umbrellas added bulk to the confused mass; which formed a wild heap, shifting and rolling constantly from side to side; sweeping the deck, and preventing any one from stand-

ing on it. Nor could we, with all our efforts, get rid of the load. The weight of it was so enormous, that it was dashed to and fro against the sides of the ship with the force of a battering-ram; opening the ship out so much, that several articles fell through the deck, together with much water. There were by this time seventeen feet of water in the hold, and the vessel was quite unmanageable. The crew were powerless; night gathered about us, and the deck ran level with the sea. The chief officer told the captain that he thought we must be going down. The crew had for the last thirty-six hours been served only with the allowance of a couple of cabin biscuits and a glass of rum. As no fire could be kept alight, we were now again served with the same quantity; but what we needed most was water. A very small supply had been on deck, and we dared not open the hatches to get more.

In this condition night overtook us. The wind howled, and the sea made breaches over us. We had worked our strength away, and were entirely worn out with fatigue. Hope was fast ebbing: the Lascar crew, huddled up close together under the top-gallant-foresail, frantically called on Allah and on Mahomet his prophet to come to their aid, and rescue them; offering up also large quantities of incense to propitiate. Aft, under the poop deck, just abreast the stump of the mizen mast, were the captain and officers waiting their doom. Not a word was uttered: every man's thoughts were with his home or with God. The second officer had with him on board his younger brother as a passenger; and for hours the two brothers sat hand in hand, exchanging rarely a few words. One murmured occasional regrets for misspent years of his past life: the other hushed him then with words of hope. They spoke together most about their mother. How many years of suspense she would have to bear, and after all not hear of her two sons; each saying to the other, that he could bear his own fate quietly if he could be assured of the other's safety, that he might take tidings home. They seemed to wish that one of them should live, not for his own sake, but for the sake of their mother.

Thus passed the night until two in the morning, when the typhoon had reached its utmost fury. Rain fell in torrents, lightning flashed, thunder rolled ceaselessly, the wind veering round to all parts of the compass. At length the foremast—the only remaining mast—broke in two places, the head going over one side and the centre falling over the other. The crew gave themselves up as wholly lost, expecting to go down every instant; but that which to us appeared the finishing disaster saved the vessel. In a few moments a sensible difference was felt in her

motion, and she became much more easy. The mast floating a-head had become a kind of stop-water for the ship — it kept her head to the wind, and broke the force of the waves. The typhoon also was at last passing away; so that by daylight no sign of it remained but the turbulence of the waters, and even that was rapidly subsiding. Those of the crew who were capable (many were utterly exhausted) then set to work to clear the decks of the enormous mass of lumber. That labour they got through by noonday, while gangs at the pumps were relieving one another every hour. After three days and nights of incessant labour the good ship was once more dry, and in fifteen days arrived at Singapore, under jury-masts, in safety.

BRAN.*

I.

WOUNDED sore was the youthful knight,
Grandson of Bran, at Kerloan fight.

In that bloody field by the wild sea-shore,
Last of his race, was he wounded sore.

Dear did we pay, though we won that day;
Lost was our darling — borne far, far away.

Borne o'er the sea to a dungeon tower,
Helpless he wept in the foeman's power.

"Comrades, ye triumph with mirth and cheer,
While I lie wounded and heart-sick here!

"O find a messenger true for me,
To bear me a letter across the sea."

A messenger true they brought him there,
And the young knight warned him thus with care:

"Lay now that dress of thine aside,
And in beggar's weeds thy service hide.

'And take my ring, my ring of gold,
And wrap it safe in some secret fold.

"But, once at my mother's castle gate,
That ring will gain admittance straight;

"And O, if she comes to ransom me,
Then high let the white flag hoisted be;

"But if she comes not — ah! well-a-day!
The night-black flag at the mast display!"

II.

When the messenger true to Leon came,
At supper sat the high-born dame;

With cups of gold and royal fare,
And the harpers merrily harping there.

"I kneel to thee, right noble dame;
This ring will show from whom I came.

And he who gave me that same ring
Bade me in haste this letter bring."

"Oh! harpers, harpers, cease your song;
The grief at my heart is sharp and strong.

"Why did they this from his mother hide?
In a dungeon lies my only pride!

This ballad commemorates the great Battle of Kerloan fought in the tenth century. Kerloan is a small village situated on the coast of the country of Leon, one of the ancient divisions of Brittany. Evan the Great then and there challenged the men of the North (Normans). The illustrious Breton chief compelled them to retreat; but they carried away many prisoners when they embarked; and, among them, was a warrior named Bran, grandson of an earl of the same name, who is often mentioned in the Acts of Brittany. Near Kerloan, on the sea-coast, there still exists a small village, where most probably Bran was made prisoner. It may be necessary to add that Breton traditions frequently represent the dead appearing in the form of birds, and that the love of country and of home, is to this day a passionate feeling among the Bretons. Bran, besides being a man's name, signifies also a crow in the Breton language.

"O quick, make ready a ship for me,
This night I'll cross the stormy sea."

III.

The young Bran asked at morn next day,
Asked from the bed whereon he lay:

"Look out now, warder, look well, I pray,
See'st thou no ship that sails this way?"

"Sir knight, I look; but nought I spy,
Save the open sea, and the open sky."

Again, when the sun was high o'erhead,
The young Bran asked from his weary bed:

"Look out now, warder; look well, I pray,
See'st thou no ship that sails this way?"

"Sir knight, I look, but nought see there,
Save the white sea-birds that skim the air."

And at vesper hour, in sorer pain,
The young Bran asked of him again.

"Look out once more; look well, I pray,
Still see'st thou no ship that sails this way?"

Then the warder, cruel and false was he,
Smiled as he spoke right wickedly:

"Yes, now, Sir knight, a ship I spy,
Tossed by the billows against the sky."

"What colour her flag? O tell me right:
Speak, warder, speak! is it black or white?"

"Sir knight, it is black, if I truly see;
By the embers red I swear to thee."

When the downcast knight that answer heard,
He asked no more, he spake no word;

He turned to the wall his face so wan,
And shook in the breath of the Mighty one!

IV.

The lady's foot scarce touched the sand
Ere she cried to them upon the strand:

"Tell me who now has passed away?
For whom is the death-bell tolling, say?"

And a gray-haired man, there standing by,
To the high-born lady made reply:

"A poor young knight, in prison chained,
At the vesper hour his freedom gained."

Soon as these words the old man said,
Away to the tower she wildly sped,

Her hair all scattered, her hair so white,
Streaming abroad on the breeze of night.

Wondering around her the townsfolk came,
To gaze, as she passed, on the high-born dame —

Wondering a lady so queenly to meet,
As moaning she rushed up the long steep street.

And each asked another, as half in fear,
"What land does she come from? What seeks she here?"

At the foot of the tower, to the gaoler grim,
She sobbed aloud, and she called on him:

"Oh! open the gates! (my son! my son!)
Oh! open the gates! (my only one!)"

They opened the gates; no word they said:
Before her there her son lay dead.

In her arms she took him so tenderly,
And laid her down—never more rose she!

V.

On Kerloan shore there stands a tree,
In that battle-field beside the sea;

An oak which lifted its lofty head
When from Ewan the Great the Saxons fled.

On that aged tree, when the moon shines bright,
The birds they gather in flocks at night;

From North and South, from East and West,
The white sea-birds with blood-specked breast.

And amidst them comes, ever croaking low,
With a young dark raven, an old gray crow.

Wearily onward they flap their way,
With drooping wings, soaked through with spray,

As they had come from a far countrye,
As they had flown o'er a stormy sea.

And the birds they sing so sweet and clear
That the waves keep very still to hear.

They all sing out in a merry tone,
They all sing together — save two alone.

With mournful voice, ever croaking low,
"Sing, happy birds!" says the old gray crow.

"Blest little birds! sing, for you may,
You do not die from home far away!"

A GREAT SCREW.

When Mr. Hargreaves rode into Sydney with a small piece of gold and quartz-rock in his pocket, he could scarcely have understood that he carried with him that which would not only change the destinies of the great Australian continent, but likewise effect to a large extent a revolution in the commercial relations of the whole civilised world. And when, on the first of May eighteen hundred and fifty-one — the very day on which our Great Exhibition in Hyde Park was opened — the Governor of New South Wales penned his official sanction to the gold explorer's further labours, neither of them can have pictured a tithe of the mighty results which were destined to originate from that one epistle —

"What great events from trifling causes spring!"

Few things of moment have had more insignificant beginnings than the screw propeller for steam-ships; and few inventions are destined to produce more important benefits, more especially in connexion with the great gold results which have sprung from Mr. Hargreaves's trifling nugget. The Australians can no more get on without the potent aid of the screw, than they can do without cradles, dampers, wide-awakes, Guernsey shirts, and patent revolvers. The screw will bring them within a fifty-five days' run of home. The screw will drive their gold to the markets of Europe more safely and expeditiously than any other propeller. The screw will enable their "made men" to reach the mother country without a gale or a fit of sea-sickness, by cheating both the much dreaded Capes. The screw is, in fact, the Australians' "coming machine."

Many of the most valuable scientific improvements have been brought to light by unexpected agencies. Amongst the hundred and fifty patents which have been taken out for various applications of the screw propeller, may be found, in addition to the names of engineers, machinists, ship-builders, and other professional men, those of ropemakers, farmers, printers, wharfingers, merchants, soldiers, and noblemen; and it is an undoubted fact that the most valuable additions made to our stores of screw-knowledge, have come from men uneducated for, and unconnected with, any branch of practical engineering. Whilst machinists and civil engineers had for fifty years failed to contrive any really

practical adaptation of the screw for propulsion, the laurels of screw science were won, first in seventeen hundred and ninety-four by a merchant, and since, in eighteen hundred and thirty-six, jointly by an English farmer and a Swedish military officer.

The first attempt at screw propelling, which in any degree realised its object, was that of Mr. Lyttleton, a merchant of Goodman's Fields. It was, however, too rude and inefficient for practical purposes, and was laid aside with scores of other useless projects which saw the light between that period and the year eighteen hundred and thirty-six. One single exception to this array of failures is to be found in the improvement of a Mr. Cummerow, also a merchant of London; who, in eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, placed the screw between the stern of the ship and the rudder-post, a principle which has been since adhered to.

Early in the spring of eighteen hundred and thirty-six, Mr. J. P. Smith, a farmer of Hendon, obtained a patent for a new screw propeller; and so well did he succeed in working his first little model exhibited at the Adelaide Gallery, that he obtained assistance which enabled him to build and fit up a small vessel of six tons. During the month of November of the following year, the screw-propelling farmer ventured out to sea in his toy-ship; and proceeded boldly down Channel, making excellent progress through a stormy sea, and dead against the wind. So complete was the triumph of the screw, that all the scientific world were convinced; and even the Admiralty found ears to listen. A larger vessel was consequently built, in which many of the naval authorities made experimental trips to sea and round the English coast; with such success, that eventually Government formally adopted the new propeller, and laid down the Rattler of eight hundred and eighty-eight tons, to be fitted with engines and a powerful and improved screw. By this time an accident which happened to the first wooden model, demonstrated that a short screw, with narrow fans, was better than a long screw with broad fans; and the iron screw made for the Rattler was of a double thread, but of only one-sixth of a convolution. A year or two later, the principle was so completely established in the royal dockyards, that twenty ships of war were fitted with auxiliary screw-power.

While Smith had been thus active, Ericsson, a Swedish officer, had also laid before the authorities a screw of a novel construction; but, however well this may have been worked experimentally, the Government were not at that time disposed to think favourably of the new propeller, and Ericsson carried his patent to the United States, where he also improved on Stirling's hot air engine, but only with partial

success. The latest and most valuable advance in the construction of screw propellers, is that made by Mr. Griffiths: which — by a modification of the breadth of each section of the curved thread, by altering the size and shape of the screw's centre, and not less by an ingenious contrivance for "feathering" the blades, and diminishing or increasing their pitch or slope at will — has greatly added to the value of screw machinery.

The merchant service and public companies have equally availed themselves of the invention; and, at the present time, some of the largest ships afloat are screw-propelled. Indeed, so marked are the advantages of the screw over the paddle, that there is little doubt but that the former will eventually be superseded, except in navigating shallow water; and that a paddle steamer across the ocean will, twenty years hence, be as rare an object as a stage coach on the high roads of Britain.

Having thus sketched the progress of Screw Steam Navigation, a short space will suffice for an explanation of what this screw consists, how placed, and in what its great advantages reside. The reader will no doubt gladly be spared a treatise on the resistance of fluid bodies, on the true pitch and disc of screw propellers, on positive and negative slip, or centrifugal action. It may be enough to say, that the screw-propellers now most commonly in use are what are termed double-threaded, of about one-sixteenth of a convolution; in plainer language, they consist of two twisted iron blades fixed upon a shaft revolving beneath the water, at the stern. This shaft is surrounded by a stuffing-box with hemp packing, to keep the aperture in the ship's stern watertight; its extremity is set in a socket attached to the rudder-post. The screw itself revolves in that part of the stern of the ship called the deadwood, in which a suitably sized hole is cut to admit of its working. It is the thrust, or forward pressure of the blades, or sections of the screw threads, which is effective in propelling the ship.

Numerous trials as to the relative qualities of the paddle and the screw have resulted in a most complete demonstration of the superiority of the latter as an auxiliary power to vessels under canvas. For long sea-voyages in which calms, light airs, or fair breezes are looked for, a screw ship of fifteen hundred tons and three hundred horse power, would be preferable in point of speed and economical working to a paddle steamer of the same size and of three times the horse power. It has been clearly shown that a screw steamer makes as much way under canvas and with half steam on, as without sails and with her whole steam power applied. Indeed, wherever sails can be used at all, the advantages of the screw appear most

clearly: even in sailing close-hauled to the wind, a vessel by the aid of the screw may be propelled four knots, when previously only making one knot an hour.

Experiment has demonstrated that an auxiliary screw-power sufficient to propel a ship not more than a mile or a mile and a half an hour, when brought to the aid of the sails, has in reality added three or four miles an hour to her speed. This is accounted for in the following manner: — when the vessel is propelled by canvas alone, and at a low rate of sailing, the wind quickly rebounds from the sails, and forms a sort of eddy or dead air in their rear, which acts to an extent adversely; for the sails do not receive nearly the whole advantage of the breeze; but, the moment more speed is imparted by auxiliary power, the sails retain the wind longer, having more of it, and there is not the same degree of rebound. In like manner the sails assist the action of the screw, by enabling it to work upon a larger surface of water, and so extend its power.

It is evident, therefore, that except in running against a head gale, the screw-propelled ship must have the advantage. In regard to the original cost and working the two kinds of steamers, there is an enormous difference. Calculations show that the relative expense of the three classes of ships is as nine for paddle-steamers, to four for sailing-vessels and three for auxiliary screwships.

Looking to these advantages, it is highly interesting to examine in what direction screw steamers fitted on the auxiliary principle, are most likely to prove of the greatest utility.

It was a happy circumstance that, coeval with the extension of the British possessions in that most remote part of the earth, the great south land of Australia, the screw principle should have been brought forward as a means of economising the use of fuel. By any of the routes to the colonies of Australia, the voyage, out and home, of a sailing vessel has been to the present time a most tedious and unpleasant affair. It is true there are Marco Polos, and Flying Dragons, and Sovereigns of the Seas which have made rapid passages with sails alone; but we all know what the old adage tells us about one swallow not making a summer. An average taken from the voyages of six hundred vessels, out and home, in 'thirty-nine and 'forty-nine, gives one hundred and thirty-four days as the outward run in the former year, and one hundred and nineteen days for the latter; whilst, for the homeward voyage, they were one hundred and fifty-one and one hundred and twenty-eight days. In 'forty-nine, the longest passage made to Port Philip was one hundred and eighty-six days; the shortest, one hundred and one days.

This is tedious work; knocking about in calms, gales of wind, and adverse breezes, during those one hundred and eighty-six days, with the biscuit green and wormy, and the water looking like bad pea-soup, smelling of stale rum casks and tasting of logwood and rusty nails. Still it did not much signify when emigrants were few; when the homeward-bound with fortunes were still fewer; and when the great bulk of the cargoes from those countries consisted of wool, tallow, and copper-ore. The golden dream of Hargreaves in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, has become a splendid reality in eighteen hundred and fifty-three; and a community, suddenly converted from shepherds, shopkeepers and convicts, to capitalists, landholders, and bankers, demands some more rapid means of communicating with Europe than the colliercraft hitherto employed in the trade to Australia.

Two years ago a Committee of the House of Commons made an inquiry and published a report upon the subject of communication with the Australian colonies. Three routes were proposed to the committee, and evidence adduced on behalf of them all. These consisted of — first, the present overland route to India, with a branch line of steamers to ply between Singapore and Sydney; secondly, direct communication with the colonies by way of the Cape of Good Hope; and thirdly, a line proposed by a new steam-packet company, to run more directly than either of the other routes, across the isthmus of Panama, across the Pacific Ocean by way of New Zealand to Sydney and Melbourne. The two former were adopted by the Government authorities for the mail service; nevertheless, so convinced were the projectors of the Australian Pacific Mail Steam-Packet Company of the superiority of the Panama line, that a fleet of six iron steam-ships of two thousand tons and fitted with powerful screw engines were at once laid down. Two of them are already launched.

The Cape and India lines have been working for some time, and the result of their operations furnishes the best answer to any speculations on the subject as far as speed is concerned. By way of Singapore the mail contract to Sydney has been performed in eighty-three days, and homewards it has been accomplished in eighty-nine and eighty-six days. The Cape contract has been still more unfortunate, the ships in that service having occupied between ninety-four and one hundred and twenty days outwards; and, on the homeward run, something more. The above work has been performed by paddle steamers, and certainly offers no advantages over some of the improved sailing vessels which now make the run in eighty to ninety days.

Although it is thus shown that the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels have failed in opening a rapid communication with the southern and eastern ports of Australia, they have unquestionably achieved great success on the Indian line: what they have performed on the Suez route to Calcutta, the Australian Pacific Company will in a few more months accomplish by means of the isthmus of Panama and the Pacific, for Melbourne and Sydney.

By no means the least important feature in this new route is the existence of extensive coal-fields in New South Wales and New Zealand; existing as if expressly to further the great scheme which is now being matured of encircling the world with a chain of iron and steam. Looking at the relative positions of Australia, Panama, and England, it cannot fail to be evident that no difficulty will be experienced in keeping up a regular monthly and even fortnightly communication, in about forty-five days. Time is the one great consideration in all business transactions, and it is difficult to over-estimate the effects of thus bringing our friends in the golden colonies so near home as to enable us to receive replies to our letters in something over a hundred days, or in less time than it now requires to convey a letter outwards by some of the steamers by way of the Cape. The accomplishment of this must constitute the Pacific route the great post-road to Australia — the highway for passengers, as well as the main gold channel thence to this country.* The Australian merchants will economise a large sum annually by the saving of interest on the value of the gold sent by this line — the result of bringing it home in fifty-five days, instead of eighty or ninety days as at present. This saving upon only half the yield of the Australian gold-fields would amount to a very considerable sum; thus verifying the axiom, that "Time is money."

From Southampton to the Atlantic side of the Panama isthmus, the service will be performed by the Royal Mail Steam-packet Company, which is now building five new vessels of great speed and accommodation. They are intended to ply in connexion with the ships already running to the West Indies. Arrived at Panama, the outward-bound traveller will find a railway ready, with all its appliances, to whisk him off across the narrow band of earth (forty-nine miles in breadth) which separates the two great waters of the world. This line will be opened for traffic early in the ensuing year, twenty miles of it being already in operation, and steam will thus sink the distance into utter insignificance.

The shortness of this route is however, not its only recommendation. The fair winds, the

* See "Short Cuts Across the Globe." — Household Words, Vol. I. p. 125.

placid sea, the beautiful climate, all point to it as one that will be traversed in far more comfort and bodily enjoyment than any other. From January to December an unceasing monsoon wind blows across the South Pacific, always available, and, for auxiliary screw steamers, the finest breeze that could prevail. This would indeed appear to be the best field in which the many advantages of Screw Steam Navigation could be shown. With an eight knot breeze and all canvas spread, the Black Swan or the Emu iron steamers, aided by half steam power, may bound across that unruffled ocean, with a speed realizing the flight of their living namesakes across the great Australian prairies. It was this delightful region which enchanted the earliest English and French navigators: it was here the adventurous Cook spent many weeks of his ocean life: and it was from this part of the Pacific that the author of Typee and Omoo drew the materials for his interesting tales.

For the return voyage, winds, nearly as favourable, are to be found by steering well to the southward for a short time after leaving the Australian continent. In these latitudes westerly breezes blow for a great part of the year, which will not fail to carry a vessel to the South American coast in fair weather. A screw vessel need not make the American coast; but, by steering towards the north, when within a certain distance of land, the Isthmus of Panama will be easily made. It should be borne in mind that, during the whole voyage, there is one continuous summer breeze and summer sky; not a cloud dims the bright blue of the tropical horizon; the unruly wave seldom troubles the face of the well-named Pacific. By this route the passengers need fear no storms; no heavy squalls of wind or rain; no unpleasant motion of the ship. The terrors of the much dreaded "Cape of Storms" are escaped equally with the piercing cold of Cape Horn in a voyage which the most delicate and nervous may undertake without fear or inconvenience.

Whether the great ship-canal which is promised to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans will be realised, or whether the Panama railway continue to be the means of transit across the Isthmus, will not affect the certain and speedy success of the "great screw" question in a region which, of all others, appears to be the best adapted to a mode of propelling ships, which is at once economical, rapid, and agreeable.

CHIPS.

A LOCUST HUNT.

I WAS quietly at work at Capri one day last August in my study, labouring to breathe as well as the great heat would let me, when

a wild-looking youth rushed in to me from Anacapri, with news that the locusts were come. The disease of the vines had already caused great loss, and now there were the locusts eating up the harvest. A great part of Anacapri, said the youth, is as bare as if a fire had swept across it. The invaders had already got over the brow of the mountain, and were in the woods below. Would I go out and see them? Certainly I would.

As we approached their advanced guard under cover of a low wood, we could hear the incessant click-click of the enemy, and every now and then we were fallen upon by locust scouts, that dashed against our faces or clung to our pantaloons. As we proceeded we found them frolicking in legions, like imps let loose for mischief. As the atmosphere was already thicker than I liked, I did not that morning go up to see how things looked at the worst. I went back to pay a visit to the Syndic, and ascertain what could be done to mend them.

Trouble of this kind comes upon Capri once in every three or four years; but there has been no swarm so great as the present since the great plague of locusts twenty years ago. "That, indeed," my informant said, "was awful. They climbed our walls, got into our houses and churches, crawled over the altars, ate up the entire harvest; and who can say what else might have happened if it had not been for Saint Antonio? Some missionary priests were then among us, and they ordained a solemn procession of women; they were all to walk with their hair loose about their shoulders, and the priests in front carrying the image of the saint. Before the procession was over, a strong east wind came and blew all the locusts into the sea, just over the Blue Grotto. Ah, Signor, Saint Antonio is very powerful!"

Report having been formally made to the Syndic, his excellency, in true official style, ordered a bag of the devastators to be collected and sent off to the sub-intendant, who resides at Castellamare, in order that he might ascertain whether indeed they were really locusts. Until that point was officially decided, the Syndic could disburse none of the public money to arrest the plague; which, was of course spreading meantime with the steadiness of a prairie-fire over the woods and fields. The grain was being bitten off under the ear as cleanly as though cut by scissors; fig-trees were stripped and barked. Our messenger reached Castellamare after business hours. The deputy was enjoying his evening leisure, and could speak with nobody.

On the next day, however, the Syndic of Anacapri, having obtained the requisite permission, attached a placard to the walls of his house, offering a reward for the capture of locusts at the rate

of about a penny for a pound. All the idle population of the district instantly became busy, and went out locust-hunting in parties of five or six, with sacks and sheets. A sheet held by a man at each corner being lifted up like a wall across the path of the invaders, one or two people with brooms beat the bushes and swept the earth, causing the disturbed locusts to fly on until the sheet was black with them. Then it was quickly doubled up, the insects were scraped from it into a sack, and preparations were made for the taking, in the same way, of another batch. A locust-hunter tells me that he is earning at his work sixteenpence a-day; sixpence a-day beyond his usual wages. I am told also, by the parish priest of Anacapri, that in a few days the whole body of hunters in that small district has taken upward of twenty hundredweights; but he remembers one season in which there were as many taken in a single morning.

The reward for captured locusts is not paid until they are dead and buried. Dead and unburied they soon putrefy under a hot sun, and breed pestilence. There is a point in the island called Monte Solario, about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Thither the locusts are all taken after they have been soaked in boiling water; and having in that way killed them by the sackful, in a deep pit they bury them.

ETERNAL LAMPS.

When we hear the word Lamp, we involuntarily recall that beloved lamp of our childhood, burning in the secret mountain-cavern, and throwing its magic radiance over so many of our winter nights — the Wonderful Lamp of Aladdin; or we enter in imagination the chapel of the Nativity at Bethlehem, where the many golden and jewelled luminaries, presents from kings and emperors, hang like low stars within their own rich twilight; or we think of the lamps borne before the bride and bridegroom in ancient Judea, like the torch of Hymen at the weddings of old Greece and Rome — or of those seven crystal vessels of supernatural flame which St. George found in the enchanted castle, and which he extinguished by means of a goblet of precious liquor, to the instantaneous and utter destruction of that palace of illusions. By the help of the same word, moreover, we can, if it so pleases us, penetrate into that mosque in the city of Fez, where nine hundred brazen lamps are said to burn every night; or can travel into the obscure antiquity of Egypt (the native country of these artificial illuminators, as some think), and be present at that Feast of Lamps there held annually, according, as Herodotus reports. Our present business, however, is not with any of these; but rather with that "bright consummate flower" of

all lamps—the lamp which burns

There are two kinds of Eternal Lamps — one which is said to be found in tombs; and one which the Rosicrucians and other mystical philosophers conceived they could make, and which was to be of use to them in their scientific experiments. Of the former kind we hear more frequently and have fuller accounts, than of the latter. The poet Cowley, in a note on this subject, expresses an opinion that the idea of sepulchral lamps came from the East, "where there was such infinite expense and curiosity bestowed upon sepulchres." Be this as it may, it is chiefly in connexion with ancient Roman tombs that we read of the discovery of Eternal Lamps. According to the belief once entertained, the Romans placed these lights in the mausoleums of their friends and relations, as a mark of honour: here it was asserted they continued burning without any waste, and in defiance of ordinary natural laws, as long as the air was excluded from them; but, immediately upon the opening of the tomb, the rare and apparently supernatural flame was extinguished. This circumstance furnished Cowley with a simile in describing the violent death of Ammon by the hand of Jonathan:

"Twixt his right ribs deep pierced the furious blade,
And open'd wide those secret vessels where
Life's light goes out when first they let in air.

It is affirmed that, about the middle of the sixteenth century, during the pontificate of Paul III., an ancient tomb was discovered in the Via Appia; which, from an inscription upon it, was supposed to be the burial-place of Cicero's daughter Tullia. In this sepulchre was found the body of a woman, with her hair done up in tresses, and tied with a golden thread; also a lighted lamp, which, if the story were true, must have been burning for at least one thousand five hundred and fifty years. But this admirable spectacle did not last long. The contents of the mausoleum were no sooner influenced by the exterior air, than the light extinguished itself; and the body — fading like a ghost before the eyes of the beholders — fell into a heap of formless dust.

Between four and five centuries previous to this, a lamp, which had been burning for a still longer period, is said to have been unearthed in a tomb supposed to contain the body of Pallas, the son of Evander, mentioned by Virgil. It must have been lying there for above two thousand two hundred years. A countryman in the neighbourhood of Rome,

a little deeper than us

field, came upon the body of a man taller than the city wall, and enclosed in a stone coffin with an inscription establishing the identity of the corpse. An immense gash, measuring four feet and a

half, was in the middle of the breast — the very gash inflicted by the spear of Turnus; and over the head there was a burning lamp. William of Malmesbury, whose history contains an account of this matter, says that the lamp was "constructed by magical art; so that no violent blast, no dripping of water, could extinguish it. While many were lost in admiration at this, one person (as there are always some people expert in mischief) made an aperture beneath the flame with an iron style, which introducing the air, the light vanished." Some days afterwards, "the body, being drenched with the drip of the eves, acknowledged the corruption common to mortals; the skin and the nerves dissolving." Considering that Pallas is a somewhat doubtful historical character, and that there are good reasons for believing that men taller than city walls have never existed, it is perhaps unnecessary to add that it would be exercising no great amount of scepticism to discredit this narrative, Eternal Lamp and all.

Solinus, a Latin writer who lived in the first century of the Christian era, tells us that a light was found in a tomb, which had burnt there above fifteen centuries, and which fell into dust in the hands of those who took it up. It is said that several of these lamps have been discovered in the territory of Viterbo in Italy; of which that of Olybius Maximus of Padua is the most celebrated. This had remained burning for fifteen hundred years — which, by the bye, appears to be the favourite allotment of time in these matters. Two phials, one of gold, the other of silver, both filled with an admirably clear liquor nourished, without any sensible diminution, a lamp placed between them, or, as some say, under them. But whether this, like the others, expired "when first they let in air," deponent sayeth not.

Hitherto we have spoken only of Italy; but it appears that our own country has had the honour of producing these phenomena. "It is reported," says Bailey in his English Dictionary (1730), "that, at the dissolution of monasteries, in the time of King Henry VIII., there was a lamp found that had then burnt in a tomb from about three hundred years after Christ, which was near twelve hundred years. — Two of these subterranean lamps," he adds, "are to be seen in the Museum of Rarities at Leyden in Holland." Rarities indeed! But did they continue to burn in the Museum? or had their eternity come to an end?

The existence of these stories probably suggested an image to Shakespeare's mind in that solemn address of Pericles over the supposed dead body of his queen, which he is about to consign to the ocean: —

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And age-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells.
Act III., Sc. I.

Spenser also has an Eternal Lamp — not, however, in connexion with death, but with a wedding: —

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
The housling fire* did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
At which the bushy teade** a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.
Book I., c. 12., v. 5.

Upton says that Spenser here "seems to allude to the mystical meaning of the Wise Virgins' lamps in the parable, which, like the typical fire in Levit. vi., 13, 'shall ever be burning upon the altar' of love; 'shall never go out,'" But it ought to have been added, that in this case special directions are given that the fire shall be supplied with fuel.

Would the reader like to know the composition of Eternal Lamps. We are in possession of two or three recipes, which we do not mind imparting to him. According to some authorities they are made of the oiliness of gold, resolved by art into a liquid substance. That is one way. Oil of gold is no doubt obtainable at any chemist's shop; if not, write to some friend or relation at the Australian or Californian diggings. Another method has been set forth, from personal experiment, by Trithemius, a learned German ecclesiastic of the fifteenth century. He assures us that he had himself made an oil of flower of brimstone, borax, and spirit of wine, which burnt many years without wasting. It does not appear, however, that it would burn an indefinite number of years; so that, after all, this was not an Eternal Lamp. Athanasius Kircher, a philosophical German Jesuit who lived about two hundred years ago, and who has written a great deal on the subject of lamps, speaks of a way to reduce the flame back into wax, so as to keep up a perpetual supply; which would certainly be economical. The inconsumable wick is to be of asbestos. And here it may be remarked that lamps with asbestos wicks have in fact been made; which, as far as the wicks themselves were concerned, have had some appearance of immortality. That this singular mineral has the power of resisting the action of fire is perfectly well known; although it is probable that some slight diminution in weight does really take place, which would necessarily end at length in the destruction of the substance. The same author mentions a chemical preparation of gold, which is thereby rendered spongy, is called Salamander's

* Sacramental fire. ** Torch.

wool, and which he also recommends as a material for wicks. Fortunio Liceto, a Genoese physician of the seventeenth century, who strenuously contended for the possibility of Eternal Lamps, says, that the ancients had a secret of making an inconsumable oil, or of constructing their lamps in such a manner that, as they burned, the smoke condensed insensibly, and resolved itself into oil again. This looks like an anticipation of those modern stoves which consume their own smoke, and by means of which, and Lord Palmerston's Bill, we may hope to see the air of London purified. Liceto contends that the everlasting fires burning on the altars of some of the pagan divinities were of the same nature as Eternal Lamps; but it is well known that these fires were sedulously maintained by their appointed guardians, and that the punishment of death was ordained for letting them expire.

Our countryman, Friar Bacon, believed in the possibility of making lamps that should burn for ever; and even the scientific Dr. Plott, who died as late as the year one thousand six hundred and ninety-six, entertained the same opinion. He proposed asbestos as the material for the wick. Indeed he conceived that to be the only possible substance for the purpose, and that its failure would be a proof either that Perpetual Lamps are altogether fabulous, or that the ancients made them without wicks For the fluid which is to support the life of the flame, he suggested naphtha, or liquid bitumen, which will burn without a wick; and thought that a trial might be made of the bitumen springing into the coal mines at Pitchford, in Shropshire. This is in fact a shrewd guess in the direction of gas lamps; though the gas-contractors will tell you that for a perpetual light there must be a perpetual supply. It is quite certain, however, that a species of illumination may be produced which will continue for a great length of time without any fresh material for combustion. In a book of chemical and other scientific experiments, printed not many years ago, we find the following directions for making a lamp that will burn twelve months without replenishing: — "Take a stick of phosphorus, and put it into a large dry phial, not corked, and it will afford a light sufficient to discern any object in a room when held near it, and will continue its luminous appearance for more than twelve months." It is possible that the Rosicrucian philosophers possessed some such knowledge as this, and so deluded their more ignorant contemporaries.

On the sceptical side of the question Ottario Ferrari, who lived in the same century with Liceto, wrote a work, printed at Padua in sixteen hundred and eighty-five, entitled Dissertatio

de Veterum Lucernis Sepulchralibus. In this treatise he contends, "that the use of sepulchral lamps cannot be of such standing in Italy as is pretended; because they used to burn their dead, and put the ashes in urns of such narrow necks that a lamp could not be got into them." He then endeavours to prove that there cannot be a perpetual flame either by means of the oil or wick.

The best mode, as it seems to us, of accounting for the phenomenon, has been put forth in the Ana of Vigneul Marville, where we find the following: — "It happens frequently, when antiquarians are inspecting by torch-light old sepulchres which they have opened, that thick vapours, produced by decomposition of the bodies, become ignited at the approach of the flame, to the great astonishment of the attendants, who have more than once shouted a miracle. This sudden effect is quite natural; but it has occasioned the belief that these flames proceed from Perpetual Lamps." At the same time extinguished lamps may really have been discovered, which, of course would aid the delusion.

Rosencrantz, the supposed founder of the Rosicrucian sect, is said to have made an Eternal Lamp, which was discovered some years after his death in a subterranean vault where he lay buried. This story (which is a sort of improved edition of the legends relating to the alleged burial-places of Tullia and Pallas) is thus related in number three hundred and seventy-nine of Addison's Spectator:— "A certain person, having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the ground, met with a small door having a wall on each side of it. His curiosity, and the hopes of finding some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately surprised by a sudden blaze of light, and discovered a very fair vault. At the upper end of it was a statue of a man in armour, sitting by a table and leaning on his left arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no sooner set one foot within the vault, than the statue erected itself from its leaning posture, stood bolt upright, and upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the truncheon in his right hand. The man still ventured a third step; when the statue with a furious blow broke the lamp into a thousand pieces, and left his guest in a sudden darkness. Upon the report of this adventure, the country people soon came with lights to the sepulchre, and discovered that the statue, which was made of brass, was nothing more than a piece of clock-work; that the floor of the vault was all loose, and underlaid with several springs, which, upon any man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened. Rosicrucius, say his disciples, made use of this method to show the world that he

had reinvented the ever-burning lamps of the ancients; though he was resolved no one should reap any advantage from the discovery." An edition of the Spectator, published by the Tonsons in seventeen hundred and sixty-seven has a frontispiece by Hay- illustrative of this story. The statue in armour stands with the uplifted truncheon — the mysterious lamp hangs by long chains from the sullen vault — the recumbent figure on the tomb sleeps in white repose beneath the enchanted radiance — the perspective of heavy arches recede into the gloom — the sepulchral urn is seen in a niche overhead — and the scared man enters at the doorway.

In Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy a lamp is mentioned which is to burn as long as the man with whom it has a certain mystical connexion continues to live. This lamp (according to Burgravius, a disciple of Paracelsus, from whom Burton quotes) is to be made of man's blood; which, chemically prepared forty days, and afterwards kept in a glass, shall show all the accidents of this life: if the lamp burn brightly, then the man is cheerful and healthy in mind and body; if, on the other hand, he from whom the blood is taken be melancholic or a spendthrift, then it will burn dimly, and flicker in the socket; and — most wonderful of all — it goes out when he dies. A lamp is described in the old romance of "Virgilius," a singular chronicle of the magical feats and works of superhuman science, attributed by the middle ages to Virgil the poet. The story is worth quoting at length, as a really grand fiction, and as a fine specimen of old English. "For profit of the common people," says the history, "Virgilius on a great mighty marble pillar did make a bridge that came up to the palace; that palace and the pillar stood in the mid of Rome; and upon this pillar made he a lamp of glass that alway burned without going out, and nobody might put it out; and this lamp lightened over all the city of Rome from one corner to the other, and there was not so little a street but it gave such light that it seemed two torches there had stand; and upon the walls of the palace made he a metal man that held in his hand a metal bow that pointed ever upon the lamp for to shoot it out, but alway burned the lamp, and gave light over all Rome. And upon a time went the burgesses' daughters to play in the palace, and beheld the metal man; and one of them asked, in sport, why he shot not; and then she came to the man, and with her hand touched the bow, and then the bolt flew out, and brake the lamp that Virgilius made; and it was wonder that the maiden went not out of her mind for the great fear she had, and also the other burgesses' daughters that were in her company, of the great stroke that it gave when it hit the lamp,

and when they saw the metal man so swiftly run his way; and never after was he no more seen. And this foresaid lamp was abiding burning after the death of Virgilius by the space of three hundred years or more."

After all, to what does an Eternal Lamp amount, even on the showing of its believers? Merely to something whose perpetuity is leased upon chance, and which accident or mischief may at any time bring to a sudden and final stop.

OLD SETTLERS OF TENNESSEE.

The western settler in America of the present day is not remarkable for polish. The west end of the world is much less refined than the west end of London. Yet the dwellers in the back settlements now, are in a high condition of refinement compared with their primogenitors.

We are never tired of drawing comparisons between the comforts and advantages possessed by civilised men as they were sixty or eighty years ago and as they are at present. It occurs to me, however, that the veriest savage is not quite what he used to be, and that the back-woodsmen, settlers, pioneers, or whatever else they may be called, are altered greatly in their character by the great changes made of late in the material condition of society. In these days, pioneers wear boots, and their wives play upon pianos; and rough as they may be now, they cannot do such things and still be quite what their forefathers were.

The fault lies not with them, but with the spirit of the time. At the present time the emigrant goes westward through unexplored forests in a steamboat, carrying on board, under care of a steward, a corkscrew, a few forks (possibly silver), glass and china, beds, and a thousand luxurious knick-knacks. The wilds of Minnesota and Nebraska become in six months thoroughly tutored, even — to speak by comparison — genteel. The tailor and the milliner belong to the first party of pioneers quite as much as the carpenter or mason. The publican, the doctor, and the printer land by the next boat. Walk in these wilds next year, and you hear pianos beaten by the hands of the stout damsels who dwell and walk about there, arrayed in silk; you may drop in, too, at the pastrycook's; or play at billiards; or read stiff patriotism in the Nebraska Mercury. A steamer or a coach brings friends of settlers from the inner world on visits, or carries away the pioneer shopkeeper to make his purchase of "an entirely new stock of spring goods." Yet, in practice, all this is considered rough work by the traveller from Europe.

The pioneers of eighty years ago lived quite in another way. Take for an illustration the old

time when Tennessee, now one of the most populous states of the Union, was occupied by the first white men who made a home there. I will say nothing just now of the incessant conflicts with the Indians, the attacks and surprises; the bitterness of hatred seasoning the wild excitement of the conflict; the familiarity with scenes of bloodshed which—in the absence of a counteracting influence — deadened the religious sentiment among the pioneers. They were not holy men, although they had no lack of human virtue; and it is not for me to say how much they may have benefited by the great Religious Revival — the term is American—effected among them by certain preachers, Presbyterian and Methodist. On that occasion they all flocked together — fifty-four years ago — in a dense forest, devoting themselves to religious exercises night and day. Lamps and torches all night long made a gala in the primeval wood, in which there were twenty thousand people worshipping, and being taught to worship, in a wild way suited to their tempers.

Longer ago than that, when the settlement began in Tennessee, the only path into it from the east was by a single Indian trail. It would admit nothing larger than a pack-horse. No waggon was seen in Tennessee before the year seventeen hundred and seventy-six. The want of conveyance indicates the want of a vast number of things, that are now conveyed about with as little thought of any special blessing in the means of transit, as we have in connexion with our regular supplies of light and air. Salt brought upon pack-horses cost ten dollars a bushel; coffee and tea were never seen; and the little sugar made out of the sugar maple was used only for the sick, or for the occasional sweetening of a dram in honour of some extraordinary event — the arrival of a new settler, or, perhaps, a wedding. There were almost no tools. Iron was made so dear by the costly transit upon pack-horses, over mountains and through forest, that it was used only for making and repairing ploughs and the most necessary farming utensils. Hinges and fastenings were made of wood; and even the use of iron nails was thought extravagant. They made their own clothes in their own huts; for they would not own an article brought in to them from without. Shoes were commonly worn only during half the year, and boots, when a new comer brought them on his feet, were stared at and ridiculed. Hats were of course not tolerated, nor fine linen, nor broadcloth; and he was a bold pioneer who dared to appear in any coat on which there was a button more than would be absolutely needed. Back buttons, wrist buttons, or the useless second row of breast buttons, were not to be regarded by a pioneer with patience.

As these primitive men of the frontier had nothing to do with carpentry, masonry or upholstery, and there was no plumber, painter, or glazier among them, they of course kept very primitive establishments. Every man had a hatchet, a rifle, and a butcher knife; and there was in a settlement perhaps one public saw and an auger, to be used at the raising of a log cabin. The cabin floor was of earth, into which very luxurious or enterprising families stamped some of the staves split out of puncheons, and they split puncheons up for shutters when they wanted them. The inside of this eligible one-roomed family residence was fitted up with a sound puncheon supported on four legs, capable of being used as a bench, a table, or a bucket. There were one or two rough-hewn bedsteads, and some chairs and stools to match. The walls were tapestried with the dresses of the women, and the clothes and arms belonging to the men. I should not forget to say that the original log cabin contained also a spinning-wheel and very frequently a loom. The men procured the raw material of dress and food; the women spun, and wove, and cooked it.

The first settlers in Tennessee raised, in a favourable climate, admirable herds of cattle, and were indebted for the abundance of their bread, and for a good deal of their security in eating it to Indian corn. Dr. Ramsay, from whose excellent "Annals of Tennessee," published at Charleston, we are gathering the information here set down, is very eloquent on maize, and very amply sets forth its importance in the story of the early settlers. The frontier settlements, he says, could not have been held without it. Its certainty, the little preparation of the soil required for it, the small care needed while it grows, and the speed with which it runs on to maturity, are all important points in its favour as the staple food in a disturbed border country. Then, when mature, it yields most bountifully; the very pith of its stalk is eatable; and, when that is taken out, the stalk pressed between rollers, yields what they call corn-stalk molasses. Then again the ripe crop may without hurt be very much neglected. The whole community might quit the harvest to go on an expedition against Indians, yet the ripe corn would remain safe upon the stalk, even if left standing throughout the winter. Smut or weavil never touched it; no snow-storms could do it any harm. Furthermore, when the crop was gathered at the owner's leisure, it was easily husked, or it need not be husked at all until it was wanted. Then the ripe maize might be prepared for food in scores of forms. It was good roasted or boiled, whole or grated. Poets unborn shall sing of mush, of pone, of hoe-cake, and of dodgers; of mush that is good with milk, or that is good with molasses, or that is good with

butter, or that is good with honey, or that is good with gravy. Maize again gives no trouble to the grinder, and requires no apparatus, for it is always relished best when it is coarsely ground. It needs no costly mill, no bolting cloth. The uses of corn grain like this — highly nutritious — to the old pioneers are obvious enough. If the Indians came down upon the settlement, the fighting pioneers required no troublesome provisioning. Every man parched a peck of corn, and put it partly into his wallet, and partly into his pockets; then he took up his rifle, mounted his horse, and was ready for campaign. If the whole body capable of bearing arms had to turn out, women and children could undertake so light a labour as the raising of the maize crop. If there came too many new settlers, the corn ripened so fast that there was soon bread in plenty for them. If an autumnal intermittent fever, the certain frontier plague among the clearings, laid even an entire settlement upon its back, it did not stop the harvesting, for harvest was so early that according to the common order of things the crop was in before the fever came.

The sports of the old frontier men were, of course, all of the rough or manly kind, such as hunting, shooting, tomahawk-throwing. They did not, like modern settlers now, play cards or pitch dollars. They were not without music; many of them performed upon the bugle, fife, or drum; and, when a fiddler came among them, they ran after him as fishes ran to gape at Orpheus.

The rough manners of the men were pleasantly reflected in the boys, when after a time there was to be found such a thing as a chance schoolmaster here and there in the settlement. He built his log hut near a spring, for boys thirst very much over their lessons; and they behaved well enough in ordinary times, but then even they had their "institutions." It would have been certainly a simple institution to establish it as a rule that there should be, as there always was, a week's holiday at Christmas. They went about it, however, border fashion; the holiday must be not given, but taken; it was not to be had as a matter of course, but to be fought for. On the Friday morning before Christmas, the boys of a Tennessee frontier school used to go down betimes and capture the school building, light great fires inside, and bar the master out. When he came down he asserted his authority and attempted to re-take his castle. Of course he failed, and the insurgents refused to surrender except on their own conditions — a school feast and a week's holiday. The master got a faction on his side, and from each party ambassadors were sent with full powers to treat. If the master played the Czar and treated the young Turks too

haughtily, refusing to sign for them a fair treaty, they took him prisoner and hauled him to the spring, where he received a ducking. Beyond that point he never carried his resistance. Whenever he yielded, an express messenger was despatched for apples and cider, or perhaps for stronger drinks, and the short holiday season so was inaugurated. On the Monday after Christmas, the boys went back to books; and however much they might be drawn away from them by the commotions proper to the settlement, so far as the school itself was concerned they had, except the week so conquered, no vacations.

Every man added to a frontier settlement that had to fight for its ground, gave additional security. For that reason every new comer received cordial welcome. If he were a single man, a home and occupation were at once provided for him in the house of some old pioneer. If he brought a wife and children, other family men came to him saying, "Camp with us till we put up a cabin for you." He who became the host, then went about the settlement and appointed a day on which the whole able population met to raise a hut for their new friends. The cabin being raised, every neighbour came in his turn, bringing something to its future occupants which should assist in giving a start to the beginners. One would bring a pair of pigs, and one a pair of fowls, and one a cow and calf. The beginners once started would be expected, and did always heartily desire, to afford help of the same kind to others who came after them. To say that a settler cared for nobody, or that he had no neighbours, was to make away completely with his moral character. Not to ask a neighbour's help at clearing, or at cabin raising, or not to ask his presence at a frolic, would be to behave to him in a way that would require to be accounted for at the next muster of the population. In every respect it was the pride of the backwoodsman to be neighbourly. Families travelling through the wilds on breaking up the night's camp, covered over the remains of their fire so that it might be rekindled easily by the next comer. In the settlement fellow-workers bound the young community together safely and firmly, by carrying out to the utmost the same principle of mutual aid. If one of two hunters in the forest lost butcher-knife or ammunition, his comrade broke the blade of his own knife in two, or cut his bar of lead, or made division of his powder. If a pioneer at home fell sick and could not work his fields, days were appointed on which his neighbours met, and, distributing his work among themselves, ploughed and hoed for him, or gathered his harvest, hauled his wood, and saw that he had proper comfort and attendance.

All this is very cheerful read-

ing; yet the public history of the Tennessee settlers is by a great deal less enlivening. From some of the records published by Dr. Ramsey I will take three or four notes as a sample of their character. On the twenty-second of July, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-three, the main event on hand was, that John Morris, a Chickasaw warrior, being a guest of the governor at Knoxville, was shot by some person unknown. Governor Blount, to allay irritation, had buried him with military honours, and walked as chief mourner beside the brother of the murdered man.

On the twenty-fifth of May, Thomas Gillam and his son James were killed and scalped by Indians, in the Raccoon Valley, eighteen miles from Knoxville. Captain Beard set off with forty mounted infantry in hot pursuit. On the thirteenth of June came to Governor Blount tidings of an atrocious and most treacherous reprisal on the Indians by the said Beard, in a letter from one Captain Chisholm, who said that "on yesterday morning, Captain John Beard, with a party of forty men, attacked the Indians at the Hanging Maw's, and killed twelve or fifteen on the spot, among whom were a number of the principal chiefs, called there by the express order of the President. Major Robert King, Daniel Carmichael, Joseph Sevier, and James Ore, were acting for the United States. This will bring an inevitable war; the Indians are making vigorous preparations for an assault upon us. The frontier is in a most lamentable situation. Pray, Sir, let us have your immediate presence, for our all depends upon your exertion. The Hanging Maw is wounded, his wife is killed, also Scantee, a Chickasaw chief that was at the Maw's, Kittigeskie's daughter" (there was no respect for women evidently), "and other principal Indians. Two hundred Indians were in arms in thirty minutes. Beard and his party have fled, leaving the frontier unprotected."

Beard ought to have been first thrashed, and then hanged. The feeling of the pioneers, however, was enlisted on his side. The governor's secretary wrote of him to the War Department that "to my great pain, I find, to punish Beard by law, just now, is out of the question." To Hanging Maw and his outraged companions he wrote at the same time, "Be not rash and inconsiderate. Hear what your and our Great Father the President will say. Go and see him as he has requested. I assure you I believe he will give you satisfaction if you forbear to take it yourselves." Beard was tried by court-martial, and dismissed unpunished and unreproved.

On the twenty-ninth of August, the Indians coming for vengeance, killed and mangled one Lieutenant Tedford, and shot a man named Cunningham, who escaped, wounded, to the log cabin of one Andrew Cresswell.

Cresswell and his wife determined not to go for safety to the nearest station, but to defend their own home for themselves. The house was a new cabin with a single door, fastened by a shutter of hewn puncheons thick enough to be bullet proof. The stable was so placed in the rear of the cabin, that its door could only be opened by raising a large bolt with a long lever at the head of the master's bed. Near the lever was a port-hole through which he could defend his stable, and there were portholes on each wall of the house through which he could defend his family. The enemy abstained from besieging him.

On the following day two Indians entered the house of Philip Hatter, in Washington County, about eleven o'clock, tomahawked and scalped his wife, then cut off his daughter's head, and carried it off with them.

Colonels Doherty and M'Farland, contrary to orders, mustered one hundred and eighty mounted riflemen, crossed the Tennessee, and invaded the Indian territory. They destroyed six towns, killed and scalped fifteen men, and carried away with them sixteen women and children.

More of these chronicles might not be thought agreeable. These were the pioneers who flocked a few years afterwards to the great camp meeting at Cane Ridge, and, fervently praying and receiving exhortation night and day, commenced there the great Tennessee revival of religion. They had lost almost its very forms. So violent in its contrasts, and so rough in its usages, was life at the west end of the world, before man went by steam into the backwoods, and when there scarcely was an opening for any craftsman in a frontier settlement!

FASHION.

When a man applies himself soberly to reflect upon the fitness of things in general, and of their several tendencies towards the great End, of what a whirligig of vanity and inutility — of waste and glitter — the Great World seems to consist! All these flounces and furbelows; all this crenoline, bergamot, paste and jewellery, wax-chandlery, Brussels lace and Sèvres china; all those jobbed horses, silken squabs, double and triple knocks, tags and embroideries and fripperies of the Heralds' College, what are they good for? — what end do they serve? All these mountebank bowings and reverences; these kissings of hands and backing out of rooms of lath and plaster; these clatterings about streets for the purpose of bandying pieces of printed pasteboard; these grinnings to your fellow worm of five feet long across a glass of grape juice; these bawlings out of names by lacqueys; these posturings and jumpings, and agonies of eti-

quette; and turning day into night and night into day, and eating when we are not hungry, and drinking when we are not thirsty; all these, the life-chords of the Great World, to what end are they? Who commanded them? Who promulgated the statutes that regulate them? If Fashion were a tangible idol with a frontal protuberance and a golden head, squatting on his hams in a pagoda like Juggernaut, we should not need to wonder at his votaries wearing absurd dresses and passing their lives in the performance of more absurd ceremonies. We might set down the worship to be a delusion; but we might concede the dresses and the ceremonies to be the offspring of a sincere though mistaken superstition, and to be typical or symbolic of something. But my lady Azalia, the Queen of the world of Fashion, is a member of the Church of England, and she would be indignant if you were to ask her whether she worshipped a protruberant idol. Besides, Fashion is not tangible or palpable. No one ever saw Fashion, or drew his (or her?) portrait, or promulgated the conditions of his (or her?) creed, or taught what is heterodox or what orthodox; except one vulgar pretender who wrote a Handbook of Etiquette; which, for any authority it was grounded on, might as well have been a handbook to the Bear Garden.

What are the laws of Fashion, and who made them? Who regulates their absurdities and their proprieties? It was the height of fashion in Charles the Second's time to display about four inches of white shirt between the waistband and the vest: now, if I were to enter a ball-room with my shirt bulging from the bottom of my waistcoat I should be bowed down stairs. Why should Fashion in sixteen hundred and sixty-three be beauty, and be impropriety in eighteen hundred and fifty-three? Can anything be more absurd than the present chimney-pot hat? Nothing. Yet, if you were to meet me in Regent Street with a hunting cap, a shovel hat, a sombrero, or a fur porringer like that which Henry of Lancaster wore — would you speak to me? The day after to-morrow velvet sculls, shovel hats, flip-flaps, or rabbit-skin porringers may be the only wear. Why should the bishop have refused to ordain Oliver Goldsmith, because he wore scarlet breeches? What are wigs, boots, colours, fashionable virtues, fashionable vices, *bon ton*, high breeding, worth, after all? Will they save "the sprightliness of youth, the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of twenty-five," from the "hollowness and deadly paleness, the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial?" Will they avail us one jot in the day when you and I and all the world,

"nobles and learned, kings and priests, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party shall all appear to receive their symbol?" Will Fashion and Madame Devy and the Red-book keep the "storm from the ship or a wrinkle from the brow, or the plague from a King's house?" Is the world any better for Fashion, and could it not move towards its end without Fashion, do you think?

"A man," says a divine I love to quote, "may read a sermon the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchre of kings *** where our kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and the king must walk over his grandsire's head to take the crown." Now what a homily might a man read over second-hand court dresses, over a Court Circular, or over a Red-book two years old! How sharp one might be upon the miserable vanity of superfluities, and the uselessness of luxuries. How easily we could do without them.

"Give but to nature that which nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's."

You, and I, and the King, could live on sixpence a day, and never go hungry. But after all, in the very midst and flow of this our homilies, and this sharpness of our exhortation, comes this thought to make us pause before we go with unwashed faces to live in a tub like Diogenes, or to hide ourselves in a cave, and cover ourselves with the skins of wild beasts, as Jean Jacques Rousseau talked of doing, or to dig up pig nuts for food, and shovel gold away as if it were mud, like Timon in the play. For we begin to think how many thousand men and women in England, and how many millions more throughout the world, eat their daily bread by making and vending Fashion's elegant trumpery; — gloves, fans, spangles, scents, and bon-bons: how ships, colonies, and commerce, are all mixed up in a curious yet congruous elaboration with these fal-lals: how one end of the chain may be my lady's boudoir and its nick-nacks in Belgravia, and the other end a sloppy shipdock on the hot strand of the Hooghly: how the beginnings of a ball supper, with its artificial flowers, its trifles, its barley-sugar temples, its enamelled baskets and ratifia cakes, were the cheerless garret and the heated cellar: how the immensities of the world — its workshops, and marts, and bourses, and chambers of commerce — are, after all, only an accumulation of these fashionable littlenesses in bulk; packed into huge bales and casks, registered in ledgers and day-books, and sent and re-sent in strong ships, with bills of lading and charter-parties, to the uttermost ends of the earth. Pause before you condemn Vanity Fair — reflect

for a minute before you run to the justice's to have its charter taken away. Obadiah Broadbrim has helped to stock it; conventicles have been built from its profits; the crumbs that fall from its table feed millions of mouths. Nor does the beneficence of Fashion end here. After she has made one set of fortunes at first hand, she showers her favours on trade at second hand. From second-hand court dresses, and from second-hand fashion of all kinds, the moral of Fashion can be more strongly pointed, than from Fashion herself when arrayed in all her glory.

Let us instance Mrs. Brummus. She is the mysterious female who deals in second-hand ladies' apparel. I look upon Mrs. Brummus's vast silent repository of last season's varieties with the awe I have for a family vault; for the scenery of a worn-out pantomime; for undertaker's Latin (in oil colours); for last year's Belle Assemblée, or for the tailor's plate of the fashions and the Court Guide for the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two.

Mrs. Brummus's repository nestles as Milton's fountain did, in "the navel of a wood," quite in the core of a cancer of dingy, second-hand streets and houses. Both Mrs. Brummus and her shop have, moreover, a dingy, faded, second-hand appearance. They remind you of the magnificent allocution of the lady of the quondam dealer in second-hand apparel in Congreve's comedy: "You that I took from darning of old lace, and washing of old gauze, with a blue-black nose over a chafing-dish full of starved embers, behind a traverse-rag, in a shop no bigger than a bird-cage!" The chafing-dish and the blue-black nose may be gone; but there is yet a marvellous touch of the bird-cage about Mrs. Brummus's shop: there is yet the traverse-rag, the torn lace to be darned, and the old gauze to be washed.

Enter. Here is the discarded wardrobe of those enchanting actresses, those ravishing songstresses, those bewitching dancers, who have so enthralled and delighted Fashion; who have drawn rapturous plaudits from Fashion's kid gloved hands; melting sighs from under Fashion's white waistcoats; tender glances from Fashion's double-barrelled lorgnettes; lisps of praise from Fashion's mustachioed lips, when the wearers of those dresses acted, and sang, and danced on Fashion's great chalked stage — upon that stage where there are more sinks and rises, more drops, flats, borders, set pieces, wings, and floats; where there are more changes of scene, more going down graves and vampire traps; where there are more music, dancing, gay clothes, red and white paint, hollow hearts and masks for them to wear, than you would find on the stage of

the largest playhouse in the world. Suspended and recumbent, folded up, stretched out, singly and in heaps, in Mrs. Brummus's birdcage shop, in dimly distant crypts, and parlours, and crannies, and cupboards, and lumbering old presses, and groaning shelves, are the crimson velvet dresses of duchesses, the lace that queens have worn, our grandmothers' brocaded sacks and hoops and high heeled shoes, fans, feathers, silk stockings, lace pocket handkerchiefs, scent bottles, the Brussels lace veil of the bride, the sable bombazine of the widow, embroidered parasols, black velvet mantles, pink satin slips; blue kid, purple prunella, or white satin shoes; leg of mutton, bishop, Mameluke sleeves; robes without bodies, and bodies without robes, and sleeves without either; the matron's apron and the opera dancer's skirt. Here is Fashion in undress, without its whalebone, crenoline, false hair, paint, and pearl powder; here she is tawdry, tarnished, helpless, inert, dislocated, like Mr. Punch's company in the deal box he carries strapped behind his back.

If there be one article of commerce which Fashion delights in more than another, it is Lace. The rich products of Mechlin, Valenciennes, Brussels, and Liege; the scarcely less valuable wares of Nottingham and Honiton; the almost priceless remnants of "old point" — "beggars' lace" — the lace that Henrietta Maria loved to wear and Vandyck to paint. Not one, therefore, of Mrs. Brummus's tattered morsels of lace but has its history and its moral. Here is the veil in which poor Clara Rackleton was married to Captain Middleman. They had a grand estate (grandly encumbered) at Ballyragget, in the County Galway. Charley Middleman kept hounds and open house; and his widow lives now in a boarding-house at Tours with her two daughters. Clara's Brussels lace veil was not sold by her lady's maid nor by the bride herself. It was neither lost nor stolen; but Captain Middleman, formerly of the twenty-fifth Hussars, privately conveyed Mrs. Middleman's veil, together with two ostrich feathers and a carved ivory Chinese fan, to Mrs. Brummus's emporium. He drove the bargain, he pocketed the money, and he lost that same money half-an-hour afterwards at chicken-hazard, at the Little Nick near Leicester Square.

A wedding dress — all white satin, lace, and silver sprigs. Methinks I can see it now, glistening and sparkling in the August sun, and rustling and crumpling in the August air, as, at the close of the London season, its beautiful wearer descends that ugly narrow little staircase, which has been a ladder of delight to so many, a *via dolorosa* to so many more, and which

leads from the vestry-room of St. George's, Hanover Square, into Maddox Street. The wearer of the satin dress comes down the shabby steps a wedded bride. She is married to a lord; a duke has given her away. Fourteen young bridesmaids in white have wept at the responses. Two have fainted, and one has been carried into the vestry, to be sal-volatilised. A nervous clergyman has addressed the bride-expectant as "Thomas, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded wife?" The bridegroom has been seized with the usual deadly perturbation, and offers to place the ring on the finger of the pew-opener; and the clerk, while gravely correcting the errors of all parties, has viewed the whole proceedings with an air of deep misanthropy. At last, somehow or other, the right man has married the right woman; the pew-opener and beadle have been feed, and the verger remembered; the clergyman has had his rights and the clerk his dues. The licence has been conned over; the register has been signed — by the bridegroom in a character meant to be very valiant and decided, but in reality very timorous and indistinct; by the bride with no pretence or compromise, but in a simply imbecile and hysterical manner; by the father of the bride in a neat hand I should like to see at the bottom of a cheque; and by big General Gwallyor of the Indian army (the additional witness) in a fierce military manner, with a dash at the end like an oath. The little boys have shouted, and the wedding carriage, with its crimson-vested post-boys and spanking greys, has clattered up; the policemen have put down an imaginary riot, threatened with their batons the crowd generally, and menaced with arrest one individual lamp-post; and then, shining out like a star among the silver favours and orange flowers, the snowy dresses and black dress coats, the smiles and tears, comes the bride: God bless her! Is there a sight more beautiful under heaven than a young bride coming out of church? Can you forget Sir John Suckling's beautiful lines in his ballad upon a wedding? —

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.
And then she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight."*

Now, alas, my lord is at Florence, my lady is in furnished lodgings in London, and the bride's dress is at Mrs. Brummus's. There was an action at law in the Court of Queen's Bench respecting them not long since; and numberless suits in all sorts of courts are pending between them now. My lord hates my lady, and my lady hates my lord; and they write abusive letters against each other to their mutual friends.

* Founded on a beautiful old superstition of the English peasantry that the sun dances upon an Easter morning.

Fashion is born, is married, and dies every year, and Fashion is buried in Mrs. Brummus's dusky shop: she watches its funeral pyre, and superintends the process of its incineration; until, phœnix-like, it rises again from its ashes to die again.

Fashion dies. It is so far like a prince or a rich man that while it lives we dress it up in purple and fine linen, and fall down and worship it, and quarrel with and hate our brothers and sisters, for a smile from our demi-god, for a card for Fashion's balls or the *entrée* to Fashion's back-stairs. But no sooner is the demi-god dead than we utterly desert and forget it. We do not condescend, as in the case of dead humánity, to fold its rottenness in gold and n velvet, to build a marble monument above it, sculptured all over with lies; to state in an inscription that beneath reposed the ashes of such and such a most noble, high, mighty, powerful Prince Fashion, who was a father to his subjects, and a model to his compeers, and was in short the very best Fashion that ever was known, and the first fashionable gentleman in the world. No, we allow the corpse of Fashion to putrefy in the gutter, or to be eaten up by the vultures, and the storks, and adjutant birds. There have been kings treated as cavalierly. When the luxurious Louis Quinze lay at the point of death, the noise of the courtiers deserting their monarch to pay their respects to the new king echoed through the long galleries of Versailles like thunder. When the king was dead they crammed his miserable body (he died of the most horrible form of small-pox) into a box, and jolted him off in a post-chaise by night to St. Denis, where they flung him into rather than buried him in the sepulchre of his ancestors. So do we act by our dead King Fashion — adding even insult to injury; for, after his death we scoff and jeer at him, and are tremendously satirical upon the ridiculous, hideous, frightful, preposterous fashion that he was. It is my opinion that if Messrs. Banting and France were to confine themselves to performing the funerals of Fashion, they would cease to be the fashionable undertakers they are.

Fashion is greater than king or kaiser when he is alive; but dead, he is of no more account than a broken egg-shell. *Le roi est mort — vive le roi!* Leg of mutton sleeves and short waists are dead. Long live tight sleeves and long waists!

FLOWER-BELLS.

Soft Midsummer air, cheery with sunshine and perfumed with all the scents that it had robbed out of his nursery garden, crept in through the monthly roses at the porch and the half-open cottage door, to make itself at

home in George Swayne's room. It busied itself there, sweeping and rustling about, as if it had as much right to the place and was as much the tenant of it, as the gardener himself. It had also a sort of feminine and wifely claim on George; who, having been spending half an hour over a short letter written upon a large sheet, was invited by the Midsummer air to look after his garden. The best efforts were being made by his gentle friend to tear the paper from his hand. A bee had come into the room — George kept bees — and had been hovering about the letter; so drunk, possibly, with honey that he had mistaken it for a great lily. Certainly he did at last settle upon it. The lily was a legal document to this effect:—

"Sir, — We are instructed hereby to give you notice of the death of Mr. Thomas Queeks of Edmonton, the last of the three lives for which your lease was granted, and to inform you, that you may obtain a renewal of the same on payment of one hundred guineas to the undersigned. We are, Sir,

'Your (here the bee sat on the obedient servants),

"Flint and Grinston."

Mr. Swayne granted himself a rule to consider in his own mind what the lawyers meant by their uncertain phraseology. It did not mean, he concluded, that Messrs. F. and G. were willing, for one hundred pounds, to renew the life of Mr. Queeks, of Edmonton; but it did mean that he must turn out of the house and grounds (which had been Swayne's Nursery Garden for three generations past) unless he would pay a large fine for the renewal of his lease. He was but a young fellow of five-and-twenty; who, until recently, had been at work for the support of an old father and mother. His mother had been dead a twelvemonth last Midsummer-day; and his father, who had been well while his dame was with him, sickened after she was gone, and died before the applegathering was over. The cottage and the garden were more precious to George as a home than as a place of business. There were thoughts of parting — like thoughts of another loss by death, or of all past losses again to be suffered freshly and together — which so clouded the eyes of Mr. Swayne, that at last he could scarcely tell when he looked at the letter, whether the bee was or was not a portion of the writing.

An old woman came in, with a Midsummer cough, sounding as hollow as an empty coffin. She was a poor old crone who came to do for George small services as a domestic for an hour or two every day; for he lighted his own fires, and served up to himself in the first style of cottage cookery his own fat bacon and potatoes.

"I shall be out for three hours, Milly," said George, and he put on his best clothes and went into the sunshine. "I can do nothing better," he thought, "than go and see the lawyers."

They lived in the City; George

lived at the east end of London, in a part now covered with very dirty streets; but then covered with copse and field, and by Swayne's old-fashioned nursery ground; then crowded with stocks and wallflowers, lupins, sweet peas, pinks, lavender, heart's-ease, boy's love, old man, and other old-fashioned plants; for it contained nothing so tremendous as Schizanthuses, Eschol-zias, or Clarkia pulchellas, which are weedy little atomies, though they sound big enough to rival any tree on Lebanon. George was an old-fashioned gardener in an old-fashioned time; for we have here to do with events which occurred in the middle of the reign of George the Third. George, then — I mean George Swayne, not Georgius Rex — marched off to see the lawyers, who lived in a dark court in the City. He found their clerk in the front office, with a marigold in one of his button-holes; but there was nothing else that look-ed like summer in the place. It smelt like a mouldy shut-up tool-house; and there was parchment enough in it to make scarecrows for all the gardens in Kent, Middlesex, and Surrey.

George saw the junior partner, Mr. Grinston, who told him, when he heard his business, that it was in Mr. Flint's department. When he was shown into Mr. Flint's room, Mr. Flint could only repeat, he said, the instructions of the landlord.

"You see, my lad," he said, "these holdings, that have been let hitherto for thirty pounds per annum, are now worth fifty. Yet my client, Mr. Crote, is ready to renew the lease for three more lives at the very slight fine we have named to you. What would you have more reasonable?"

"Sir, I make no complaint," George answered; "only I want to abide by the ground, and I have not so much money as you require. I owe nobody a penny; and, to pay my way and lay by enough money for next year's seeds and roots, has been the most that I can manage. I have saved fifteen pounds. Here it is, Sir: take it, if it will help me in this business."

"Well," Mr. Flint suggested, "what do you say to this? I make no promise, but I think I can per-suade Mr. Crote to let you retain possession of your land, for — shall we say? — two years, at the rent of fifty pounds; and, at the expiration of that term, you may perhaps be able to pay the fine and to renew your lease."

"I will accept that offer, Sir." A homespun man clings to the walls of home. Swayne's nur-sery would not support so high a rental; but let the future take thought for itself — to postpone for two years the doom to quit the roof-tree under which his mother suckled him was gain enough for George.

So he turned homeward and went cheerfully upon his way, by a short cut through narrow streets and lanes that bordered

on the Thames. His gardener's eye discovered all the lonely little pots of mignonette in the upper windows of the tottering old houses; and, in the trimmer streets, where there were rows of little houses in all shades of whitewash, some quite fresh looking, inhabited by people who had kept their windows clean, he sometimes saw as many as four flowerpots upon a window sill. Then, there were the squares of turf, put, in weekly instalments of six inches, to the credit of caged larks, for the slow liquidation of the debt of green fields due to them. There were also parrots; for a large number of the houses in those river streets were tenanted by sailors who brought birds from abroad. There were also all sorts of grotesque shells; and one house that receded from its neighbours, had a small garden in front, which was sown over with shells instead of flowers. The walks were bordered with shell instead of box, and there were conchs upon the wall instead of wall-flowers. The summer-house was a grotto; but the great centre ornament was a large figure-head, at the foot of which there was a bench erected, so that the owner sat under its shadow. It represented a man with a great beard, holding over his shoulder a large three-pronged fork; which George believed to be meant for Neptune. That was a poor garden, thought George; for it never waved nor rustled, and did not, by one change of feature — except that it grew daily dirtier — show itself conscious of the passage of the hours, and days, and months, and seasons.

It interested George a great deal more to notice here and there the dirty leaf of new kinds of plants; which, brought home by some among the sailors, struggled to grow from seed or root. Through the window of one house that was very poor, but very neat and clean, he saw put upon a table to catch the rays of summer sun, a strange plant in blossom. It had a reddish stalk, small-pointed leaves; and, from every cluster of leaves hung elegant red flower-bells with purple tongues. That plant excited him greatly; and, when he stopped to look in at it, he felt some such emotion as might stir an artist who should see a work by Rubens hung up in a pawnbroker's shop-window. He knocked at the green door, and a pale girl opened it, holding in one hand a piece of unfinished needlework. Her paleness left her for a minute when she saw that it was a stranger who had knocked. Her blue eyes made George glance away from them before he had finished his respectful inquiry. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but may I ask the name of the flower in the window, and where it came from?"

"Will you walk in, if you please, Sir," said the girl,

"mother will tell you all she knows about it."

With two steps, the young gardener strode into the small front room where a sick and feeble woman sat in an arm-chair. The room was clean and little furnished. There was only sand upon the floor; and, on the table with some more of the girl's work, was part of a stale loaf, flanked with two mugs that contained some exceedingly blue and limpid milk. George apologised for his intrusion; but said what his calling was, and pleaded in excuse the great beauty and novelty of the plant that had attracted him.

"Ay, ay, but I prize it for more than that," said Mrs. Ellis, "it was brought to me by my son. He took it as a cutting, and he brought it a long way, the dear fellow, all the way from the West Indies, nursing it for me. Often he let his own lips parch, Sir, on the voyage that he might give water enough to the flower that he took home for his mother. He is a tender-hearted boy, my Harry."

"He is young then?"

"Well, he is not exactly a boy, Sir; but they are all boys on board ship, you understand. He could carry off the house upon his back, Harry could; he is so wonderful broad-chested. He 's just gone a long voyage, Sir, and I 'm feared I shall be gone a longer before he comes back; and he said when he went, 'Take care of the plant, mother, it 'll have hundreds of bells to ring when I come back to you next year.' He is always full of his fun, Sir, is my Harry."

"Then, Ma'am," George stammered, "it 's a plant you wouldn't like to part with."

The poor woman looked angry for a moment; and then, after a pause, answered gently, "No, Sir, not until my time comes."

The young gardener — who ought to have gone away — still bent over the flower. The plant was very beautiful, and evidently stood the climate well, and it was of a kind to propagate by slips. George did not well know what to say or do. The girl who had been nimbly stitching, ceased from work and looked up wonderingly at the stranger, who had nothing more to say and yet remained with them. At last, the young man, with the colour of the flower on his cheeks, said, "I 'm a poor man, Ma'am, and not much taught. If I 'm going to say anything unbecoming, I hope you 'll forgive it: but, if you could — if you could bring your heart to part with this plant, I would give you ten guineas for it, and the first good cutting I raise shall be yours."

The girl looked up in the greatest astonishment. "Ten guineas!" she cried, "why, mother, ten guineas would make you comfortable for the whole winter. How glad Harry will be!"

The poor old woman trembled nervously: "Harry told me to

keep it for his sake," she whispered to her daughter who bent fondly over her.

"Does Harry love a flower better than your health and comfort?" pleaded Harry's sister.

A long debate was carried on in low tones, while George Swayne endeavoured to look as though he were a hundred miles off, listening to nothing. But the loving accents of the girl debating with her mother tenderly, caused Mr. Swayne — a stout and true-hearted young fellow of twenty-five — to feel that there were certainly some new thoughts and sensations working in him. He considered it important to discover from her mother's manner of addressing her that the name of the young woman was Susan. When the old lady at last consented with a sigh to George's offer, he placed ten guineas on the table beside the needlework, and only stole one glance at Susan as he bade good-bye and took the flower-pot away, promising again earnestly that he would bring back to them the first good cutting that took root.

George Swayne then, having the lawyers almost put out of his head, carried the plant home and duly busied himself in his greenhouse over the multiplication of his treasure. Months went by, during which the young gardener worked hard and ate sparely. He had left to himself but five pounds for the general maintenance of his garden; more was needed, and that he had to pinch, as far as he dared, out of his humble food and other necessaries of existence. He had, however, nothing to regret. The cuttings of the flower-bells throve, and the thought of Susan was better to him than roast beef. He did not again visit the widow's house. He had no right to go there, until he went to redeem his promise.

A year went by; and, when the next July came, George Swayne's garden and greenhouses were in the best condition. The new plant had multiplied by slips and had thriven more readily than he could have ventured to expect. The best plant was set by until it should have reached the utmost perfection of blossom, to be carried in redemption of the promise made to widow Ellis. In some vague way, too, Mr. Swayne now and then pondered whether the bells it was to set ringing after Harry had returned might not be after all the bells of Stepney parish church. And Susan Swayne did sound well, that was certain. Not that he thought of marrying the pale girl, whose blue eyes he had only seen, and whose soft voice he had only heard once; but he was a young fellow, and he thought about her, and young fellows have their fancies which do now and then shoot out in unaccountable directions.

A desired event happened one morning. The best customer of Swayne's nursery ground, the wife of a city knight, Lady Salter,

who had a fine seat in the neighbourhood, alighted from her carriage at the garden gate. She had come to buy flowers for the decorations of her annual grand summer party; and George with much perturbation ushered her into his greenhouse, which was glowing with the crimson and purple blossoms of his new plant. When Lady Salter had her admiration duly heightened by the information that there were no other plants in all the country like them — that, in fact, Mr. Swayne's new flowers were unique, she instantly bought two slips at a guinea each and took them home in triumph. Of course the flower-bells attracted the attention of her guests; and of course she was very proud to draw attention to them. The result was that the carriages of the great people of the neighbourhood so clogged up the road at Swayne's nursery day after day that there was no getting by for them. George sold, for a guinea each, all the slips that he had potted; keeping only enough for the continuance of his trade, and carefully reserving his finest specimen. That in due time he took to Harry's mother.

The ten guineas added to the produce of Susan's labour — she had not slackened it a jot — had maintained the sickly woman through the winter; and, when there came to her a letter one morning in July in Harry's dear scrawl posted from Portsmouth, she was half restored to health. He would be with them in a day or two, he said. The two women listened in a feverish state for every knock at the green door. Next day a knock came; but it was not Harry. Susan again opened to George Swayne. He had brought their flower-bells back; and, apparently, handsomer than ever. He was very much abashed and stammered something; and, when he came in, he could find nothing to say. The handsome china vase, which he had substituted for the widow's flowerpot, said something however, for him. The widow and her daughter greeted him with hearty smiles and thanks; but he had something else to do than to return them — something of which he seemed to be exceedingly ashamed. At last he did it. "I mean no offence," he said; "but this is much more yours than mine." He laid upon the table twenty guineas. They refused the money with surprise; Susan with eagerness. He told them his story; how the plant had saved him from the chance of being turned out of his home; how he was making money by the flower, and how fairly he considered half the profits to be due to its real owner. Thereupon the three became fast friends and began to quarrel. While they were quarrelling there was a bouncing knock at the door. Mother and daughter hurried to the door; but Susan stood aside that Harry might go first into his mother's arms.

"Here 's a fine chime of bells," said Harry, looking at his plant after a few minutes. "Why it looks no handsomer in the West-Indies. But where ever did you get that splendid pot?"

George was immediately introduced. The whole story was told, and Harry was made a referee upon the twenty guinea question.

"God bless you, Mr. Swayne," said Harry, "keep that money if we are to be friends. Give us your hand, my boy; and, mother, let us all have something to eat." They made a little festival that evening in the widow's house, and George thought more than ever of the chiming of the bells as Susan laid her needlework aside to bustle to and fro. Harry had tales to tell over his pipe; "and I tell you what, Swayne," said he, "I'm glad you are the better for my love of rooting. If I wasn't a sailor myself I'd be a gardener. I've a small cargo of roots and seeds in my box that I brought home for mother to try what she can do with. My opinion is that you're the man to turn 'em to account; and so, mate, you shall have 'em. If you get a lucky penny out of any one among 'em, you 're welcome; for it 's more than we could do."

How these poor folks laboured to be liberal towards each other: how Harry amused himself on holidays before his next ship sailed with rake and spade about his friend's nursery: how George Swayne spent summer and autumn evenings in the little parlour: how there was really and truly a chime rung from Stepney steeple to give joy to a little needlewoman's heart: how Susan Swayne became much rosier than Susan Ellis had been: how luxuriously George's bees were fed upon new dainties: how Flint and Grinston conveyed the nursery-ground to Mr. Swayne in freehold to him and his heirs for ever, in consideration of the whole purchase money which Swayne had accumulated: how the old house was enlarged: how, a year or two later, little Harry Swayne damaged the borders and was abetted by grandmother Ellis in so doing: how, a year or two after that, Susan Swayne the lesser dug with a small wooden spade side by side with giant Uncle Harry; who was a man to find the centre of the earth under Swayne's garden when he came home ever and anon from beyond the seas, always with roots and seeds, his home being Swayne's nursery: and, finally, how happy and how populous a home the house in Swayne's nursery grew to be — these are results connecting pleasant thoughts with the true story of the earliest cultivation in this country of the flower now known as the Fuchsia.

THE FRENCH WORKMAN.

The original stuff out of which a French workman is made, is — let us, ourselves French workmen, tell you — a street boy of

fourteen years old, or if you like, twelve. That young *gamin de Paris* can sing as many love ditties and drinking songs as the hairs upon his head, before he knows how much is nine times seven. He prefers always the agreeable to the useful: he knows how to dance all the quadrilles: he knows how to make grimaces of ten thousand sorts one after the other without stopping, and at the rate of twenty in a minute. Of his other attainments, I say little. It is possible that he may have been to one of the elementary schools set up by the Government; or, it may be also, that he knows not how to read; although, by article ten of a law passed in eighteen hundred and thirty-three, it was determined that no chief town of a department, or chief place of a commune containing more than six thousand inhabitants, should be without at least one elementary school for public instruction.

Such as the boy may be, he is made an apprentice. He needs no act, or as you say in England, indenture. His contract has to be attested at the Prefecture of Police, Bureau of Passports, Section of Livrets. Formerly, it was the custom in France for the apprentice to be both fed and lodged by his master; but, as the patron seldom received money with him, he was mainly fed on cuffs. Apprenticeship in Paris — which is France — begins at ages differing according to the nature of the trade. If strength be wanted, the youth is apprenticed at eighteen, but otherwise, perhaps, at fourteen. There are in Paris nineteen thousand apprentices dispersed among two hundred and seventy branches of trade.

Of all the apprentices whose number has been just named, only one in five is found by a written agreement with his master. The rest have a verbal understanding. The youths commonly are restless; and, since they are apt to change their minds, the business of the master is not so much to teach them as to obtain value for himself as soon as he can out of their labour. It is the apprentice who is sent out to take orders in the town and to play the part of messenger. In consequence of the looseness of the tie, it often happens that a thoughtless parent, when his son is able to earn wages, tells the youth that his master is sucking him and fattening upon his unpaid labour; that he might earn money for the house at home. The youth is glad to earn, and throws up his apprenticeship for independent work. It soon occurs to him that his parents are sucking him, and that his earnings ought to be for himself, and not for them. He then throws up his home dependence, as he had thrown up dependence on his master, takes a lodging, falls into careless company, and works on, a half-skilled labourer, receiving all his life a less income than he could have assured to himself by a few years of early perseverance.

When I was apprentice, eight

years ago, I found that to be a good workman it was needful to design and model. "Come with me," said my comrade Gredinot, "I will show you a good school." It was a winter evening; our work was over; and, with leave of the patron, we left our shop in the Rue Saint Martin, and went by Saint Saviour to the Rue Montorgueil. We bought as we went about twelve pounds of modelling clay. At the upper end of the street, my friend Gredinot turned up a dark passage. I followed him. A single lamp glimmered in the court to which it led us. We went up a few steps to the school-room. "Here we are," said Gredinot, in opening the door. We enterred, carrying our caps. There was a low room lighted by flaring oil lamps; but in it were busts and statues of such beauty that it seemed to me to be the most delightful chamber in the world. Boys and youths and a few men, all in blouses, like ourselves, laboured there. We threw our clay upon a public heap in a wood trough near the door. There was only that mud to pay, and there were our own tools to take. Everything else was free. Gredinot introduced me to the master, and I learnt to model from that night. There are other schools — the school of arts and trades in the Rue St. Martin, the Special and Gratuitous School of Design in the Rue du Tourraine, in connexion, as I think, with the School of Fine Arts. I might number the museums and the libraries, and I may make mention also of the prizes of the Academy of Industry and the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry.

The apprentice out of his time goes to the prefecture of police. There he must obtain a livret, which must have on the face of it the seal of the prefecture, the full name of the admitted workman, his age, his place of birth, and a description of his person, his trade, and the name of the master who employs him. The French workman is taboo, until he is registered by the police and can produce his livret. The book costs him twopence halfpenny. Its first entry is a record of the completion of his apprenticeship. Afterwards every fresh engagement must be set down in it, with the dates of its beginning and its end, each stamped by the prefecture. The employer of a workman holds his livret as a pledge. When he receives money in advance the sum is written in his book, and it is a debt there chargeable as a deduction of not more than one-fifth upon all future employment, until it is paid. The workman travelling must have his livret *viséd;* for without that, says the law, "he is a vagabond, and can be arrested and punished as such."

The workman registered and livreted, how does he live, work and sleep? He is not a great traveller; for, unless forced into exile, the utmost notion of travel that a French workman has, is

the removal — if he be a provincial — from his native province to Paris. We pass over the workman's chance of falling victim to the conscription, if he has no friends rich enough to buy for him a substitute, or if he cannot subscribe for the same object to a Conscription Mutual Assurance Company. When Louis Blanc had his own way in France the workmen did but ten hours' labour in the day. Now, however, as before, twelve or thirteen hours are regarded as a fair day's work. I and Friponnet, who are diamond jewellers, work ten hours only. My friend Cornichon, who is a goldsmith, works as long as a painter or a smith. Sunday labour used to be very general in France; but extended seldom beyond the half day; which was paid for at a higher rate. In Paris seven in eight of us used to earn money on the Sunday morning. That necessity could not be pleaded for the sin, is proved by the fact, that often we did no work on Monday; but on that day spent the Sunday's earnings. As for our wages, calculated on an average of several years, they are about as follows: — The average pay for a day's labour is three shillings and twopence. The lowest day's pay known is five pence, and the highest thirty shillings. About thirty thousand of us receive half a-crown a day; five or six times as many (the majority) receive some sum between half-a-crown and four and twopence. About ten thousand receive higher wages. The best wages are earned by men whose work is connected with print, paper and engraving. The workers in jewels and gold are the next best provided for; next to them workers in metal and in fancy ware. Workers on spun and woven fabrics get low wages; the lowest is earned, as in London, by slop-workers and all workers with the needle. The average receipts of Paris needlewomen have not, however, fallen below fourteen-pence a day; those of them who work with fashionable dress-makers earn about one and eight-pence. While speaking of the ill-paid class of women, I must mention that the most sentimental of our occupations earns the least bread. Those who make crowns of *immortelles* to hang upon the tombs, earn only about seven-pence-halfpenny a day. That trade is, in very truth, funereal. To come back to ourselves, it should be said that our wages, as a whole, have risen rather than declined during the last quarter of a century. It is a curious fact, however, that the pay for jobwork has decreased very decidedly.

And how do we live? it is asked. Well enough. All of us eat two meals a day; but what we eat depends upon our money. We three, who draw up this account, work in one room. We begin fasting, and maintain our fast until eleven o'clock. Then we send the apprentice out to fetch our breakfasts. When he comes back with his stores, he

disposes them neatly on a centre table in little groups. I generally have a pennyworth of ham, which certainly is tough, but very full of flavour; bread to the same value; a half share with Friponnet in two-pennyworth of wine, and a halfpennyworth of fried potatoes; thus spending in all threepence-halfpenny. Cornichon spends the same sum generally in another way. He has as pennyworth of cold boiled (unsalted) beef, a pennyworth of bread, a halfpenny worth of cheese and a pennyworth of currantjam. Friponnet is more extravagant. A common breakfast bill of fare with him is two penny sausages, twopennyworth of bread, a pennyworth of wine, a halfpenny *paquet de couënne* (which is a little parcel of crisply fried strips of bacon rind), and a baked pear. All this is sumptuous; for we are of the aristocracy of workmen. The labourers of Paris do not live so well. They go to the *gargottes*, where they get threepence halfpenny worth of bouilli — soup, beef and vegetable — which includes the title to a liberal supply of bread. Reeking dingy dens are those *gargottes*, where all the poorer classes of Parisian workmen save the beef out of their breakfast bouilli, and carry it away to eat later in the day at the wine-shop; where it will make a dinner with more bread and a pennyworth of wine. Of bread they eat a great deal; and, reckoning that at fourpence and the wine at a penny, we find eightpence to be the daily cost of living to the great body of Parisian workmen.

We aristos among workpeople dine famously. My own practice is to dine in the street du Petit Carré upon dinners for ninepence; or, by taking dinner-tickets for fourteen days in advance, I get one dinner a fortnight given me gratuitously. I dine upon soup, a choice of three plates of meat, about half-a-pint of wine, a dessert and bread at discretion. Our dinner hour is four o'clock, and we are not likely to eat anything more before bedtime; although one of us may win a cup of coffee or a dram of brandy at billiards or dominoes in the evening. Cornichon and Friponnet dine in the street Chabonnais; have soup at a penny a portion, small plates of meat at twopence each, dessert at a penny, and halfpenny slips of bread. Each of us when he has dined rolls up a cigarette, and lounges perhaps round the Palais Royal for half an hour.

As for our lodging the poorest of us live by tens in one room, and sleep by fours and fives upon one mattress; paying from twopence to tenpence a night. The ordinary cost of such lodging as the workman in Paris occupies is, for a whole room for one person, nine or ten shillings a month; for more than one, six or seven shillings each; and, for half a bed, four shillings. Cornichon lives in room number thirty-six on the third floor of a furnished

lodging house in the street du Petit Lion. You must ring for the porter if you would go in to Cornichon; and the porter must, by a jerk at a string, unlatch the street door if Cornichon wishes to come out to you. In a little court at the back are two flights of dirty stairs of red tile edged with wood. They lead to distinct portions of the house. Cornichon's room is paved with red tiles, polished now and then with beeswax. It is furnished with the bed and a few inches of bedside carpet forming a small island on the floor, with two chairs, a commode with a black marble top, a washing-basin and a water-bottle. Cornichon has also a cupboard there in which he stores his wood for winter, paying twentypence per hundred pound for logs; and as the room contains no grate, he rents a German stove from his landlord, paying four-and-twopence for his use of it during the season.

Friponnet rents two unfurnished rooms up four pair of stairs, at the back of a house in the street d'Argenteuil. He pays ten shillings a month. They are furnished in mahogany and black marble bought of a broker, and I think not paid for yet. Fidette visits him there. She is a gold and silver polisher, his *bonne amie*. She has her own lodging; but she and Friponnet divide their earnings. They belong to one another; although no priest has blessed their voluntary contract. It is so, I am pained to say, with very many of us.

I have a half-bed in a little street, with a man who is a good fellow, considering he is a square-head — a German. The red tiles of my staircase are very clean, and slippery with beeswax. My landlord rents a portion of the third floor of the house, and underlets it fearfully. One apartment has been penned off into four, and mine is the fourth section at the end. To reach me one must pass through the first pen, which is occupied by Monsieur and Madame. There they work, eat, and sleep; as for Madame, she never leaves it. Monsieur only goes away to wait upon the *griffe*, his master, when he wants more work; his *griffe* is a slop tailor. Monsieur and Madame sleep in a recess, which looks like a sarcophagus. A little Italian tailor also sleeps in the same pen; but whereabouts I know not — his bed is a mystery. The next pen is occupied by two carpenters, seldom at home. When they come home, all of us know it; for they are extremely musical. In the third pen live three more tailors, through whose territory I must pass to my own cabinet. But how snug that is! Although only eight feet by ten, it has two corner windows; and, if there is little furniture and but a scanty bed, there is a looking-glass fit for a baron, and some remains of violet-coloured hangings and long muslin curtains; either white or brown, I am not sure. I

and the German pay for this apartment fifteen shillings monthly.

There is a kind of lodgers worth especial mention. The men working in the yards of masons, carpenters, and others — masons especially — frequently come from the provinces. They are not part of the fixed population; but are men who have left their wives and families to come up to the town and earn a sum of money. For this they work most energetically, living in the most abstemious manner, in order that they may not break into their hoard. They occupy furnished lodgings, flocking very much together. Thus the masons from the departments of la Creuse and la Haute Vienne occupy houses let out in furnished rooms exclusively to themselves in the quarters of the Hotel de Ville, the Arsenal, Saint Marcel, and in other parts of Paris. The rigid parsimony of these men is disappointed terribly when any crisis happens. They are forced to eat their savings, to turn their clothing and their tools into food, and, by the revolution of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, were reduced to such great destitution, that in some of the houses occupied by them one dress was all that remained to all the lodgers. They wore it in turn, one going out in it to seek for work while all the rest remained at home in bed. The poor fellows thanked the want of exercise for helping them to want of appetite — the only kind of want that poverty desires.

These men, however, working in the great yards, eating their meals near them in an irregular and restless way, form clubs and associations which lead not seldom to strikes — blunders which we call placing ourselves *en Grève*. They take the name *en Grève* from the place in which one class of builders' workmen assemble when waiting to be hired. Various places are chosen by sundry workmen and workwomen for this practice of waiting to be hired. Laundresses, for example, are to be found near the church of our Lady of Loretto, where they endure, and too often enjoy, coarse words from passers-by.

Except in the case of the masons and labourers from the departments, it is to be regarded as no good sign when a workman makes a residence of furnished lodgings. The orderly workman marries, and acquires the property of furniture. The mason from the departments lives cheaply, and saves, to go home with money to his family, and acquire in his own village the property of land. The workman bound to Paris, who dwells only in furnished lodgings, and has bought no furniture, has rarely saved and has rarely made an honest marriage. In most cases he is a lover of pleasure, frequents the theatre and the wine shop. From wine he runs on to the stronger stimulus of brandy,

but these leave to him some gleams of his national vivacity. The most degraded does not get so lumpish as the English workman, whose brains have become sodden in the public-houses by long trains of pots of beer. By far the largest portion of the Paris workmen possess furniture; only twenty-one in a hundred — and that includes, of course, the mobile population, the masons, &c. — live in furnished lodgings.

For clothing, we spend according to our means from four to fourteen pounds a year on that. Half of us have no coat in addition to the blouse. Before the crisis of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, one sixth of us had money in savings' banks, and one man in every two was a member of some benefit society. The benefit societies were numerous, each generally containing some two or three hundred members; but even our singing clubs are now suppressed, and we must not meet even to transact the business of a benefit society without giving notice of our design to the police, and receiving into our party at least two of its agents as lookers-on. The result has been the decay of all such societies, and the extinction of most of them. Where they remain, the average monthly subscription is fifteen-pence, which ensures the payment of twenty-pence a day during sickness, with gratuitous advice and medicine from the doctor. The funds of such societies are lodged either in savings' banks, or in the *Mont de Piété;* which, though properly a pawnbroking establishment, has also its uses as a bank. The imperial fist presses everywhere down upon us. It has forced us out of sick clubs; because we sometimes talked in them about the state of the nation: it would build us huge barracks to live in, so that we may be had continually under watch and ward; and it has lately thrust in upon us a president of its own at the head of our *Conseil de Prud'hommes*, the only tribunal we possess for the adjustment of our internal trade disputes.

Of our pleasures on a Sunday afternoon the world has heard. We devote that to our families, if we have any; Monday, too often, to our friends. There are on Sundays our gymnastic fêtes at open air balls beyond the barriers, and our dancing saloons in the city; the Prado, the Bal Montesquieu, and the Dogs' Ball. There are our pleasant country rambles, and our pleasant little dinners in the fields. There are our games at pool, and dominoes, and piquet; our pipes with dexterously blackened bowls. There are our theatres, the Funambule and the Porte St. Martin. Gamblers among us play at bowls in the Elysian fields, or they stay at home losing and winning more than they can properly afford to risk at *écarté*.

Then there are our holidays. The best used to be "the three

days of July," but they were lost in the last scramble. Yet we still have no lack of holiday amusement, our puppets to admire, and greasy poles to climb for prizes, by men who have been prudently required to declare first and register their ambition at the Bureau of Police. Government so gets something of a list of the men who aspire, who wish to mount. It must be very useful. There are our water tournaments at St. Cloud and at Boulogne-sur-Seine; where they who have informed the police of their combative propensities, may thrust at each other with long padded poles from boats which are being rowed forcibly into collision. We are not much of water-birds; but when we do undertake boating, we engage in the work like Algerine pirates. We must have a red sash round the waist or not a man of us will pull a stroke.

To go back to our homes and to our wives. When we do marry, we prefer a wife who can support herself by her own labour. If we have children, it is in our power to apply — and very many of us do apply — to the Bureau of Nurses; and, soon after an infant's birth, it can be sent down into the country at the monthly cost of about ten shillings and two pounds of lump sugar. That saves the child from hindering our work or pleasure; and, as it is the interest of the nurse to protect the child for which she receives payment, why should we disturb our consciences with qualm or fear?

In Paris there are few factories; some that have existed were removed into the provinces for the sole purpose of avoiding the dictation of the workmen in the town. The Parisian fancy work employs a large number of people who can work at their own homes. In this, and in the whole industry of Paris, the division of labour is very great; but the fancy work offers a good deal of scope for originality and taste, and the workman of Paris is glad to furnish both. He will delight himself by working night and day to execute a sudden order, to be equal to some great occasion; but he cannot so well be depended upon when the work falls again into its even, humdrum pace. On the whole, however, they who receive good wages, and are trusted — as the men working for jewellers are trusted — become raised by the responsibility of their position, shun the wine-shop, live contented with the pleasures of their homes, dress with neatness, and would die rather than betray the confidence reposed in them. With all his faults and oddities, the workman of Paris is essentially a thoroughly good fellow. The solitary work of tailors and of shoemakers causes them of course to brood and think, and to turn out of their body a great number of men who take a foremost place in all political discussions. But the French workman always is a loser

by political disturbance. The crisis of eighteen hundred and forty-eight — a workman's triumph — reduced the value of industry in Paris from sixty to twenty-eight millions of pounds. Fifty-four men in every hundred were at the same time thrown out of employ, or nearly two hundred thousand people in all.

But there are some callings, indeed, wholly untouched by a crisis. The manufacture of street gas goes on, for example, without any change. There are others that are even benefited by a revolution. After the last revolution, while other trades were turning away men to whom there was no longer work to give, the trades concerned in providing military equipment were taking on fresh hands. To that class in Paris, and to that only, there was an increase of business in eighteen hundred and forty-eight to the extent of twenty-nine per cent. The decrease of business among the printers, although almost no books were printed, did not amount to more than twenty-seven per cent., in consequence of the increased demand for proclamations, handbills, and manifestoes.

Without any extra crisis, men working in all trades have trouble enough to get over the mere natural checks upon industry, which come to most tradesmen twice a year in the shape of the dead seasons. Every month is a dead season to some trade; but the dead seasons which prevail over the largest number of workmen in Paris are the two months, July and August, in summer, and the two months, January and February in winter. The dead season of summer is the more decided of the two. The periods of greatest activity, on the other hand, are the two months, April and May, and next to those the months, October and November. Printers are busiest in winter, builders are busiest in summer — so there are exceptions to the rule; but, except those who provide certain requisites for eating and drinking which are in continual demand, there are few workmen in Paris or elsewhere in France, who have not every year quite enough slack time to perplex them. They can ill afford the interference of any small crisis in the shape of a strike, or large crisis in the shape of a national tumult.

Finally, let me say that the French workman, take him all in all, is certainly a clever fellow. He is fond of Saint Monday, "solidarity," and shows; but is quick-witted at his work, and furiously energetic when there is any strong call made upon his industry. In the most debased form he has much more vigour and vivacity than the most debased of English operatives. He may be more immoral; but he is less brutish. If we are a little vain, and very fond of gaiety, and if we are improvident, we are not idle; and, with all our street fighting, we are not a discontented race.

Except an Arab, who can be so happy as we know how to make ourselves, upon the smallest possible resources?

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

On the bridge-crown my master dwelt;
our lattice wide o'erhung the stream,
And giddy work 'twas thence, I felt, to
watch the waters chafe and gleam;
But there, his little child in play could
count the bubbles 'neath her float,
And clap her hands when gusts of spray
kissed her sweet cheeks or touched
her throat.

One day — still every troubled dream
brings all its terror back to me —
I heard a shrill imploring scream; I
turned to look — but where was she?
I cast my 'prentice gown aside, clam-
bered like light the trellis o'er,
And in the fierce and furious tide sprang,
stunned and deafened by the roar.

What tumult thundered in mine ears
when to the surface I emerged;
Wild voices, shrieks, and cries, and
cheers, mixed with the waves that
round me surged!
What saw I from the lattice bent? My
master, dumb, transfixed with dread,
While near me floating, pale and spent,
his child toward the vortex sped.

I grasped her; to the sterling's edge I
struggled 'gainst the sucking tide,
By timbers green with slimy sedge I
held, and drew her to my side.
Poor little Nan! how faintly hung her
drooping head: while floating past
I saw her flaxen tresses flung like weeds
upon the waters cast.

Sweet heart! dear wife! nay, why so
pale? Have not long years effaced
all pain?
Why did you bid me tell the tale of this
old childish hap again?

Time past; my 'prentice days were sped;
to foreign parts they bade me roam,
Yet, with a longing and a dread, my
thoughts turned ever towards my
home:

For, travelled gallants loved to boast (gay
flutterers, light as summer midge),
That London's beauty, pride, and toast,
dwelt on the crown of London Bridge.
I listened calm, and even smiled; yet
the heart's tightness grew amain:
I think e'en death hath been reviled; I
wot it will not match that pain.

Back came I, Nan! I see you yet, with
scarlet loveknots, gay of hue.
I hear the waters fume and fret, chorus
to love vows warm and true;
And how you stood I well recall, light
leaning 'gainst the wicker fence,
You, smiling watched the torrents fall. I,
thinking how I bore you thence.

When — nay, wife, let me end my tale;
take from my lips your hand away.
Nay, now, I may not call you pale; your
ribbons were less bright that day.
Quoth you, "Fine talk, I 'll none of it —
give proof that still your heart is
mine."
I, with a lover's lack of wit, said, "What
may I do to prove it thine?"

Beneath us far a wild flower grew, fast
rooted in the buttress cleft;
You pointed to it, and I knew no hope
save in that proof was left.
Then, clambering o'er the parapet, I
sought a foot-hold, frail and slight,
On the old timbers green and wet; yet
kept through all your face in sight.

What was the tumult that I heard? Your
wild cry as you bade me stay,
My name; and, coupled with a word first
uttered that eventful day.
The little weed waved proud its head,
beckoning me on as if in scorn;
I gained it. All the anxious dread past
from my life that sunny morn.

Dear wife, sweet wife! You know how
pressed in our old Bible's earliest
page,
That little withered flower doth rest
above our son's recorded age;
Of years long past it seems to tell, of the
old sterling's blackened ridge,
Of the wide lattice whence you fell, and
our young days on London Bridge.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

I AM in Turkey, staying in a little out-of-the-way place on a hill that overlooks the capital. I have been ill; am well, an this is my first afternoon out of house-bounds for many restless days. As I sit at the porch on the low rush-bottom chair which my host has placed for me, I almost think I am dreaming; so strange and unreal does everything seem around.

There, below me, beside the water and embedded in misty blue hills, lies Constantinople with its thousand minarets glittering in the sun, the constant light of which one might fancy had turned them into gold. A mystic veil, finer than gossamer, hangs over and mellows the landscape; and the eye rests upon its broad valleys and deep ravines unstrained and delighted. Upon the clear blue waters, light and sparkling palaces are reflected on its ripples, until there seems another and a gentler world lying beneath them. The small sails of a legion of little boats skim along, like sea-gulls with their wings spread. Swift pleasure-boats, or caiques, pull their holiday-making passengers hither and thither as rapidly as English wherries; or bustling steamers paddle noisily to and fro; and, here and there, lie two monarchs of the western waters — men-of-war — silent, dark, and ominous.

Up yonder hill rides a Mussulman (I see him distinctly with my glass), mounted upon a bright bay horse of great power and beauty, but a little low in the shoulder and short in the pastern. He is going at a rapid pace; and a groom on foot — the invariable attendant of a Mussulman gentleman — is trying hard to keep up with him. The rider wears the manly beard and long mustache of the Oriental, and is dressed in an European costume, which sits upon him ungracefully; but he still wears the red cap of the country; giving him when he dismounts the similitude, at this distance, of black bottle with a red seal.

A little farther on, climbing the same hill, is a European lady in her carriage. It is a gingerbread affair, and does not look very safe; but she sits in it grandly, and queens it over the bankers' wives when she drives past them in the city. It is a stately thing to have a carriage at Constantinople; and excitable small boys with little eyes and sallow complexions huzzah as it goes by with bump and jingle enough to take the conceit out of all Long Acre.

At the road side, close under where I sit, are a party of veiled women: they royster along with unsteady gait, rolling from side to side and laughing. Their eyes flash and sparkle like diamonds in black settings, above their thin gossamer veils. They are talking about charms and love philters: I know they are;

for all Turkish women believe in magic.

Go in, must I? Well, needs must when the doctor drives. But it does not much matter. My windows are all open, and the gay breeze comes flaunting through them, dallying with the curtains; and then, like a false lover, hastens away, far, far away; deep into the country; over the blue hills and along the sparkling sea; over gardens and minarets; over bowers and summer-houses; fluttering round the robes of dark eyed maidens, and about the pipe bowls of fat Pashas. He fills the sail, he speeds the bark, he freshens the wave, and dances among the flowers; coming back to me laden with their varied perfumes.

Hark to the salutes, how they boom and roar out from the fort, and then to the unequal guns replying as they come from the larboard or starboard side of a vessel just arrived! Something is going on in the city, and am I to be still imprisoned — now that I feel strong enough to perform a day's journey? I give you fair warning therefore, kind, considerate host, that I break bounds from this hour.

So, I am just in time — the guns are thundering from the shore and the ships that lie anchored on the Bosphorus. All hail to the Sultan! — Grand Seignior, Soldan of the East, Brother of the Son and Moon, Light of the Faith, Allah's Vicar upon Earth, High Priest, and King! In short, just what you will; providing it be all that we have dreamed of power and splendour, ever since we read in childhood the Arabian Nights, in the dim old time which is past.

His Imperial Majesty shoots swiftly in his gilded caique over the calm still waters; so still that the measured clash of the rowers' oars comes distinctly to my ears, and I see the silvery flash they raise at every stroke. What a scene! The sky, the water, and shores so wondrous in their beauty, and the snow-capped mountains high and far. And here I lie in a four-oared caique, with what is called a jolly party — whom I have joined in spite of host, doctor, and endless threats of consequences — munching walnuts and smoking cigars, half stifled with laughter in the midst of it! Such is romance, such is reality, and perhaps the Sultan is not nearly so well off as we are in this matter.

The Sultan is going to the mosque, for it is Friday, the Mohammedan day of rest. He will be received with acclamations wherever he passes, and his subjects, who love him, will throng round him with cheers and blessings; for he is the gentlest monarch who ever held the sceptre of the East. He is a mild-looking man — dark of course — about thirty. He is dressed in the European costume; although his tailor has not been happy in the manner of making it. His

straight blue frock coat is sewn with diamonds at the sleeves and collar; and on his head he wears the simple fez, or red cap, which is now all that distinguishes the Turk from the unbeliever. For so great a prince he is not surrounded with much pomp or state. Only one or two caiques are following him; and, if he returns to his palace on horseback — as perhaps he will — his cortege will not exceed a dozen horsemen. All the splendour of the East seems to have taken refuge in pipe-sticks; for the purchase of some of which, estates are mortgaged.

The kind-hearted Sultan must have an uneasy throne of it just now; despite all the wealth and beauty of the land over which he rules. He is in the position of that house-holder of uncomfortable memory, who had too many cooks. One puts in more salt than is necessary; another pours in pepper; and a third stirs the mess up with such vengeance, that, for my part, I wonder it does not all boil over and scald their toes — those jealous, wrong-headed, wilful, obstinate cooks! If they were not always pulling each others' aprons so spitefully; if they did not hate each other quite so cordially; if they could only contrive now and then to do something in concert, what an agreeable kitchen theirs would be! As it is, an Irish stew is order and loveliness to the mess they make. For the fact is, every separate cook, being bent upon acquiring honour and glory for himself, works away at his own mess, careless of what his rival may be doing in the same saucepan, and thinks nothing whatever of the palate of the Sultan, or of the health of the nation which has to swallow their mess although it choke them.

It is heart-rending to know what Turkey is, and to think what she might be. A gunshot beyond this great city with its six hundred thousand inhabitants, there is not a road nor a bridge upon the most frequented ways; there is not a house, nor a garden, nor a thriving tree. The horseman drawing rein upon any of the heights above the city may take his last look of man-created things; and, riding down into the neighbouring valley, find himself in a solitude as vast and as untilled as that which broods over the wildest of the Swiss Alps. Look along the shores of the Bosphorus. They are all desert. Scarcely a plough stirs the land that might be one of the largest corn-growing districts in the world. Not a merchant's bark with the crescent flying at its mast-head anchors in the waters; not a loom is at work; not a wine-press; no manufactory plies its busy trade. Here is a mine and there is a mine — the mineral riches of the country are immense — but where is the deep and teeming shaft, and where are the miners? The Turks do nothing. Even the smart little steamboats which still run from

the bridge at Stamboul to Bujuderè are manned with Englishmen, and our caidji (boatman) is a Greek.

What is the blight which has fallen like a curse upon this lovely land, palsying men's energies and drying up their vigour? From the time when the last Palæologus lost life, and crown, and kingdom, and Mohammed the Second strode a conqueror into St. Sophia, the curse has held on, and it began a long time before it. Constantinople seems always to have been an unlucky city; to have had a strange and inscrutable doom hanging over it like a cloud. It rose upon the ruins of Rome. It was one of the chief causes of the permanent division of the Roman empire. It contributed more than all the other causes put together to its final fall. After the crusades, the name of the Greek emperors had become a by-word of infamy. They were not safe in their own capital. They poisoned, fought, and intrigued against their rebellious subjects and kinsmen; whose eyes they put out when they did not destroy them by fire; but who, in their turn, poisoned and fought, and intrigued against *them*. The emperors lived in one vast slaughter-house. They were pulled down or set up at the pleasure of strangers, who bearded and insulted them in their own palaces, and begat the good saying that the government of Turkey was a thorough despotism, tempered by regicide.

Mohammed the Second called the city a diamond adorned with two rubies, and certainly nothing in the world can bear any comparison to the marvellous loveliness of its climate and situation. To understand it, you must let it grow upon you day by day and month by month. The mere traveller can hardly feel and enter into it; but, after a while one has almost the same sort of love for the Bosphorus as one has for a friend. There is nothing awful or striking in it; but its beauty wins upon you by the enchanting grace and harmony of its details. This is what nature made it; but what has man done? As I am now landing for an amble on horseback we shall see.

The streets are filthy — they are perilous from dogs and thieves. They display no public buildings of account; no trade, no luxury. I will not repeat this kind of thing: every journalist has been making merry over it during recent events. Therefore, through herds of donkeys and droves of Greek boys; through swarms of street-sellers of fruit and sherbet and lemonade; past coffee-shops and hired horses drawn up ready saddled; past oxen drawing open cars full of beautiful Armenian girls, and wending slowly along; by beasts of burden and gay promenaders; beside mounted pashas and mounted snobs; by European ladies and foreign ambassadors; among tombstones and bands of music; through the smoke of pa-

per cigars and the perfume of pipes; through gay throngs of Turkish ladies in their bright coloured dresses and yellow slippers; my horse picks his way gently with set ears and arched neck. Down there in the hollow, where the ground is flat and soft, we shall get our canter — but stay. Here comes regiment after regiment of soldiers, with wild music screaming along. They are not in very good order or discipline; but are fine soldierly fellows some of them, for all that; and I think one might have worse companions in a *mêlée* than those slight fierce wiry-looking Turks from the interior. I am sure they would ride on to the fight with a cheer, and stand to be hewn in pieces rather than give ground to the enemy.

Let us defer our canter; for I love to wander about the dark mysterious streets, half hoping for an adventure with a magician or a genie. I should hardly be surprised to meet any one of the actors in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments sauntering about. I am sure that I already know all the Barber's Seven Brothers by sight, and could lay my hand upon any one of them. Some of these days, perhaps, I shall be invited to a Barmecide feast — it is not at all an improbable thing — or be asked to tea with Schehezerade; but this does not seem so likely, as it would seem, if the Turks understood these things better. What our Great World have agreed to call society does not exist here; by reason of there being a little too much secresy at Constantinople. The very dogs and cats in the place prowl about with a secret and confidential air. It is not that there is much which is, or which ought to be, kept secret; but it is a way your Constantinopolitan has got. As it is, if Constantinople were full of trap-doors we could not go to our next neighbour in a more mysterious way than we do. The very tradesmen learn the trick of it; and your tailor asks for his bill in such a secret and confidential manner, that he takes your breath away with the apprehension of some imminent disaster. It must have been long before the memory of any living man that a plain question has been plainly asked or plainly answered in Constantinople: and I have a strong private opinion — though I am far too secret and confidential to mention it to my own shadow — that this little fact accounts for a great many of the causes of the milk in the cocoa-nuts. I have serious thoughts of making a subterraneous passage from my Pera lodgings to the hotel where (when I am well enough) I dine, in order to be able to come and go with proper secresy and confidence; but am deterred by the expense.

The true origin of this secresy is that the Turks have nothing to tell. Although the dominant race, they hardly number three millions throughout Turkey, against

something like sixteen millions of Greeks, Bulgarians, Armenians, and others. The Turks, accustomed from the beginning to look upon themselves as conquerors, are the most ignorant and unskilful persons in Turkey. The wealth, intelligence and commerce of the land are all in the hands of the conquered races. They have been obliged to work hard for power and consideration, and even to save themselves from the extreme of ignominy and contempt. They have perceived that the acquisition of knowledge was the shortest road to attain these ends; and they have taken it. Now it is precisely this race, thus labouring under vexatious disabilities, who are absolutely excluded from all share in public affairs. No mistake can be more fatal to the welfare of Turks than this. The name of a government matters little if the people who live under it are free and happy. Let the Turks still smoke their pipes on the Bosphorus; but, it is beyond all doubt, that the nations who help them to maintain a position they could not maintain alone, have the right to hint a friendly counsel to them without being considered either meddling or offensive. Let them abolish all the disabilities under which Christians labour in Turkey; let justice be righteously administered; let bribery and corruption be absolutely abolished; let the public accounts be audited by competent persons, and the taxes collected honestly and under able superintendance. When these things are done (and there is surely nothing unreasonable in them) we shall hear no more of a Byzantine empire, being an assembly of small states, or of the partition of Turkey in any way whatsoever. As for any marauding attempt on the part of Russia against Turkey free, united, and healthy-hearted, the notion is absurd. Admiral Slade and Omar Pasha would drive them from sea and land single-handed.

I know and blush to know that there is a strong party in England who appear to dislike the notion of seeing Turkey powerful or civilised, under the idea that she would be a formidable rival to our commerce; and that we should not send her so much merchandise as we now export to her shores. Never was an idea more false. In England at this moment there are millions of unemployed capital. This is just what Turkey wants. She wants railways, engineers, schoolmasters, accountants, artisans, machinery for her mines and agriculture, and, Heaven knows, we could spare her enough of all of them — of things which lay idle in our magazines and storehouses; of young and enterprising gentlemen who would be delighted to regenerate her and make their own fame and fortunes.

But while one sulky ambassador with more power than is good for him, has a right to meddle in one way; and, while an-

other sulky ambassador, jealous of his national influence, hastens to undermine and counteract him; and, while a third sulky ambassador — always calling the two former to account — embroils every question beyond all human comprehension, I do not very well see daylight through the darkness.

These are my thoughts while my mare pads me cheerfully up to my hill-top lodging. How my good, considerate landlord will abuse me for giving him the slip!

CHIPS.

OXFORD FOSSILS.

The first object that will attract the attention of the geological visitor on entering the Clarendon Museum at the University of Oxford, will be a huge fossil sack of cement. Upon examination this sack will be seen to be curved a little upon itself, as a common sack would be when placed full of some heavy material against a wall. There is the impression of a rope encircling it in two places; and, at the mouth, are plainly marked indentations of the puckers. Close inspection will show reticulated impressions of the coarse material of which the sacking was composed. In the centre is a deep indentation; a cast, in fact, of the back of the man who last carried the sack.

The history of this curiosity? Well, it was once a sack of Roman cement; and was fished up by some dredgers in the River Thames below London Bridge. It had, probably, been dropped into the water by some ancient lighterman, who had been carrying it from a barge to the bank. Of course it sunk immediately; and, by imbibing water, had become solid, preserving, for a century or so, accurately the indentation of the man's back and the other marks as above described. The perishable materials of the sacking had, in course of time, decayed; leaving nothing but the impression of its own form on the hardened powder.

In another part of the museum is the skeleton of a woman; who, from the appearance of the bones, had reached to a considerable age. The body was found extended, in the usual position of burial, in a cave in Glamorganshire. These bones are remarkable for being stained with a dark-red brick-coloured substance, known as ruddle. Close to that part of the thigh-bone where the pocket is usually worn, were found several small seashore shells in a state of complete decay; and, mixed with these, numerous fragments of small ivory rods, and small ivory rings; together with a rude instrument resembling a short skewer made of the metacarpal bone of a wolf; sharp, flattened to an edge at one end, and terminated at the other by the natural rounded condyle. The charcoal and fragments of recent bone that are,

apparently, the remains of human food, render it probable that the cave in which they were found was at some time or other inhabited by human beings; and the circumstance of an ancient British camp existing on the hill above it strengthens the supposition. The ivory rods and rings are certainly made from the antediluvian tusks that lay in the same cave, and were probably used to fasten together the coarse garments of the ancient British soldiers, or to serve as armlets for the dandies. The shells might have been kept in the pocket, or have been used, as they are even at this day, in Glamorganshire, for a simple species of game. The wolf's toe was probably reduced to its present form by the hands of this ancient dame, and used by her as a skewer; the immediate neighbourhood being wholly destitute of wood. The custom of burying with their possessors the ornaments and chief utensils of the deceased, is well known to have existed among the ancients — ancient Britons included.

Several theories have been started to account for the peculiar red colour of the bones. Among others it has been suggested that this old woman was in the habit of selling ruddle to the British soldiers in the camp close by; and that, whilst still pursuing her avocation she died a peaceful death in her cave. There being no wood to make her a coffin, her considerate neighbours had placed her in her own ruddle sack, and thus buried her. In lapse of time the sack and the flesh decayed; but not the bones, which had absorbed the ruddle.

In the same museum, reposing under a glass case, is a very remarkable stone, called "The Sunday Stone." This stone was taken from a pipe which carries off the drain water from a certain colliery in the north of England, and consists of carbonate of lime deposited on the sides of the pipe. The stone is not of one uniform colour; but is striped with alternate layers of black and white, yet both equally carbonate of lime. This comes about in the following way: — When the colliers were at work the coal dust naturally blackened the water; which, running through the drain, pipe, of course deposited a black mark. When no work was going on the water was necessarily clean, and a white layer was formed. After a time the concretion completely filled up the pipe, and it was taken up; the black and white marks being observed, they were compared with the clerk's day-book, and were found accurately to correspond with the entries therein; namely, small streaks, alternately black and white, represented a week; for during the day the men were working, and during the night they were at rest. Then came a white layer as large as a black and white one put together. This was Sunday — during which, there being no work, the water

was clean for forty-eight hours. By and bye there appears a forty-eight hour mark in the middle of one week. The books tell the tale: this was the day when a fair took place in the neighbourhood, and all the colliers went by permission to it. In another part of the stone is seen a still larger white mark, namely, Christmas-day. It came on a Monday, and all Sunday and all Monday the water was clear. Thus the workmen unconsciously recorded, literally in black and white, their times of work and of rest. They justly gave to this extraordinary specimen the name of "The Sunday Stone."

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XL.

Oliver Cromwell, whom the people long called Old Noll, in accepting the office of Protector, had bound himself by a certain paper which was handed to him, called "the Instrument," to summon a Parliament, consisting of between four and five hundred members, in the election of which neither the Royalists nor the Catholics were to have any share. He had also pledged himself that this Parliament should not be dissolved without its own consent until it had sat five months.

When this Parliament met, Oliver made a speech to them of three hours long, very wisely advising them what to do for the credit and happiness of the country. To keep down the more violent members, he required them to sign a recognition of what they were forbidden by "the Instrument" to do; which was, chiefly, to take the power from one single person at the head of the state or to command the army. Then he dismissed them to go to work. With his usual vigour and resolution he went to work himself with some frantic preachers who were rather overdoing their sermons in calling him a villain and a tyrant, by shutting up their chapels, and sending a few of them off to prison.

There was not at that time, in England or anywhere else, a man so able to govern the country as Oliver Cromwell. Although he ruled with a strong hand, and levied a very heavy tax on the Royalists (but not until they had plotted against his life), he ruled wisely, and as the times required. He caused England to be so respected abroad, that I wish some lords and gentlemen who have governed it under kings and queens in later days would have taken a leaf out of Oliver Cromwell's book. He sent bold Admiral Blake to the Mediterranean Sea, to make the Duke of Tuscany pay sixty thousand pounds for injuries he had done to British subjects, and spoliation he had committed on English merchants. He further despatched him and his fleet to Algiers, Tunis, and

Tripoli, to have every English ship and every Englishman delivered up to him that had been taken by pirates in those parts. All this was gloriously done; and it began to be thoroughly well known, all over the world, that England was governed by a man in earnest, who would not allow the English name to be insulted or slighted anywhere.

These were not all his foreign triumphs. He sent a fleet to sea against the Dutch; and the two powers, each with one hundred ships upon its side, met in the English Channel, off the North Foreland, where the fight lasted all day long. Dean was killed in this fight; but Monk, who commanded in the same ship with him, threw his cloak over his body that the sailors might not know of his death and be disheartened. Nor were they. Their English broadsides so exceedingly astonished the Dutch that they sheered off at last, though the redoubtable Van Tromp fired upon them with his own guns for deserting their flag. Soon afterwards, the two fleets engaged again, off the coast of Holland. There, the valiant Van Tromp was shot through the heart, and the Dutch gave in, and peace was made.

Further than this, Oliver resolved not to bear the domineering and bigoted conduct of Spain, which country not only claimed a right to all the gold and silver that could be found in South America, and treated the ships of all other countries who visited those regions as pirates, but put English subjects into the horrible Spanish prisons of the Inquisition. So, Oliver told the Spanish ambassador that English ships must be free to go wherever they would, and that English merchants must not be thrown into those same dungeons, no, not for the pleasure of all the priests in Spain. To this, the Spanish ambassador replied that the gold and silver country, and the Holy Inquisition, were his King's two eyes, neither of which he could submit to have put out. Very well, said Oliver, then he was afraid he must damage those two eyes directly.

So, another fleet was despatched under two commanders, Penn and Venables, for Hispaniola; where, however, the Spaniards got the better of it. Consequently, the fleet came home again, after taking Jamaica on the way. Oliver, indignant with the two commanders who had not done what bold Admiral Blake would have done, clapped them both into prison, declared war against Spain, and made a treaty with France, in virtue of which it was to shelter the King and his brother the Duke of York no longer. Then, he sent a fleet abroad under bold Admiral Blake, which brought the King of Portugal to his senses — just to keep its hand in — and then engaged a Spanish fleet, sunk four great ships, and took two more, laden with silver to the

value of two millions of pounds: which dazzling prize was brought from Portsmouth to London in waggons, with the populace of all the towns and villages through which the waggons passed, shouting with all their might. After this victory, bold Admiral Blake sailed away to the port of Santa Cruz to cut off the Spanish treasure-ships coming from Mexico. There he found them, ten in number, with seven others to take care of them, and a big castle, and seven batteries, all roaring and blazing away at him with great guns. Blake cared no more for great guns than for pop-guns — no more for their hot iron balls than for snowballs. He dashed into the harbour, captured and burnt every one of the ships, and came sailing out again triumphantly, with the victorious English flag flying at his mast-head. This was the last triumph of this great commander, who had sailed and fought until he was quite worn out. He died as his successful ship was coming into Plymouth Harbour amidst the joyful acclamations of the people, and was buried in state in Westminster Abbey. Not to lie there, long.

Over and above all this, Oliver found that the Vaudois, or Protestant people of the valleys of Lucerne, were insolently treated by the Catholic powers, and were even put to death for their religion, in an audacious and bloody manner. Instantly, he informed those powers that this was a thing which Protestant England would not allow; and he speedily carried his point through the might of his great name, and established their right to worship God in peace after their own harmless manner.

Lastly, his English army won such admiration in fighting with the French against the Spaniards, that, after they had assaulted the town of Dunkirk together, the French King in person gave it up to the English, that it might be a token to them of their might and valour.

There were plots enough against Oliver among the frantic religionists (who called themselves Fifth Monarchy Men), and among the disappointed Republicans. He had a difficult game to play, for the Royalists were always ready to side with either party against him. The "King over the water," too, as Charles was called, had no scruples about plotting with any one against his life; although there is reason to suppose that he would willingly have married one of his daughters, if Oliver would have had such a son-in-law. There was a certain Colonel Saxby of the army, once a great supporter of Oliver's but now turned against him, who was a grievous trouble to him through all this part of his career; and who came and went between the discontented in England and Spain, and Charles, who put himself in alliance with Spain on being thrown off by France. This man died in prison

at last; but not until there had been very serious plots between the Royalists and Republicans, and an actual rising of them in England, when they burst into the city of Salisbury on a Sunday night, seized the judges who were going to hold the assizes there next day, and would have hanged them but for the merciful objections of the more temperate of their number. Oliver was so vigorous and shrewd that he soon put this revolt down, as he did most other conspiracies, and it was well for one of its chief managers — that same Lord Wilmot who had assisted in Charles's flight, and was now Earl of Rochester — that he made his escape. Oliver seemed to have eyes and ears everywhere, and secured such sources of information as his enemies little dreamed of. There was a chosen body of six persons, called the Sealed Knot, who were in the closest and most secret confidence of Charles. One of the foremost of these very men, a Sir Richard Willis, reported to Oliver everything that passed among them, and had two hundred a year for it.

Miles Syndarcomb, also of the old army, was another conspirator against the Protector. He and a man named Cecil, bribed one of his Life Guards to let them have good notice when he was going out — intending to shoot him from a window. But, owing either to his caution or his good fortune, they could never get an aim at him. Disappointed in this design, they got into the chapel in Whitehall, with a basketful of combustibles, which were to explode by means of a slow match in six hours; then, in the noise and confusion of the fire they hoped to kill Oliver. But, the Life Guardsman himself disclosed this plot; and they were seized, and Miles died (or killed himself in prison) a little while before he was ordered for execution. A few such plotters Oliver caused to be beheaded, a few more to be hanged, and many more, including those who rose in arms against him, to be sent as slaves to the West Indies. If he were rigid, he was impartial too, in asserting the laws of England. When a Portuguese nobleman, the brother of the Portuguese ambassador, killed a London citizen in mistake for another man with whom he had had a quarrel, Oliver caused him to be tried before a jury of Englishmen and foreigners, and had him executed in spite of the entreaties of all the ambassadors in London.

One of Oliver's own friends, the Duke of Oldenburgh, in sending him a present of six fine coach-horses, was very near doing more to please the Royalists than all the plotters put together. One day, Oliver went with his coach drawn by these six horses, into Hyde Park, to dine with his secretary and some of his other gentlemen under the trees there. After dinner, being merry, he

took it into his head to put them inside and to drive home: a postillion riding one of the foremost horses, as the custom was. On account of Oliver's being too free with the whip, the six fine horses went off at a gallop, the postillion got thrown, and Oliver fell upon the coach-pole and narrowly escaped being shot by his own pistol, which got entangled with his clothes in the harness and went off. He was dragged some distance by the foot, until his foot came out of the shoe, and then he came safely to the ground under the broad body of the coach, and was very little the worse. The gentlemen inside were only bruised, and the discontented people of all parties were much disappointed.

The rest of the history of the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell is a history of his Parliaments. His first one not pleasing him at all, he waited until the five months were out, and then dissolved it. The next was better suited to his views, and from that he desired to get — if he could with safety to himself — the title of King. He had had this in his mind some time: whether because he thought that the English people, being more used to the title, were more likely to obey it; or whether because he really wished to be a king himself, and to leave the succession to that title in his family, is far from clear. He was already as high, in England and in all the world, as he would ever be, and I doubt myself if he cared for the mere name. However, a paper, called the "Humble Petition and Advice," was presented to him by the House of Commons, praying him to take a high title and to appoint his successor. That he would have taken the title of King there is no doubt, but for the strong opposition of the army. This induced him to forbear, and to assent only to the other points of the petition. Upon which occasion there was another grand show in Westminster Hall, when the Speaker of the House of Commons formally invested him with a purple robe lined with ermine, and presented him with a splendidly bound Bible, and put a golden sceptre in his hand. The next time the Parliament met he called a House of Lords of sixty members, as the petition gave him power to do; but as that Parliament did not please him either, and would not proceed to the business of the country, he jumped into a coach one morning, took six Guards with him, and sent them to the right-about. I wish this had been a warning to Parliaments to avoid long speeches, and do more work.

It was the month of August, one thousand six hundred and fifty-eight, when Oliver Cromwell's favourite daughter, Elizabeth Claypole (who had lately lost her youngest son), lay very ill, and his mind was greatly troubled, because he loved her dearly. Another of his daughters was married to Lord Falconberg,

another to the grandson of the Earl of Warwick, and he had made his son RICHARD one of the Members of the Upper House. He was very kind and loving to them all, being a good father and a good husband, but he loved this daughter the best of the family, and went down to Hampton Court to see her, and could hardly be induced to stir from her sick room until she died. Although his religion had been of a gloomy kind, his disposition had been always cheerful. He had been fond of music in his home, and had kept open house once a week for all officers of the army not below the rank of a captain, and had always preserved in his house a quiet, sensible dignity. He encouraged men of genius and learning, and loved to have them about him. MILTON was one of his great friends. He was good-humoured too, with the nobility, whose dresses and manners were very different from his; and to show them what good information he had, he would sometimes jokingly tell them when they were at his house, where they had last drank the health of the "King over the water," and would recommend them to be more private (if they could) another time. But he had lived in busy times, had borne the weight of heavy State affairs, and had often gone in fear of his life. He was ill of the gout and ague; and when the death of his beloved child came upon him in addition, he sank, never to raise his head again. He told his physicians on the twenty-fourth of August that the Lord had assured him that he was not to die in that illness, and that he would certainly get better. This was only his sick fancy, for on the third of September, which was the anniversary of the great battle of Worcester, and the day of the year which he called his fortunate day, he died, in the sixtieth year of his age. He had been delirious, and had lain insensible some hours, but he had been overheard to murmur a very good prayer the day before. The whole country lamented his death. If you want to know the real worth of Oliver Cromwell, and his real services to his country, you can hardly do better than compare England under him, with England under CHARLES the SECOND.

He had appointed his son Richard to succeed him, and after there had been, at Somerset House in the Strand, a lying in state more splendid than sensible — as all such vanities after death are, I think — Richard became Lord Protector. He was an amiable country gentleman, but had none of his father's genius, and was quite unfit for such a post in such a storm of parties. Richard's Protectorate, which only lasted a year and a half, is a history of quarrels between the officers of the army and the Parliament, and between the officers among themselves, and of a growing discon-

tent among the people, who had far too many long sermons and far too few amusements, and wanted a change. At last, General Monk got the army well into his own hands, and then, in pursuance of a secret plan he seems to have entertained from the time of Oliver's death, declared for the King's cause. He did not do this openly; but, in his place in the House of Commons, as one of the members for Devonshire, strongly advocated the proposals of one Sir John Greenville, who came to the House with a letter from Charles, dated from Breda, and with whom he had previously been in secret communication. There had been plots and counterplots, and a recall of the last members of the Long Parliament, and an end of the Long Parliament, and risings of the Royalists that were made too soon; and most men being tired out, and there being no one to head the country now Oliver was dead, it was readily agreed to welcome Charles Stuart. Some of the wiser and better members said — what was most true — that in the letter from Breda, he made no real promise to govern well, and that it would be best to make him pledge himself beforehand as to what he should be bound to do for the benefit of the kingdom. Monk said, however, it would be all right when he came, and he could not come too soon.

So, everybody found out all in a moment that the country *must* be prosperous and happy, having another Stuart to condescend to reign over it; and there was a prodigious firing off of guns, lighting of bonfires, ringing of bells, and throwing up of caps. The people drank the King's health by thousands in the open streets, and everybody rejoiced. Down came the Arms of the Commonwealth, up went the Royal Arms instead, and out came the public money. Fifty thousand pounds for the King, ten thousand pounds for his brother the Duke of York, five thousand pounds for his brother the Duke of Gloucester. Prayers for these gracious Stuarts were put up in all the churches; commissioners were sent to Holland (which suddenly found out that Charles was a great man, and that it loved him) to invite the King home; Monk and the Kentish grandees went to Dover, to kneel down before him as he landed. He kissed and embraced Monk, made him ride in the coach with himself and his brothers, came on to London amid wonderful shoutings, and passed through the army at Blackheath on the twenty-ninth of May (his birthday), in the year one thousand six hundred and sixty. Greeted by splendid dinners under tents, by flags and tapestry streaming from all the houses, by delighted crowds in all the streets, by troops of noblemen and gentlemen in rich dresses, by City companies, trainbands, drummers, trumpeters, the great Lord Mayor, and the majestic Aldermen, the King went on to Whitehall. On entering it, he commemorated his

Restoration with the joke that it really would seem to have been his own fault that he had not come long ago, since everybody told him that he had always wished for him with all his heart.

Chapter xli.

There never were such profligate times in England as under Charles the Second. Whenever you see his portrait, with his swarthy ill-looking face and great nose, you may fancy him in his Court at Whitehall, surrounded by some of the very worst vagabonds in the kingdom (though they were lords and ladies), drinking, gambling, indulging in vicious conversation, and committing every kind of profligate excess. It has been a fashion to call Charles the Second "The Merry Monarch." Let me try to give you a general idea of some of the merry things that were done, in the merry days when this merry gentleman sat upon his merry throne, in merry England.

The first merry proceeding was — of course — to declare that he was one of the greatest, the wisest, and the noblest kings that ever shone, like the blessed sun itself, on this benighted earth. The next merry and pleasant piece of business was, for the Parliament, in the humblest manner, to give him one million two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to settle upon him for life that old disputed tonnage and poundage which had been so bravely fought for. Then, General Monk, being made Earl of Albemarle, and a few other Royalists similarly rewarded, the law went to work to see what was to be done to those persons (they were called Regicides) who had been concerned in making a martyr of the late King. Ten of these were merrily executed; that is to say, six of the judges, one of the council, Colonel Hacker and another officer who had commanded the Guards, and Hugh Peters, a preacher, who had preached against the martyr with all his heart. These executions were so extremely merry, that every horrible circumstance which Cromwell had abandoned was revived with appalling cruelty. The hearts of the sufferers were torn out of their living bodies; their bowels were burned before their faces; the executioner cut jokes to the next victim, as he rubbed his filthy hands together that were reeking with the blood of the last; and the heads of the dead were drawn on sledges with the living to the place of suffering. Still, even so merry a monarch could not force one of these dying men to say that he was sorry for what he had done. Nay, the most memorable thing said among them was, that if the thing were to do again they would do it.

Sir Harry Vane, who had furnished the evidence against Strafford, and was one of the most staunch of the Republicans, was also tried, found guilty, and ordered for execution. When he came upon the scaffold on Tower

Hill, after conducting his own defence with great power, his notes of what he had meant to say to the people were torn away from him, and the drums and trumpets were ordered to sound lustily and drown his voice; for, the people had been so much impressed by what the Regicides had calmly said with their last breath, that it was the custom now, to have the drums and trumpets always under the scaffold, ready to strike up. Vane said no more than this: "It is a bad cause which cannot bear the words of a dying man," and bravely died.

These merry scenes were succeeded by another, perhaps even merrier. On the anniversary of the late King's death, the bodies of Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, were torn out of their graves in Westminster Abbey, dragged to Tyburn, hanged there on a gallows all day long, and then beheaded. Imagine the head of Oliver Cromwell set upon a pole to be stared at by a brutal crowd, not one of whom would have dared to look the living Oliver in the face for half a moment! Think, after you have read this reign, what England was under Oliver Cromwell who was torn out of his grave, and under this merry monarch who sold it, like a merry Judas, over and over again.

Of course, the remains of Oliver's wife and daughter were not to be spared either, though they had been most excellent women. The base clergy of that time gave up their bodies, which were buried in the Abbey, and — to the eternal disgrace of England — they were thrown into a pit, together with the mouldering bones of Pym and of the brave and bold old Admiral Blake.

The clergy acted this disgraceful part because they hoped to get the nonconformists or dissenters thoroughly put down in this reign, and to have but one prayer-book and one service for all kinds of people, no matter what their private opinions were. This was pretty well, I think, for a Protestant Church, which had displaced the Romish Church because people had a right to their own opinions in religious matters. However, they carried it with a high hand, and a prayer-book was agreed upon, in which the extremest opinions of Archbishop Laud were not forgotten. An Act was passed, too, preventing any dissenter from holding any office under any corporation. So, the regular clergy in their triumph were soon as merry as the King. The army being by this time disbanded, and the King crowned, everything was to go on easily for ever more.

I must say a word here, about the King's family. He had not been long upon the throne when his brother the Duke of Gloucester, and his sister the Princess of Orange, died within a few months of each other, of the small-pox. His remaining sister, the Princess Henrietta, married the Duke of Orleans, the brother

of Louis the Fourteenth, King of France. His brother James, Duke of York, was made High Admiral, and by and by became a Catholic. He was a gloomy, sullen, bilious sort of man, with a remarkable partiality for the ugliest women in the country. He married, under very discreditable circumstances, Anne Hyde, the daughter of Lord Clarendon, then the King's principal Minister — not at all a delicate minister either, but doing much of the dirty work of a very dirty palace. It became important now, that the King himself should be married; and divers foreign Monarchs, not very particular about the character of their son-in-law, proposed their daughters to him. The King of Portugal offered his daughter, Catherine of Braganza, and fifty thousand pounds: in addition to which the French King, who was favourable to that match, offered a loan of another fifty thousand. The King of Spain, on the other hand, offered any one out of a dozen of Princesses, and other hopes of gain. But the ready money carried the day, and Catherine came over in state to her merry marriage.

The whole Court was a great flaunting crowd of debauched men and shameless women; and Catherine's merry husband insulted and outraged her in every possible way, until she consented to receive those worthless creatures as her very good friends, and to degrade herself by their companionship. A Mrs. Palmer, whom the King made Lady Castlemaine, and afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, was one of the most powerful of the bad women about the Court, and had great influence with the King nearly all through his reign. Another merry lady, named Moll Davies, a dancer at the theatre, was afterwards her rival. So was Nell Gwyn, first an orange girl and then an actress, who really had some good in her, and of whom one of the worst things I know, is, that she actually does seem to have been fond of the King. The first Duke of St. Albans was this orange girl's child. In like manner, the son of a merry waiting-lady, whom the King created Duchess of Portsmouth, became the Duke of Richmond. Upon the whole, it is not so bad a thing to be a commoner.

The Merry Monarch was so exceedingly merry among these merry ladies, and some equally merry (and equally infamous) lords and gentlemen, that he soon got through his hundred thousand pounds, and then, by way of raising a little pocket-money, made a merry bargain. He sold Dunkirk to the French King for five millions of livres. When I think of the dignity to which Oliver Cromwell raised England in the eyes of foreign powers, and when I think of the manner in which he gained for England this very Dunkirk, I am much inclined to consider that if the Merry Monarch had been made to follow his father for this action he would have received his just deserts.

Though he was like his father in none of that father's greater qualities, he was undoubtedly like him in being worthy of no trust. When he sent that letter to the Parliament, from Breda, he did expressly promise that all sincere religious opinions should be respected. Yet he was no sooner firm in his power than he consented to one of the worst Acts of Parliament ever passed. Under this law, every minister who should not give his solemn assent to the Prayer-Book by a certain day was declared to be a minister no longer, and to be deprived of his church. The consequence of this was that some two thousand honest men were taken from their congregations, and reduced to dire poverty and distress. It was followed by another outrageous law, called the Conventicle Act, by which any person above the age of sixteen who was present at any religious service not according to the Prayer-Book, was to be imprisoned three months for the first offence, and six for the second, and to be transported for the third. This Act alone filled the prisons, which were then most villanous dungeons, to overflowing.

The Covenanters in Scotland had already fared no better. A base Parliament, usually known as the Drunken Parliament, in consequence of its principal members being seldom sober, had been got together to make laws against the Covenanters, and to force all men to be of one mind in religious matters. The Marquis of Argyle, relying on the King's honour, had given himself up to him; but, he was wealthy, and his enemies wanted his wealth. He was tried for treason on the evidence of some private letters, in which he had expressed opinions — as well he might — more favourable to the government of the late Lord Protector than of the present merry and religious King. He was executed, as were two men of mark among the Covenanters; and Sharp, a traitor who had once been the friend of the Presbyterians and betrayed them, was made Archbishop of St. Andrew's, to teach the Scotch how to like bishops.

Things being in this merry state at home, the Merry Monarch undertook a war with the Dutch; principally because they interfered with an African company, established with the two objects of buying golddust and slaves, of which the Duke of York was a leading member. After some preliminary hostilities, the said Duke sailed to the coast of Holland with a fleet of ninety-eight vessels of war, and four fire-ships. This engaged with the Dutch fleet, of no fewer than one hundred and thirteen ships. In the great battle between the two forces the Dutch lost eighteen ships, four admirals, and seven thousand men. But, the English on shore were in no mood of exultation when they heard the news.

For, this was the year and the time of the Great Plague in London. During the winter of one thousand six hundred and sixty-four it had been whispered about, that some few people had died here and there of the disease called the Plague, in some of the unwholesome suburbs around London. News was not published at that time as it is now, and some people believed these rumours, and some disbelieved them, and they were soon forgotten. But, in the month of May, one thousand six hundred and sixty-five, it began to be said all over the town that the disease had burst out with great violence in St. Giles's, and that the people were dying in great numbers. This soon turned out to be awfully true. The roads out of London were choked up by people endeavouring to escape from the infected city, and large sums were paid for any kind of conveyance. The disease soon spread so fast that it was necessary to shut up the houses in which sick people were, and to cut them off from communication with the living. Every one of these houses was marked on the outside of the door with a red cross, and the words, Lord, have mercy upon us! The streets were all deserted, grass grew in the public ways, and there was a dreadful silence in the air. When night came on, dismal rumblings used to be heard, and these were the wheels of the death-carts, attended by men with veiled faces and holding cloths to their mouths, who rang doleful bells and cried in a loud and solemn voice, "Bring out your dead!" The corpses put into these carts were buried by torchlight in great pits; no service being performed over them; all men being afraid to stay for a moment on the brink of the ghastly graves. In the general fear, children ran away from their parents, and parents from their children. Some who were taken ill, died alone and without any help. Some were stabbed or strangled by hired nurses, who robbed them of all their money and stole the very beds on which they lay. Some went mad, dropped from the windows, ran through the streets, and in their pain and frenzy flung themselves into the river.

These were not all the horrors of the time. The wicked and dissolute, in wild desperation, sat in the taverns singing roaring songs, and were stricken as they drank, and went out and died. The fearful and superstitious persuaded themselves that they saw supernatural sights — burning swords in the sky, gigantic arms and darts. Others pretended that at night vast crowds of ghosts walked round and round the dismal pits. One madman, naked, and carrying a brazier full of burning coals upon his head, stalked through the streets, crying out that he was a Prophet, commissioned to denounce the vengeance of the

Lord on wicked London. Another always went to and fro, exclaiming, "Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed!" A third awoke the echoes in the dismal streets, by night and by day, and made the blood of the sick run cold, by calling out incessantly, in a deep, hoarse voice, "O, the great and dreadful God!"

Through the months of July and August and September, the Great Plague raged more and more. Great fires were lighted in the streets, in the hope of stopping the infection; but there was a plague of rain too, and it beat the fires out. At last, the winds which usually arise at that time of the year which is called the equinox, when day and night are of equal length all over the world, began to blow, and to purify the wretched town. The deaths began to decrease, the red crosses slowly to disappear, the fugitives to return, the shops to open again, pale frightened faces to be seen in the streets. The Plague had been in every part of England, but in close and unwholesome London it had killed one hundred thousand people.

All this time, the Merry Monarch was as merry as ever, and as worthless as ever. All this time, the debauched lords and gentlemen and the shameless ladies danced and gamed and drank, and loved and hated one another, according to their merry ways. So little humanity did the government learn from the late affliction, that one of the first things the Parliament did when it met at Oxford (being as yet afraid to come to London), was to make a law, called the Five Mile Act, expressly directed against those poor ministers who, in the time of the Plague, had manfully come back to comfort the unhappy people. This infamous law, by forbidding them to teach in any school, or to come within five miles of any city, town, or village, doomed them to starvation and death.

The fleet had been at sea, and healthy. The King of France was now in alliance with the Dutch, though his navy was chiefly employed in looking on while the English and Dutch fought. The Dutch gained one victory; and the English gained another and a greater; and Prince Rupert, one of the English admirals, was out in the Channel one windy night, looking out for the French Admiral, with the intention of giving him something more to do than he had had yet, when the gale increased to a storm, and blew him into Saint Helen's. That night was the third of September, one thousand six hundred and sixty-six, and that wind fanned the Great Fire of London.

It broke out at a baker's shop near London Bridge, on the spot on which the Monument now stands as a remembrance of those raging flames. It spread and spread, and burned and

burned, for three days. The nights were lighter than the days; in the day-time there was an immense cloud of smoke, and in the night-time there was a great tower of fire mounting up into the sky, which lighted the whole country landscape for ten miles round. Showers of hot ashes rose into the air and fell on distant places; flying sparks carried the conflagration to great distances, and kindled it in twenty new spots at a time; church steeples fell down with tremendous crashes; houses crumbled into cinders by the hundred and the thousand. The summer had been intensely hot and dry, the streets were very narrow, and the houses mostly built of wood and plaster. Nothing could stop the tremendous fire but the want of more houses to burn; nor did it stop until the whole way from the Tower to Temple Bar was a desert, composed of the ashes of thirteen thousand houses and eighty-nine churches.

This was a terrible visitation at the time, and occasioned great loss and suffering to the two hundred thousand burnt-out people, who were obliged to lie in the fields under the open night sky, or in hastily-made huts of mud and straw, while the lanes and roads were rendered impassable by carts which had broken down as they tried to save their goods. But the Fire was a great blessing to the City afterwards, for it arose from its ruins very much improved — built more regularly, more widely, more cleanly and carefully, and therefore much more healthily. It might be far more healthy than it is, but there are some people in it still — even now, at this time, nearly two hundred years later — so selfish, so pig-headed, and so ignorant, that I doubt if even another Great Fire would warm them up to do their duty.

The Catholics were accused of having wilfully set London in flames; one poor Frenchman, who had been mad for years, even accused himself of having with his own hand fired the first house. There is no reasonable doubt, however, that the fire was accidental. An inscription on the Monument long attributed it to the Catholics; but it is removed now, and was always a malicious and stupid untruth.

ADELIZA CASTLE.

FIFTY-NINE, Mushroom Road, Aladdin New Town: that is my present address. The verbal directions which my friends are requested to remember, when they wish to call, are the following: Take an Aladdin New Town (scarlet) omnibus, which puts you down at The Swillwages, a large white tavern at the corner of Mushroom Road; turn down and take the third turning to the right, by the Wellington Arms — being particular not to take the

second turning, which has at the corner the Nelson's Legs. If you go down to the bottom of the road, you find a brick-field — quite an open space and airy. There we are. The number you have down in your memory fifty-nine. But the houses having been built at intervals — now on one side of the way, now on the other — have been numbered as they were built, without regard to order. So it has chanced that our title to be considered fifty-nine is disputed by the select preparatory school over the way. The best plan is to remember that our fifty-nine is on the right-hand side; and, if you come soon, you may know the house by a pile of bricks exactly opposite the parlour window, and a large puddle, out of which you step in at the gate. We have not been paved as yet; but we are very well off for gas, being faced by the Pigeon-pie and Brick, a large public-house which is, of nights, really, I may say quite, illuminated.

Arabella liked the house and said, "Philander, my dear, they are beautiful papers, quite in good taste," (her Suffolk eyes were delighted with the roses and the crocuses upon the walls) "and everything is *so* clean; nobody ever having lived in the place yet. Then look at the cupboards, and consider how nice it will be to have an outdoor pantry. You know how our meat has been spoiled in lodgings by being kept in closets near the kitchen fire. It really is a beautiful house for the rent we are asked to pay; and, as for the neighbourhood, that will improve wonderfully; for the landlord said that Mushroom Road is to be built forward and forward in a straight line, so as to become quite a thoroughfare connecting London with the country." And she had visions of holiday people strolling by of an evening, Londonward, with flowers in their hands.

"It is a famous house," I said. "By all means let us take it." I would gladly have sought refuge even in an oven from the hot persecution we had been suffering as lodgers; I, my wife, and our dear infant, Adeliza Jane. No Huguenot family ever endured more at the hands of the Guises than we had suffered from the landladies of London. We had been skinned; our joints had been half-roasted; our wine had been watered; our coffee chicoried; cats (they told us) had drunk our milk; rats (they declared) had eaten our candles. Our beer ran away of its own accord; we had to eat with knives that would not cut, and with forks deficient in prongs; off dirty napery, for the clean tablecloths were always "at the wash;" we had been stretched out upon racks in the form of knotted beds to undergo excruciating torment from the pincers of black executioners. At last we fled; and, remembering that every man's house is his castle, we sought the shelter of a castle of our own.

I am quite sure that the Australian antiquary who shall hereafter write treatises on ancient London, will not be able, without help, to picture accurately what has to be done and suffered by a compact and respectable little family — as for instance by that composed of me and Arabella with our baby — when it has made up its mind to set up house in London. The world has heard in what way I was driven to become a householder. There was no peace of home for us in lodgings. When we determined to leave Mr. Poolby, I intended in an active way to take a house at once, according to our means, furnish it at once, and go into it at once. There the business would be at an end. We had only to pay our money and to have our house. We had been already directed to half-a-dozen pretty little places. We settled between ourselves that the rent we would pay should not exceed thirty pounds a year. Mr. Mannacrop, in Suffolk, paid, as we knew, thirty pounds for a house that accommodated several grown up daughters and three servants; and had, also, attached to it a large garden and an orchard. I had paid rents out of London, which induced me to believe that, after due allowance made for the difference in the locality, a little house that would accommodate a married couple and a baby, with one servant, might be had in a London suburb for the price we determined upon paying. I appeal to any countryman and ask, would he not himself have thought so?

There was a little row of semi-detached dwarf villas, near our lodgings, which we thought might hold us; I being short, the baby not large, and a servant we might make it our business to find, if requisite, of a size small enough to fit the rooms. They were dull places to be sure, and very much out of the way; among unknown new streets facing a road that was not yet properly made; being partly flint, partly mud, and chiefly oyster-shells. The houses were obviously very slight; but there was a bit of garden to each, and there was a tidiness about the fashion of them by which we were pleased. A board in front of them bade us apply to Mr. Brixell, estate agent, at a given address. I resolved to call upon Mr. Brixell. "What," I asked, "might the rent be of those little houses?" "Fifty guineas," he replied. Quietly setting down the landlord as a lunatic, I said that such a sum was more than I desired to pay, explained my wish for any neat little house with enough rooms in it for a married couple, a baby, and a servant, and my belief that thirty pounds ought to supply such a want. Mr. Brixell, with a virtuous look, told me that he had no dealings with regard to houses under fifty pounds rental, and placed his hand on the knob of the door; through which I quietly disappeared.

I travelled early the next morning to the chief local house agent of Kensington New Town, and begged to be informed of any small house vacant in that district that would let at about thirty-five pounds a year. I had abandoned hope of finding anything at thirty. The agent answered me as if I were a beggar, that he had nothing for me; and I went away. Presently, passing by a very humble-looking undertaker's shop, with which a small business of house agency appeared to be connected, I thought that I would make inquiry there; but was retorted upon sharply by a small man in Hessian boots and a black waistcoat with black sleeves, who informed me that there was nothing under forty pounds on the "estate."

Changing the scene, I tried the neighbourhood of Paddington; and, having been asked eighty pounds for the first house I ventured to inquire about, went to Bakesley and Wagg's Agency Office, where I saw the chief clerk;—an old woman. She gave me a couple of printed tickets, which entitled me to view two houses, one in a terrace and the other in a row. The Terrace I found to exist only on the ticket. It consisted for the present of the one house built far away out in the fields; where, if we lived, the Forty Thieves might get at us, and never need to chalk the door lest they should miss it when they came again. The house in the Row was mean, dreary and dirty.—I visited more houses and saw more agents. The agents made it evident, even when they were most polite, that they considered a respectably dressed person asking for a house at thirty-five pounds a year to be doing a mean action. I was told that I should not easily get what I wanted; although indeed there *were* such houses;. and sometimes they passed through their books. If they cared to say more than that, they advised me to pay forty or fifty pounds for a house larger than I wanted, and to let part of it.

"When you do that," said one of them, "you may count upon five pounds as ten."

"I don't understand," I said.

He replied blandly that every five pounds extra rent paid to a landlord, was equivalent to ten pounds extra rent got for unfurnished apartments from a lodger.

I am an irritable man, and the word lodger vexed me. I own I used a strong word. The agent shrugged his shoulders, and said surely there could be no harm in letting lodgings. "There is no harm," I said, "in letting blood; but I am not a leech and my wife is not a landlady!" I walked away in boiling dudgeon. Shall my darling little Suffolk beauty ever become mistress of a lodging-house? Shall she bring her mind to learn an infamous science; and forestall and regrate every article that passes the street-door on its way to her lodgers?

Will it ever come to pass that my angel shall concoct fraudulent tariffs of tea, butter, eggs, and oysters? Shall that sylph-like form batten upon clandestine pork-chops and upon porter, secretly abstracted from first-floors' or front-parlours' cellarets? Shall the innocent cherub now smiling in her cradle, be bred up in arts of prying and deceit? Shall she be taught to read back drawing-rooms' letters by the aid of dessert knives? Shall Adeliza be trained to watch single gentlemen out of doors, in order that the maternal tea-pot may be enriched with extra scoops of seven-and-six-penny green, or the paternal cigar-case replenished out of unlocked boxes of choice Regalias? Never!

Another house-agent, who advertised in his window that he had on his books houses renting from thirty pounds upwards, told me, to my joy, that he had then on hand a house at thirty-two, the very thing for me. He gave me its address. I went at once. The outside was well-looking, the house new; being one of a new row. Those houses that were tenanted seemed to have dirty tenants; but I did not mind that. *We* should know how to be clean. I entered. Nice parlours, nice rooms above, and very nice rooms above that; the floors all planned to be let to lodgers, and the rooms made duly spacious and attractive. But I could not find the kitchen. I had seen a very small back-parlour with a copper in it little larger than a stew-pan, near which I supposed the kitchen was; but I could not find that very requisite apartment. Then I went up-stairs to look for it; but it was not there. Finally I inquired of workmen on adjoining premises; and learned that there was no other kitchen than that same little back-parlour, which contained, I tell the simple truth, no other convenience for cooking than a small bedroom grate. It seemed as if it were not large enough for the boiling of water in any vessel more capacious than a shaving-pot; and the utmost range of its roasting powers must have been the cooking of a herring held before it on a fork. The builder of those houses knew what he was about. In each he supplied accommodation for three sets of lodgers and one landlady; who, living in that little parlour, would herself there nurse that little grate, and thereat cook for them all, and thereby do for them all, and therefrom wait upon them. Poor woman, I should pity her more than her victims, if I had never myself been a lodger. The thought of such a miserable landlady entering my head in connexion with my adored Arabella caused me to escape from the house as if it had been on fire.

While my search was in this hopeless condition; and, out of many more than a hundred houses looked at I had found only four that might be supposed likely to suit us, at last Arabella and I took

a cab and visited the four houses of which we had supposed that one might suit us. Number one was a light little villa cottage — so very light that we doubted whether it might not be blown away from over our heads some winter night. Number two was a house on a hill-top, built to be let in unfurnished lodgings, and therefore provided with a second kitchen on the first-floor. This house was large-roomed and airy; but, inasmuch as it was already held by an army of occupation, consisting of a large family that covered it with dirt and litter, my sposa was very much repelled by its appearance. Number three was one of a row of compact and respectable little houses. The rooms were very small; but we determined that we could, weather permitting, always keep our doors and windows open; and, in every other respect, the house pleased us so entirely that we made up our minds to take it. On our way to the landlord we looked in casually at number four, Mushroom Road; and, casually changing our minds, suddenly took it. It offered us, for thirty-six pounds rent, six large airy and wholesome rooms, with as much kitchen accommodation added as we might, with little care and contrivance, make to suffice. The house was cheap; because Aladdin New Town is not a distinguished neighbourhood, and the brick-field from which it rises does not raise the rents of houses round about it as if it were a park.

Without delay we carried off our property to Mushroom Road. Ramparts and bastions of brick defend all the approaches, and we are further entrenched behind a chain of puddles, which are our moats. It once occurred to us to call our abode Rosamond's Bower; since its situation is so very mazy that it can be found only by the help of the clue I have already given; but, as the house has a battlemented coping, we have thought better to call it what it really is, our castle; and, in expressing that sentiment, we have been prompted by a natural desire to strengthen the cement of home by an allusion to our darling child; we therefore name it Adeliza Castle. The words are not yet painted on the stucco at the gate; but they soon will be; for the landlord himself, an influential writer and grainer of the neighbourhood, has promised to emblazon our castle at the small cost of fourpence per letter.

We had not been long established, before we discovered that ours is a half-noisy thoroughfare. Every man who has shifted much about in London, knows that a half noisy thoroughfare is much more excruciating than a wholly noisy one. Upon the edge of Oxford Street you may doze as by the margin of the sea: your ear becomes accustomed to the uniform roar, and soon almost ceases to heed it. But a half noisy thoroughfare brings every available method of confusing

and distracting human ears to bear upon you; heightening the effect of every bit of uproar by a dull setting of silence. Every omnibus seems to run its wheels over your head; every new burst of cabs and waggons out of doors is a new outrage upon the repose within. Instead of the one noise running through the day, you have two hundred noises at two hundred intervals in the day. When we got baby to sleep after dinner, there came punctually a series of special nuisances that had their regular days for disturbing her; and we came to know their times. On Monday evenings there was a horn; after which (separate concern) a German band; organs; boys whistling "Pop goes the Weasel." Tuesday, Ethiopian serenaders; organs; boys whistling "Pop goes the Weasel." Wednesday, a detached performer on the bones; a brain-crushing machine drawn by a donkey — a man on a platform grinding all our heads in it; other organs; band of Scotch fiddlers, scraping and scratching hideous strathspeys with unrosined horse-hair; boys whistling "Pop goes the Weasel." Thursday, ophicleides, cornopeans, and trombones; Indian beating tom-tom; acrobats and two drums; organs; boys whistling "Pop goes the Weasel." Friday, Ethiopian serenaders; psalm-singing by an old man playing the violincello, with two girls in white tuckers, every two lines first read by the old man, and then sung by the whole strength of the company; organs; boys whistling "Pop goes the Weasel." Saturday, street fights and shouts; extra carts (butchers' carts very aggravating); German band; Ethiopians; hurdy-gurdy; harps and accordions; brain-crushing machine; knife-grinder (most excruciating); Finnan haddocks; hearthstones; and "Pop goes the Weasel" until eleven o'clock at night.

However, despite all our annoyances, we get on pretty well in Adeliza Castle. I believe there is afloat some London aphorism that the rent paid by a householder should represent about the sixth part of his income. A money-making City bachelor who has few friends and sees no company, is thus often to be found tenanting a mansion which is as well fitted for him as a cocoa nut shell would be fitted for the cover of a filbert. We ought to fit our houses to the size of our families, our wants, and habits with as much regard to accuracy as we show when buying clothes to fit our bodies. When we go to the tailor's we do not enter into competition with each other who shall buy the widest trousers. The stout man takes, if he needs it, more room than his neighbour, although he may not be so well able to buy the cloth.

I do not know whether the house-agents, whom I found counselling men of small desires to be ambitious and to let lodgings, follow or lead the move-

ment against which I am protesting. I have no doubt, for my own part, that without (horrible reference!) letting apartments, I could pay a rental of two hundred a-year, if I could persuade myself and my Arabella to live on the parsley and nasturtiums which are coming up with remarkable vigour in the back garden. I do not choose, however, to take bricks in lieu of bread. And I thoroughly believe that any builder who now plans houses with an eye to the Apartments Furnished into which they may be parcelled, would do no ill service to himself if he would set himself to increase the number of London houses small enough, and modest enough in their rental to form fair, honest, and independent homes; the rent of which could be paid without strain by men who support families on incomes varying between two hundred and three hundred and fifty pounds a year. The want of accommodation set forth in this narrative forces great numbers of us little-incomed men into a false position. There are many wives in London — ladies by birth and training — whose homes are marred, and who are made landladies in spite of themselves, because there is not enough house accommodation of the kind that suits their husbands' means. I will not calculate what would be the area of London if we all had detached and independent homes; but we must in some measure live one over another's heads; and might plan our house architecture so as to have more real homes than there are now among us. The hint furnished by the "flats" of Edinburgh and by the *étages* of Paris might be followed in London. Although one roof covers each of these residences, they are as separate and inaccessible to neighbours as detached dwellings are. In Edinburgh flats or floors are called "houses," and houses they are, separated horizontally as well as perpendicularly by deadened floors as well as by party walls; the wide stone stairs by which they are entered being so many vertical streets.

Arabella tells me that it is an absurd thing to suppose that I, at my age, can make a Peter the Hermit of myself, and carry on much longer my Quixotic struggle to procure emancipation for the lodger. I am a lodger now no longer. Let another rise and speak. So be it. I pause to hear him.

ALWAYS UNITED.

As we grope through the mental gloom of the Dark Ages, stumbling over the lamentable ruins of libraries, and schools, and arts, it is sometimes the good fortune of the student to see, glittering at his feet, a jewel of price and brilliancy — glittering among the crushed and irrecognisable fragments of arts gone by, and the gross and clumsy paraphernalia of a barbarian epoch.

As bright a jewel as ever shone in a century of intellectual darkness and ignorance was a man admired, revered, beloved, hated, followed, celebrated in his own age; and who has been famous to successive ages and to this age almost universally, not for what he had the greatest cause to ground his fame upon — for his learning, his eloquence, or his philosophy — but for being the hero of one of the most romantic love stories the world ever wept at — for being Abelard, the husband of Heloïse.

The story of Abelard and Heloïse, if it be not universally known, is at least universally public. That a thing can be the latter without being the former I need only call Dr. Johnson (in his criticism on Kenrick) to prove. Every pair of lovers throughout the civilised world have heard of Abelard and Heloïse. They are as familiar in the mouth as Hero and Leander, Pyramus and Thisbe, Cupid and Psyche, Darby and Joan, Jobson and Nell. Yet beyond their names, and the fact that they were lovers, not one person in twenty knows much about any of these personages. Every visitor to Paris has seen the Gothic tomb of Abelard and Heloïse in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. Every reader of Pope will remember his exquisite poetical paraphrase of Heloïse's epistles to Abelard. Every student of the urbane and self-devouring Jean Jacques Rousseau has once wept and now yawns over the philosophic sentimentalities of La Nouvelle Heloïse. The names, indeed, of these immortal lovers are on the lips of the whole civilised world; but of the man Abelard and of the woman Heloïse, what they really were like, and what they really did and suffered, the knowledge of the vast majority of readers is very limited indeed. Their renown has been transmitted from century to century with the triple consecration of genius, passion, and misfortune; yet their works have been forgotten, and the history of their lives has become a tradition rather than a chronicle.

It is remarkable, as showing how much of our acquaintance with the subject of this paper — in England, at least — is purely legendary, that in the voluminous catalogue of the library of the British Museum there is but one work to be found in English concerning Abelard and Heloïse; and this is but a trumpery imitation of Pope's poetical version of the letters. Scattered through the various biographical dictionaries are sundry meagre notices of Abelard and his spouse. These are all founded upon the only English work of importance on this topic that I have been enabled to meet with (and the Museum does not possess it): "The History of the lives of Abeillard and Heloisa, by the Reverend Joseph Berrington: Basle, seventeen hundred and ninety-three." This is an excellent book, containing, in addition to the bio-

sensible translations of the *Historia calamitatum* of Abelard, and of Heloïse's letters; but the good clergyman has not thought it worth his while to consult the authorities contemporary with his hero and heroine; and has, in writing their lives, taken for granted as historical and authentic all the romantic figments of a certain clerical rascal, one Dom Gervaise, formerly a Trappist, but who had been drummed out of that austere society; and who, in seventeen hundred and twenty, published a "History of Peter Abeillard, Abbot of St. Gildas, and of Eloïsa his wife." This work was interesting and piquant certainly; but in it the plain facts of the case were, for purely bookselling purposes, overlaid with a farrago of romance and legendary gossip. However, Mr. Berrington's well-meaning quarto, and the dictionary memoirs founded upon it, together with Pope and his imitator, are all the authorities we can muster on this world-known theme. One would imagine that the Germans — fond as they are of sentimental metaphysics — would have eagerly seized upon the history of Abelard for elucidation and disquisition. Yet it will scarcely be credited that only three German authors of any note have thought it worth while to write at any length about Maitre Pierre and his wife. Herr Moritz Carrière has undertaken to eliminate Abelard's system of philosophy; in which he has done little more than translate the remarks of the most recent French writers thereupon. Herr Fessler, in the true spirit of a metaphysical *littérateur*, has taken the subject up in the most orthodox style of Fog; descanting, and doubting, and re-doubting, until the Fog becomes positively impervious; and Abelard disappears entirely within it, leaving nothing before the eyes but a hazy mass of black letters sprawling over whitey-brown pages, in a stitched cover of blue sugar-paper. The third sage, Herr Feuerbach (Leipsic, eighteen hundred and forty-four), is yet bolder in his metaphysical obscurity. His book is called "Abelard and Heloïse;" but, beyond these names dimly impressed on the title-page, the beings they stand for are not once mentioned again throughout the work, and M. de Remusat conjectures that by Abelard and Heloïse, the foggy Herr means Art and Humanity. This is *lucus a non lucendo* with a vengeance!

In France, however, to make amends, the lives and writings of this unhappy pair have been a fertile theme for the most illustrious of modern French scholars. The accomplished Madame Guizot, the academicians Villenave and Philarète-Chasles, the erudite Bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix), have all written, and written well, on the subject of Maitre Pierre. Nor must we forget M. Victor Cousin, who, in eighteen hundred and thirty-six, first published a work from the pen of Abelard

himself, the *Sic et non* and the *Odœ Flebiles*, or Songs of Lamentation of Abelard, from a manuscript which had been recently discovered in the Vatican library. The earliest of the modern writers upon Abelard was the famous and brilliant Bussy-Rabutin; the latest M. Charles de Remusat; who, in eighteen hundred and forty-six, published in Paris a voluminous and elaborate work entitled Abelard. No; not the last. M. de Remusat is but the penultimate; for, even as we write, comes the announcement that the great master of philosophical biography, M. Guizot himself, has entered the lists, and has added his Abelard to the distinguished catalogue.

Yet, with all this, the story of the lives of Abelard and Heloïse remains to be written. Elaborate as M. de Remusat's work is, it is more a scholarlike explanation and examination of the system of philosophy and theology professed and taught by Abelard, than a life-history of the Abbot of St. Gildas, and the Abbess of the Paraclete. The field is yet open for a history of the lives and adventures, the fortunes and misfortunes of Abelard and Heloïse; of Abelard, more especially, could his history be separated from that of his partner in joy and misery—for Abelard was the glory of his age. Far removed above those obscure school-men of the Middle Ages whose names are only dimly remembered now in connexion with some vain polemical dispute, he was a poet, a musician, a philosopher, a jurist; a scholar unrivalled; a dialectician unmatched, a theologian, whose mouth — as his adversaries confessed — was only to be closed by blows. His profound learning, his commanding eloquence, the charms of his conversation, the beauty of his person, the purity of his morals — until his fatal passion — made him the delight, and wonder, and pride of France, and of Europe. He was the only man among crowds of schoolmen and scholiasts, and casuists and sciolists who was wise enough to comprehend, and bold enough to defend the sublime doctrine of Plato, "that God is the seat of ideas, as space is the seat of bodies, and that the soul was an emanation of the divine essence, from whom it imbibed all its ideas; but that having sinned, it was degraded from its first estate, and condemned to an union with the body, wherein it is confined as in a prison; that its forgetfulness of its former ideas was the natural consequence of that penalty; and that the benefit of religion consists in repairing this loss by gradually leading back the soul to its first conceptions." This doctrine, in contra-distinction to the ridiculous figments of the Nominalists, and Realists, and Conceptualists of his age; this the philosophy of Plato — illustrated by the polemics of Aristotle, enriched by the schools of Alexandria, and afterwards

matured by Mallebranche, Descartes, and Leibnitz — was taught by Peter Abelard to thousands of scholars of every nation in the twelfth century, while the Norman Kings of England were laying waste their own dominions to make hunting forests for their beasts of venery; while princes and emperors were signing proclamations with their "mark," made by their gauntlet-fingers dipped in ink; while the blackest ignorance, the most brutal violence, the grossest and most debasing superstition, overran the fairest portion of Europe. The friends of Abelard were the noblest of the noble; his admirers the fairest of the fair; his very adversaries were popes, saints, and martyrs.

In the year of grace eleven hundred and eighteen, when Louis the Fat was king of the French people, the metropolis was entirely contained in that space which at the present day forms one of its smallest sections — the Cité of Paris. In this famous island, dividing, as all men know, the river Seine into two arms, were concentrated all the grandeurs of the kingdom — the church, the royal palace, the law, the schools. These powers had here their seat. Two bridges united the island to the two shores of the river. The Grand Pont led to the right bank, towards the quarter where, between the ancient churches of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and St. Gervais, a few foreign merchants had begun to settle, attracted by the already considerable renown of the Lutetia of the Gauls. Towards the left bank the Petit Pont led to the foot of that hill, then, as now, crowned by a church dedicated to St. Génévière, the patroness of Paris. The neighbouring meadows or *prés* (particularly towards the foot of the Petit Pont) became gradually frequented by the scholars, or students, or *clercs*, who attended the scholastic concourse in the Cité. The number of these noisy and turbulent young men, always increasing, soon overflowed the confined limits of the Cité. So they crossed the Petit Pont into the meadows at the foot of the hill of St. Génévière — first to play and gambol and fight on its pleasant green sward; afterwards — when inns and lodging-houses were built for their accommodation — to dwell in them. Thus, opposite the city of commerce grew up little by little a city of learning; and, betwixt the two, maintained its grim state the city of law and the priesthood. The quarter inhabited by the students came soon to be denominated *le Pays Latin*, and it is thus called to the day I live and write in.

In the Cité, opposite to the sovereign's palace — where in those days the sovereign himself administered justice, and where in these days justice is yet administered in his name — stood the great metropolitan church of Nôtre Dame; and, around it, were ranged fifteen other churches,

like soldiers guarding their queen. Nôtre Dame, or at least the successor of the first Basilica, yet frowns over the Cité in massive immensity; but, of the fifteen churches, not one vestige remains. Here, in the shadows of these churches and of the cathedral; in dusky cloisters; in sombre halls; upon the shadowy lawns of high-walled gardens, went and came a throng of students of all degrees, of all occupations, of all nations. The fame of the schools of Paris drew towards them (as in one department, medicine, they do still) scholars from every land on the face of the yet discovered globe. Here, amidst the confusions of costumes, and ranks, and languages, and ages, glided solemn priests and sage professors. Above them all, pre-eminent, unrivalled, unquestioned in his intellectual sovereignty, moved a man in the prime of life, with a broad and massive forehead, a proud and piercing glance, a manly gait, whose beauty yet preserved the brilliancy of youth, while admitting to participate with it the deeper hues of maturity. The simple elegance of his manners, alternately affable and haughty, an imposing yet graceful presence; the respectful curiosity of the multitudes whom he did not know, the enthusiastic admiration of the multitudes he did know, who hung upon his words, all announced in him the most powerful in the schools, the most illustrious in the land, the most beloved in the Cité. Old men uncovered as he passed; women at the doors held out their little children to him; maidens above drew aside the curtains from their latticed casements, and blushingly glanced downwards towards him. The men and the children all pressed to see, and stretched their necks to hear, and shouted when they had seen and heard Maitre Pierre — the famous Abelard — as he went by.

He was now thirty-nine years old. He was the son of Beranger, the seigneur of his native place, Pallet, near Nantes in Brittany, where he was born in the year one thousand and seventy-nine. He was the eldest son; but, no sooner had the time arrived for him to choose a profession, than, eschewing arms — the profession of every seigneur's eldest born — he openly avowed his preference for letters and philosophy. He abandoned his birthright to his brothers, and returned to his studies with renewed assiduity. He had soon mastered all, and more than he could be taught in the schools of Brittany, and accordingly removed to the University of Paris; where he studied under William of Champeaux, afterwards bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne, and who subsequently became a monk of Citeaux. This reverent man was the most renowned dialectician of his time, but he soon found a rival, and next a master, in Abelard. Warm friends at first, their friendship changed to the bitterest enmity:

a public quarrel took place between them, in consequence of which Abelard removed from Paris, first to Melun and next to Corbeil; in both of which retreats he was followed by crowds of admiring and enthusiastic scholars. After a sojourn for the benefit of his health in his native Brittany, he returned to Paris having been absent two years. A reconciliation was effected between him and William de Champeaux, and Abelard next opened a school of rhetoric. It speedily became the most famous school in Europe. Of this school were Guy de Chatel, afterwards cardinal and pope under the title of Celestine the Second; Peter Lombard, bishop of Paris; Godefroye, bishop of Auxerre; Berenger, bishop of Poitiers; and the holy abbot of Clairvaux, the great St. Bernard himself. In this school Abelard taught logic, metaphysics, physics, mathematics, astronomy, morals, and philosophy. His lectures were attended by all that Paris could boast of nobility, of beauty, of learning, and piety.

If Abelard had died in his golden prime, at thirty-nine years of age, it would have been well. But Wisdom had decided otherwise. Pride was to be humbled, the mighty were to fall, and wisdom and learning were to be a mockery, a warning and example to the meanest.

It is not my purpose to tell the miserable love story of Abelard and Heloïse. I wish to treat of Peter Abelard, the scholar and the philosopher — of that phase of his character which has been obscured and almost extinguished by the ghastly brilliancy of his passion for the niece of the Canon Fulbert. All who know the names of Abelard and Heloïse know the tragical history of their loves.

After his marriage the forlorn, broken, and ruined victim, who had once been the renowned Maitre Pierre, retired to the Abbey of St. Denis, to hide in the cloister his misery and his remorse. He became a Benedictine monk. Previous to his inclaustration, however, he prevailed upon Heloïse to take the veil. She obeyed the mandate of him whom she yet loved with all the fondness and fervour of their first fatal passion; but she did so with a breaking heart. The cloister was a refuge to Abelard; to Heloïse it was a tomb. Young (not twenty years old), beautiful, accomplished, she felt her life in every limb — she saw herself condemned to a living death. She who had pictured to herself a life of refined luxury and splendour; of being, perchance, with him to whom she had given her whole heart, the ornament of courts and cities, had before her the dreary prospect of a life-long dungeon.

The sojourn of Abelard in the Abbey of St. Denis was not long and not happy. Now that his glory was departed; that his reputation for sanctity and purity of manners was tarnished; those

who had long been his enemies, but whose carpings and croakings had been rendered inaudible by the trumpet voice of his eloquence, arose in numbers around him, and attacked him with that persevering ferocity which cowards only possess. He was assaulted by the weakest and most contemptible. The most ignorant monks of the ignorant brotherhood of Saint Denis hastened in their presumption to challenge his arguments and to question his orthodoxy. He was accused of heresy, of deism, of pantheism, of Arianism — of a host of doctrinal crimes, and eventually expelled the order. The dispute which led to his removal or rather expulsion from St. Denis was as ridiculous as it was savagely pursued, and its relation will serve to show the futilities of monastic erudition in the days of Abelard.

One day as Maitre Pierre was reading the Commentary of the Venerable Bede upon the Acts of the Apostles, he came to a passage in which the holy commentator stated that Denis the Areopagite was bishop of Corinth, and not of Athens. Now the founder of the abbey of St. Denis (the saint with his head under his arm) was, according to the showing of his own "Gesta," bishop of Athens; and according to the monks of St. Denis he was also that same Areopagite whom St. Paul converted. Abelard quoted Bede to show that the Areopagite was bishop of Corinth; the monks opposed their authority, one Hilduin, who had been abbot of St. Denis in the reign of Louis le Debonnaire. Maitre Pierre contemptuously replied that he could not think of allowing the testimony of an ignorant friar to weigh against that of a writer who was revered for his learning and piety by princes, and kings, and pontiffs. This so enraged the monks that they complained to the king and to the archbishop of Paris. They drew down upon the unfortunate Abelard royal reproofs and ecclesiastical censures; and, not content with this, they positively scourged him as a heretic and blasphemer!

New troubles were yet to come. A book he had written, called The Introduction to Theology, was declared by his enemies to be full of heresies. He was cited before the Council of Soissons, badgered with interrogatories, threatened, rebuked; and was compelled to burn the obnoxious book with his own hands. It is upon record that Abelard wept. It must have been no ordinary sorrow to have brought the tears welling from the eyes of the stern philosopher. Love and pride and his good name among men lay all a-bleeding. A hangman's brazier and a hangman's office were all the rewards of long years of patient study and research and soul-engrossing meditation. The glory of the schools, the master of masters, was reduced to the level of a convicted libeller;

lashed like a hound, driven forth from among his fellow men like a Leper or a Pariah.

Hunted about from place to place; pursued by mandates, censures and decrees; without shelter, without resources, almost without bread, Abelard hid himself in a solitude near Troyes. Here, in a barren and desolate heath, he built with his own hands a wretched hovel of mud and wattles. This hovel was afterwards to become the Paraclete.

Unable to dig, ashamed to beg, yet compelled to seek some means of subsistence, Abelard commenced expounding the Scriptures for his daily bread. He soon gathered round him a considerable body of scholars. Before long their number amounted to upwards of three thousand! Some rays of his ancient glories seemed to return to him. From the fees he received from his scholars he was enabled to build a chapel and convent, which he dedicated to the Holy Trinity. But his enemies were indefatigable. The dedication was declared heretical; and, to appease his adversaries, Abelard changed the name of his convent to that of the Paraclete or Consolation. When, at length, wearied with continual disputes and vexations, Abelard accepted the Abbacy of St. Gildas-des-Rhuys, in the diocese of Vannes, he signified to Heloïse his desire that she should take possession of the Paraclete with her nuns. Her learning and renown had already elevated her to be the Abbess of the convent of Argenteuil, in which Abelard had placed her; but Suger, the Abbot of St. Denis, had laid a claim against the lands and buildings attached to it; and she accordingly availed herself of the asylum provided for her by Abelard.

Abelard was not happy in his new position. He found himself in a barbarous district. His convent was rudely built and scantily furnished. His monks were dissolute and insubordinate. When he endeavoured to rebuke their excesses, and to reform their way of life, he was met with taunts of the scandals of his past life. Yet here he remained during many years; and here he composed the pathetic poems called the *Odæ Flebiles* — the Songs of Weeping; in which, under a thin vein of biblical fiction, he poured forth his own unutterable woes. Here he received, after the silence of years, those impassioned letters from Heloïse, which will be read and wept over in all time. He replied to her; but in a stiff, constrained and frigid tone. The man's heart was dead within him. His misery was so immense that the selfishness of his grief can be pardoned. To the expressions of endearment, the written caresses that reached o'er hundreds of leagues, he could only return philosophic injunctions to resignation, and devout maxims and discourses. *He* was her "best be-

loved," her "life." *She* was his "dear sister in the Lord." He took considerable interest in the prosperity of the Paraclete. He framed a rule of discipline for the guidance of the sisterhood; he even visited the Paraclete. After several years, Abelard saw Heloïse again. He was no longer Abelard; but the abbot of St. Gildas: she no longer Heloïse, but the abbess of the Paraclete. There were visitations, benedictions, and sermons; and so they met and so they parted.

His enemies again renewed their attacks — his heresies were again brought against him. A great ecclesiastical council was held at Sens, before which Abelard was summoned. There, his principal adversary was the abbot of Clairvaux, the great St. Bernard. He was held up to execration as an abbot without monks, without morals, without faith; as a married friar; as the hero of a disgraceful amour. Saint Bernard compared him to Arius — to Nestorius — to Pelagius. He was fully condemned. His life was threatened. He appealed to Rome. "Shall he who denies Peter's faith take refuge behind Peter's chair?" exclaimed St. Bernard. His appeal was at length ungraciously allowed, and he set out for Rome. But on his way thither, "weary and old of service," he was induced to accept the asylum offered him by Peter the Venerable in the monastery of Cluny. There, in prayer and mortification, he passed the brief remaining time he had yet to live. And in the priory of St. Marcel — an establishment dependent upon the monastery of Cluny — Peter Abelard died in the year eleven hundred and forty-two, being then sixty-three years old. Heloïse survived him twenty-one years. Their son, Astrolabius, survived his father, but not his mother. He died a monk.

The remains of Abelard were, in the first instance, interred at St. Marcel. They were reclaimed by Heloïse; and, the reclamation having been allowed by Peter the Venerable, the corpse was removed to the Paraclete, where it was buried. The tradition runs, that when Heloïse died, her body was deposited in the same tomb; and that, as the corpse was lowered into the vault, the skeleton of the dead Abelard opened its arms to receive her. The truth, however, is that they were not at first buried together. It was not till fourteen hundred and ninety-seven that Catherine de Courcelles, seventeenth abbess of the Paraclete, caused their remains to be placed in one coffin. This double coffin was discovered and exhumed at the French Revolution; and the popular fury which destroyed the convent of the Paraclete respected the bones of Abelard and Heloïse. After many changes of domicile, the bones were removed in the year eighteen hundred to the garden of the Museum of French monuments in Paris.

Hence, in eighteen hundred and seventeen, they were finally removed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where they were placed beneath a monument formed from the ruins of the Paraclete. Their names are alternately engraved on the plinth, together with these Greek words: — ΑΕΙ ΣΥΜΠΕΠΛΕΓΜΕΝΟΙ, or Always United.

THE NORTHERN WIZARD.

My Wizard presides over by far the greater portion of our manufactures. He is the prime minister of your wealthy sugar-refiners; he is the right hand of your opulent brewers; the confidential adviser of all sensible farmers; the factotum of the iron manufacturers; the enamellers and papier-mâché makers cannot possibly do without him; he is always in demand amongst calico-printers; and dyers, bleachers, and calenderers can no more do without him than they could dispense with the air they breathe. They would not offend him for half their wealth. My Wizard is a worker in huge caverns of smoke, in gulfs of fire and in oceans of insidious gases — a philosopher, who if he does not by a touch of his wand convert stones into pure gold; yet he transmutes the ugliest, most unseemly blocks of useless rock and mineral into potent agents of good, into wonder-working subtle fluids, or deadly gases, or brightly shining crystals.

My Wizard is employed in the vicinity of such cities as Manchester and Glasgow, in the production of dyes and dye-tests, of salts, acids, and bleaching substances necessary in the different stages of the manufacture of cotton yarn or cotton goods. The vast extent of his works, the enormous quantities of chemicals he produces, and the astonishing results of his labours, are well worthy a few moments' consideration, as affording perhaps the best guide to the magnitude of those other branches of industry of which these are but the incidental offshoots.

A Wizard of whose operations I am now writing is to be found busily employed in the wonder-workings of his craft within the city of Glasgow. Amidst the busy life, the ceaseless din, the undying smoke of that large town, his temple rears its lofty head high above the roofs of other tenements. Far out at sea, for many a league by land, the traveller sees what seems at first a giant finger pointing to the clouds. Looking at this nearer one might imagine it to be the Old Monument gone down from Fish Street Hill for change of air, and taken to smoking. I have no sort of hesitation in affirming that there is not such another chimney as that in the wide world, and I don't care where you look for it. If ever

Cheops had wanted to give a little ventilation to the dwellers in the Gizeh Pyramids; if ever any Ninevite Soyer had commenced making soup for the million, in the great halls of Koyunjik, most assuredly they would have erected some such monster shaft as that which overtops the Old Cathedral church of the good city of Glasgow. Those of my readers who may not have seen this Titan piece of brickwork may perhaps form some conception of its dimensions, when I mention that it measures one hundred and twenty feet in circumference at its base, and cost the enormous sum of fifteen thousand pounds in its erection. So gigantic is it and its subsidiary feeding-flues, that a coach and four might easily be driven along the main tunnel which connects this structure with the many fiery furnaces in my Wizard's establishment — ay, and with plenty of luggage on the roof too.

The traveller who takes his leisure along the busy wharves on the banks of the Clyde may see, among the many ships discharging their cargoes there, one or two from which strange-looking lumps of a dirty rough stone-like substance are being removed. Waggons are being loaded with it in rapid succession, as though it had been some product of great value. It is too earthy to be a building material, it can't be anything to eat, and the spectator feels certain that it is not guano. If we follow these heavily loaded waggons, we shall find that they are driven towards the King of the Chimneys — right into my Wizard's great iron-bound gates.

Within, amidst the Babel sounds and sights that meet our senses, let us endeavour to understand what all this busy world is doing. The first place is the laboratory or test room — the very inner sanctuary of this wizardom — full of curious little earthen pots, porcelain pans, glass cups, and metallic dishes. There is a mysterious sort of Flemish stove in this terrible cook-shop, at which fifty kinds of supernatural stews are being concocted by the aid of as many different charcoal and gas furnaces. A quiet gentleman — my Wizard's right hand man — is stirring these pans with a glass rod as indifferently as if they contained gruel or barley broth, instead of doses that would ruin the constitutions of all the giants and ogres that ever lived in childhood's memory.

Our quiet friend hands over the charcoal fires, and the bubbling hissing pans, and the glass rod to some incipient Wizard, and leads the way to the great workshops of this strange poison factory. The laboratory is the place in which all their productions are put to the proof before being sent away, or where the earths and salts they employ are tested before use — a very necessary and delicate operation,

requiring the utmost care and skill.

Covering ten acres of ground, these works present as busy a spectacle as could be met with anywhere. The number of persons employed about them is perhaps not so large as in many other kinds of manufacture; but their occupations are varied and unceasing, many of them too being, to the uninitiated, perfectly inexplicable. Vast sheds, enormous factories, extend in every direction. The whole range of open space is intersected at all points with iron tram-ways, railroads in miniature. Along these, trains of loaded railway waggons are propelled by horses; some filled with coals, some with lime, others with salt, and many with the curious looking stony earth that we have seen discharged from the ships on the wharfs.

Where they all come from, where they are going to, or what their use, are perfect mysteries. My conductor takes me through a lofty doorway, and I find myself in a huge storehouse filled on every side with leaden cisterns of enormous magnitude. There is not more than just sufficient space left between those Titanic vats for a portly man to walk in comfort. I am buried in lead; the place being in appearance a huge leaden coffin. A leaden feeling of oppression overwhelms me; I appear to be crushed under the vast expanse of metal; I try to catch a glimpse of the summit of those towering, far spreading cisterns, and become giddy with the effort; my imagination is drowned within their metallic profundity, and I abandon the attempt. But what do these contain? Do they hold within their dusky sides a supply of water for the city of Glasgow? Not at all. They only contain vitriolic acid! Merely that. If I shudder; if I observe how thin their leaden cases are; if I feel chilly at the supposition of the consequences of one of them giving way at this particular moment, a desire to be somewhere out of scalding bounds will surely be excused.

It is a relief to step out from this chamber of horrors, to another of my Wizard's workshops; a long sort of kitchen with an innumerable quantity of little twinkling furnace doors, through which we perceive bright flames of sparkling blue rising in circling columns to some regions far out of sight. One of these warm looking cooking places is opened; and, peeping cautiously in, I perceive the interior to be one long brick chamber, in which are rows of grotesque vessels blazing blue and white flames like so many incantation accessories in Der Freischütz. Can they be making soup from a collection of Chinese fireworks, or a warm *potage* from lucifer matches?

I am told that those earthen cauldrons contain portions of nitre or saltpetre mixed with the

dirty-looking earthy stone before alluded to — in other words, rough sulphur. These are burnt together; their fumes ascend into a chimney perfectly air tight; whence they are conducted by means of earthen tubes into the huge leaden cisterns in the room just visited, and which contain a certain quantity of water. There the nitro-sulphuric fume or gas is absorbed by water: and, combining with it, forms sulphuric acid or oil of vitriol. Of this destructive yet highly necessary acid, there are not less than half a million of tons manufactured every year in this country by my Wizard and his numerous brethren.

The sulphur-stone is brought from one of the westerly districts of Ireland, whence the supply is almost unlimited. Every week a shipload of it is discharged on the banks of the Clyde, to supply the fiery requirements of this one particular northerly Wizard. Every week half a ship's cargo of saltpetre is poured into his capacious jaws of brickwork, and every week these rough, unseemly substances are forced by the magic craft of chemical science to yield three hundred tons of potent burning acid.

The larger portion of this terrible liquid is consumed on the premises in the manufacture of muriatic acid — better known amongst housekeepers by the name of spirits of salts — this acid being required in large quantities for the production of chlorine gas, forming the basis of a bleaching powder in extensive use amongst cotton and linen manufacturers. Sulphuric acid is also employed in the make of crystallised soda, produced in immense quantities by our friends the Wizards for the use of their manufacturing friends in Glasgow, Manchester, and other places. A considerable quantity — not less than four hundred tons a week — of this acid is concentrated by distillation in a platinum retort or still; and, in that state, is sold for many chemical and domestic purposes.

From the acid rooms I pass forward through extensive yards teeming with life, and coals, and sulphur; until I reach a vast range of hot and smoky buildings, though devoid of any visible signs of fire. There are huge, grim chambers of solid masonry guarded by sooty mortals in the deep silence of Ethiopic mutes waiting for victims. They hold cabalistic wands of metal in their hands. A sign from the deputy Wizard, and one of these ugly genii flings open an iron doorway of yawning dimensions, from which glare out fiercely upon us long spires of red, flickering flame, dancing and twisting about us in hungry savageness as if they were the tortured spirits of so many original sea-serpents.

These warm places are the furnaces in which shiploads of

common salt are blended with tons of the potent liquor from the leaden cisterns; and, in that condition, subjected to violent heat, sufficient to form from the mixture a substance called sulphate of soda, or commonly, Glauber Salts. In other chambers a similar fiery process is going on, except that there the saline materials are combined with large quantities of lime and coal-dust, all of which, being ignited, send forth terrific flames of a white heat until they make the beholder wink and blink again.

During this latter ordeal the Wizard contrives to effect a clever change in the composition of the substances blended together. In the last process the sulphuric acid had seized the soda of the muriate of soda or common salt so tightly and resolutely, that the muriatic part of it felt compelled to yield up possession; the consequence was that, instead of muriate of soda, the chemist finds he has a sulphate of soda. But now a retribution awaits the acid. The lime, naturally voracious for all acidulous matter, has its appetite quickened by the great heat applied; and which, whilst it renders the sulphate of soda easily acted upon, gives the lime a more powerful hold of the acid which it instantly and remorselessly seizes, becoming, in doing so, a new body — sulphate of lime. The soda thus set free is supplied with carbon from the burning coal, though not to any large extent, and is transmuted into sub-carbonate of soda, or common washing soda.

Looking on whilst a number of hot, half-clad, sooty people are raking with enormous instruments interminable heaps of glowing red-hot soda-ashes, from fiery furnaces that appear to have no end or bottom to their flaming abysses, I cannot believe that the scorching soda-ash is the same substance as the pure shining crystals so often beheld in the hands of laundresses — identical in nature with the beautiful white soda powder which forms the leading feature in the refreshing Seidlitz draught; but all doubts are removed by being shown the succeeding process which completes the transformation. Another large building, hotter and more sooty than the last, is furnished with what have the appearance of bakers' ovens, on a very extensive scale. I am requested to peep into one of these wholesale bakeries, and I do so; but draw back rather more quickly than anticipated. I had often read of that theory which supposes the centre of our globe to be composed of a torrid sea of liquid fire — an ocean of the essence of Etna; here the very hot waters of that ocean seemed to be realised.

Another cautious peep at this wondrous lake of phosphorus and flame — at this restless rolling tide of flickering, hungry, remorseless fire. I learn that this cavern is filled with a solution of

the soda-ash previously seen, for the purpose of being evaporated to a state of crystalline dryness. In ordinary cases of evaporation by heat, the calorific agency is applied below the matters to be acted upon. But here the liquid, requiring to be reduced to a state of solidity, is placed in a long shallow receptacle, over the surface of which a rolling flame of intense heat is driven by a restless blast. This fiery agency sweeps from end to end of the saline stream; and, as it darts on its way, lifts up and bears on its molten wings the lighter particles of moisture, which accompany it through many subterranean vaults of giant magnitude, and finally find their way up the towering chimney.

The thirsty flame is allowed to feed upon the liquor, until the latter becomes so concentrated that, upon cooling, it deposits the salt held by it in solution in the shape of fine, white, solid, many-sided crystals. In another and far cooler factory we find this solidifying liquor in the course of doing what we thus learn about it. Wooden cisterns or vats are standing about us, brim full of the bright, clear liquor. At the bottom of these tanks we perceive, on peeping down, a collection of the crystals; whilst in a further corner of the shed a number of men are busily occupied in shovelling quantities of these same crystals of soda into casks ready for sale, the waste liquor having been first run off. Those who are in the habit of seeing "washing soda" in handsful at a time have small conception of the vast importance of the manufacture for general purposes. The trade in this simple article, which may be bought retail for something like a farthing a pound — amounts in the aggregate to the yearly value of a million sterling; a hundred and fifty thousand tons being annually produced of this and the ordinary soda-ash. These articles are chiefly employed in the manufacture of soap and glass; and for the cleaning and bleaching cotton and linen goods.

There is now the muriatic acid room, a department smaller than the other. Magazines of salt are stored up in the vicinity. This, indeed, is the basis of the acid. Here again the Wizard is all-powerful. The salt, or muriate of soda, is blended with sulphuric acid, which possessing a greater power over the soda of the salt than its muriatic fellow, seizes it, appropriates it, and, by the violence of its proceedings, compels the remaining acid to mount up in the form of acidulous vapour, which, passing away through stoneware channels into reservoirs, becomes muriatic acid.

This fighting and mastery of the acids; this gaseous flight of the muriatic particles of the salt, is going on all day long. It is at its height as we enter the scene of the conflict. A sharp puncturing in the nostrils, which darts up as it were to the very

brain, a twingeing as if a thousand needles were perforating my throat, a winking of the eyes similar to that produced by hot blasts of sand in the great African wilderness, combine to make me regret having ventured within such unpleasant precincts. It is impossible to stand acid-proof against the horrible vapour that permeates my inmost man. I am blinded, choked and wretched. I look in vain for some exit from this inferno. The deputy Wizard is perfectly indifferent to any such sensation as I suffer from. He is adamant, and wishes to detain me to explain the process; but I intimate that I know all about it; that the thing is perfectly clear; and that I will pass on at once. I enter another capacious desert; but I pass from discomfort to torture; from choking to strangulation. It is in vain I apply handkerchiefs to my nostrils and mouth; the subtle poison defies every effort. Death is in the air: the upas tree was an olive-branch to this destroying atmosphere; and, heedless of the unruffled guide, I rush out by the first opening I can find; knocking over half-a-dozen young stokers who impede my progress.

The terrible sense of strangulation is produced by the chlorine gas yielded by a mixture of muriatic acid and manganese; and which gas, being passed through tubes into a chamber half filled with finely powdered lime, combines with it, and makes chloride of lime or bleaching powder, used most extensively for whitening many substances. The annual production of this is fully one hundred and fifty thousand tons: of which a hundred and twenty tons are made weekly at this one establishment.

The raising so lofty a chimney at such a large outlay was at the time a work of necessity, in order to convey the spent vapours of the acid works beyond the reach of human lungs. Singular to relate, within a month of its completion a method was discovered by which these vapours could be rendered perfectly harmless. Thus the enormous expense of the huge fabric might have been saved, had the inventor been but a little earlier in the field.

The Wizard's hungry furnaces burn so fiercely, that a shipload of coals is daily consumed within their devouring jaws; equal in one year to not less than a hundred thousand tons. His wondrous products are wafted to all parts of the habitable globe by ship, by railroad, by canal. Not a country but is indebted to him for some gift from out his precious storehouse. All profit by his skill; all are indebted to his science for more or less of good; and yet how few know, or knowing recognise, the mind which by its potency works out the marvels of this daily magic, converting earths, and stones, and refuse matter to things that scatter riches in their after course through many lands.

THE CASKET.

Within a casket of corporeal clay
There lies enshrined a vast unvalued treasure;
Whose sparkling gems flash brightly day by day,
Dazzling, or soothing, in their various measure.

Some lock the casket jealously, and hide
Its brilliant wealth within the dark recesses;
That not a truant sparkle thence can glide
To fall in secret on the world it blesses.

Some cautiously and gently raise the lid,
Yet stop half-way and fear to open wider;
As though it were Pandora's box, or hid
The winged steed, with its enchanted rider.

Others, less chary, spread them forth to view,
By world-wide gratitude and fame rewarded;
None in Time's records have been found to rue
The use of gifts which timid misers hoarded.

Yet must those gems still in their casket lie,
And oft imperfect be the light they render;
The lid may be uncovered, but no eye
Of mortal man may see their fullest splendour.

Let them blaze forth with all the brilliance, now,
That they can yield within their earthly prison;
With gleaming wealth a darkened world endow,
To serve its need, till endless day has risen!

A WALLACHIAN SQUIRE.

We had once the honour to be received at the country-house of a Wallachian Boyard, or country gentleman. It was situated some twenty miles north of Bucharest in the midst of the mountains; which, though they had not the grandeur of the Carpathian range, were still sufficiently picturesque. After we had traversed the plain and gone for two or three miles through valleys, the slopes of which were thickly clothed with trees, we beheld the house situated at the extremity of a long clearing, dotted here and there with oaks so as somewhat to resemble an English park. On the skirts of the forest to the left was a Zigan village with huts, not buried in the ground as is usual on the plain, but scattered here and there amidst heaps of rubbish and piles of fire-wood. The men were employed in constructing a dam across a stream which flowed down the centre of the valley, with what object we forgot to inquire. A number of naked children came running out as we approached, walking our tired horses, and laughed or barked at us like so many curs. We threw them a zwanziger or two, and went on.

The house was little more, to all outward appearance, than a large shed or barn; except that there was a broad portico in front supported by six lengths of pine trees with the bark still on. A number of servants, all evidently of Zigan race, came out in a turbulent manner to receive us. Some took our horses, others our cloaks, others our riding whips; whilst others contented them-

selves with uttering certain set compliments in the name of the master of the house; who, it appeared, had gone out in the morning on a bear hunt, and had not yet returned. Madame Lanszneck, however, was in her saloon, into which we were ushered. We were already accustomed at Bucharest to the mixture of French with Eastern habits; but we had expected in this outlandish place to find few traces of European refinement. We were mistaken. The saloon, it is true, was surrounded on three sides by the indispensable divan; but, in the centre, were mahogany tables covered with music and caricatures fresh from Paris, and surrounded by chairs as elegant and uncomfortable as if they had only just arrived from the Chaussée D'Antin. I suspect that Madame and her daughter had been reclining in true Eastern style upon the divan; and an expiring coal upon the floor, and a certain cloudy perfume suggested that one of them, at least, had been indulging in the luxury of a cigar. Warned of our approach, however, the mother had thrown herself in an easy posture on an arm-chair, ready to rise gracefully to receive us; whilst the daughter had taken her place at the piano between two windows, and was playing a polka with the music of one of Hertz's quadrilles open before her. The great bane of Wallachian society is this incessant imitation of French manners. Half the time of the ladies is occupied in playing a part totally foreign to their character; which is essentially Eastern. They have the talent of imitation in a remarkable degree; and, as a rule, are so graceful and beautiful that any manners sit well upon them. Nothing can be more fascinating than the grace with which the forms of polished society sit upon them, when these are, every now and then, broken through by indications of almost barbarous simplicity.

Our reception was most hospitable; and, although we were not quite prepared to talk of the last new opera or to give our opinion on M. Lamartine's latest poem, the afternoon was pleasantly spent until the arrival of the Boyard himself, with several other persons; some visitors, like us, from Bucharest, others inhabiting neighbouring villas. Their entry reminded us once more of our whereabouts. The Boyard, who had already laid aside his hunting costume, was dressed in the true style of Wallachian aristocracy. On his head he wore a great black cap partly in the form of a turban, so completely concealing his hair that he seemed to be shaved like a Turk. He wore his black beard. A long tunic, handsomely embroidered, and a pelisse, edged with fur, set off a frame of remarkable vigour. Round his waist was a splendid shawl; in which, as a sign of rank, was stuck a richly-mounted yataghan.

On his feet were boots of soft yellow leather. The other men were dressed in a somewhat similar manner, though less splendidly. In their behaviour the struggle could at once be seen between sturdy barbarism and a desire to imitate the forms of civilisation. We could not help smiling to see a tall fellow, six feet high, with a pointed cap and yellow pelisse, standing behind Mademoiselle Lanszneck and lisping out a request that she would play or sing — he was madly fond of the piano, still more madly of song, especially if it were Italian; and, whilst the stout Boyard was calling for a pipe to while away the time that was yet to intervene until dinner, the young lady in a rich voice full of Eastern accentuation, gave us *Comme per sereno*. The gentleman in the yellow pelisse stood behind, turning over the leaves, and lifting up his eyes to the ceiling in admiration. The bubbling of the water-pipes — for everybody else was smoking — formed an agreeable accompaniment.

About five o'clock a stout fellow with an apron tied under his armpits and descending to the ankles, showed himself at a side door, and chanted out: "*Chouba yestê gata* — the soup is on the table." Upon which Yellow Pelisse — who seemed to be claiming a right — gave his arm to the young lady, whilst we endeavoured to become the escort of Madame. This custom is new in Wallachia, and everybody, therefore, is so careful to attend to it, that my arm came in contact with several elbows thrust out at the same time. Whilst we were apologising, the Boyard laughed good-humouredly; and, taking his lady by the hand, led the way.

The dinner was half Eastern half European. First came an excellent soup, made of mutton and fowls in equal proportions; then followed several kinds of fruit, and a piece of stewed beef. Two or three ragouts, more than one species of delicious fish, succeeded; and there were several dishes of roast meat. Decanters of common red wine were plentifully distributed; and, now and then, a great silver goblet was filled with genuine tokay, from which the Boyard himself first sipped, and then sent it round to all the guests in succession. We had the honour of drinking after the lovely Mademoiselle Lanszneck, at which Mr. Yellow Pelisse, who was on the other side of her, seemed rather hurt, and revenged himself by draining the goblet nearly to the bottom. At first, every one, according to the custom of the country, ate in dismal silence; but, after the second course, the conversation became general and lively. I could not at first understand why all the company by degrees raised their voices almost into a scream. I caught myself shouting like a boatswain, and suddenly discovered that a window had been

thrown open, and that half a dozen Zigans without had begun to regale us with a concert. At first the notes of their instruments were low and melancholy; but they had worked themselves up into enthusiasm as they went on, and were treating us to a storm of music. What struck me principally was, that — although this accompaniment, when brought up to that pitch, appeared to me detestable, and gave me a splitting headache — the Wallachians felt or affected such raptures at the sound of civilised music, that they were thrown into ecstacies, and Mademoiselle herself gave the signal of applause by laying down her knife and fork and clapping her hands; certainly not with any wish to draw attention to the white and taper beauty of her fingers; the nails of which were tipped with a beautiful rosy flush.

After the dessert, we were surprised by what seemed an imitation of English manners. The ladies rose and left the gentlemen alone to drink and smoke. We afterwards learned that this had always been the custom in Wallachia, ever since the time when ladies were admitted to the table at all; for, of old, according to the general custom in the East, the lords of the creation used to eat alone, whilst the women attended on them with the servants. We were served at table by Zigans dressed in sheepskin tunics like all their fellows, and with loose Turkish trousers. They were more numerous than the guests, and seemed as handy and dexterous as Parisian waiters.

Whilst we were enjoying our pipes, we saw through the open window a number of persons on horseback, accompanied by a great waggon, drawn by six oxen. In it we could discover a crowd of elegant bonnets of the last Parisian fashion; and were told, on inquiry, that a party collected at the residence of another Boyard in the neighbourhood had been invited over to spend the evening. Shortly afterwards, indeed, we were summoned from the table by the sound of a waltz; and, on returning to the saloon, were ordered instantly to seek for partners. We noticed that Yellow Pelisse got up rather solemnly from his seat; but fell down upon it again, overcome either by champagne or jealousy; for he did not make his appearance until an hour afterwards, when he whispered confidentially to everybody that he had taken four cups of black coffee.

With the exception of the odd effects produced by the contrast of the Eastern costumes of the men and the European dress of the women, there was little to distinguish this from a European soirée. The Boyard sat like a pacha in the corner of his divan, smoking a narghileh, and was now and then joined by some of the dancers. From time to time a slave brought round ices and sherbets. There was a good deal

of flirtation, and the black eyes of Miss Amine Zlonasko left a deep impression upon one of my companions. Also, there was almost a quarrel between Yellow Pelisse and a young Boyard of the neighbourhood who was too particular in his pretensions to Mademoiselle Lanszneck. However, these are not characteristic traits. It is more necessary, perhaps, to mention, that about eleven o'clock most of the young men gave up dancing on pretence of fatigue, and disappeared into a side room; where, on following them, we found that they were playing at cards for pretty high stakes. Gambling is one of the principal plagues of all semi-civilised Eastern countries. It is a lazy amusement and suits the temperament of the people. Many Boyards in former times have been known to gamble for their serfs; and an instance is mentioned in which a thousand Zigans changed masters by a single turn of the cards. On the present occasion matters did not go so far; but Yellow Pelisse, on whom the black coffee had no produced its proper effect, lost a horse, and the Boyard himself was cleared of some hundred roubles.

Meanwhile, the ladies, deserted by their partners, were singing, or playing at *pigeon vole*, the vicissitudes of which game produced roars of laughter. My friend joined in, and his presence of mind having been entirely destroyed by the black eyes, was constantly caught napping. One of his punishments was characteristic. It was imposed by a sprightly little widow; who ordered him to go and risk five dollars in a bet for her profit at the card table. He did so; and had the satisfaction of handing her over sufficient, as she said, to pay for a new bonnet.

The party broke up rather late, and we were not sorry to be shown at length into a nice little room, with a comfortable French bedstead, upon which we threw ourselves quite worn out by our long morning's ride, and the excitement which had succeeded it. My friend told me next morning that he had dreamed of nothing but black eyes — we mean those of Mademoiselle Amine — and he was in despair when we appeared at a late breakfast, to hear that the young lady had fluttered away on a visit to a distant villa.

BOUQUETS.

It must be owned, that real living flowers are fragile beings. They have a butterfly existence as well as a butterfly beauty, when worn on the person or in the dress. On this account the making of artificial flowers becomes a really desirable and beautiful art, in so far as the productions are correct imitations of natural flowers. Approximations of course they can only be; but in respect to colour and form, these approximations are now wonder-

fully close. We are not quite certain whether attempts have yet been made to give to each imitative flower the scent which belongs to the real flower; but there would seem to be no insuperable difficulties in the matter, provided the taste of the wearers tended in that direction.

If we cut open an artificial flower to see how it is made, and how enabled to behave itself beautifully, we shall see not a little to excite our surprise and approval. Here, in this group, every petal, every leaf, every stem, every bud, every calyx, every stamen and pistil, and stigma and anther, is imitated with surprising closeness and success. And if we examine further, we find how much tact is displayed in selecting materials and substances suitable for the imitative purposes. The petals of flowers are imitated not only by cambric, but by ribbon, feathers, silkworm cocoons, taffeta, velvet, and even thin laminæ of stained whalebone. The stems, made of wire, have an envelope of coloured paper or silk, or some other substance varying according to the texture of the real stem. The leaves are mostly of cambric, but sometimes of other woven material. Seeds and buds and small fruit give rise to a busy search for successful counterfeits among bits of glass and bits of wax and other morsels. All this, be it remembered, relates to the ordinary artificial flowers, of which a very beautiful group can be purchased for something like a shilling; but there is an immense variety of substances employed, other than woven materials.

In many of the specimens of artificial flowers, especially those of French manufacture, the truthfulness of imitation is very remarkable. Not only are roses and lilies and hot-house plants represented as in the full bloom of their floral existence; but even in their declining or decaying state, with the leaves more or less withered, and the blight and the canker-worm busily engaged at their mischief. We are not quite sure that this is to be commended. The object in view is, not simply to imitate Nature, but to imitate her beauties. Blight and canker-worm are no beauties, and these are sometimes simulated with painful success. The Dutch painters frequently made a similar mistake; they imitated with marvellous fidelity, and the things imitated were often such as we would rather be without. Let us, however, forget the blight and canker-worm, and remember only the plants in their beauty. These plants, be it observed, are not merely flowers in full bloom, but plants in many other stages of their botanical existence; and they thus really become useful object-lessons. Sometimes the same plant is exhibited in three or four successive stages; — in bud, in blossom, in full maturity, and in drooping decay; sometimes there are orchi-

deous plants, and hop plants, and vine twigs, and oats, rye, and wheat; sometimes the blue and red autumnal parasitic flowers are imitated; such as the ivy, and oak leaf and the acorn A beautiful exercise of skill is that by which the various grasses are imitated. In them the superior botanical knowledge of the French artist is manifested; from the "reedy sedge to the quaking grass," the tufts of various kinds are faithfully imitated in various stages of progress towards ripeness or decay. There are occasionally produced clusters of heath sprigs, the flowers of which, though not so large as a barleycorn, are supported each on an individual stem. A lady was once looking at a beautiful group of artificial grasses and mosses; she says — "A rough but intelligent country lad, who stood beside me for some minutes, after a gaze of silent wonder, broke out with the best compliment I had heard to the fidelity of these imitations, by remarking, in his own vernacular, that they only wanted a bird's nest to be nature itself."

Artificial flower-making is not an insignificant trade. An inquiry was made into the industrial statistics of Paris in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, which lets us into a little secret in this matter. The total manufacture of cambric flowers in that year was prodigious, amounting in value to more than four hundred thousand pounds sterling. We, in England, only took twelve thousand pounds' worth of this value; for we pride ourselves on being able to make our own artificial flowers. The cambric, muslin, gauze, velvet, silk, and other materials were procured from St. Etienne, St. Quentin, and Lyons; the dyes and colours were prepared expressly for the purpose by manufacturing chemists; the buds, leaves, petals, stamens, pistils, and other component parts, were made in small workshops by persons who each attended to only one part of a flower; while the whole were fitted together in other workshops. Even these workshops are frequently limited to one single kind of flower each; so completely is the division of labour carried out. There were about fifty small manufacturers of petals and stamens and other component parts, employing about five hundred persons; while there were nearly six hundred dealers or vendors, who employed nearly six thousand persons in building up the various integers into whole groups of flowers. Of this immense number of persons, about five thousand were women, whose average earnings were estimated at about twentypence per day. Several of the manufacturers effect sales to the amount of ten thousand pounds a year each. We must, therefore, regard French flower manufacturers as commercial men of notable import.

Some of the French flowers are

so extraordinary that they court criticism aided by magnifying-glasses; and sometimes even then it remains doubtful what materials have been used. The French go to work in the right spirit in these matters; for their best flower-makers are practical botanists, who pass through regular courses of study, until they become familiar with every minute peculiarity in the structure of a flower. The manufacturers, too, will not be content with a mere close imitation of nature; they require a delicate taste to be possessed by the *monteurs* who form the flowers into bouquets, head-wreaths, and dress-trimmings. The very same flowers, made up into the very same kind of group, will sell for double the money when made by a popular *monteur*, which they will command if made up by one of less note. This is elevating artificial flower-making to something approaching to a fine art. Besides the posey or the nose-gay, there are the wreaths of orange-blossom, and the sea-weed garlands, and the coral chaplets, and the wreaths of little water-plants, and the chaplets of corn-plants — all require an artistic building up, after the bits of cambric and sarsenet and wire have been made into flowers.

It is a dainty work to make a rose of these simple materials. Petals, and leaves, and calyx, and buds, and stem, and stalk — all have to be imitated; and no little taste is required in the selection of materials which have the requisite texture of surface and shade of colour. The busy fingers of the workwoman, when about to make the petals of the rose, cut out very fine cambric by means of punches, of which she has as many different sizes as there are petals in the rose to be imitated. Then she, or some other dexterous worker, holds each petal by a light grasp with pincers, dips it into carmine dye, then dips it into water (to soften the intensity of the colour near the edges), then touches it with a brush to deepen the tint near the centre, and then brushes in the tints of any little variegated spots or markings which the petal may require. While the petals are thus receiving their form and adornments, the leaves are being fashioned by other hands. They consist of small pieces of Florentine sarsenet, previously dyed to the proper tint, and then stretched while wet, that they may dry out smoothly. We all know that the two surfaces of a leaf present very different appearances; and the cunning of the imitator does not neglect this circumstance; for while she glazes one surface of her sarsenet leaf with thin gum-water, she imitates the velvet texture of the other with a layer of fine flock or cloth-powder, or sometimes by means of a wash of coloured starch-water. Nor are the ribs of the leaves neglected; for several leaves, placed one upon another, are pressed between

gauffroirs or goffering-irons of such patterns as to give the requisite markings or embossment. The little leaves or leaflets which form the calyx are cut or punched out of sarsenet, stiffened with starch-water after the dyeing.

The tiny buds are curiosities; they go beyond the region of cambric or sarsenet; for they are often made of kid, dyed or painted to the proper tint, stuffed out into bud-like shape by an interior of cotton, or of gummed flax, or of crumb of bread, and tied with silk to pieces of thin iron wire. Whether Nature can make a bud more easily than a petal, she does not tell us; but Nature's imitators certainly find that it requires a greater variety of materials. By the aid of bits of brass wire and little knots of silk, the stamens and their anthers are imitated; and, by dipping the little silken anther into a glutinous liquid, it is made to retain a few very small seeds which represent the pollen. When these and a few other component parts are completed, and when an imitative stalk has been made by coating iron wire with cotton and green paper, the whole are built up artistically together into the form of a rose—a rose not intended to "blush unseen," for it will parade itself very bravely on some tasteful bonnet or jaunty cap; nor to "waste its sweetness on the desert air," for it happens that cambric, and sarsenet, and kid, and gum-water, and flock, and wire have no sweetness to waste.

Far be it from us to say that this is the only mode of making a rose. Little do we doubt that all sorts of substitutes could be found for all of these materials, under the skilful hands of our magic rose-makers. Nay, those who look about them with well-opened eyes will meet with artificial flowers made of feathers, of shells, of wax, of insects, of lace, of hair, of coral, of seaweed, of ivory, of whalebone, of cloves, of nutmeg, of pimento, of gems, of maple, of box, of satin-wood, of ebony—even of granite and marble and coal. One of the most beautiful productions displayed in the greatest of great exhibitions was a group of flowers made of Brazilian feathers. The South American birds are unrivalled in any part of the world for the gorgeous splendour of their plumage, and this plumage thus becomes a fitting material for imitating the equally dazzling splendour of South American flowers. The specimen under notice was a bouquet of flowers, including those of the coffee, cotton, and tobacco plants, all made of Brazilian feathers. English shells are, for the most part, far from being sufficiently beautiful for this art; yet those of the Atlantic are sometimes made up into delicate and lovely bouquets.

We must now do honour to the artists in wax. Miss Agnes Strick-

land, in her life of James the Second's second wife, has something to say about wax flowers. "The beautiful imitations of natural flowers in wax which have lately afforded an attractive exercise for the taste and ingenuity of many of our youthful countrywomen, were first introduced into England by the mother of Mary Beatrice, as a present to her royal daughter; as we find by the following passage in a contemporary letter from a correspondent of the Lady Margaret Russell, which gives some information relative to the ornamental works then in vogue among ladies of rank in the court of Mary Beatrice. 'In gum flowers, Mrs. Booth tells me you and she is to doe something in that work, which I suppose must be extraordinary. I hope it will be as great perfection as the fine waxwork ye queen has, of nun's work, of fruit and flowers, that her mother did put up for her, and now she has 'em both for her chapel and her rooms. I do not know whether they be the four seasons of the year, but they say they are done so well, that they that see 'em can hardly think 'em other than the real.'"

Who can forget, after having once seen them, the recent productions of our lady wax flowermakers! How this simple material is fashioned into glorious imitative flowers is something to be admired and marvelled at. Wax faces we do not like: they are always — waxy; but the soft texture of wax renders it well suited for imitating flowers.

Wax flower-making has its literature. One authoress — in a smart little blue-covered, gilt-edged, hot-pressed, coloured-plated Royal Guide to Wax-Flower Modelling — tells her readers what they will have to procure, before they can become amateur artists in wax flowers. How that they must have white wax, yellow wax, orange wax, pink wax, and green wax; that they must have an ivory pin with a large head, two steel pins with china heads, about a dozen bottles of different coloured powders, an assortment of large and small brushes, saucers, and little slabs of white marble, green and white wire, scissors, and down, and smalt, and sepia, and lake; that the wax must be soft, dull on one side, and sufficiently opaque to need no painting on the wrong side or under side of a flower; that the large ivory pin is useful for the Victoria Regia, the water lily, and other royal flowers; while the two smaller pins are of use for flowers of lesser magnitude; that the cake colours are to be rubbed down with the coloured powders before using; that the large white wire is to be used for the stems of dahlias and camellias, and such like flowers; the finer white wire to support the petals, and the green wire to make stems. The lady-artist then explains how to mix the colours and powders to produce the required tints; how to use the curling-pins,

and the scissors, and the brushes. And then she takes, one by one, the principal kinds of flowers, and describes the method of modelling them in wax — the crocus, the snowdrop, the primrose, the violet, the anemone, the tulip, the narcissus, the jonquil, the daisy, the wallflower, the rhododendron, the jasmine, the rose in a dozen or so of varieties, the carnation, the myrtle, the honeysuckle, the fuchsia, the forget-me-not, the geranium, the mignonette, the orange blossom, the lily, the dahlia, the camellia, the passion-flower, the hollyhock, the cactus — all pass in succession under notice, and the means of imitating all are described. Let us see whether we can understand how to make a waxen snowdrop. "This charming pensive little flower should be prepared from double white wax. It consists of six petals, like its companion the crocus. The longest are left perfectly white, the others striped upon the inside with very light green paint; and upon the opposite or exterior side of the petal is placed a triangular green spot, near the off end. Cut a fine green wire, three inches long; cover it with a strip of light green wax, and affix to the end the stamina, cut from yellow wax. Place round these the striped petals, and those that are quite white immediately between; finish off the same by placing a little double green wax at the end of the flower, which forms the calyx; the flower-stem is then to be attached to a stronger stem: where they are united place a small sheath, cut from lemon wax, tinged round the edge with light green. The leaves are rather narrow, not so dark as the crocus, made from double wax. The head of the pin is merely rolled down the centre: they are attached a short way down the stem."

The largest flower yet modelled in wax is of course the magnificent Victoria Regia, that wonderful and peerless plant with the round table-top leaves; but the largest groups mount to four or five feet in height; and we have heard of mythic hundreds of pounds at which such groups have been valued, and of glass shades to cover them which beat all other glass shades in existence hollow.

ONLY AN EARTHQUAKE.

Since the nuisance of a three or four weeks' quarantine has been abated, a run in Albania has been as natural to us of Corfu as a run in Wales may be to Londoners. It is twenty years since I first made a holiday trip on the mainland, with which I have since had occasion to become thoroughly familiar. Twenty years, however, do not dim the recollection of a merry holiday among the mountains, by a man who throughout life has been engaged, mostly, in climbing up and down an office stool.

I then glided across the smooth

water between Corfu and Albania with three young officers — middle-aged men now, not to say elderly — delighting in their escape from garrison routine. The wind failing us, we finally rowed in to the custom-house station of Sajades at the close of a long summer's day, and landed on the rough mole there provided. We were annoyed but little by official questioning, and as I had a note of introduction to the chief custom-house functionary, he very politely offered to us the accommodation of his private rooms, and promised that horses and mules should be sent for and got ready, so that we might set out upon our trip at dawn.

The custom-house building, seen, as we saw it then, by torch-light, with the groups about it, made a pleasant scene. It was an upper story reared on columns, or say rather piles, some of wood, some of stone, some of brick; there was a ladder up to the front door, and under and about the house, lighted by torches and the rising moon, were scattered bales of goods, baggage, and merchandise of all sorts landed there or there awaiting embarkation. The ground was occupied too by the horses and the mules that brought the bales or that were to carry them away; there were small heaps of fodder that the cattle were to eat, and on the heaps of fodder there lay ragged boys asleep, set there to watch the property. Their sleeping brought no loss upon the animals, who kept guard for themselves over their provender. Those Eastern horses use their teeth upon the slightest provocation, and their heels too, with considerable energy. I shall never forget how I was once seized about the ribs and bitten into by an Arab steed, as though he were a schoolboy biting at an apple; and on that night, as we threaded our way to the ladder, among watchful quadrupeds, one of my military friends was laid low by a kick, from the effects of which he suffered throughout the remainder of our journey. When we had mounted to the door and got into the building, there was a great noise of talking suddenly hushed, and under a cloud of the smoke that had risen, and was then rising from a hundred and fifty to two hundred pipes, we saw that number of Albanian muleteers and countrymen, in picturesque attire, all stopping in their talk to look at us. They were not all in one room, but every door being open, there was a quaint vista made, extremely pleasant to the eye; the only sense, let me say, that received gratification. The men resumed their chattering in groups of six, ten, twelve, or sometimes twenty; the noise was bewildering, and the air was thick with the stench of garlic, onions, and tobacco. We were conducted by the custom-house chief into his private office, where he showed us a spare corner which he placed at our disposal. Here, presently, we supped upon a fish

that we had just seen taken from the sea, and a hen that had been fetched out of her first nap to grill upon a fire that we could see flaring on a patch of brickwork in the midst of an adjoining room.

After supper we decamped, for we had made up our minds that it was better to sleep in our boat, under the summer moonlight, than lie under cover to be tortured. Every man of us was having his flesh torn by a thousand pincers. I had come prepared to put up with a moderate amount of suffering from vermin, but I had not expected that only six hours after leaving Corfu, I should already be in danger of having my bones picked alive. We put our boat a little way from shore, and in the dusk of the night took off our clothes and shook them well over the sea. In that way we got rid of some of the tormentors that had clung to us, but there remained enough to make us wretched.

One of our party being too tall to sleep comfortably, as the fourth man in the boat, bethought himself that he should lie more easily upon the deck of a large cutter that we saw by the moonlight anchored near us. We drew our boat under its stern, he got on board and lay down, then more at his ease, among the sleeping sailors. Our friend's heels, armed with adjutant's spurs, into which, anticipating trouble from the vicious horses of Albania, he had fitted some enormous rowels, came often in contact with the bare legs of his neighbours. Some, well accustomed to nocturnal torture, winced in their sleep and thought no more of it, but two or three got up, rubbing their legs, to see whom they had got for a bedfellow. Our friend still shifting his position restlessly, was fast asleep and unconscious of the disturbance he was causing, till a sailor seeing one of his long spurs glittering near him in the moonlight, and too sleepy to distinguish what it was, laid hold of it and immediately began, thoroughly aroused, to roar out lustily. Expecting nothing less than a ducking for our friend, I shouted out in explanation that he was an English officer who had not sleeping room on board our boat. An answer came to me from somebody who addressed me by name, asked after my wife and children, and told me that my friend should have a wide berth given him and welcome. The cutter belonged to the Turkish government. Who was my friend? He would not say; he went under a feigned name. On the next day, however, I should see and know him.

Before dawn we were aroused by the sound of horses' bells and the voice of our courier—we had inflicted on ourselves such an incumbrance — calling us to come and make our bargains. Then followed a scene of hurry and confusion. I, as a civilian, not clever in horseflesh, accepted the most vicious and ungainly of the horses; nevertheless, it turned out the most sure-footed and

trusty beast in our whole cavalcade. I used the basta, or pack-saddle of the country; my friends had brought saddles of their own. That I had not done, because I knew that muleteers object to the strange saddles, partly because they consider them likely to hurt the backs of their animals, and chiefly because at the journey's end the animals are left bare-backed; and if they wish to go home with a return load they must purchase a new basta. Such considerations were all very well, but after my first experience of an Albanian saddle, I felt that I owed mercy to myself as well as to the muleteers. While packing upon my horse such things as would immediately be needed, my mysterious friend from the cutter touched my arm. He proved to be a runaway Ionian convict who had joined the Turkish service as a sailor. Professing that I had twice done him great services, he desired, he said, to be grateful. I knew that he meant simply to sponge upon me, and was glad to send him away with a quarter dollar as I climbed the wall by which I was to mount my charger. My weight upon his back excited him to wrath, and caused him instantly to kick most furiously; in that way he soon made a clear space about him; and then, starting off at full speed, charged down furiously upon the rear of my companions. Having overtaken their last horse, however, he at once fell into marching pace, and seemed to have made his mind up for a long and steady journey.

Albanian roads or paths are very tortuous, and so we twisted our way on, admiring the hill scenery, not sorry to see Corfu in the distance with its two citadels, backed by its dark green foliage. As we were wandering up hill, one of our party presently discovered that we were pursued by two horsemen. We examined them through a spy-glass, and all agreed that they were strongly armed; although their arms seemed to be carried about them in some very unusual manner. They were certainly not in military trim. As they were only two, though they were armed outrageously, we did not fear them, and allowed the foremost presently to dash in among us — a great boy of fifteen — who shouted, as he reached my horse's rear: "Well, we have overtaken you at last! You might as well have let us know, and then we could have all travelled together!" He was dressed coarsely and dirtily as an Albanian servant, and was mounted on a splendid mule, with a good deal of luggage attached to it. His chief luggage consisted, however, of muskets with their bayonets attached, which he had contrived so to fix around his saddle, that they formed a *chevaux de frise* about him. Four of them he had contrived to fix upright, two before and two behind him, like the posts of a bedstead; two pointed their bayonets over the

horse's shoulders and two over the crupper, so that his charger might have run into an enemy with pretty much the same effect as an old British chariot armed with its scythes.

The youth was in a few minutes overtaken by his master, a stout respectable old Turk, completely winded. As soon as our new friends had breath enough they began to ask questions through our courier; and, as I was the only one who understood his language, the boy fastened himself to me. The old gentleman, he told me, was in the service of Emir Pacha, governor of Albania, and because it had been understood that the English government meant to sell the arms left by the French when the island was surrendered, they had been to Corfu to inspect the goods and fetch a dozen muskets for the Pacha himself to examine. Very likely he would buy them for the "Tacticos" — the regular Albanian troops — then being organised. The boy was a wag, and had a great deal to say of his first visit to Corfu, where he had been, above all things, shocked by the bare faces of the ladies, and the bare knees of the Forty-second Royal Highlanders, at that time in our garrison.

So we went on our way, good company together, till we came into the little village of Monasteri, which I had seen for years from the esplanade of Corfu as a little speck upon the hills of the mainland. We Englishmen proceeded to the monastery itself, our Turkish companions went to join friends in the village. Before we parted our soldiers had been endeavouring to suggest to them a better way of carrying their muskets, which would be easier to themselves and not so dangerous to neighbours; they were, however, not to be instructed, and we, finding that advice was wasted, said to them jestingly that they might as well put hangings to their bedsteads. They had only to stretch a cloth over the four upright bayonets and each of them might ride in state under his canopy.

We did not like our comrades, and gave them the slip; but they overtook us again in the afternoon, filling us with consternation at the consequence of our advice. They had followed it to the letter. They thanked us most heartily for the idea. The constant jolting of the mules slackened the ropes by which the upright muskets were fixed to the saddles, and the whole fabric therefore, every now and then, came down with a run upon one or the other rider, extinguishing him for a moment, and at the same time so frightening his mule that it would start off at full speed and compel every one who was in advance to leap aside and get clear of the bayonets. We did indeed receive now and then some awkward pricks.

The rascal of a boy was perpetually taken with a desire to ask some question about Corfu for

his master or himself, and in that case always charged down upon me at full speed with his war-cry of Mr. Secretary — so he dubbed me. He used a nail as a goad, which he ran along his mule's back when any question came into his head, and then he dashed by every one, forcing all to clear the road before him in an instant, till he pushed up to me with his "Mr. Secretary, why is such a thing so and so in Corfu?" I lost patience at last; and, on one occasion, drawing into the ditch, let him rush by while I borrowed of one of our party a fine hunting-whip with a long thong. Then I rode up to my Albanian — who, smothered in his panoply, had stopped in the midst of a plain to readjust his bedstead — and, while he was so engaged, held forth to him upon the whipping he should get if he came down again upon me in like manner. I heard him tell his master what I had promised; and, for an hour he remained quiet, but his self-control lasted no longer. We were descending a steep mountain path, only wide enough for one horseman, when I heard him thundering down after me with his cry of "Mr. Secretary," leaving me barely enough time to urge my horse to the degree of speed that would carry me down safe before him. At the bottom my horse of his own accord leaped over a ditch into a little meadow, and my persecutor's mule followed by instinct and alighted just before me. I at once began, in fulfilment of my pledge, to fan my young tormentor in the rear with the long hunting-whip; he was not well protected by his petticoat of English calico, and as I chased him closely round the meadow I kept up my fanning rather mercilessly. His master rode by, roaring with laughter, and I left him with his canopy about his head, rubbing himself very ruefully.

He and his master went up to the village at which we were all to sleep, by a short path that was too steep for our more heavily laden animals. My friends thought, that as our late companions would arrive before us, they would be revenged for my castigation of the boy, by taking exclusive possession of such accommodation as the place would furnish. They did injustice to a Turk's politeness. The old gentleman met us at the entrance to the village, and conducted us to a spot where there was a house already being swept out for our reception; fire was made, our chickens, eggs, milk, and whatever else we should desire, had been already courteously sent for. Of course we invited the old Turk to sup with us, and liked his company. I was afraid, however, that I should have lost all credit with him at supper time. We had two boxes matching one another, one of which contained sugar, the other salt. He pointed to the salt-box, and, as he was at the time eating an egg, I thought he wanted it, and held it

open to him. He, taking it for sugar, put his fingers in and filled his mouth. The poor old fellow was a *bon vivant*, and grimaced awfully, but allowed himself very soon to be assured that my mistake was not intentional.

We retired after supper to our dormitory, a detached room on the ground floor, in which there had been a large fire lighted to drive out the mosquitoes. The heat being intense, we left the door open, and lay down on our Greek carpets. Not having slept much in our boat on the preceding night, we were soon making amends for the lost time; but we could not have been long asleep before I, who happened to lie nearest to the door, was awakened by a series of violent pokes in the back. I started to my feet, and found that my enemy was a large pig who had just come to bed, and objected to my occupation of his chamber. The pig having been turned out, I lay down again, to be a second time awakened by a goat, who had also his objections to my presence. The goat was strong, and forced me to a contest which awakened and amused my friends, who, when afterwards we all stripped at Janina before entering a vapour-bath, were very much surprised at the black marks of the goat's horns upon my back and ribs. When I had turned out the goat I locked the door, bolted it, and disposed myself for a good rest. In half-an-hour, however, we were all of us awakened by an ominous noise of underground thunder twice or thrice repeated. Then the entire shed shook desperately, and the large flat stones with which the shed was roofed were brought rattling down about our ears. With no worse hurt than a few bruises we escaped instantly from the building, and finished our sleep on the grass of the garden in which we had supped.—It was only an earthquake.

MINE INN.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" asked that portly, witty, but most immoral and unprincipled knight who misused the king's press so — something-ably—in the matter of his charge of foot; and, whilom, was so staunch a supporter of the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap. Many men have taken their ease in their inn since the days of Sir John Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly. The meanest and the most famous have reposed in "mine inn;" and millions of reckonings have been paid, and millions of inn-frequenters take their ease now in that great, quiet hostelry, the Grave.

To the contemplative man, and to the lover of social antiquities, the subject of inns is associated with the pleasantest, the kindliest, the most genial, and the most elevated humanities. Our interest in inns is as old as Christianity itself; and, in one in-

stance, our interest is mingled with awe and reverence and loving gratitude. The good Samaritan took the wounded man to an inn, and left there twopence for his subsistence; and, to leave sacred for profane history, were there not inns in ancient Greece and Rome? Were not the remains of inns discovered in the excavations of Pompeii? Can any of us forget Horace's inn adventures in his journey to Brundusium? In England, inns are full of interest from the earliest ages. The brightest landmarks of our literary history lie in inns. From the Tabard Inn in Southwark set forth that gallant company of Canterbury Pilgrims, whom Chaucer has rendered famous to all ages. The knight and the pardoner, the cook and the wife of Bath: we can see them now, ambling, jingling, rustling in their quaint costume; laughing and story-telling as they issue from the low portal of the old Tabard. They shall not die, nor shall the pleasant memories of the Tabard and its fellow inns fade away while we have eyes to scan and pens to transmit the eulogies of Chaucer's glorious verse and of Stothard's pencil.

The Boar's Head in Eastcheap was a tavern; but it must have been an inn likewise. At least Dame Quickly "let out beds;" for did not Sir John board and lodge there? Was it not in the dame's dolphin chamber, by a sea-coal fire, that the knight sat while the placable landlady was dressing his wounded head, broken by Prince Hal for likening his father, the King, to a singing man at Windsor? Was it not into that dolphin chamber that entered unto Mrs. Quickly her gossip, the butcher's wife, who came to borrow a mess of vinegar for her dish of prawns; whereupon Sir John did desire to eat some, and was told by his considerate hostess that they were ill for a green wound? Did he not in that same chamber bid the dame fetch him forty shillings? How many score of times forty shillings had been borrowed there, I wonder? Was it not in a room at the Boar's Head that Sir John departed his merry, disreputable life. There he picked at the sheets, and babbled o'green fields, and there was but one way with him, for his nose was as sharp as a pen. Here he died, and I will wager that had even that stern chief justice (who was so hard upon the knight for his excesses) read the exquisite account our Shakespeare has left us of Falstaff's death, the solemn magistrate would have dropped one tear to the memory of that humorous, incorrigible, immortal old sinner.

Fat Jack had his country as well as his town inns. In the Garter Inn, at Windsor, the glorious intrigue of the "Merry Wives" is chiefly conducted. Hither comes mine host of the Garter, and Master Brook, jealous and mysterious, and Bardolph with his flaming nose, trans-

formed into a decorous drawer, fetching in Sir John a cup of sack — "simple? No, with eggs." Here was that notable quarrel between Falstaff and his acolytes, touching the stolen fan and the fifteenpence the knight received as his share, on the ground that he would not endanger his soul gratis. I doubt if Sir John ever paid his reckoning at the Garter after his discomfiture, and he had begun to perceive that he had been made an ass. I doubt very much indeed whether mine host, jolly and joke-loving as he was, ever had the face to present his little bill to the crest-fallen knight.

Inns, as I have said, abound with literary and historical landmarks. Ben Jonson's last comedy was called the New Inn. The first Protestant bishop (so Catholics say) was consecrated at an inn — the Nag's Head, in either Holborn or the Poultry. The ruin of King Charles the First was consummated in an inn. Old Hooker, the divine, coming to London to preach at Paul's Cross, and alighting very wet and weary at an inn mostly resorted to by clergymen, was so kindly received by an artful landlady; so coddled and cockered up with possets and warm toasts, that, being a simple-minded, guileless man, he was easily inveigled into marrying the landlady's daughter, an ignorant boor and a shrew. The poor man went to the altar like a witless dolt to the correction of the stocks: to his correction, indeed; for his wife led him a dreadful life. One of his old pupils, a bishop's son, visiting him afterwards in his country parsonage, found him tending sheep with one hand and holding a Greek folio in the other; and even from this employment he was called by his virago wife to rock the baby's cradle! Sir Bulwer Lytton has a pleasant reminiscence of poor Hooker's married life in a scene in Pelham.

Sir Walter Scott is great on inns at home and abroad. Julian Peveril's despatches are stolen from him at an inn: the fearful tribunal of the Vehmgericht hold their sittings in some awful subterranean cave beneath a German inn. The first scene of Kenilworth is laid at an inn: the most amusing scene in Rob Roy takes place in the Clachan inn of Aberfoil. Then we have the roadside inn, where the author of Waverley, in a white top coat and top boots appears so mysteriously, and consumes so many beefsteaks: we have the inn where Rob Roy, decently disguised as Campbell, forces his company on Morris; also, the inn for which Dick Tinto painted the sign: we have the inn of inns, which has immortalised the Tweedside village of Innerleithen, where Meg Dods holds her hosterial state, and bids defiance to commercial travellers. I might multiply instances of the lustre which the Great Wizard has shed over inns, at home and abroad, until you and I were tired.

There is scarcely a great work by a great writer, but I find some pleasant mention of "mine inn" therein. To the Hercules Pillars Squire Western sent his chaplain to fetch his tobacco-box. At an inn did dear old Parson Adams fall into one of the most dreadful of his dilemmas. Don Quixote and inns are inseparable: in an inn he was drubbed; in an inn he was tossed in a blanket. Gil Blas received many lessons of practical philosophy in inns. In one did the sycophant praise him inordinately and devour his fish and his omelettes; telling him afterwards never to place confidence in any one who told him that he was the eighth wonder of the world. The first provincial letter of Pascal was written to a friend supposed to be lodging at an inn. The best French vaudeville I know (and from which our own Deaf as a Post is translated) is called *L'Auberge Pleine* — The Full Inn. Sir John Suckling the poet died at an inn in France. His servant had robbed him and absconded, and his master, hastily pulling on his boots to pursue him, drew a rusty nail into his foot; the wound from which mortifying, Sir John Suckling died. At an inn at St. Omer Titus Oates hatched some of his subtlest plots and made some of his grandest Popish discoveries. The inn adventures of the Chevalier de Grammont will not readily be forgotten. Beaumarchais, the famous author of the *Mariage de Figaro*, was arrested at an inn in Vienna by order of Maria Theresa. To step centuries back, it was also in a Viennese inn that our Richard the Lion-hearted was discovered and captured by his perfidious enemy, the Duke of Austria. The author of Manon Lescaut died at an inn; and in an inn (or at least a private hotel) in Bond Street died Laurence Sterne. It was his wish to die so, tended by the hands of strangers, and his wish was accomplished to the letter. He had himself in his works helped to immortalise "mine inn." At the village inn lay sick to death Lieutenant Lefevre: there he was tended by his son; from that inn, and truly, staunch Corporal Trim declared that he would never march again; from that inn my Uncle Toby vowed that he *should* march. And the man who could write the story of Lefevre could be a sensualist, and wish to die at an inn, untended and uncared for by friends and relatives, and could, and did die so.

"In the worst inn's worst room" — you know the rest — died the great George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. He had outlived his fame, his health, his fortune and his friends, and expired miserably at the house of a tenant at Kirby Moorside in Yorkshire. The deathless lines of Pope still place before us vividly the wretched apartment, half hung with mats, the plaster walls, the flock bed repaired with straw, the tape-tied curtains, the dia-

mond George dangling from the bed where tawdry yellow vied with dirty red.

Verily inns have their moralities as well as their humours. While the glasses jingle, and toasts and healths are drunk, and the song circulates in the parlour, mortality is putting on immortality above stairs, clay is returning to clay, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, Georges and Garters, stars and ribbons, pomps and vanities, all sinking quietly into nothingness; there is nothing but a dead man in number three, and the undertaker must be sent for, and business will be rather dull above and brisk below until the gentleman in number three is buried. Do you remember that curious story in one of Theodore Hook's novels of the dead young lady in the inn bedroom? There is a whole history of inn philosophy in that. We sing and rejoice: hot meats are brought in and out, and presently there drives up to the door a hearse, and something is brought down the stairs — the same stairs we have so often mounted to the club-room; the mourners hide their faces in their white pocket-handkerchiefs; the mutes take their last drain of gin or porter; the "black job" (as the crazy Lord Portsmouth used to call a funeral) moves slowly off; the traveller who had put up at that inn sick and had died there, is borne off on that journey from which no traveller returns; the windows are thrown up, the shutters opened, number three is dusted and arranged for, peradventure, wedding guests, and the inn resumes the current of its existence. Such are inns and such is life.

I have been so prolix about famous men who have, by their lives and writings, cast immortality upon inns that — not forgetting I have as yet omitted to notice how many good writers of our own time have been eloquent upon inns — we are not, with impunity, to forget the many excellent inns as excellently depicted in the novels of the author of Pelham. There is a certain Slaughters, an inn for military gentlemen; also a Bootjack Hotel; also a villanous thieves' inn, where one Corporal Brock and an Irish gentleman have a difficulty with Mrs. Catherine Hayes; all of which inns are artistically described in the best style of inn lore by a certain author, who may as well be nameless here, inasmuch as everybody knows him and his writings. And that famous scribe Washington Irving, has he not discoursed delightfully of inns in Flanders, to which bold dragoons resorted; of inns in England, notably at Stratford-on-Avon; and of a never-to-be-forgotten inn, in rainy weather, where there was a Stout Gentleman? Inns are not without their white days, their chronicles of royal and noble authors. From Apuleius in the Golden Ass to the editor of the Times in his yesterday's leaders,

the wisest and most solemn bigwigs of literature have not thought inns (for praise or blame) beneath their notice.

It is not my intention in this present article to enter upon the subject of hotels; the younger yet aristocratic brothers of inns. Touching hotel life, hotel charges, and hotel character, I have, saving your excellencies' permission, acquired a considerable amount of experience and information; but as the quarrel between travellers and hosts is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, I shall not meddle in it. Meantime I would commend to you the consideration of inns. "Mine inn" is rapidly becoming an institution of the past; it will soon be numbered among the things departed. The roadside inn, and the coaching inn, should have disappeared with post-chaises and fast stage coaches. They still linger on; but they are daily being pushed from their stools by Railway Hotels, Terminus Taverns, and Locomotive Coffee-houses. They will soon have to say with the Latin Accidence, *eramus* — we were.

UNSPOTTED SNOW.

Typhoons, hurricanes, and tropical heats, Inner Africa, Central America, China, Japan, and all such topics interest us; but there are no tales of risk and enterprise in which we English, men, women, and children, old and young, rich and poor, become interested so completely, as in the tales that come from the North Pole. We would rather hear of travellers among the snow flakes and ice floes than among cypress and myrtle; and we have good reasons for our preference. Snow and ice are emblems of the deeds done in their clime. For three hundred years the Arctic seas have now been visited by European sailors; their narratives supply some of the finest modern instances of human energy and daring, bent on a noble undertaking, and associated constantly with kindness, generosity, and simple piety. The history of Arctic enterprise is stainless as the Arctic snows, clean to the core as an ice mountain.

There is no other solid piece of human history so free from blot as this long and continuous narrative; this famous tale of Arctic navigation. It was first stimulated by a love of lucre; there was faith in Polar gold, and in a Polar passage to Cathay. But the men who were sent out to serve desires comparatively mean (not mean in themselves, for commerce is a mighty teacher, in whose school it is ordained that we shall have our faculties matured), the men sent out for love of gain — when they came among those seas and heard the crashing of the ice, and saw the icy mountains piled upon each other, and were brooded over by the Arctic night, and were amazed at wonders in the heavens, the

mock suns and the flashings of aurora; they — impressed with a new sense of human weakness, floating as they were on shells (small vessels of a hundred or two hundred tons) away from home and from all neighbourhood with other men — poured out their kindliness on one another, aided each other in endurance of all hardship, and in patient manful effort to surmount all difficulty. They too, admonished by the works and wonders which they saw, remembered Who watched over them in their distresses. Afterwards, when the dreams of gold and of a short way to the East had been dispelled, the enterprise of Arctic navigators was continued and directed by a higher motive; — a desire to increase human knowledge, to help forward our race by heightening and widening our sense of the Divine wisdom. Lastly, there has been added to this, a strong motive of human sympathy; and the energies of many countries (quarrelling among themselves on other soil) have been devoted heartily and simultaneously to the peril of penetrating unexplored parts, and of searching all the most inaccessible regions of the Pole, for the survivors, or at least the traces, of an expedition that has disappeared among its snows. Thus men who are elsewhere enemies and rivals hold Arctic ground — which has been consecrated by three centuries of heroism — to be sacred to the noblest spirit of humanity. Once, long ago, an Italian or a Spaniard did indeed pollute all the associations proper to the place with a design of capturing the Esquimaux for slavery; and there has been mutiny as far north as Davis Straits — never further to the north we think — and even that mutiny resulted in an act of heroism.

While, everywhere else, intercourse with ships has demoralised, more or less, untutored tribes dwelling on sea coasts, the Esquimaux that see only our northern navigators have learnt no new crimes. They are a quiet amiable race; on amiable terms with visitors whose manners are invariably kind. When they see many new and attractive things lying about strange boats that come on rare occasions, they are not strong enough to resist always the desire to possess some of them; but a good-humoured watch is kept upon their fingers, their attempts at theft are frustrated in a pleasant way, but not resented. The only blood shed by our Europeans at the Pole has been the blood of animals, honestly killed to supply a real and pressing want of fresh provisions. Men from among us who have died there, have all died in the performance of an arduous duty, have died a death of heroes; upon which the mind dwells with a more tranquil satisfaction than upon the death met by a lower class of heroes on the battle field. They have left their memories to be preserved in

records that will stir men's hearts in generation after generation, and from which the humblest sailor's name will never be expunged.

Yet although we bear in mind the mournful tale of Willoughby and his companions, or credit our worst fears as to the fate of our own companions and friends who disappeared with Franklin, there have not fallen in the fight for knowledge at the Pole during three centuries as many men as are shot down in the first five minutes of some famous battle; the whole battle being but a fragment of some war bred of a mean cause, of petty misconstructions, or the bullying perhaps of a big potentate who cannot keep his temper under fit control. Under the heats of Africa, or under the frosts of either Pole, or in encountering for the gain of knowledge any risk of life that can be run between the Poles, it is most probable that, in a thousand years, there have not perished so many investigators of the ways of nature, as there die yearly men, women, and children in one country only, killed by diseases that are bred of ignorance, or of that worst evil, inattention to results of knowledge.

We do not therefore account as rashness the firm resolution of the northern navigator which enables him to struggle forward through all perils and to die, if he must, in the execution of his duty. Even in those seas, the boldness that takes active mariners into the way of peril, teaches them how to escape from dangers that would overwhelm a coward. More lives are saved than lost by exercise of proper courage.

From first to last the Arctic search has been a work of dauntless perseverance, to which many nations have contributed men always resolute and never rash. Drawing back from foolhardiness, they have carried energy and determination always to their utmost limits. For resolution of that kind the poet finds his emblem in the northern ice and snow, when he lauds men

> "In fixed resolves by reason justified,
> That to their object cleave like sleet,
> Whitening a pine-tree's northern side,
> When fields are naked far and wide,
> And withered leaves, from earth's cold breast,
> Up-caught in whirlwinds nowhere can find rest."

The first party of Europeans who endured an Arctic winter, and whose experiences are recorded, were the Dutchmen who had Barents for their pilot. The last accounts from among the ice are of Englishmen and of a Frenchman, Lieutenant Bellot, who worked with them; a young man of a true Arctic character full of genius, enterprise and spirit, very brave and very gentle, warmly devoted to the pursuit of science, a man who deemed no fit companion to be to him a foreigner. He perished among the ice and was mourned as a brother by his English comrades. The people at home also, connecting in their

hearts the Arctic Regions with those pure and noble thoughts about humanity that are so thoroughly associated with them, talk of Lieutenant Bellot at their firesides; and are desiring to express their sympathy in stone; although stone has ceased for many years to be more durable than words. We add the stone, however, to the words, because we cannot give expression too emphatically to our belief that men of all races are one flesh in the Arctic Seas; nor should we be sorry to suggest by the same act that beyond the Arctic circle they need not be disunited.

In a former volume of this work we gave a faint outline of the history of Arctic exploration.* We wish now to illustrate what has been said of the spirit of the Arctic navigators; and, to do that, we will indicate a few characteristic points belonging to the first and the last published accounts of Arctic wintering.

The first was the story of a voyage by the north-east in search of a passage to Cathay; during which the Dutchman Barents and his associates, two hundred and fifty-seven years ago, wintered upon the northern shores of Nova Zembla. The last is the account of the voyage of the British sailors, Commander M'Clure and his men, in search of Sir John Franklin narrated in despatches recently made public; a voyage which has resulted in the discovery of the long-sought north-west passage. Barents and his party were obliged finally to escape from their winter quarters by abandoning their vessel; and, in the case of Captain M'Clure, also, it is extremely doubtful whether he and his ship will not finally be left where we last heard of them, hopelessly frozen in. The account of the Dutch voyage was published at the time by one of the men engaged in it, Gerrit de Veer, and was shortly afterwards translated into English. It has been re-published lately with the other voyages of Barents; and forms one of the most agreeable of the volumes issued by the Hakluyt Society. The account of the English voyage has lately occupied our newspapers.

The Dutch account was illustrated with pictures not quite so highly finished as those brought home by explorers of the present day. The first picture that relates to their wintering voyage characterises, in one respect, the feelings of the Dutchmen very well; there is character even in its title: A Wonder in the Heavens, and how we caught a Bear. The wonder is a vision of three suns; each represented with a face and surrounded with the usual appearances attendant upon a parhelion. The Dutchmen, however, in two boats are attending chiefly to the bear, not only a wonder but a danger in their eyes; a former picture having shown how, as stated in their own label, "A frightful, cruel, big bear tare in pieces two of our

* Vol. IX., page 131.

companions." On the fifth of June the Dutchmen saw the first ice floating towards them, which they wondered at, "at the first thinking that it had been white swannes, for," says the teller of the story, "one of our men walking on deck, on a suddaine began to cry out with a loude voyce, and sayd that hee sawe white swans: which wee that were below hearing, presently came up, and perceived that it was ice that came driving from the great heape, showing like swannes, it being then about evening." After further voyaging through perils and adventures, Gerrit de Veer tells us: "We at last sawe that we could not get out of the ice, but rather became faster, and could not loose our ship as at other times we had done, as also that it began to be winter: we tooke counsell together what we were best to doe according to the time, that we might winter there and attend such adventure as God would send us; and, after we had debated upon the matter, to keepe and defend ourselves both from the cold and the wild beasts, we determined to build a house upon the land, to keep us therein as well as we could, and so to commit ourselves unto the tuition of God. And to that end we went further into the land, to find out the convenientest place in our opinions to raise our house upon, and yet we had not much stuffe to make it withall, in regard that there grew no trees nor any other thing in that country convenient to build it withall. But we leaving no occasion unsought"—among the good thoughts pertaining to the Arctic regions we should have said that it is a place in which no idleness is known—"we leaving no occasion unsought, as our men went abroad to view the country and to see what good fortune might happen unto us, at last we found an unexpected comfort in our need, which was that we found certaine trees, roots and all as our three companions had said before, which had bin driven upon the shoare, either from Tartaria, Muscovia, or elsewhere, for there was none growing upon that land, wherewith (as if God had purposely sent them unto us) we were much comforted, being in good hope that God would show us some further favour; for that wood served us not only to build our house, but also to burne and serve us all the winter long; otherwise without a doubt we had died there miserably with extreame cold."

The simple piety of speech, the quiet submission to a great and unexpected hardship noticeable in this passage runs through the whole Dutch narrative, and through the whole Arctic literature. It is as evident now, in the straightforward despatches of Captain M'Clure written the other day, as it was in the Dutch seaman's narrative written two hundred and fifty years ago. It does not court attention: it is never obtrusive, because it is always true.

"It grieved us much," said the Dutchmen, "to lye there all that cold winter, which we knew would fall out to be extreame bitter; but, being bereaved of all hope, we were compelled to make necessitie a vertue, and with patience to attend what issue God would send us. The 26th of September we had a west wind and an open sea, but our ship lay fast, wherewith we were not a little greeved; but it was God's will, which we most patiently bare, and we began to make up our house." It became presently so cold that if in building that same house (the carpenter was dead) one of them put a nail into his mouth, it froze upon his lips and brought away with it the skin and blood. The ship had been lifted by the pressure of the ice above the sea level, and rested on the top of a huge grounded ice hill. Again and again the sea became open all about it; but the Dutchmen's ship was not to be got off. Working between the house and ship and in great dread of bears, that were numerous and bold, the ice-bound men bore their lot without repining. Winter set in. "The 8th of October. All the night before it blew so hard and the same day also, and snowed so fast that we should have smothered if we had gone out into the aire; and, to speake truth, it had not beene possible for any man to have gone one ship's length, though his life had laine thereon; for it was not possible for us to go out of the house or ship." The men in the ship (where they had few clothes) it should be said lay under hatches, and the men in the house with outlets closed swallowing the smoke of their wood fires, which "sore tormented" them. They knew not how else to save their lives. Having sea-coal with them they, on one occasion, lighted a huge coal fire in the centre of their closed hut; and, while they enjoyed the warmth, were being gradually suffocated by the products of combustion. The vapours from the fire had nearly made an end of them; when one tottered across to throw open the door. They dreaded coals for a long time thereafter. Then there was a sick comrade dragged by eight of them from the ship to the house upon a sledge, and disposed upon a bed near the central fire. The others slept on shelves that they had built for themselves round the wall. They had also a Dutch clock as well as a great sand glass, running twelve hours, and there was a lamp suspended from the roof. Reduction of food soon became inevitable; one article after another falling short. On the eighth of November, it is said, "we shared our bread among us, each man having four pound and ten ounces for his allowance in eight daies; so that then we were eight days eating a barrell of bread, whereas before we ate it up in five or six daies." Four days afterwards, "we began to share our wine, every man had

two glasses a day; but commonly our drink was water, which we molt out of the snow." On the twenty-second of November, "we had but seventeene cheeses, whereof one we ate amongst us, and the rest were divided to every man one for his portion, which he might eate when he list." Two days afterwards, illness becoming more general, four of them went into a bath. "When we came out our barber gave us a purgation, which did us much good." Food falling shorter still, "we made springes to get foxes; for it stood us upon to doe it, because they served us for meat, as if God had sent them purposely for us, for wee had not much meate." The foxes then were eaten thankfully by these good Arctic travellers, and of their skins caps were made "to keepe them warme from the extreame cold."

On the third of December they lay snowed-in within their hut, suffering sore cold because they dared not make much fire; so great was the torment of the smoke. In a small fire they heated stones to put against their feet; and lay, with the walls of their hut, and even the sides of the cots in which they slept, covered two fingers thick with ice. As they lay thus, they heard upon that day a huge noise made in the sea by the bursting and cracking of great ice hills, fathoms thick. Then followed an easterly wind with "extreame cold, almost not to be indured; whereupon," says the narrator, "we lookt pitifully one upon the other, being in great feare that if the extremity of the cold grew to be more and more we should all die there with cold; for that what fire soever we made would not warm us." Then followed the experiment with sea coals, and days afterwards "although some of us were of opinion that we should lay more coles upon the fire to warme us, and that we should let the chimney stand open, yet we durst not do it, fearing the like danger we had escaped." On the sixteenth of December all the store of wood was burnt; and whatever more they used had to be dug out by the sailors from beneath the snows by which they were surrounded. Then they began to comfort each other with hopes of the returning sun; although, by the twenty-seventh of December, the cold had increased so much, that neither fire nor coverings could warm them. They lay with hot stones, not only at their feet but on their bodies; yet they froze at their backs while their shins were burning; and, as they sat within their hut "were al as white as the country-men use to be when they come in at the gates of the towne in Holland with their sleads, and have gone all night." One of their constant occupations was to mend the holes each man was perpetually burning in his stockings.

While thus bound to the house, the provisions of these men had to be eked out by still further re-

duction of allowances; and the wood failing when it was impossible to go abroad for more, they cut up for fire-wood their chopping block, and all the superfluous wood-work they could chip away from the walls and rafters of their dwelling. On the fourth of January, being still locked in by frost, they thrust a pole out at their chimney with a little flag on it, to see which way the wind blew. Their flag froze instantly and became as hard as wood; so that it did not stir with the wind, and they only learnt by it that the cold outside was excessive. But their spirit was not broken. In that house of theirs they kept stout hearts, as is easily seen by passages like the following, which end the record of the fifth of January. "'And when we had taken paines al day, we remembered ourselves that it was Twelf Even; and then we prayed our maister that we might be merry that night, and said that we were content to spend some of the wine that night which we had spared, and which was our share" (one glass) "every second day, and whereof for certaine daies we had not drunke; and so that night we made merry and drew for king. And therewith we had two pound of meale whereof we made pancakes with oyle, and every man had a white biscuit which we sopt in the wine. And so supposing that we were in our owne country and amongst our friends, it comforted us well as if we had made a great banket in our owne house. And we also made tickets, and our gunner was king of Nova Zembla, which is at least eight hundred miles long, and lyeth betweene two seas."

Other and greater sufferings were yet to be endured, and were endured without a murmur; great efforts were to be made, and were made. Barents himself did not return home alive; but the survivors of the expedition, in two little open boats built by themselves in the dominions of the gunner, did at last cross the seas that parted them from home — a voyage of almost two thousand English miles.

From the first we turn now to the last winterers at the Pole; men placed in equal peril, having indeed a stronger ship and all the resources of our modern art and science spent on their behalf; but placed in conditions of even more imminent peril, and possessing less reason than the Dutchmen had to hope for escape. We note down first a little picture illustrative of the kind of intercourse that is established between Arctic voyagers and the few natives of those regions with whom they are brought into communication. "Many were dancing with our men; and so mutually happy were all parties, that it was near six o'clock before I could get them to leave the ship; indeed, had not the interpreter told them that we were going towards the pack, and would not again come near their tents, I very much

question if we should have got them away without compulsion. We understood from them that the main pack is permanent, never leaving the shore above twelve or fourteen miles. They designate it 'the land of the White Bear,' as it abounds with these animals; which they appeared rather to dread; as, when we stood towards the pack in the forenoon, they entreated not to be left there, for they were fearful of the bears now that so many of their women were with them. One mother mentioned that she had her little child carried away by one of them a short time previous, while playing on the shore a little distance from her. The poor creature shed tears on relating the catastrophe. At parting, several presents were bestowed upon them, which had the effect of eliciting promises of friendship for us or for any of our white brethren who might come on their coast."

Of the great perils encountered by Captain M'Clure's ship the Investigator, before it was locked up for two years in its winter quarters, and of the huge power of the ice, one or two little illustrations must be given. Once, after a large floe had raised the vessel six feet, another floe caught the mass of ice to which it was attached, under an overhanging ledge, and shouldered it up to a height of thirty feet. As it rose above the foreyard, all the men looked up in dread suspense; knowing that, if it should be turned completely over, the whole ship with those on board would instantly be crushed beneath it. "This suspense," says Captain M'Clure, "was but for a few minutes, as the floe rent, carrying away with it a large piece from the foundation of our asylum; when it gave several fearful rolls and resumed its former position; but, no longer capable of resisting the pressure, it was hurried onward with the drifting mass." Again, on the same day, the ship, attached to a large mass of ice, was driving down upon a floe, and grounded in nine fathoms. If she struck such a floe, she would be ground as between millstones between it and her own attendant floe-piece. To turn aside, was to be wrecked upon the beach. The gunner's mate was sent forward to destroy the obstacle by blasting. "He could not, however," writes Captain M'Clure, find a sufficient space of water to sink the charge; but, remarking a large cavity upon the sea face of the floe, he fixed it there, which so far succeeded that it slightly fractured it in three places, which at the moment was scarcely observable from the heavy pressure it was sustaining. Those on board, therefore, did not see that it was broken. By this time the vessel was within a few feet of it, and every one was on deck in anxious suspense, awaiting what was apparently the crisis of our fate. Most fortunately the sternpost took it so fairly that the pressure

was fore and aft, bringing the whole strength of the ship to bear. A heavy grind which shook every mast, and caused beams and decks to complain as she trembled to the violence of the shock, plainly indicated that the struggle would be but of short duration. At this moment the stream-cable was carried away, and several anchors drew; thinking that we had now sufficiently risked the vessel, orders were given to let go all the warps, and with that order I had made up my mind that in a few minutes she would be on the beach; but, as it was sloping, conceived she might still prove an asylum for the winter, and possibly be again got afloat; while, should she be crushed between these large grounded pieces, she must inevitably go down in ten fathoms, which would be certain destruction to all; but before the orders could be obeyed, a merciful Providence interposed, causing the ice, which had been previously weakened, to separate into three pieces, and it floated onward with the mass, our stern still slightly jammed against but now protected by it." No wonder that among daily experiences of this character, men have their littleness crushed out of them.

Commander M'Clure and his men found shelter from many perils in a harbour which they called by a good Arctic name, the Bay of Mercy, close by the passage into Barrow's Straits; the existence of which solved the problem of the north-west passage. There, in regions never before visited by civilised man, they were frozen in. They arrived there on the twenty-fourth of September, eighteen hundred and fifty-one. Happily the land about them was remarkably well supplied with game. It seemed to form the retired meeting-place and feeding-ground of many animals.

When summer should have come to set them at liberty, the ice was still firm. About the middle of June "flocks of wild fowl," says Captain M'Clure, "consisting of swans, geese, and all descriptions of ducks, began to arrive; but, finding no water, merely took a flight round the north-west extreme of the land and returned to the southward, from which it would appear that the season is late; indeed, the land is as much covered with snow as in the depth of winter." So wrote the ice-bound captain while the cold summer passed by them, and the crew were employed daily on the hills gathering sorrel; which they all relished much, and ate with vinegar, as a protection against scurvy.

In the autumn of that year Captain M'Clure, having arranged to send home the weakly by boat in the succeeding spring, prepared for a prolonged detention. Although," he writes, "we had already been twelve months upon two-thirds allowance, it was necessary to make preparations for meeting eighteen months

more — a very severe deprivation and constitutional test, but one," says quietly the true Arctic seaman, "which the service we were employed upon called for; the vessel being as sound as the day she entered the ice. It would therefore be discreditable to desert her in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, when a favourable season would run her through the straits and admit of reaching England in safety." No favourable season came. On the anniversary of the ship's entering the Bay of Mercy — which she did with the thermometer at thirty-three and not a particle of ice upon the water — there stood the thermometer at two, and the whole place was frozen up, with every indication of a very severe winter.

The winter proved indeed to be the severest ever encountered by our sailors in the frozen regions. In January the average height of the thermometer was seventy-six degrees below freezing point; and one day it fell to an almost incredible extent — ninety-seven degrees below freezing point; averaging ninety-four on the whole four-and-twenty hours. Nevertheless the crew worked manfully, travelled about on search parties, hunted for game, and remained, on the whole, in remarkably good health. "I can attribute our excellent salutary state," Captain M'Clure wrote, "to the causes previously alluded to in this narrative," (namely the courage and cheerfulness of the men, the cares of the surgeon, the excellent quality of the stores on board, and the good ventilation of the ship) "in conjunction with a bountiful supply of game which a merciful Providence has aided us with, and has so materially added to our otherwise scanty rations." In other despatches the commander is to be found providing manfully for the chance of his own destruction, and warning other ships who may be sent out to look for him by what signs they are to conclude that he and his companions are lost, and in what directions they are not to imperil other crews in looking for him.

Enough has been quoted to suggest how close is the identity of spirit manifested by each Arctic navigator, from the first down to the last; but, as we parted from the Dutchmen when they were fancying themselves at home again over the Twelfth Night sports, we will part as pleasantly with our own countrymen, by help of one more illustrative passage. "The supply of game kept up during the winter," Captain M'Clure wrote in his ice prison after Christmas last, "has enabled a fresh meal to be issued twice weekly, and the usual Christmas festivities to pass off with the greatest cheerfulness. As it was to be our last, the crew were determined to make it memorable, and their exertions were completely successful. Each mess was gaily

illuminated and decorated with original paintings by our lower deck artists, exhibiting the ship in her perilous positions during the transit of the Polar Sea, and divers other subjects. But the grand features of the day were the enormous plum-puddings, some weighing twenty-six pounds; haunches of venison; hares roasted; and soup made of the same, with ptarmigan and sea-pies. Such dainties in such profusion I should imagine never before graced a ship's lower deck; any stranger to have witnessed this scene could but faintly imagine that he saw a crew which had passed upwards of two years in these dreary regions, and three entirely on their own resources, enjoying such excellent health; so joyful, so happy, indeed such a mirthful assemblage, under any circumstances, would be most gratifying to any officer; but in this lonely situation I could not but feel deeply impressed, as I contemplated the gay and plenteous sight, with the many and great mercies which a kind and beneficent Providence had extended towards us, to whom alone are due the heartfelt praises and thanksgivings of all for the great blessings which we have hitherto experienced in positions the most desolate which can be conceived."

Unfading be the laurels of our northern navigators thus won by exercise of all the finest qualities of manhood! Let us be glad, too, that we have one unspotted place upon this globe of ours; a Pole that, as it fetches truth out of a needle, so surely also gets all that is right-headed and right-hearted from the sailor whom the needle guides.

TWO COUSINS.

"He didn't care much about it," he said: "they might marry him, if they liked, and to whom they liked, provided he was not expected to make love. Give him his hookah, and a volume of Shelley, and really, wife or no wife, it was almost the same thing to him. By the bye, one thing he must stipulate for — that she should not hunt nor talk slang."

This Launcelot Chumley said, yawning — although it was only twelve o'clock, yet it was ten before he came down to breakfast — and, sauntering from the drawing-room through the open window on to the lawn, he stretched himself under the shadow of the chestnut-trees to dream vague poems all the day after; a mode of existence that seemed to him to fulfil the sacred destiny of his being.

Launcelot Chumley was a spoilt child. A spoilt child full of noble thoughts and generous impulses tarnished by prosperity, and choked for want of stimulants to exertion: he was also vain for want of wholesome opposition. Provided people left him alone,

they might do as they liked, he used to say. Let them not disturb his books, nor cut down the chestnut-trees on the lawn, nor break his pipes, nor talk loud, nor make a noise; and he was perfectly satisfied. His indifference and indolence drove his mother to despair. She tried to tempt him to exertion by dazzling visions of distinction. But Launcelot prided himself on his want of ambition, and vowed he would not accept a dukedom if offered to him: it would be such a bore! His mother had indeed done her best to ruin him by unmitigated indulgence; and now she wrung her hands at her own work. But, as something must be done, she bethought herself of a marriage, which, woman-like, she fancied would cure everything — indolence, vanity, selfishness.

Mrs. Chumley bethought her of a marriage — but with whom?

There were in London two Chumley cousins, Ella Limple and little Violet Tudor. These two young ladies were great friends after the fashion of young ladies generally. They had mysterious confidences together, and wrote wonderful letters. Ella Limple, being of pathetic and sentimental temperament, talked of sorrow and sadness, and said there was no more happiness for her on earth, there being something she could never forget; though nobody knew what. Violet Tudor, her bosom friend, laughed at all sentiment, and expressed a shy contempt for lovers. She vowed also that she would never marry a less man than a lion king or a general who had seen severe service and been wounded badly; and then she did not know — perhaps she might. For Violet rode blood horses, and once pronounced an Indian officer a "muff," because he had never seen a tiger hunt. An expression that caused that gentleman to blush and to feel that kind of anger which is, among his own sex, usually assuaged in a duel.

It may be imagined, therefore, that Mrs. Chumley did not place Miss Violet Tudor very high in her scale of feminine graces; although she certainly did not know one half of that curly-headed gipsy's escapades. Consequently she was passed over at once. Ella was, on the contrary, all that Mrs. Chumley wished; young, pretty, mild, manageable; with gold, a stainless pedigree, and unexceptionable manners. What more could any mother demand for her son? Mrs. Chumley sent by that day's post an affectionate invitation asking Ella to pass a week with her, much to Ella's surprise and pleasure. For cousin Launcelot had long been a kind of heroic myth in that young lady's imagination; and she was glad to be asked to meet him. "Though dearest Vi knows that nothing could make me forget poor dear Henry, all alone in those terrible East Indies!" she mentioned in

the letter which communicated the circumstance to her bosom friend. Out of curiosity then she accepted the invitation; and, in less than a week's time, she found herself at High Ashgrove, with all her prettiest dresses and her last new bonnet.

Ella's correspondence with Violet Tudor increased overwhelmingly during the visit. The early letters were gay, for her; but soon they deepened into a nameless melancholy; and were rife with mysterious hints. Occasionally there burst forth in them the most terrific self-accusings that English words could frame. If she had become the head of a society of coiners, or the high priestess of a heresy, she could not have used stronger expressions of guilt. Violet was frightened at first; but she remembered that it was Ella's habit to indulge in all sorts of exaggerated self-accusations. At last came a letter, which unveiled the mystery; reducing the terrible sphynx which devoured men's bones to a tame dog that stole his neighbour's cream — the usual ending of most young ladies' mysteries. "I do not know what my dearest Violet will think of her Ella — but if it is to be the death-blow of that long and tender love which has supported my sad heart through so many bitter trials, I must tell her the truth. Violet, I have broken my vows, and am deserving of the fate of Imogen in that dreadful ballad. Poor dear Henry!

"Violet, love, I am engaged to my cousin Launcelot.

"My aunt made me the offer so supplicatingly, and Launcelot said so sweetly: 'I think you will make me a very nice wife, Miss Limple,' that I could not resist. Besides, cousin Launcelot is very handsome; and that goes a great way. You know I always found fault with poor dear Henry's figure; he was inclined to be too stout. Launcelot's figure is perfect. He is tall — six feet I should think — and with the most graceful manners possible. He is like a picture — has very bright brown hair, all in thick curls, not short and close like poor dear Henry's. He wears them very long, like the portraits of Raphael. Henry's hair, poor darling, was inclined to be red. His eyes are large and dark grey, with *such* a beautiful expression of melancholy in them. They are poems in themselves, Violet. Now Henry's, you know, were hazel; and hazel eyes are unpleasant — they are so quick and fiery. I like such eyes as Launcelot's — melancholy, poetic eyes, that seem to feel and think as well as to see. Hazel eyes only see. Don't you know the difference? He is very quiet, lies all day under the trees smoking out of the most exquisite hookah, and reading Shelley. I dote on Shelley, and hate Shakespeare. How fond Henry was of Shakespeare! — that wearisome Hamlet! And now her own Ella is going to beg

and pray of her dearest Violet to come here as soon as possible. I enclose a note from Aunt Chumley, asking you; and, darling Vi, I will never forgive you if you don't come directly. For no lover in the world could ever separate me from my own Violet. If you don't come I shall think you are angry with me for my bad conduct to poor Henry; and indeed I feel how guilty I am. I had such a terrible dream of him last night. I thought he looked so pale and reproachful, just like his favourite Hamlet. Good bye. I can't write another word; for aunt wants me to go with her to the village. Do come, dearest Violet, and come immediately."

This letter delighted Ella's friend. She had never liked the flirtation with Cornet Henry Dampier; which she had thought very silly and sentimental; while this seemed to offer a real future. She wrote to her aunt — of whom she was considerably afraid; and, in a few days, arrived at High Ashgrove. She was received by Ella with a burst of enthusiasm; which, coming from one so calm, quite electrified Launcelot; by Aunt Chumley with no superfluity of kindness; and, by Launcelot himself, with a cold bow. Yet she was pretty enough. The thick raven hair, which it was her will and pleasure to wear crowding over her face in wide curly bands; her great black eyes that never rested for a moment; her tiny hand; her fabulous waist; her light fairy figure; her wide red lips, and her untameable vivacity, made her appear like a wild bird alighting on the steps of that still, lazy, gentlemanlike house.

For the first two days Violet behaved herself with perfect propriety. She embroidered more than two square inches of Berlin work, and did not make a single allusion to the stables. She fell asleep only twice when Launcelot condescended to read aloud the mistiest parts of Queen Mab, and she tried hard to look as if she understood what Epipsychidion was all about. Poor little woman! She knew as much about either as if cousin Launce, as she called him, had informed her in the native dialect of the glories of the Anax Andrôn, or as if he had told her how arms and the man were sung at Mantua long ago. But this state of things could not last long. Old habits and old instincts entered their protest, and Violet Tudor felt that she must be natural or she should die. Launcelot said that she was noisy, and made his head ache; and he changed his resting-place for one farther off from the house, complaining of Miss Tudor's voice; which he declared was like a bird's whistle, that penetrated into his brain. This he said to his mother languidly, at the same time asking when she was going away again.

"You don't keep horses, Cousin Launce?" Violet said on

the third morning at breakfast, raising her eyelids and fixing her eyes for an instant on him.

"Not for ladies, Miss Tudor," said Launcelot.

"Why do you call me Miss Tudor?" she asked again, "I am your own cousin. It is very rude of you!"

"I should think myself very impertinent if I called you by any other name," returned Launcelot still more coldly.

"How odd! Aunt, why is Cousin Launce so strange?"

"I don't know what you mean, Violet," said Mrs. Chumley, a little sternly; "I think *you* are strange — not my son!"

An answer that steadied the eyes for some time; for Violet looked down, feeling rebuked, and wondering how she had deserved rebuke. A moment after, Ella asked Launcelot for something in her gentle, quiet, uninflected voice, as if they had been strangers, and had met for the first time that day. It was a striking contrast; not unnoticed by Chumley, who was inwardly thankful that such a quiet wife had been chosen him; adding a grace of thanks for having escaped Violet Tudor. After breakfast he strolled, as usual, into the garden, Mrs. Chumley going about her household concerns; Violet went to the door, turning round for Ella.

"Come with me, Elly, darling," she said; "let us go and teaze Launce. It is really too stupid here! — I can't endure it much longer. I want to see what that lazy fellow is really made of. *I* am not engaged to him, so I am not afraid of him. Come!" And with one spring down the whole flight, she dashed upon the lawn like a flash of light. Ella descended like a well bred lady; but Violet skipped, and ran, and jumped, and once she hopped — until she found herself by Launcelot's side, as he lay on the grass, darting in between him and the sun like a humming-bird.

"Cousin Launce, how lazy you are!" were her first words. "Why don't you do something to amuse us? You take no more notice of Ella than if she were a stranger, and you are not even ordinarily polite to me. It is really dreadful! What will you be when you are a man, if you are so idle and selfish now? There will be no living with you in a few years; for I am sure you are almost insupportable as you are!"

Launcelot had not been accustomed to this style of address; and, for the first few moments, was completely at fault. Ella looked frightened. She touched Violet, and whispered, "Don't hurt his feelings!" as if he had been a baby, and Violet an assassin.

"And what am I to do to please Miss Tudor?" Launcelot asked with an impertinent voice; "what herculean exertion must I through to win favour in the eyes of my strong, brave, manly cousin?"

"Be a man yourself, Cousin Launce," answered Violet; "don't spend all your time dawdling over stupid poetry, which I am sure you don't understand. Take exercise — good strong exercise. Ride, hunt, shoot, take interest in something and in some one, and don't think yourself too good for everybody's society but your own. You give up your happiness for pride, I am sure you do; yet, you are perfectly unconscious of how ridiculous you make yourself."

"You are severe, Miss Tudor," said Launcelot, with his face crimson. Violet was so small and so frank, he could not be angry with her.

"I tell you the truth," she persisted, "and you don't often hear the truth. Better for you if you did. You must not let it be a quarrel between us; for I speak only for your own good; and, if you will only condescend to be a little more like other men I will never say a word to you again. Let us go to the stables. I want to see your horses. You have horses?"

"Yes," said Launcelot; "but, as I remarked at breakfast, not ladies' horses."

"I don't care for ladies' horses: men's horses will suit me better!" said Violet, with a toss of her little head that was charming in its assertion of equality. "I would undertake to ride horses, Cousin Launce, you dare, not mount; for I am sure you cannot be good at riding, lying on the grass all your life!"

Launcelot was excessively piqued. His blood made his face tingle, his brows contracted, and he felt humbled and annoyed; but roused. Tears came into Ella's eyes. She went up to her friend and said: — "Oh, Violet, how cruel you are!"

Launcelot saw this little bye-scene. He was a man and a spoilt child in one; and hated pity on the one side, as much as interference on the other. So poor Ella did not advance herself much in his eyes by her championship. On the contrary, he felt more humiliated by her tears than by Violet's rebukes; and, drawing himself up proudly, he said to Violet, as if he were giving away a kingdom, "If you please we will ride to-day."

"Bravo! bravo, Cousin Launce!" Violet left the lovers together, hoping they would improve the opportunity; but Ella was too well bred, and Launcelot was too cold; and they only called each other Miss Limple and Mr. Chumley, and observed it was very fine weather; which was the general extent of their love-making.

They arrived at the stable in time to hear some of Violet's candid criticisms. "That cob's off-fetlock wants looking to. The stupid groom! who ever saw a beast's head tied up like that? Why he wasn't a crib-biter, was he?" and with a "Wo-ho, poor

fellow! steady there, steady!" Violet went dauntlessly up to the big carriage horse's head, and loosened the strain of his halter before Launcelot knew what she was about. She was in her element. She wandered in and out of the stalls, and did not mind how much the horses fidgetted; nor, even if they turned themselves sideways as if they meant to crush her against the manger. Launcelot thought all this vulgar beyond words; and he thought Ella Limple, who stood just at the door and looked frightened, infinitely the superior of the two ladies; and thanked his good star again that had risen on Ella and not on Violet. Violet chose the biggest and the most spirited horse of all, Ella selecting an old grey that was as steady as a camel, and both went into the house to dress for their ride. When they came back, even Launcelot — very much disapproving of Amazons in general — could not but confess that they made a beautiful pair. Ella so fair and graceful, and Violet so full of life and beauty. He was obliged to allow that she was beautiful; but of course not so beautiful as Ella. With this thought he threw himself cleverly into the saddle, and off the three started; Ella holding her pummel very tightly.

They ambled down the avenue together; but, when they got a short distance on the road, Violet raised herself in the saddle; and, waving her small hand lost in its white gauntlets, darted off; tearing along the road, till she became a mere speck in the distance. Launcelot's blood came up into his face. Something stirred his heart, strung his nerves up to their natural tone, and made him envy and long and hate and admire all in a breath.

He turned to Ella and said hurridly, "Shall we ride faster, Miss Limple?"

"If you please," answered Ella, timidly; "but I can't ride *very* fast, you know."

Launcelot bit his lip. "Oh, I remember; yet I hate to see women riding like jockeys; you are quite right;" but he fretted his horse, and frowned. Then he observed very loudly, "Violet Tudor is a very vulgar little girl."

After a time Violet came back; her black horse foaming, his head well up, his neck arched, his large eyes wild and bright: she flushed, animated, bright; full of life and health. Launcelot sat negligently on his bay — one hand on the crupper as lazy men do sit on horseback — walking slowly. Ella's dozing gray hanging down his head and sleeping, with the flies settling on his twinkling pink eyelids.

"Dearest Violet, I thought you would have been killed," said Ella; "what made you rush away in that manner?"

"And what makes you both ride as if you were in a procession, and were afraid of trampling on the crowd?" retorted Violet.

"Cousin Launcelot, you are something wonderful. A strong man like you to ride in that manner. Are you made of jelly that would break if shaken? For shame. Have a canter. Your bay won't beat my black; although my black is blown and your mare is fresh." Violet gave the bay a smart cut with her whip, which sent it off at a hand gallop. Away they both flew, clattering along the hard road, like dragoons. But Violet beat by a full length; or, as she phrased it, "she won cleverly;" telling Launcelot that he had a great deal to do yet before he could ride against her, which made him hate her as much as if she had been a Frenchman, or a Cossack; and love Ella more than ever. And so he told her, as he lifted her tenderly from her grey, leaving Violet to spring from her black mammoth unassisted.

All that evening he was sulky to Violet, and peculiarly affectionate to Ella; making the poor child's heart flutter like a caged bird.

"Cousin," whispered Violet, the next morning, laying her little hand on his shoulder, "have you a rifle in the house — or a pair of pistols?" Launcelot was so taken by surprise that he hurriedly confessed to having guns and pistols and rifles, and all other murderous weapons necessary for the fit equipment of a gentleman.

"We will have some fun, then," she said, looking happy and full of mischief. Violet and Ella — Ella dragged sorely against her will, for the very sight of a pistol nearly threw her into hysterics — went into the shrubbery; and there Violet challenged Launcelot to shoot with her at a mark at twenty paces; then, as she grew vain, at thirty. Launcelot was too proud to refuse this challenge; believing of course that a little black-eyed girl, whose waist he could span between his thumb and little finger, and with hands that could hardly find gloves small enough for them, could not shoot so well as he.

Launcelot was nervous — that must be confessed; and Violet was excited. Launcelot's nervousness helped his failure; but Violet's excitement helped her success. Her bullet hit the mark every time straight in the centre, and Launcelot never hit once; which was not very pleasant in their respective conditions of lord and subject; for so Launcelot classed men and women — especially little women with small waists — in his own magnificent mind.

"He had not shot for a long time," he said, "and he was out of practice. He drank coffee for breakfast, and that had made his hand unsteady —"

"And confess too, Cousin Launce," said Violet, "that you were never very good at shooting any time of your life, without coffee or with it. Why, you don't even load properly; how can you shoot if you don't know

how to load? We can't read without an alphabet!" In the prettiest manner possible she took the pistol from her cousin's hand and loaded it for him — first drawing his charge. "Now try again!" she said, speaking as if to a child; "nothing like perseverance."

Launcelot was provoked, but subdued, and he did as his little instructress bade him; to fail, once more. His bullet went wide of the target, and Violet's lodged in the bull's eye. So Launcelot flung the pistols on the grass and said, "It is a very unladylike amusement, Miss Tudor; and I was much to blame to encourage you in such nonsense." Offering his arm to Ella, he walked sulkily away.

Violet looked after them both for some time, watching them through the trees. There was a peculiar expression in her face — a mixture of whimsical humour, of pain, of triumph, and of a wistful kind of longing, that perhaps she was, in her own heart, unconscious of. She then turned away; and with a half sigh, said softly to herself: "It is a pity Cousin Launcelot has such a bad temper!"

After this, Launcelot became more and more reserved to Violet, and more and more affectionate to Ella. Although he often wondered at himself for thinking so much of the one — though only in anger and dislike — and so little of the other. Why should he disturb himself about Violet?

On the other hand Violet was distressed at Launcelot's evident dislike for her. What had she said? What had she done? She was always good-tempered to him, and ready to oblige. To be sure she had told him several rough truths; but was not the truth always to be told? And just see the good she had done him! Look how much more active and less spoilt he was now than he used to be. It was all owing to her. She wished, for Ella's sake, that he liked her better; for it would be very disagreeable for Ella when she married, if Ella's husband did not like to see her in his house. It was really very distressing. And Violet cried on her pillow that night, thinking over the dark future when she could not stay with Ella, because Ella's husband hated her.

This was after Violet had beaten Cousin Launcelot three games of chess consecutively. Launcelot had been furiously humiliated; for he was accounted the best chess-player of the neighbourhood. But Violet was really a good player, and had won the prize at a chess club, where she had been admitted by extraordinary courtesy; it not being the custom of that reputable institution to suffer womanhood within its sacred walls. But she was very unhappy about cousin Launce for all that; and the next day looked quite pale and cast down. Even Launcelot noticed his obnoxious cousin's changed looks and asked her,

rather graciously, "If she were ill?" To which question Violet replied by a blush, a glad smile bursting out like a song, and a pretty pout, "No, I am not ill, thank you." Which ended their interchange of civilities for the day.

Launcelot became restless, feverish, melancholy, cross; at times boisterously gay, at times the very echo of despair. He was kind to Ella, and confessed to himself how fortunate he was in having chosen her; but he could not understand — knowing how much he loved her — the extraordinary effect she had upon his nerves. Her passiveness irritated him. Her soft and musical voice made him wretched; for he was incessantly watching for a change of intonation or an emphasis which never came. Her manners were certainly the perfection of manners — he desired none other in his wife — but, if she would sometimes move a little quicker, or look interested and pleased when he tried to amuse her, she would make him infinitely happier. And oh! if she would only do something more than work those eternal slippers, how glad he would be. "There they are," he exclaimed aloud, as the two cousins passed before his window. "By Jove, what a foot that Violet has; and her hair, what a lustrous black; and what eyes. Pshaw! what is it to me what hair or eyes she has?" And he closed his window and turned away. But, in a minute after, he was watching the two girls again, seeing only Violet. "The strange strength of hate," he said, as he stepped out on the lawn, to follow them.

Launcelot's life was very different now to what it had been. He wondered at himself. He had become passionately fond of riding, and was looking forward to the hunting season with delight. He rode every day with his two cousins; and he and Violet had races together, which made them sometimes leave Ella and her grey for half an hour in the lanes. He used to shoot too — practising secretly — until one day he astonished Violet by hitting the bull's eye as often as herself. He talked a great deal, and had not opened Shelley for a fortnight. He was more natural and less vain; and sometimes even condescended to laugh so as to be heard, and to appreciate a jest. But this was very rare, and always had the appearance of a condescension, as when men talk to children. He still hated Violet; and they quarrelled every day regularly, but were seldom apart. They hated each other so much that they could not be happy without bickering. Although to do Violet justice, it was all on Launcelot's side. Left to herself, she would never have said a cross word to him. But what could she do when he was so impertinent? Thus they rode, and shot, and played at chess, and quarrelled, and sulked, and became reconciled, and quarrelled again; and Ella, still and

calm, looked on with her soft blue eyes, and often "wondered they were such children together."

One day, the three found themselves together on a bench under a fine old purple beech, which bent down its great branches like bowers about them. Ella gathered a few of the most beautiful leaves, and placed them in her hair. They did not look very well; her hair was too light; and Launcelot said so.

"Perhaps they will look better on you, Miss Tudor," he added, picking a broad and ruddy leaf, and laying it Bacchante fashion on her curly, thick black bands. His hand touched her cheek. He started, and dropped it suddenly, as if that round fresh face had been burning iron. Violet blushed deeply, and felt distressed, and ashamed, and angry. Trembling, and with a strange difficulty of breathing, she got up and ran away; saying, that she was going for her parasol — although she had it in her hand — and would be back immediately. But she stayed away a long time, wondering at cousin Launcelot's impertinence. When she came back no one was to be seen. Ella and Launcelot had gone into the shrubbery to look after a hare that had run across the path; and Violet sat down on the bench waiting for them, and very pleased they had gone. She heard a footstep. It was Launcelot without his cousin. "Ella had gone into the house," he said, "not quite understanding that Miss Tudor was coming back to the seat."

Violet instantly rose; a kind of terror was in her face, and she trembled more than ever. "I must go and look for her," she said, taking up her parasol.

"I am sorry, Miss Tudor, that my presence is so excessively disagreeable to you!" Launcelot said, moving aside to let her pass.

Violet looked full into his face, in utter astonishment. "Disagreeable! Your presence disagreeable to me? Why, cousin Launce, it is *you* who hate *me!*"

"You know the contrary," said Launcelot hurriedly. "You detest and despise me: and take no pains to hide your feelings — not ordinary cousinly pains! I know that I am full of faults," speaking as if a dam had been removed, and the waters were rushing over in a torrent — "but still I am not so bad as you think me! I have done all I could to please you since you have been here. I have altered my former habits. I have adopted your advice, and followed your example. If I knew how to make you esteem me, I would try even more than I have already tried to succeed. I can endure anything rather than the humiliating contempt you feel for me!" Launcelot became suddenly afflicted with a choking sensation; there was a sense of fullness in his head, and his limbs shook. Suddenly tears came into his eyes. Yes, man as he was, he wept. Violet flung her arms round

his neck; and took his head between her little hands. She bent her face till her breath came warm on his forehead, and spoke a few innocent words which might have been said to a brother. But they conjured up a strange world in both. Violet tried to disengage herself; for it was Launcelot now who held her. She hid her face; but he forced her to look up.

For a long time, she besought only to be released; when suddenly, as if conquered by something stronger than herself, she flung herself from him, and darted into the house, in a state of excitement and tumult.

An agony of reflection succeeded to this agony of feeling; and Launcelot and Violet both felt as if they had committed or were about to commit some fearful sin. Could Violet betray her friend? Could she who had always upheld truth and honour, accept Ella's confidence only to deprive her of her lover? It was worse than guilt! Poor Violet wept the bitterest tears her bright eyes had ever shed; for she laboured under a sense of sin that was insupportable. She dared not look at Ella, but feigned a head-ache, and went into her own room to weep. Launcelot was shocked too; but Launcelot was a man; and the sense of a half-developed triumph somewhat deadened his sense of remorse. A certain dim unravelling of the mystery of the past was also pleasant. Without being dishonourable he was less overcome.

On that dreadful day Launcelot and Violet spoke no more to each other. They did not even look at each other. Ella thought that some new quarrel had burst forth in her absence, and tried to make it up between them, in her amiable way. But ineffectually. Violet rushed away when Launcelot came near her, and she besought of Ella to leave her alone so pathetically, that the poor girl, bewildered, only sighed at the dread of being unable to connect together the two greatest loves of her life.

The day after, Violet chanced to receive a letter from her mother, in which that poor woman, having had an attack of spasms in her chest, and being otherwise quite out of sorts, expressed her firm belief that she should never see her sweet child again. The dear old lady consequently bade her adieu resignedly. On ordinary days Violet would have known what all this pathos meant; today she was glad to turn it to account, and to appear to believe it. She spoke to her aunt and to Ella, and told them that she must absolutely leave by the afternoon train — poor mamma was ill, and she could not let her be nursed by servants. There was nothing to oppose to this argument. Mrs. Chumley ordered the brougham to take her to the station precisely at two o'clock. Launcelot was not in the room when these arrangements were made; nor did he know anything that was taking place until he came down to lun-

cheon, pale and haggard, to find Violet in her travelling dress, standing by her boxes.

"What is all this, Violet?" he cried, taken off his guard, and seizing her hands as he spoke.

"I am going away," said Violet as quietly as she could; but without looking at him.

He started as if an electric shock had passed through him.

Violet, going!" he cried in a suffocated voice. He was pale; and his hands, clasped on the back of the chair, were white with the strain. "Going? Why?"

"Mamma is ill," said Violet. It was all she could say.

"I am sorry we are to lose you," he then said very slowly — each word as if ground from him, as words are ground out, when they are the masks of intense passion.

His mother looked at him with surprise. Ella turned to Violet. Every one felt there was a mystery they did not know of. Ella went to her cousin.

"Dear Violet, what does all this mean?" she asked, her arm round the little one's neck, caressingly.

"Nothing," answered Violet with great difficulty. "There is nothing."

Big drops stood on Launcelot's forehead.

"Ought you not to write first to your mother — to give her notice before you go?" he said.

"No," she answered, her flushed face quivering from brow to lip; "I must go at once."

At that moment a servant entered hurriedly to say the latest moment had arrived to enable them to catch the train. Adieux were given in all haste. Violet's tears beginning to gather — but only to gather as yet, not to flow — kept bravely back for love and for pride. "Good bye," to Ella, warmly, tenderly, with her heart filled with self-reproach. "Good bye," to aunt: aunt herself very sad; and then "Good bye," to Launcelot. "Good bye, Mr. Chumley," she said, holding out her hand, but not looking into his face. He could not speak. He tried to bid her adieu; but his lips were dry, and his voice would not come. All he did was to express in his features such exquisite suffering that Violet for a moment was overcome herself, and could scarcely draw away her hand. The hour struck; and duty with brave Violet before all. Launcelot stood where she left him. She ran down the lawn; she was almost out of sight, when "Violet! Violet!" rang from the house like the cry of death.

Violet — a moment irresolute — returned; then almost unconsciously she found herself kneeling beside Launcelot, who lay senseless in a chair; and saying, "Launcelot, I will not leave you!"

The burden of pain was shifted now. From Launcelot and her to Ella. But Ella — sentimental and conventional as she might be — was a girl who, like many, can perform great sacrifices with an unruffled brow; who can ice over their hearts, and feel without expression; who can consume their

sorrows inwardly, the world the while believing them happy.

Many years after — by the time her graceful girlhood had waned into a faded womanhood and when Launcelot had become an active country gentleman and Violet a staid wife — Ella lost her sorrows, and came to her peace in the love of a disabled Indian officer, whom she had known many years ago — and whose sunset days she made days of warmth and joy; persuading herself and him too, that the Cornet Dampier she had flirted with when a girl, she had always loved.

THE DESERET NEWS.

A FEW years ago a power-loom weaver of Preston embraced the tenets of Jo Smith,* and betook himself, with his wife, his mother, and his goods, to the Great Salt Lake City, the present seat of the Mormon heresy in America. Until lately no tidings of him were received; but presently came letters and some copies of the Deseret News, to which the exweaver has become the reporter. The opportunity of a missionary coming home to the mother country to preach the doctrines of the Book of Mormon has been taken advantage of, not only for the transmission of these letters, but to enable the reporter of the Deseret News to circulate, in this country, a collection of discourses which he has reported.

The Deseret News is not a very imposing journal to look at. It is printed upon a small single sheet; the paper is thin but good; the printing is very fair; and the matter, however odd, is creditable. The motto of the Deseret News is *Truth and Liberty;* the date of the number before us is "Great Salt Lake City, U. T., Saturday, April 16, 1853." The Journal does not contain a great variety of matter; but it is all readable and mostly to the point; one column only being set apart for levity and fiction. It contains a story headed The Twins or Selling a Widow; which tells how one Doctor Williamson, formerly of Staten Island, cured the widow Mehitable of scandal-mongering, by telling her that twins had been born at the house of the Widow Sally, which twins, after great gossiping, proved to be only puppies. This column is filled up with quaint and puritanical anecdotes. "A woman was walking, and a man looked at her and followed her. The woman said, 'Why do you follow me?' He answered, 'Because I have fallen in love with you.' The woman said, 'Why are you in love with me? My sister is much handsomer than me; she is coming after me, go and make love to her.' The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being greatly displeased, he went again to the other woman and said, 'Why did you tell a story?' The woman answered,

* For a notice of whom see Vol. VIII., page 340, of this work.

morning there was not so much as a coloured spot to be seen on the leg! Tuesday, 24th, while the sisters were washing the brethren chopped seven acres of underwood, and reaped and bound three acres of wheat, for which they received nineteen dollars."

Further on we have some details of the sort of opposition they met with in America.

"Some two weeks previous to this Judge Morin, who lived at Mill Post, informed John D. Lee and Levi Stewart that it was determined by the mob to prevent the Mormons from voting at the election on the sixth day of August, and thereby elect Colonel William P. Peniston, who led the mob in Clay County. He also advised them to go prepared for an attack, to stand their ground, and have their rights. The brethren, hoping better things, gave little heed to Judge Morin's friendly counsel, and repaired to the polls at Gallatin, the shire town of Davies County, without weapons. About eleven o'clock A.M., William P. Peniston ascended the head of a barrel and harangued the electors for the purpose of exciting them against the Mormons, saying that the Mormon leaders were a set of horse thieves, liars, counterfeiters, &c., and you know that they profess to heal the sick, cast out devils, &c.; and you know that is a lie: that the members of the church were dupes, and not too good to take a false oath on any common occasion; that they would steal, and did not conceive property safe where they were; that he was opposed to their settling there, and if they suffered the Mormons to vote, the people would soon lose their suffrage; and, said he (addressing the saints), 'I headed a mob to drive you out of Clay County, and would not prevent your being mobbed now.' When Richard (called Dick) Welding, the mob bully, just drunk enough for the occasion, began a discussion with brother Samuel Brown by saying 'The Mormons were not allowed to vote in Clay County, no more than the niggers,' and attempted to strike Brown, who gradually retreated, parrying the blow with his umbrella, while Welding continued to press upon him, calling him a] liar, &c.; and, while attempting to repeat the blow on Brown, Perry Durphy attempted to suppress the difficulty by holding Dick's arm, when five or six of the mobbers seized Durphy and commenced beating him with clubs, boards, &c., and crying 'Kill him! kill him!' when a general scuffle commenced with fists and clubs (the mobbers being about ten to one of the saints). Abraham Nelson was knocked down and had his clothes torn off, and while trying to get up was attacked again; when his brother Hyram Nelson ran in among them, and knocked the mobbers down with the butt of his whip. Riley Stewart struck Dick Welding on the head, which brought him to the ground. The mob cried out, "Dick Welding's dead! who killed Dick?" And they fell upon Riley, knocked him down, kicked him, and hallooed, 'Kill him! kill him! shoot him!' and would have killed him had not John L. Butler sprung in amongst them and knocked them down; during about five minutes it was one continued knock down, when the mob dispersed to get fire-arms. Very few of the brethren voted. Riley, escaping across the river, had his wounds dressed and returned home."

Again, soon after, we find that

"About one hundred and fifty Missourians warred against from six to twelve of our brethren, who fought like lions; several Missourians had their skulls cracked — blessed be the memory of those few brethren who contended so strenuously for their constitutional rights and religious freedom, against such an overwhelming force of desperadoes."

The next article in the Deseret News is an official paper signed by the three presidents, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Willard Richards, and which professes to be a report upon the progress and prospects of the Great Salt Lake City. It is styled: "The Ninth General Epistle of the Presidency of the Church of Latter-Day Saints, from Great Salt Lake Valley to the Saints scattered abroad throughout the

Earth." It commences by congratulating the saints that the Lord hath prepared a hiding-place for his people, amidst the valleys of the everlasting hills. After some reference to their external position, the saints are informed that Elder Cannon is translating the Book of Mormon into the Owyhean language; that the population is fast upon the increase; and that the saints are prospering exceedingly. Domestic manufactures are improving; but not so fast as is desirable. The tanneries are gradually flourishing, and "considerable leather" has been produced. A manufactory for combs has commenced; the mountain mahogany bidding fair to supersede ivory in that description of manufacture. The iron foundries are reported to be in so prosperous a state that one pair of handirons had actually been exhibited to the conference. The Presidents go on to state further that much valuable machinery has been added to the Temple shops; and that the Social Hall was so far completed as to be occupied by meetings and dramatic entertainments, and was "dedicated" on the first of January. With respect to agriculture, the report states that "many young fruit trees have been transplanted this spring, and millions more would be if they could be had," which nobody will be disposed to doubt. The saints are solemnly enjoined to bring with them all choice seeds, from all parts of the earth.

The epistle goes on to record the ceremonial of laying the four corner-stones of the new Temple in terms of no small pride and gratulation. The immense assemblage of the saints (so vast that the ingress and egress of twenty-five hundred was scarcely noted); the Martial Music, Bands of Choirs, the banner of "Zion's Workmen" towering aloft, and the laying of each separate stone to an accompaniment of prayer, singing, and oration is duly and eloquently described by the Presidents. "The corner-stones," say they, "now rest in their several positions, about sixteen feet below the surface of the eastern bank; beneath the reach of mountain floods, when the edifice shall be completed, and so deep beneath the surface that it will cost robbers and mobs too much labour to raze it to its foundation, leaving not one stone upon another, as they did the Temple of Jerusalem."

The epistle concludes with an adjuration to the brethren to "come home!" — but not empty-handed: —

"Bring your silver, your gold, and everything that will beautify and ennoble Zion, and establish the House of the Lord; not forgetting the seeds of all choice trees, and fruits and grains, and useful productions of the earth, and labour-saving machinery, keeping yourselves unspotted from the world by the way-side."

February the 14th was an important day in the Mormon calendar — manifestly the dawn of their Church militant.

"In the presence of an immense concourse of people, assisted by the apostles and others, we broke the ground for the foundation of the temple; and the day following, preparations were commenced for the erection of — an arsenal.

Next succeed the advertisements; and, from these may be gathered some strange phases of this community. Several general dealers advertise for sale superior wall and curtain paper, hats and caps, shoes, counterpanes, bonnets, whitewash, and scrubbing-brushes, locks and latches, paints and fancy goods for the ladies. Lower down, a Mr. W. H. Carpenter wishes "to inform the inhabitants of Utah Territory" that he intends "to engage in the manufacture of brooms." Mr. Thomas McKenzie announces himself as the proprietor of a hair-dressing, wig-making, and shaving saloon, at which for cash only "except those who are engaged on the public works," he is prepared to shave the saints for fivepence each. A shilling and a halfpenny are his terms for hair-cutting; and the like additional sum for "curling" and for "shampooing." A shampooed Mormon must be a spectacle quite worth the money to see. Mr. Thomas McKenzie is, we elsewhere notice, also engaged in business as a butcher. Perhaps he kills the mutton as a butcher that supplies the bear's grease which he uses as a barber. Ingenious commercial versatility!

Charles White, under a heading of "Positively next to the last Call," makes the following pithy announcement: —

"All those indebted to me by note or account will please to call and settle forthwith; and if there are any that I owe, now is the time to get your pay."

The most peculiar of all these advertisements is one signed by President Brigham Young; which gives too clear an insight into the system upon which public buildings are erected in the Great Salt Lake City, to need any comment or explanation.

"NOTICE is hereby given to the Seventies, and all others interested, that the accounts of indebtedness on subscriptions for the erection of the Seventies' Hall are now in my hands, together with the names of subscribers. I do not deem it necessary to publish the list of names and indebtedness at this time — every person must necessarily know whether he owes anything or not — but I do request each and every one who knows that he is indebted to inform me immediately how, and in what manner, he intends to discharge the same. If in labour, what kind, mechanical or common, and what branch; whether team-work can be had, distinguishing whether it will be hauling timber, lumber, stone, lime, or sand. It is my intention to have the adobies made upon the ground; consequently will require the hauling of the clay from the low land to mix with the dirt and gravel on the ground. Now, before the spring work commences, is the time to do this, as well as the stone hauling, as soon as they can be quarried. I wish the brethren who will do this kind of work to notify me without delay, that I may be enabled to direct them, as I wish to place the material upon the ground in such a manner as to obviate unnecessary hauling. All those who intend to pay in cash, produce, nails, glass, oil, paint, door-trimmings, stock or lumber, and have it now on hand, are hereby informed that I am now prepared to receive and credit the same on subscription of stock to the Hall. As you have made me your building Committee, I desire the particular attention

of the brethren to this call, for information as respects their designs, as I shall also expect their prompt attention at the proper time, as the season for building advances, to fulfil and perform the same accordingly that the work may progress. All property, as heretofore, will be delivered to brother Jos. Young. Address through the Post Office must be post paid.

It reads like a dream that in these times living men, who speak our own tongue, should build a temple in the same manner as the tribes of Israel built their temples when they returned from their captivity. It is a return to primitive life. Even commerce is conducted on old world principles. The advertisements show that barter is rather courted than objected to. A surgeon announces that "all dues can be settled through the Tithing Office, or in wood, wheat, flour, potatoes, lumber, &c." But there are novelties also. Conspicuous among the advertisements we notice one inserted by "our own reporter," in which that useful individual states that he is "on hand, when called for, to make verbatim reports of the blessings of children, confirmations, sermons, lectures, &c."

Among the letters sent by the ex-weaver to his friends, is one that treats of the question of polygamy, from the Mormon point of view. "I have not," writes the ex-weaver, "married any more wives yet; my wife" [noble disinterestedness!] "has manifested a disposition for me to marry a few more wives, that I may have a numerous offspring."

Then comes a fine burst of enthusiasm! "O Christendom! famed and extolled to the heavens for thy religion, piety, and charitable institutions; thy face is fair to look upon, thy form is comely, and thy voice is musical and soothing as the summer breezes; but thy heart is a pit of corruption, thy throat a sepulchre of rottenness, beneath thy tongue is concealed the poison of asps, and death and destruction follow the touch of thy unhallowed breath! There is neither vice nor disease among the saints; the women are all virtuous and good; their chastity is protected by the strong arm of the law; our children are legitimate; and a mighty nation is springing up in the midst of these mountains that will ultimately sway the sceptre of power over all the earth, and purge it of its filthiness, that Messiah may come and reign with all his saints."

Amongst all the rhodomontade and wild ignorant superstition of the Mormons, it is impossible not to feel interested in them as the embryo of a nation founded upon industry, and upon a theorem of communism which has occupied the attention of philosophers from Plato downwards.

COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

Every one is able to detect in himself or in others what is termed a bad ear for music; that is, an ear incapable of distinguish-

ing one melody from another, or unable to note errors in the performance of a familiar tune. Few, however, are so cognisant of visual defects. A dog leading a beggar; a pair of green or purple spectacles on the nose of a passenger in the street; an eye-glass dangling from the neck of a fine gentleman — are known as signs of some optical infirmity. But it is possible that the nearest friend may never yet have known the true colour of a rose, a geranium, or of a railway danger-lamp; and that his deficiency of eye-sight be unknown even to himself.

Colour-blindness has been a subject of investigation since sixteen hundred and eighty-four; although it did not at that time excite much attention. More than a century afterwards Dalton discovered his incapacity to distinguish colours; and then, from the consideration which it received at his hands, the matter was noised abroad. The Academy of Geneva attached most incorrectly the term Daltonian to all who laboured under a similar defect. It would have been equally rational to have called every one after Cromwell who rejoiced in scars, or to have made Whitefield a synonyme for squinting. Contemporary with Dalton, Dugald Stewart and Sismondi were both subject to this peculiarity of vision. The topic was lost sight of, however, by the scientific world until eighteen hundred and twenty-six, when an elaborate paper appeared by Professor Wartmann of Lausanne, which was translated and published in Taylor's Scientific Memoirs. Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, the biographer of Cavendsih, himself a chemist, has recently revived the discussion. He had his attention first directed to it by the blunders made by some of his chemical pupils in reference to the colours of compounds. Although to a normal eye very marked changes were seen to occur when acids or alkalis acted upon vegetable colouring matter, yet to some students no difference was perceptible. One intelligent pupil constantly erred in deciding on the colours of precipitates; and Dr. Wilson was led to investigate his case, which soon proved to be one of colour-blindness. Further researches were made and the disease was found to show itself in three ways.

1. Inability to discern any colour, so that black and white or light and shade are the only variations of tint perceived.

2. Inability to discriminate between the nicer shades of composite colours; such as browns, greys, and neutral tints.

3. Inability to distinguish between the primary colours, red, blue and yellow, or between these and the secondary and tertiary colours, such as green, purple, orange and brown.

Total colour-blindness is very rare; but several well-marked instances were discovered. One was that of a house-painter now in Australia. He could not distin-

guish any colours but black and white. The explanation of his prosecuting a calling for which he was so unfitted is, he was an excellent draughtsman, with a good eye for form and great skill in designing. He trusted to his wife to keep him right in selecting and mixing colours; but, on one occasion when she was out of the way and workmen were scarce, he helped to paint a public building. He mixed the colours himself, and believed that he had produced a stone-tint, with which he proceeded to cover the walls; but, after he had gone over some square yards, he was informed that he was painting the building a conspicuous blue.

Dr. Wilson goes so far as to assert his belief that the second kind of colour-blindness is apparently the rule, not the exception, amongst male persons in this country. This, he says, arises from the sense of colour being too little cultivated. Many men hesitate to pronounce between scarlet and crimson, and often declare all their shades to be red. If difficulty in naming be accepted as implying difficulty in distinguishing colours, it is inferred that the true perception of them is a rare gift. The examiner of the chemical class of the Edinburgh Veterinary College, numbering about sixty persons, observed that the great majority declined to give names to any colours except red, blue, yellow, green and brown. Purple and orange they would not name, although they described the relation of these to red, blue and yellow with accuracy. The difference between pink and pale blue is a puzzle even to persons who do not otherwise confound colours. Thus instances are adduced of three dyers who constantly commit mistakes with these tints; of a draper who can match all colours except drabs; of a professor of chemistry, who is never sure of the difference between blue and green; and of others who are equally at a loss to distinguish pink from pale yellow. These, however, are all differences of degree.

The most important variety of the affection belongs to the third class. It comprehends those who mistake red, blue, yellow, purple, orange, green and brown for other colours, or who confound all these colours together. In extreme cases, although some colours are at times correctly named, there is no certainty as to any one of them — in milder instances the majority of these colours are seen; but two (red and green) and frequently four (the two last and olive and brown) are not often distinguished from each other. It is singular that yellow, which is thought to be one of the most critical of the primary colours, is, in reality, that with which the colour-blind have least difficulty. Blue is also well seen, but the combination of blue and yellow — green — is one of the most perplexing in the whole prism; being often mis-

taken for blue, yellow, or even red. Red is still more distracting; some do not see it at all, others mistake it for green; and in one case it was confounded with black. Sufferers under this third class of visual deficiency are extremely numerous. Thus, a soldier may have risen through many grades of the service without ever knowing under what colours he fought; and a sailor may have obeyed signals which his better-sighted messmate read off like print, without being able to distinguish one flag from another. The defect is thought to exist amongst dyers, painters, weavers, clothiers, and others, whose calling involves familiarity with colour. It was at one time an object of curiosity to discover the fate of diseased giants, and a similar interest may be excited for the destiny of colour-blind haberdashers and silk-mercers. "They end," said one of the fraternity, who had an excellent eye for colour, "as mourning warehousemen." There are certain professions and trades, therefore, on which no youth should enter until he satisfies himself that his vision as to colour is faultless; for it is evident that if he is deficient in this respect the circumstance will be a never-ending source of annoyance to himself, as well as to all who have professional dealings with him. It is thought that colour-blindness exists more frequently among women than among men. Most men set little value on a nice sense of colour; but women highly value it, and are not ready to confess to a want of it.

Several instances of colour-blindness have come to our knowledge. One gentleman owns that he cannot distinguish at any distance ripe cherries on a tree, or strawberries from their leaves. "The flowers of a scarlet geranium I cannot see distinctly at a distance by day-light; but by candle-light there is a marked contrast between them and the leaves. I have no conception of what is meant by complimentary colours, or of the agreement of different colours when blended together; as, for instance, what kind of a carpet accords with red curtains in a room. The dry dirt of the street I could equally suppose to be green." This gentleman's eyes are quite normal and healthy in their appearance. Several of his relations have exhibited similar defects of perception; but they do not appear in his children.

Another gentleman unexpectedly discovered his defect in the discernment of colours, in consequence of a piece of enamel which he had prepared and believed to be pearl-white, being pronounced by others to be a bright green. He was with difficulty convinced of the truth; but he gradually became satisfied of his peculiarity of vision in consequence of several inconvenient mistakes into which it led him.

A third case illustrates a point

of great practical importance. A medical student, who began life as a civil engineer, when engaged as such on a railway, frequently rode on one of the engines without, however, taking any part in managing it. On these occasions he observed that, although his undivided attention was directed to the signal lamps, the light of which was visible to him a long way off, he could not, until he was close to them, distinguish whether they were red or green; yet he could tell a blue from a red light at any practicable distance. Distance therefore is an element of deception. It has indeed been proved that the majority of colour-blind persons are able to distinguish red from bright green when these are bright, near the eye, and well illuminated; but the power of distinguishing diminishes with great rapidity in proportion to the distance they are removed from the eye. Colour-blindness in those who are thus quickly deceived by distance in reference to red and bright green, may be detected by their inability to distinguish, close at hand, russet and ruddy browns from olives and dark greens. This is well worthy of serious attention. The coloured day-signals on railways — especially the flags, which alone are available in some of the most pressing emergencies — soon tarnish and darken, and consequently diminish the distances at which the two danger signals can be distinguished. Railway directors have, therefore, an emphatic interest in this subject. They should invariably ascertain that the men in their employment really and truly know one danger-signal from another; or danger-signals from ordinary signals. But, in truth, railway signalling should be reformed altogether; for what can be more preposterous than to expect an engineer, after looking into his red, blazing furnace until his eyesight is almost obliterated, to be able at the next moment, and when travelling at a speed of fifty miles an hour, to see a Lilliputian red light, or a dim and dirty brick-coloured flag; or, seeing it, that he should lose the impression of the fire-colour on his retina time enough to distinguish the colour of a lamp-signal?

TURKS IN BULGARIA.

The province of Bulgaria, is a long slip of country something in the shape of a half-moon, extending to the south of the Danube from the borders of Servia to the Black Sea. It is divided from the plains of Roumelia or Thrace by a narrow range of mountains, the name of which is beginning to become familiar in our mouths. The Balkans extend from near the neighbourhood of the city of Sophia to Cape Emineh, a distance of about two hundred and forty miles. In

many places the range is not more than twelve miles across. Their southern slopes descend almost sheer to the plain like a wall; but a series of hills, divided by longitudinal valleys, extends on the northern or Bulgarian side, gradually diminishing in height, to the banks of the Danube.

When a great river emerges from a mountain range into a plain, its tendency is rarely to cross that plain in a direct line; but to feel its way along the bases of the bordering hills. In this manner the Danube presses as far as it can to the south, leaving the lowlands of Wallachia on one side. It has been said that, of old, it continued its course from Rasova straight to the Black Sea; but, in reality, it is turned aside at that point by elevations which, if not very striking to the eye, are quite sufficient to divert the course of a river. The Wallachian bank seldom rises to the height of more than fifty or sixty feet above the level of the sea; whilst at Silistria, Routchuk, Sistova, and Nicopoli there are heights of from one to three hundred feet. A little further inland, for example at Razgrad, there are elevations of nine hundred feet; and, further on, before arriving at Schumla, there is a table-land that reaches the elevation of one thousand four hundred and fifty feet. It is amongst these hills, along the foot of the great Balkan range, that the Turkish army is now encamped, having its central position at Schumla.

The Balkan range is divided into two sections, the greater and the lesser. The former has peaks between five thousand and six thousand feet in height, whilst the mean height of the latter is about two thousand five hundred feet. One of the peculiar features of the lesser Balkan is that its approach is much more difficult from the south than from the north. The route that traverses it, leading from Routchuk by Schumla direct to Adrianople, is one of the best in European Turkey; that is to say, if the traveller proceeds southward; whilst, if he pursue the opposite route, he encounters in many places great difficulties. It is said that a considerable part of this southward journey might be performed in a wheeled vehicle. The custom, however, in Turkey is to travel on horseback, generally at full speed, under the guidance of a Tartar: hence the oriental term in constant use to express swift travelling is "Riding Tartár."

The general shape of the lesser Balkan has been compared to half a roof; there being a single abrupt rise from the plains of Roumelia to the extreme summit of the ridge; whence, as we have said, there is a gradual descent towards the Danube — not, it is true, by one slope; but by a series of valleys of constantly decreasing depth until the last forms the bed of the Danube,

beyond which stretch the great levels of Wallachia. Along several of these valleys flow rivers in the direction of the bay of Varna. One of them is called the Mad River, on account of its sudden rises and falls; and another the Intelligent River, on account of its regularity.

These details, which, under ordinary circumstances might appear dry, are not without their interest at the present moment. We shall endeavour to give a still clearer notion of this country, by describing the details of a journey south-eastward from Routchuk (where at present the main body of the Turkish army is posted), to Schumla, which is the centre of the defensive operations, and which stands half way between the Danube and the Black Sea.

Routchuk is a considerable town in Bulgaria, of some thirty thousand inhabitants, situated on a promontory advancing into the Danube. From the roofs of its houses a splendid view may be obtained over the vast winding river, which is sufficiently deep to carry merchantmen of large size. An immense number of vessels are constantly anchored along the quays. From a distance the town has a magnificent appearance; but, as usual, the streets are narrow, dirty, and dismal. The lower parts of the houses, as is the case everywhere in Turkey, are without windows. The shops are generally tolerably well supplied with merchandise. Travellers bound for Constantinople hire horses at this place, and put themselves, as we have said, under the guidance of a Tartar. The distance to Schumla is reckoned generally at twenty-two hours. The road is picturesque; and, for some time after starting, the valley of the Danube remains in sight. Between Siniouscha and Tomlak it is descried, however, for the last time from a lofty table-land. The road then enters the valley of the Lom, bordered on both sides by precipices and carpeted with verdure. As you proceed, the ground rises and the path leads across hills and valleys, here and there covered with brushwood. All this country is thinly inhabited. Now and then Bulgarian villages may be seen in the distance; but on the road are only one or two solitary Khans. The neighbourhood of hidden inhabited places is indicated by wells on the road side, from which paths lead up into the mountains. Women with jars upon their heads are sometimes seen coming down for water. The first halt is usually at Razgrad, a town inhabited by about fifteen thousand Moslems and a few Bulgarian families. As a rule, the Christians, whose occupations are almost entirely agricultural, are disseminated in small villages throughout the country. Their number is estimated at between four and five millions. The Turks, infinitely less numerous, are congregated

in the great towns; but there are some villages here and there entirely Turkish. As they are generally placed in commanding positions, they are probably inhabited by descendants of old military colonies, established to keep the country in subjection. Beyond Razgrad there still continues a succession of valleys and hills. The latter increase gradually in height until, from the table-land of Buratlaré, the heights of Schumla and the long range of the Balkans stretching with the uniformity of a wall behind, come in sight. A little further on the view suddenly opens to the left, and the eye, following the magnificent valley of Paravadis, distinguishes in fine weather the deep bay of Varna on the Black Sea. Crossing a steep range of hills, by a defile commanded by a redoubt—probably at present by many such fortifications — we come at length in sight of the great defensive works of Schumla, to reach which the road makes a considerable curve.

Schumla contains more than twenty thousand inhabitants, with fifty mosques; one of which has a peristyle which has been compared to that of St. Peter's at Rome. The city has always been rather a vast intrenched camp than a fortress. It is situated in a deep indentation in the hills; which have a steep slope both behind it from the Balkan range, and in front down to the valley. Though these slopes are not of a very regular form, they constitute an amphitheatre, with a series of steps; all of which are now covered with fortifications and batteries. There is a citadel well built of stone on a little table-land to the north-east of the town; which it commands as well as the road from Razgrad. According to all military authorities, Schumla is a very strong position for an army; but, like most great military works, it requires too large a garrison to render it impregnable. To man it completely a whole army is necessary.

Beyond Schumla the road to Constantinople — rising towards the summit of the Balkan, now up steep slopes, now through rugged defiles — becomes very difficult. Most of the hills are covered with trees, which are clotted with numerous kinds of creepers. Torrents, dry in summer but impetuous in winter, are met with at almost every step. The road, if road it can be called, is obstructed by loose stones, and travellers have been alarmed for their safety even on horseback. However, waggons have been taken across, and Sultan Mahmoud once performed the journey with a considerable suite.

From Schumla to Aidos the distance is reckoned at sixteen hours. Many streams and torrents have to be traversed. Several Turkish villages occur on the way, and one or two Bulgarian villages. The extreme

summit of the Balkan, which — although so well marked at a distance, is passed almost without being noticed—is met with about half way. The road crosses the Mad river and the Intelligent river; otherwise the greater and lesser Kantschik. We are now properly speaking in Roumelia, although the Bulgarian population still continues mixed with Greeks. The direct road to Constantinople from Aidos is by Kirkilisé; but native travellers vary their route almost at every journey, giving as a reason the unsettled state of the country and the danger of falling into ambuscades.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XLII.

THAT the Merry Monarch might be very merry indeed in the merry times when his people were suffering under pestilence and fire, he drank and gambled and flung away among his favourites the money which the Parliament had voted for the war. The consequence of this was, that the stout-hearted English sailors were merrily starving of want and dying in the streets; while the Dutch, under their admirals DE WITT and DE RUYTER, came into the River Thames, and even up the River Medway as far as Upnor, burned the guardships, silenced the weak batteries, and did what they would to the English coast for six whole weeks. Most of the English ships that could have prevented them had neither powder nor shot on board; in this merry reign, public officers made themselves as merry as the King did with the public money; and when it was entrusted to them to spend in national defences or preparations, they put it into their own pockets with the merriest grace in the world.

Lord Clarendon had, by this time, run as long a course as is usually allotted to the unscrupulous ministers of bad kings. He was impeached by his political opponents, but unsuccessfully. The King then commanded him to withdraw from England and retire to France, which he did, after defending himself in writing. He was no great loss at home, and died abroad some seven years afterwards.

There then came into power a ministry called the Cabal Ministry, because it was composed of LORD CLIFFORD, the EARL OF ARLINGTON, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (a great rascal, formerly Earl of Rochester, and the King's most powerful favourite), LORD ASHLEY, and the DUKE OF LAUDERDALE; C. A. B. A. L. As the French were making conquests in Flanders, the first Cabal proceeding was to make a treaty with the Dutch for uniting with Spain to oppose the French. It was no sooner made than the Merry Monarch, who always wanted to get money without being ac-

countable to a Parliament for his expenditure, apologised to the King of France for having had anything to do with it, and concluded a secret treaty with him, making himself his infamous pensioner to the amount of two millions of livres down, and three millions more a year; and engaging to desert that very Spain, to make war against those very Dutch, and to declare himself a Catholic when a convenient time should arrive. This religious King had lately been crying to his Catholic brother on the subject of his strong desire to be a Catholic; and now he merrily concluded this treasonable conspiracy against the country he governed, by undertaking to become one as soon as he safely could. For all of which, though he had had ten merry heads instead of one, he richly deserved to lose them by the headsman's axe.

As his one merry head might have been far from safe if these things had been known, they were kept very quiet, and war was declared by France and England against the Dutch. But, a very uncommon man, afterwards most important to English history and to the religion and liberty of this land, arose among them, and for many long years defeated the whole projects of France. This was WILLIAM OF NASSAU, PRINCE OF ORANGE, son of the last Prince of Orange of the same name, who married the daughter of Charles the First of England. He was a young man at this time, only just of age; but he was brave, cool, intrepid and wise. His father had been so detested that, upon his death, the Dutch had abolished the authority to which this son would have otherwise succeeded (Stadtholder, it was called) and placed the chief power in the hands of JOHN DE WITT, who educated this young prince. Now, the Prince became very popular, and John De Witt's brother CORNELIUS was sentenced to banishment on a false accusation of conspiring to kill him. John went to the prison where he was, to take him away to exile, in his coach; and a great mob who collected on the occasion, then and there cruelly murdered both the brothers. This left the government in the hands of the Prince, who was really the choice of the nation; and from this time he exercised it with the greatest vigour, against the whole power of France under its famous generals CONDÉ and TURENNE, and in support of the Protestant religion. It was full seven years before this war ended in a treaty of peace made at Nimeguen, and its details would occupy a very considerable space. It is enough to say that William of Orange established a famous character with the whole world; and that the Merry Monarch, adding to and improving on his former baseness, bound himself to do everything the King of France liked, and nothing the King of France did not like, for a pension

of one hundred thousand pounds a year, which was afterwards doubled. Besides this, the King of France, by means of his corrupt ambassador — who wrote accounts of his proceedings in England, which are not always to be believed, I think — bought our English members of Parliament as he wanted them. So, in point of fact, during a considerable portion of this merry reign, the King of France was the real King of this country.

But there was a better time to come, and it was to come (though his royal uncle little thought so) through that very William, Prince of Orange. He came over to England, saw Mary the elder daughter of the Duke of York, and married her. We shall see by and bye what came of that marriage, and why it is never to be forgotten.

This daughter was a Protestant, but her mother died a Catholic. She and her sister ANNE, also a Protestant, were the only survivors of eight children. Anne afterwards married GEORGE, PRINCE OF DENMARK, brother to the King of that country.

Lest you should do the Merry Monarch the injustice of supposing that he was even good-humoured (except when he had everything his own way), or that he was high-spirited and honourable, I will mention here what was done to a Member of the House of Commons, SIR JOHN COVENTRY. He made a remark in a debate about taxing the theatres, which gave the King offence. He agreed with his illegitimate son, who had been born abroad, and whom he had made DUKE OF MONMOUTH, to take the following merry vengeance. To waylay him at night, fifteen armed men to one, and to slit his nose with a penknife. Like master, like man. The King's favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, was strongly suspected of setting on an assassin to murder the DUKE OF ORMOND as he was returning home from a dinner; and that Duke's spirited son, LORD OSSORY, was so persuaded of his guilt, that he said to him at Court, even as he stood beside the King, "My Lord, I know very well that you are at the bottom of this late attempt upon my father. But I give you warning! If he ever come to a violent end, his blood shall be upon you, and, wherever I meet you I will pistol you! I will do so, though I find you standing behind the King's chair, and I tell you this in His Majesty's presence that you may be quite sure of my doing what I threaten." Those were merry times indeed.

There was a fellow named BLOOD, who was seized for making, with two companions, an audacious attempt to steal the crown, the globe, and sceptre, from the place where the jewels were kept, in the Tower. This robber, who was a swaggering ruffian, being taken, declared that he was the man who had endeavoured to kill the Duke of Ormond, and that he had meant to

kill the King too, but was overawed by the majesty of his appearance, when he might otherwise have done it, as he was bathing at Battersea. The King being but an ill-looking fellow, I don't believe a word of this. Whether he was flattered, or whether he knew that Buckingham had really set Blood on to murder the Duke, is uncertain. But it is quite certain that he pardoned this thief, gave him an estate of five hundred a year in Ireland (which had had the honour of giving him birth), and presented him at Court to the debauched lords and the shameless ladies, who made a great deal of him — as I have no doubt they would have made of the Devil himself, if the King had introduced him.

Infamously pensioned as he was, the King still wanted money, and consequently was obliged to call Parliaments. In these, the great object of the Protestants was to thwart the Catholic Duke of York, who married a second time; his new wife being a young lady only fifteen years old, the Catholic sister of the Duke of Modena. In this they were seconded by the Protestant Dissenters, though to their own disadvantage, since, to exclude Catholics from power, they were even willing to exclude themselves. The King's object was to pretend to be a Protestant, while he was really a Catholic; to swear to the bishops that he was devotedly attached to the English Church, while he knew he had bargained it away to the King of France; and, by cheating and deceiving them, and all who were attached to royalty, to become despotic and be powerful enough to confess what a rascal he was. Meantime, the King of France, knowing his merry pensioner well, intrigued with the King's opponents in Parliament, as well as with the King and his friends.

The fears that the country had of the Catholic religion being restored, if the Duke of York should come to the throne, and the low cunning of the King in pretending to share their alarms, led to some very terrible results. A certain Dr. Tonge, a dull clergyman in the city, fell into the hands of a certain Titus Oates, a most infamous character who pretended to have acquired among the Jesuits abroad, a knowledge of a great plot for the murder of the King, and the re-establishment of the Catholic religion. Titus Oates being produced by this unlucky Dr. Tonge and solemnly examined before the council, contradicted himself in a thousand ways, told the most ridiculous and improbable stories, and implicated Coleman, the Secretary of the Duchess of York. Now, although what he charged against Coleman was not true, and although you and I know very well that the real dangerous Catholic plot was that one with the King of France of which the Merry Monarch was himself the head, there happened to be

found among Coleman's papers, some letters, in which he did praise the days of Bloody Queen Mary, and abuse the Protestant religion. This was great good fortune for Titus, as it seemed to confirm him; but better still was in store. Sir EDMUNDBURY GODFREY, the magistrate who had first examined him, being unexpectedly found dead near Primrose Hill, was confidently believed to have been killed by the Catholics. I think there is no doubt that he had been melancholy mad, and that he killed himself; but he had a great Protestant funeral, and Titus was called the Saver of the Nation, and received a pension of twelve hundred pounds a year.

As soon as Oates's wickedness had met with this success, up started another villain, named WILLIAM BEDLOE, who, attracted by a reward of five hundred pounds offered for the apprehension of the murderers of Godfrey, came forward and charged two Jesuits and some other persons with having committed it at the Queen's desire. Oates, going into partnership with this informer, had the audacity to accuse the poor Queen herself of high treason. Then appeared a third informer, as bad as either of the two, and accused a Catholic banker named STAYLEY of having said that the King was the greatest rogue in the world (which would not have been far from the truth), and that he would kill him with his own hand. This banker, being at once tried and executed, Coleman and two others were tried and executed. Then, a miserable wretch named PRANCE, a Catholic silversmith, being accused by Bedloe, was tortured into confessing that he had taken part in Godfrey's murder, and into accusing three other men of having committed it. Then, five Jesuits were accused by Oates, Bedloe, and Prance together, and were all found guilty, and executed on the same kind of contradictory and absurd evidence. The Queen's physician and three monks were next put on their trial; but Oates and Bedloe had for the time gone far enough, and these four were acquitted. The public mind, however, was so full of a Catholic plot, and so strong against the Duke of York, that James consented to obey a written order from his brother, and to go with his family to Brussels, provided that his rights should never be sacrificed in his absence to the Duke of Monmouth. The House of Commons, not satisfied with this, as the King hoped, passed a bill to exclude the Duke from ever succeeding to the throne. In return, the King dissolved the Parliament. He had deserted his old favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, who was now in the opposition.

To give any sufficient idea of the miseries of Scotland in this merry reign would occupy a hundred pages. Because the people would not have bishops, and

were resolved to stand by their solemn League and Covenant, such cruelties were inflicted upon them as make the blood run cold. Ferocious dragoons galloped through the country to punish the peasants for deserting the churches; sons were hanged up at their fathers' doors for refusing to disclose where their fathers were concealed; wives were tortured to death for not betraying their husbands; people were taken out of their fields and gardens and shot on the public roads without trial; lighted matches were tied to the fingers of prisoners, and a most horrible torment called the Boot was invented, and constantly applied, which ground and mashed the victims' legs with iron wedges. Witnesses were tortured as well as prisoners. All the prisons were full; all the gibbets were heavy with bodies; murder and plunder devastated the whole country. In spite of all, the Covenanters were by no means to be dragged into the churches, and persisted in worshipping God as they thought right. A body of ferocious Highlanders, turned upon them from the mountains of their own country, had no greater effect than the English dragoons under GRAHAME OF CLAVERHOUSE, the most cruel and rapacious of all their enemies, whose name will ever be cursed through the length and breadth of Scotland. Archbishop Sharp had ever aided and abetted all these outrages. But he fell at last; for, when the injuries of the Scottish people were at their height, he was seen, in his coach-and-six coming across a moor, by a body of men, headed by one JOHN BALFOUR, who were waiting for another of their oppressors. Upon this they cried out that Heaven had delivered him into their hands, and killed him with many wounds. If ever a man deserved such a death, I think Archbishop Sharp did.

It made a great noise directly, and the Merry Monarch — strongly suspected of having goaded the Scottish people on, that he might have an excuse for a greater army than the Parliament were willing to give him — sent down his son, the Duke of Monmouth, as commander-in-chief, with instructions to attack the Scottish rebels, or Whigs as they were called, whenever he came up wrth them. Marching with ten thousand men from Edinburgh, he found them, in number four or five thousand, drawn up at Bothwell Bridge, by the Clyde. They were soon dispersed, and Monmouth showed a more humane character towards them than he had shown towards that Member of Parliament whose nose he had caused to be slit with a pen-knife. But the Duke of Lauderdale was their bitter foe, and sent Clavershouse to finish them.

As the Duke of York became more and more unpopular, the Duke of Monmouth became more and more popular. It would have been decent in the latter not to

have voted in favour of the renewed bill for the exclusion of James from the throne; but he did so, much to the King's amusement, who used to sit in the House of Lords by the fire, hearing the debates, which he said were as good as a play. The House of Commons passed the bill by a large majority, and it was carried up to the House of Lords by Lord Russell, one of the best of the leaders on the Protestant side. It was rejected there, chiefly because the bishops helped the King to get rid of it; and the fear of Catholic plots revived again. There had been another got up, by a fellow out of Newgate, named Dangerfield, which is more famous than it deserves to be, under the name of the Meal-Tub Plot. This jail-bird having been got out of Newgate by a Mrs. Cellier, a Catholic nurse, had turned Catholic himself, and pretended that he knew of a plot among the Presbyterians against the King's life. This was very pleasant to the Duke of York, who hated the Presbyterians, who returned the compliment. He gave Dangerfield twenty guineas, and sent him to the King his brother. But Dangerfield, breaking down altogether in his charge, and being sent back to Newgate, almost astonished the Duke out of his five senses by suddenly swearing that the Catholic nurse had put that false design into his head, and that what he really knew about, was, a Catholic plot against the King, the evidence of which would be found in some papers, concealed in a meal-tub in Mrs. Cellier's house. There they were, of course, as he had put them there himself; and so the tub gave the name to the plot. But, the nurse was acquitted on her trial, and it came to nothing.

Lord Ashley, of the Cabal, was now Lord Shaftesbury, and was strong against the succession of the Duke of York. The House of Commons, aggravated to the utmost extent, as we may well suppose, by suspicions of the King's conspiracy with the King of France, made a desperate point of the exclusion still, and were bitter against the Catholics generally. So unjustly bitter were they, I grieve to say, that they impeached the venerable Lord Stafford, a Catholic nobleman seventy years old, of a design to kill the King. The witnesses were that atrocious Oates and two other birds of the same feather. He was found guilty on evidence quite as foolish as it was false, and was beheaded on Tower Hill. The people were opposed to him when he first appeared upon the scaffold, but, when he had addressed them and shown them how innocent he was, and how wickedly he was sent there, their better nature was aroused, and they said, "We believe you, my Lord. God bless you, my Lord!"

The House of Commons refused to let the King have any money until he should consent to

the Exclusion Bill; but, as he could get it and did get it from his master the King of France, he could afford to hold them very cheap. He called a Parliament at Oxford, to which he went down with a great show of being armed and protected as if he were in danger of his life, and to which the opposition members also went armed and protected, alleging that they were in fear of the Papists, who were numerous among the King's guards. However, they went on with the Exclusion Bill, and were so earnest upon it that they would have carried it again, if the King had not popped his crown and state robes into a sedan chair, bundled himself into it along with them, hurried down to the Chamber where the House of Lords met, and dissolved the Parliament. After which he scampered home, and the Members of Parliament scampered home too, as fast as their legs could carry them.

The Duke of York, then residing in Scotland, had, under the law which excluded Catholics from public trust, no right whatever to public employment. Nevertheless, he was openly employed as the King's representative in Scotland, and there gratified his sullen and cruel nature to his heart's content by directing the dreadful cruelties against the Covenanters. There were two ministers named CARGILL and CAMERON, who had escaped from the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and who returned to Scotland and raised the miserable but still brave and unsubdued Covenanters afresh, under the name of Cameronians. As Cameron publicly posted a declaration that the King was a forsworn tyrant, no mercy was shown to his unhappy followers after he was slain in battle. The Duke of York, who was particularly fond of the Boot and derived great pleasure from having it applied, offered their lives to some of these people, if they would cry on the scaffold "God save the King!" But their relations, friends, and countrymen, had been so barbarously tortured and murdered in this merry reign, that they preferred to die, and did die. The Duke then obtained his merry brother's permission to hold a Parliament in Scotland, which first, with most shameless deceit, confirmed the laws for securing the Protestant religion against Popery, and then declared that nothing must or should prevent the succession of the Popish Duke. After this double-faced beginning, it established an oath which no human being could understand, but which everybody was to take, as a proof that his religion was the lawful religion. The Earl of Argyle, taking it with the explanation that he did not consider it to prevent him from favouring any alteration either in the Church or State, which was not inconsistent with the Protestant religion or with his loyalty, was tried for high treason

before a Scottish jury of which the MARQUIS OF MONTROSE was foreman, and was found guilty. He escaped the scaffold, for that time, by getting away, in the disguise of a page, in the train of his daughter, LADY SOPHIA LINDSAY. It was absolutely proposed by certain members of the Scottish Council that this lady should be whipped through the streets of Edinburgh. But this was too much even for the Duke, who had the manliness then (he had very little at most times) to remark that Englishmen were not accustomed to treat ladies in that manner. In those merry times nothing could equal the brutal servility of the Scottish fawners, but the conduct of similar degraded beings in England.

After the settlement of these little affairs, the Duke returned to England and soon resumed his place at the Council, and his office of High Admiral — all this by his brother's favour, and in open defiance of the law. It would have been no loss to the country if he had been drowned when his ship, in going to Scotland to fetch his family, struck on a sand-bank, and was lost with two hundred souls on board. But he escaped in a boat with some friends, and the sailors were so brave and unselfish that when they saw him rowing away, they gave three cheers, while they themselves were going down for ever.

The Merry Monarch, having got rid of his Parliament, went to work to make himself despotic with all speed. Having had the villany to order the execution of OLIVER PLUNKET, BISHOP OF ARMAGH, falsely accused of a plot to establish Popery in that country by means of a French army — the very thing this royal traitor was himself trying to do at home — and having tried to ruin Lord Shaftesbury, and failed — he turned his hand to controlling the corporations all over the country; because, if he could only do that, he could get what juries he chose, to bring in perjured verdicts, and could get what members he chose, returned to Parliament. These merry times produced and made Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, a drunken ruffian of the name of JEFFREYS; a red-faced, swollen, bloated, horrible creature, with a bullying roaring voice and a more savage nature, perhaps, than was ever lodged in any human breast. This monster was the Merry Monarch's especial favourite, and he testified his admiration of him by giving him a ring from his own finger, which the people used to call, Judge Jeffrey's Bloodstone. Him the King employed to go about and bully the corporations, beginning with London; or, as Jeffreys himself elegantly called it, "to give them a lick with the rough side of his tongue." And he did it so thoroughly, that they soon became the basest and most

sycophantic bodies in the kingdom — except the University of Oxford, which, in that respect, was quite pre-eminent and unapproachable.

Lord Shaftesbury (who died soon after the King's failure against him), Lord William Russell, the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Howard, Lord Jersey, Algernon Sidney, John Hampden (grandson of the great Hampden), and some others, used to hold a council together after the dissolution of the Parliament, arranging what it might be necessary to do, if the King carried his Popish plot to the utmost height. Lord Shaftesbury having been much the most violent of this party, brought two violent men into their secrets — Rumsey, who had been a soldier in the Republican army; and West, a lawyer. These two knew an old officer of Cromwell's, called Rumbold, who had married a maltster's widow, and so had come into possession of a solitary dwelling called the Rye House, near Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire. Rumbold said to them what a capital place this house of his would be from which to shoot at the King, who often passed there going to and fro from Newmarket. They liked the idea, and entertained it. But, one of their body gave information, and they, together with Shepherd a wine merchant, Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney, Lord Essex, Lord Howard, and Hampden, were all arrested.

Lord Russell might have easily escaped but scorned to do so, being innocent of any wrong; Lord Essex might have easily escaped, but scorned to do so, lest his flight should prejudice Lord Russell. But it weighed upon his mind that he had brought into their council Lord Howard, who now turned a miserable traitor, against a great dislike Lord Russell had always had of him. He could not bear the reflection, and destroyed himself before Lord Russell was brought to trial at the Old Bailey.

He knew very well that he had nothing to hope, having always been manful in the Protestant cause against the two false brothers, the one on the throne, and the other standing next to it. He had a wife, one of the noblest and best of women, who acted as his secretary on his trial, who comforted him in his prison, who supped with him on the night before he died, and whose love and virtue and devotion have made her name imperishable. Of course, he was found guilty, and was sentenced to be beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields, not many yards from his own house. When he had parted from his children on the evening before his death, his wife still stayed with him until ten o'clock at night; and when their final separation in this world was over, and he had kissed her many times, he still sat for a long while in his prison, talking of her goodness. Hearing

the rain fall fast at that time, he calmly said, "Such a rain to-morrow will spoil a great show, which is a dull thing on a rainy day." At midnight, he went to bed, and slept till four; even when his servant called him, he fell asleep again while his clothes were being made ready. He rode to the scaffold in his own carriage, attended by two famous clergymen, TILLOTSON and BURNET, and sang a psalm to himself very softly, as he went along. He was as quiet and as steady, as if he had been going out for an ordinary ride. After saying that he was surprised to see so great a crowd, he laid down his head upon the block, as if it had been the pillow of his bed, and had it struck off at the second blow. His noble wife was busy for him even then, for that true-hearted lady printed and widely circulated his last words, of which he had given her a copy. They made the blood of all the honest men in England boil.

The University of Oxford distinguished itself on the very same day by pretending to believe that the accusation against Lord Russell was true, and by calling the King, in a written paper, the Breath of their Nostrils and the Anointed of the Lord. This paper the Parliament afterwards caused to be burned by the common hangman, which I am sorry for, as I wish it had been framed and glazed and hung up in some public place, as a monument of baseness for the scorn of mankind.

Next came the trial of Algernon Sidney, at which Jeffreys presided, like a great crimson toad, sweltering and swelling with rage. "I pray God, Mr. Sidney," said this Chief Justice of a merry reign, after passing sentence, "to work in you a temper fit to go to the other world, for I see you are not fit for this." "My lord," said the prisoner, composedly holding out his arm, "feel my pulse, and see if I be disordered. I thank Heaven I never was in better temper than I am now." Algernon Sidney was executed on Tower Hill, on the seventh of December, one thousand six hundred and eighty three. He died a hero, and died, in his own words, "For that good old cause in which he had been engaged from his youth, and for which God had so often and so wonderfully declared himself."

The Duke of Monmouth had been making his uncle, the Duke of York, very jealous, by going about the country in a royal sort of way, playing at the people's games, becoming godfather to their children, and even touching for the king's evil, or stroking the faces of the sick to cure them — though, for the matter of that, I should say he did them about as much good as any crowned king could have done. His father had got him to write a letter, confessing his having had a part in the conspiracy, for

which Lord Russell had been beheaded; but he was ever a weak man, and as soon as he had written it, he was ashamed of it, and got it back again. For this, he was banished to the Netherlands; but he soon returned and had an interview with his father, unknown to his uncle. It would seem that he was coming into the Merry Monarch's favour again, and that the Duke of York was sliding out of it, when Death appeared to the merry galleries at Whitehall, and astonished the debauched lords and gentlemen, and the shameless ladies, very considerably.

On Monday, the second of February, one thousand six hundred and eighty-five, the merry pensioner and servant of the King of France fell down in a fit of apoplexy. By the Wednesday his case was hopeless, and on the Thursday he was told so. As he made a difficulty about taking the sacrament from the Protestant Bishop of Bath, the Duke of York got all who were present away from the bed, and asked his brother, in a whisper, if he should send for a Catholic priest. The King replied, "For God's sake, brother, do." The Duke smuggled in, up the back stairs, disguised in a wig and gown, a priest named Huddleston, who had saved the King's life after the battle of Worcester: telling him that this worthy man in the wig had once saved his body, and was now come to save his soul.

The Merry Monarch lived through that night, and died before noon on the next day, which was Friday, the sixth. Two of the last things he said were of a human sort, and your remembrance will give him the full benefit of them. When the Queen sent to say she was too unwell to attend him and to ask his pardon, he said, "Alas! poor woman, *she* beg *my* pardon! I beg hers with all my heart. Take back that answer to her." And he also said, in reference to Nell Gwyn, "Do not let poor Nelly starve."

He died in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and the twenty-fifth of his reign.

SONG FOR NOVEMBER.

The brown fogs are rising,
The yellow leaves falling,
The song birds are silent,
The harsh winds are wailing;
The days have shrunk shorter,
The nights have grown longer;
Warmth becomes weaker,
Cold waxes stronger;
Yet, in close darkness
Which no eye can sever,
The World-strength is shaping
Blossoms for ever.

Life is fast sinking,
Sun-like and bright;
As out of the heavens
Falls the great night.
Yet, fear I never
Leaving this earth-place,
Knowing the grave is
Also a birth-place;
And the soul, growing
With God-power vernal,
Will it not burst into
Blossoms eternal?

CHIPS.

CHINESE PLAYERS.

In the Chinese quarter of George Town, Prince of Wales Island, there is of course a Pagoda. It is a spacious building, with several courts and temples containing grotesque idols. Two granite lions, shaped fantastically, guard the entrance. Now the Chinese — in Prince of Wales Island, at any rate — do not allow their idols to be selfish; they borrow the use of their temples from them for mundane purposes of pleasure, and they themselves eat at least half of the good things they place upon the tables of the gods. I first entered the George Town Pagoda during Chinese holidays. In front of it a theatre had been erected under the open sky. Its entertainment had been offered gratuitously — in the promenade form — to the public, who were invited also to purchase refreshments from stalls in the temples; which stalls were, in fact, the altars of the gods.

I did not hear or see the beginning or end of the play. The middle, I must own, puzzled me exceedingly. The affair was complicated. There were some spectators who had paid for a few special privileges, one of which was a right, if they could secure it, to establish a seat on the stage; but the stage was very small, and the number of actors was very great, and the spectators on the stage had a good deal of by-play with each other, so that it was really hard to tell what belonged to the piece, and what did not. Then, though the story required us to suppose many changes of place, the scene, whether it represented palace, forest, camp, or dungeon, was always one and the same saloon, with a door at each side and a throne in the middle, flanked by musical instruments. The play was, nevertheless, gorgeously got up, according to Chinese fashion; that is to say, no expense had been spared in the dressing of the actors. Chinese managers pay lavishly when they desire to set up a piece so as to produce a great sensation; they pay their money, however, not to the scene-painters, but to the tailors. The story of the play about which I am speaking seemed to concern a Chinese boy, magnificently costumed as a princess; boys, as formerly in Europe, representing always female characters. This princess pined in prison, but was about to be delivered by a knight who sang a song, — heart-rending, I dare say, ear-rending I know — and was on the point of success when the vigilant keeper of the tower moved the princess down into a dungeon, deeper and darker than ever, with two side doors and a throne in the middle, upon which throne teacups were placed; and the princess, the jailor, the knight, a brave army of twelve, and eighteen people who were sitting on the stage, drank tea

together in a most confusing manner. The great body of spectators looked at the whole performance very reverently. The Chinese respect the dignity of the stage much more than that of the altar, I should think; there were no loud plaudits or hand clappings — only subdued moans and sighs expressed the admiration and the interest of the whole animated multitude.

The Chinese drama is sustained by actors who are very perfect masters of pantomime, and by pieces written with considerable care. The comedies differ from the tragedies chiefly in being more interspersed with music, and in treating of everyday life; the tragedies treat commonly of events that took place under the dynasties before the Tartars.

There is another kind of play delightful to the Chinaman; he greatly enjoys games of chance. The Chinese ragamuffin to whom a *pice* is thrown, runs off to hazard it at double or quits with a playfellow; nobles and princes stake estates and lands; and the people often justify their passion by describing the gratification of it as a religious duty. The British Government, in eighteen hundred and ten, closed all the public gambling houses in George Town, and enacted penalties against the gamblers. In the first eight years after the enactment came into force as many as one thousand four hundred Chinese were indicted for gambling, some of whom were convicted even for the ninth time. In the main, however, Chinese cunning has been more than a match for the police, the cunning being aided by all the machinery that can be brought into its service by the secret associations called the Congis. The Congis embody a class of Chinamen whose character is so bad that their interests run altogether counter to good government. They are at the bottom of a great deal of dishonesty, and excite also many a disturbance, especially on the occasion of the Loya festival — a period of Saturnalia during which the Loyas, at all other seasons contemned outcasts, are feasted and venerated as though they were prophets. It happens, therefore, through the aid of these secret associations, that very few gamblers are convicted in Penang, though George Town is full of "hells," and so is Singapore.

I went to one of them. Was led out of the street into a long dark passage, and then suddenly pushed through a door into a large dirty room well lighted by lanterns. It had no windows, and no other outlet except by a flight of stairs that led up to I know not what. A great number of Chinese were at play round a roulette table. I was told that in their game cheating was impossible, and therefore wondered very much that almost everybody lost except the banker. I followed out of the room a Chinese hand-labourer, who had lost all but a small fragment of his

week's wages. He went to the opium inn.

There, behind mosquito-curtains, a few Chinamen lay stretched upon a hard couch, with their heads resting on pillows made of plaited cane. A lamp burned on a table near them, and there lay near it a few paper kindlers, a small jar of opium (in the shape of a juice thicker than molasses), and an opium pipe. Every now and then one of the dozers raised himself on one arm drowsily, smeared a little juice over the hollow of his pipe, set light to it, and inhaled a mouthful or two of smoke, then handed the pipe to his neighbour as he sank back into blissful stupefaction. The dull eyes of these men stared, empty of thought, from pale and sunken faces. One of them was poring over a blank sheet of paper, as though he were reading from it interesting matter. A dirty Malay girl sat between two others, smoking a cigar, and occasionally putting aside the tobacco for a whiff of opium when one of her fishy-eyed admirers offered her the pipe. A handsome fresh-coloured young fellow in the corner sat in a state of amazed intoxication. It was the first of his visits to the place perhaps; and, unhappily, it would not be the last.

AN ANCIENT TARIFF.

Merchants and traders must, I think, have been dreadfully confused in the superexcellent old days of restrictive Customs' duty, when a tariff was as uneven as a shrew's temper, and on the whole as hard upon its victims, and as unaccountable in all its whims and changes. Two great financiers, one following another's lead, have in our own days done Petruchio's work on Mistress Tariff so effectively, that one more bridegroom will reduce her wholly, perhaps, to the laws of reason. It is dreadful to think of how it was with her, two hundred years ago. Then, the space between the Tower and London Bridge, still occupied by what are called the legal quays, was the whole space appropriated to the lading and unlading of goods. "Certaine orders, &c., for the guidance of merchants and officers of the crown," set forth that "The marchants trading into the Port of London have free libertie to lade and unlade their goods at any the lawful keyes and places of shipping and landing goods between the Tower of London and London Bridge." This order is from a book dated sixteen hundred and forty-two, setting forth the "Subsidie granted to the king of tonnage, poundage, and other summes of money payable upon Marchandize imported and exported, according to a Book of Rates agreed unto by the honourable House of Commons, and" says the title of the book, "hereunto annexed." A peep into this book of rates gives a full view of Madame Tariff in her tantrums.

Tariff meddled in the first place with two hundred and ninety drugs; not many more were to be found in shops. Some of those were of an edifying kind; — such as Scorpions, paying duty by the piece, Oil of Scorpions, Crab's eyes, Pig's bread, Aspalathus and Gum Taccamabaccæ. I dare say the last was good for something. its name sounds tremendously powerful.

What enlightened nation in those days of ignorance sent Alphabets to England? and why did the spiteful tariff tax them at five shillings "the set containing twenty-foure," treating A, B, C like dominoes, and making them pay more than twopence a-piece as imported articles? Was there ever a trade in contraband letters, and were there people in those days whose very handwritings were smuggled?

Babies were let in easily: at thirteen and four-pence for the gross of twelve dozen, so that four-and-twenty babies paid less duty than an alphabet of four-and-twenty letters. There was, however, a somewhat restrictive duty upon babies' heads; they were not admitted under ten shillings the dozen. It may be proper to explain that the babies were such children's babies as are brought now-a-days to our bazaars from fairy-land; though not, I suppose, so transcendantly beautiful, nor so clear in their complexions; for the babies' or puppets' heads paying tenpence a-piece duty were things of earth, that is to say, earthen.

Babies bring with them thoughts of caps. The duty charged on children's caps was then a pound a dozen, and on the mature "double or cockared caps," two pounds eight shillings. Satin or velvet nightcaps — horrible things — three pounds a dozen. There was a heavy duty too, levied on gloves; gloves silk knit were fined two pounds the dozen; and gloves of "Canary, Millen, Venice or French, wrought with gold or silver," four pounds the dozen pair.

Another bit of polite hand-furniture, the hawk, had of course duty to pay. Upon a goshawk the tariff levied three pounds six and eightpence, upon a falcon four pounds, and upon a ger-falcon four pounds ten, and so on, every hawk being taxed according to its kind. There being some supposed connexion existing between a hawk and a hand-saw, I come next very naturally to metal work. The duty paid by imported armour was not excessive. On a plain morion five shillings, on an engraved morion twice as much, upon a cuirass or "curat" twelve and sixpence, and a pound on a complete corselet.

Feminine daggers, pins, were freely imported; and the duty payable was thirty shillings for twelve thousand of them. Ladies' silk ribbon was four pounds the pound, and silk stockings were taxed — by a tariff envious of all grace and beauty, horrible to re-

late — at the rate of four pounds the pair.

Ladies and gentlemen, and the public generally, were however much better off in one respect than we are now; so far as tariff is concerned. There was no more than a reasonable duty upon foreign wines. French wines paid three pounds the ton in every port but London; where they paid thirty shillings more. Sack paid by the pipe thirty shillings everywhere; but in London fifteen shillings more, and so forth. There was a favour shown to British importers. Merchant strangers bringing wine to England paid thirty shillings a ton extra for the privilege, beside Southampton dues upon Levantine wines, and upon all wines the "antient duty of butlerage," kept up out of respect to its antiquity.

The bad habit of making differences between ourselves and our neighbours is now gradually falling out of favour. The tariff of those days let in the tobacco of our own plantations at about the same duty that it now pays; but prohibited foreign tobacco by a duty of three pounds sterling on the pound weight. The tariff also dreaded loss of warmth and exercise. It was a fearful thing for any one to send out of the country coals or horses. Sea coals paid an export duty on the chaldron by Newcastle measure of eleven pounds six shillings and eightpence, and on the chaldron by London measure of eight pounds and two six-and-eightpences. Horses were kept at home with even more determination. Upon each horse, gelding, or nag, there was an export duty of sixty-six pounds and two six-and-eightpences, and upon each mare a duty of one hundred and twenty-six pounds and two six-and-eightpences. The six-and-eightpences in all these cases are so many little hyphens which connect such tariff charges with the majesty of British law.

In picking my way over this book I have become suddenly bogged among such articles as Dugeon, Duretty and Dutties. Being quite out of my depth, I vanish.

END OF VOL. XXII.

PRINTED BY BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.