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# BRITISH AUTHORS.

VOL. CCXCVII.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. XXIII.

# HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY

## CHARLES DICKENS.

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

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VOL. XXIII.

LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
1854.

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VOL. XXIII.

# ANOTHER ROUND OF STORIES

BY

THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.

CHRISTMAS, 1853.

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## THE SCHOOLBOY'S STORY.

BEING rather young at present — I am getting on in years, but still I am rather young — I have no particular adventures of my own to fall back upon. It wouldn't much interest anybody here, I suppose, to know what a screw the Reverend is, or what a griffin *she* is, or how they do stick it into parents — particularly hair-cutting, and medical attendance. One of our fellows was charged in his half's account twelve and sixpence for two pills — tolerably profitable at six and threepence a-piece, I should think — and he never took them either, but put them up the sleeve of his jacket.

As to the beef, it 's shameful. It 's *not* beef. Regular beef isn't veins. You can chew regular beef. Besides which, there 's gravy to regular beef, and you never see a drop to ours. Another of our fellows went home ill, and heard the family doctor tell his father that he couldn't account for his complaint unless it was the beer. Of course it was the beer, and well it might be!

However, beef and Old Cheeseman are two different things. So is beer. It was Old Cheeseman I meant to tell about; not the man-

ner in which our fellows get their constitutions destroyed for the sake of profit.

Why, look at the pie-crust alone. There 's no flakiness in it. It 's solid — like damp lead. Then our fellows get nightmares, and are bolstered for calling out and waking other fellows. Who can wonder!

Old Cheeseman one night walked in his sleep, put his hat on over his night-cap, got hold of a fishing-rod and a cricket-bat, and went down into the parlour, where they naturally thought from his appearance he was a Ghost. Why, he never would have done that, if his meals had been wholesome. When we all begin to walk in our sleeps, I suppose they 'll be sorry for it.

Old Cheeseman wasn't second Latin Master then; he was a fellow himself. He was first brought there, very small, in a post-chaise, by a woman who was always taking snuff and shaking him — and that was the most he remembered about it. He never went home for the holidays. His accounts (he never learnt any extras) were sent to a Bank, and the Bank paid them; and he had a brown suit twice a year, and went into boots at twelve. They were always too big for him, too.

In the Midsummer holidays, some of our fellows who lived within walking distance, used to come back and climb the trees outside the playground wall, on purpose to look at Old Cheeseman elf. He was as mild as the tea — and *that 's* pretty mild, I should hope! — so when they whistled to him, he looked up and nodded; and when they said "Halloa Old Cheeseman, what have you had for dinner?" he said "Boiled mutton;" and when they said "An 't it solitary, Old Cheeseman?" he said "It is a little dull, sometimes;" and then they said "Well, good bye, Old Cheeseman!" and climbed down again. Of course it was imposing on Old Cheeseman to give him nothing but boiled mutton through a whole Vacation, but that was just like the system. When they didn't give him boiled mutton they gave him rice pudding, pretending it was a treat. And saved the butcher.

So Old Cheeseman went on. The holidays brought him into other trouble besides the loneliness; because when the fellows began to come back, not wanting to, he was always glad to see them: which was aggravating when they were not at all glad to see him, and so he got his head knocked against walls, and that was the way his nose bled. But he was a favourite in general. Once, a subscription was raised for him; and, to keep up his spirits, he was presented before the holidays with two white mice, a rabbit, a pigeon, and a beautiful puppy. Old Cheeseman cried about it — especially soon afterwards, when they all ate one another.

Of course Old Cheeseman used to be called by the names of all

sorts of cheeses — Double Glo'ster-man, Family Cheshireman, Dutch-man, North Wiltshireman, and all that. But he never minded it. And I don't mean to say he was old in point of years — because he wasn't — only he was called, from the first, Old Cheeseman.

At last, Old Cheeseman was made second Latin Master. He was brought in one morning at the beginning of a new half, and presented to the school in that capacity as "Mr. Cheeseman." Then our fellows all agreed that Old Cheeseman was a spy, and a deserter, who had gone over to the enemy's camp, and sold himself for gold. It was no excuse for him that he had sold himself for very little gold — two pound ten a quarter, and his washing, as was reported. It was decided by a Parliament which sat about it, that Old Cheeseman's mercenary motives could alone be taken into account, and that he had "coined our blood for drachmas." The Parliament took the expression out of the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius.

When it was settled in this strong way that Old Cheeseman was a tremendous traitor, who had wormed himself into our fellows' secrets on purpose to get himself into favour by giving up everything he knew, all courageous fellows were invited to come forward and enrol themselves in a Society for making a set against him. The President of the Society was First boy, named Bob Tarter. His father was in the West Indies, and he owned, himself, that his father was worth Millions. He had great power among our fellows, and he wrote a parody, beginning,

"Who made believe to be so meek
That we could hardly hear him speak,
Yet turned out an Informing Sneak?
Old Cheeseman."

— and on in that way through more than a dozen verses, which he used to go and sing, every morning, close by the new master's desk. He trained one of the low boys too, a rosy cheeked little Brass who didn't care what he did, to go up to him with his Latin Grammar one morning, and say it so: — *Nominativus pronominum* — Old Cheeseman, *raro exprimitur* — was never suspected, *nisi distinctionis* — of being an informer, *aut emphasis gratiâ* — until he proved one. *Ut* — for instance, *Vos damnastis* — when he sold the boys. *Quasi* — as though, *dicat* — he should say, *Pretœrea nemo* — I'm a Judas! All this produced a great effect on Old Cheeseman. He had never had much hair; but what he had, began to get thinner and thinner every day. He grew paler and more worn; and sometimes of an evening he was seen sitting at his desk with a precious long snuff to his candle, and his hands before his face, crying. But no member of the Society could pity him, even if he felt inclined, because the President said it was Old Cheeseman's conscience.

So Old Cheeseman went on, and didn't he lead a miserable life! Of course the Reverend turned up his nose at him, and of course *she*

did — because both of them always do that, at all the masters — but he suffered from the fellows most, and he suffered from them constantly. He never told about it, that the Society could find out; but he got no credit for that, because the President said it was Old Cheeseman's cowardice.

He had only one friend in the world, and that one was almost as powerless as he was, for it was only Jane. Jane was a sort of a wardrobe-woman to our fellows, and took care of the boxes. She had come at first, I believe, as a kind of apprentice — some of our fellows say from a Charity, but *I* don't know — and after her time was out, had stopped at so much a year. So little a year, perhaps I ought to say, for it is far more likely. However, she had put some pounds in the Savings' Bank, and she was a very nice young woman. She was not quite pretty; but she had a very frank, honest, bright face, and all our fellows were fond of her. She was uncommonly neat and cheerful, and uncommonly comfortable and kind. And if anything was the matter with a fellow's mother, he always went and showed the letter to Jane.

Jane was Old Cheeseman's friend. The more the Society went against him, the more Jane stood by him. She used to give him a good-humoured look out of her still-room window, sometimes, that seemed to set him up for the day. She used to pass out of the orchard and the kitchen-garden (always kept locked, I believe you!) through the play-ground, when she might have gone the other way, only to give a turn of her head, as much as to say "Keep up your spirits!" to Old Cheeseman. His slip of a room was so fresh and orderly, that it was well known who looked after it while he was at his desk; and when our fellows saw a smoking hot dumpling on his plate at dinner, they knew with indignation who had sent it up.

Under these circumstances, the Society resolved, after a quantity of meeting and debating, that Jane should be requested to cut Old Cheeseman dead; and that if she refused, she must be sent to Coventry herself. So a deputation, headed by the President, was appointed to wait on Jane, and inform her of the vote the Society had been under the painful necessity of passing. She was very much respected for all her good qualities, and there was a story about her having once waylaid the Reverend in his own study and got a fellow off from severe punishment, of her own kind comfortable heart. So the deputation didn't much like the job. However they went up, and the President told Jane all about it. Upon which Jane turned very red, burst into tears, informed the President and the deputation, in a way not at all like her usual way, that they were a parcel of malicious young savages, and turned the whole respected body out of the room. Consequently it was entered in

the Society's book (kept in astronomical cypher for fear of detection), that all communication with Jane was interdicted; and the President addressed the members on this convincing instance of Old Cheeseman's undermining.

But Jane was as true to Old Cheeseman as Old Cheeseman was false to our fellows — in their opinion at all events — and steadily continued to be his only friend. It was a great exasperation to the Society, because Jane was as much a loss to them as she was a gain to him; and being more inveterate against him than ever, they treated him worse than ever. At last, one morning, his desk stood empty, his room was peeped into and found to be vacant, and a whisper went about among the pale faces of our fellows that Old Cheeseman, unable to bear it any longer, had got up early and drowned himself.

The mysterious looks of the other masters after breakfast, and the evident fact that Old Cheeseman was not expected, confirmed the Society in this opinion. Some began to discuss whether the President was liable to hanging or only transportation for life, and the President's face showed a great anxiety to know which. However, he said that a jury of his country should find him game; and that in his address he should put it to them to lay their hands upon their hearts, and say whether they as Britons approved of Informers, and how they thought they would like it themselves. Some of the Society considered that he had better run away until he found a Forest, where he might change clothes with a woodcutter and stain his face with blackberries; but the majority believed that if he stood his ground, his father — belonging as he did to the West Indies, and being worth Millions — could buy him off.

All our fellows' hearts beat fast when the Reverend came in, and made a sort of a Roman, or a Field Marshal, of himself with the ruler; as he always did before delivering an address. But their fears were nothing to their astonishment when he came out with the story that Old Cheeseman, "so long our respected friend and fellow-pilgrim in the pleasant plains of knowledge," he called him — O yes! I dare say! Much of that! — was the orphan child of a disinherited young lady who had married against her father's wish, and whose young husband had died, and who had died of sorrow herself, and whose unfortunate baby (Old Cheeseman) had been brought up at the cost of a grandfather who would never consent to see it, baby, boy, or man: which grandfather was now dead, and serve him right — that 's *my* putting in — and which grandfather's large property, there being no will, was now, and all of a sudden and for ever, Old Cheeseman's! Our so long respected friend and fellow-pilgrim in the pleasant plains of knowledge, the Reverend wound up a lot of bothering quotations by saying, would "come

among us once more" that day fortnight, when he desired to take leave of us himself in a more particular manner. With these words, he stared severely round at our fellows, and went solemnly out.

There was precious consternation among the members of the Society, now. Lots of them wanted to resign, and lots more began to try to make out that they had never belonged to it. However, the President stuck up, and said that they must stand or fall together, and that if a breach was made it should be over his body — which was meant to encourage the Society: but it didn't. The President further said, he would consider the position in which they stood, and would give them his best opinion and advice in a few days. This was eagerly looked for, as he knew a good deal of the world on account of his father's being in the West Indies.

After days and days of hard thinking, and drawing armies all over his slate, the President called our fellows together, and made the matter clear. He said it was plain that when Old Cheeseman came on the appointed day, his first revenge would be to impeach the Society, and have it flogged all round. After witnessing with joy the torture of his enemies, and gloating over the cries which agony would extort from them, the probability was that he would invite the Reverend, on pretence of conversation, into a private room — say the parlour into which Parents were shown, where the two great globes were which were never used — and would there reproach him with the various frauds and oppressions he had endured at his hands. At the close of his observations he would make a signal to a Prizefighter concealed in the passage, who would then appear and pitch into the Reverend till he was left insensible. Old Cheeseman would then make Jane a present of from five to ten pounds, and would leave the establishment in fiendish triumph.

The President explained that against the parlour part, or the Jane part, of these arrangements he had nothing to say; but, on the part of the Society, he counselled deadly resistance. With this view he recommended that all available desks should be filled with stones, and that the first word of the complaint should be the signal to every fellow to let fly at Old Cheeseman. The bold advice put the Society in better spirits, and was unanimously taken. A post about Old Cheeseman's size was put up in the playground, and all our fellows practised at it till it was dinted all over.

When the day came, and Places were called, every fellow sat down in a tremble. There had been much discussing and disputing as to how Old Cheeseman would come; but it was the general opinion that he would appear in a sort of a triumphal car drawn by four horses, with two livery servants in front, and the Prizefighter in disguise up behind. So, all our fellows sat listening for the sound of

wheels. But no wheels were heard, for Old Cheeseman walked after all, and came into the school without any preparation. Pretty much as he used to be, only dressed in black.

"Gentlemen," said the Reverend, presenting him, "our so long respected friend and fellow pilgrim in the pleasant plains of knowledge, is desirous to offer a word or two. Attention, gentlemen, one and all!"

Every fellow stole his hand into his desk and looked at the President. The President was all ready, and taking aim at Old Cheeseman with his eyes.

What did Old Cheeseman then, but walk up to his old desk, look round him with a queer smile as if there was a tear in his eye, and begin in a quavering mild voice, "My dear companions and old friends!"

Every fellow's hand came out of his desk, and the President suddenly began to cry.

"My dear companions and old friends," said Old Cheeseman, "you have heard of my good fortune. I have passed so many years under this roof — my entire life so far, I may say — that I hope you have been glad to hear of it for my sake. I could never enjoy it without exchanging congratulations with you. If we have ever misunderstood one another at all, pray my dear boys let us forgive and forget. I have a great tenderness for you, and I am sure you return it. I want in the fulness of a grateful heart to shake hands with you every one. I have come back to do it, if you please, my dear boys."

Since the President had begun to cry, several other fellows had broken out here and there: but now, when Old Cheeseman began with him as first boy, laid his left hand affectionately on his shoulder and gave him his right; and when the President said "Indeed I don't deserve it, Sir; upon my honour I don't;" there was sobbing and crying all over the school. Every other fellow said he didn't deserve it, much in the same way; but Old Cheeseman, not minding that a bit, went cheerfully round to every boy, and wound up with every master — finishing off the Reverend last.

Then a snivelling little chap in a corner, who was always under some punishment or other, set up a shrill cry of "Success to Old Cheeseman! Hoorray!" The Reverend glared upon him, and said "*Mr.* Cheeseman, Sir." But, Old Cheeseman protesting that he liked his old name a great deal better than his new one, all our fellows took up the cry; and, for I don't know how many minutes, there was such a thundering of feet and hands, and such a roaring of Old Cheeseman, as never was heard.

After that, there was a spread in the dining-room of the most magnificent kind. Fowls, tongues, preserves, fruits, confectionaries, jellies, neguses, barley-sugar temples, trifles, crackers — eat all you can and pocket what you like

— all at Old Cheeseman's expense. After that, speeches, whole holiday, double and treble sets of all manners of things for all manners of games, donkeys, pony-chaises and drive yourself, dinner for all the masters at the Seven Bells (twenty pound a-head our fellows estimated it at), an annual holiday and feast fixed for that day every year, and another on Old Cheeseman's birthday — Reverend bound down before the fellows to allow it, so that he could never back out — all at Old Cheeseman's expense.

And didn't our fellows go down in a body and cheer outside the Seven Bells? O no!

But there 's something else besides. Don't look at the next story-teller, for there 's more yet. Next day, it was resolved that the Society should make it up with Jane, and then be dissolved. What do you think of Jane being gone, though! "What? Gone for ever?" said our fellows, with long faces. "Yes, to be sure," was all the answer they could get. None of the people about the house would say anything more. At length, the first boy took upon himself to ask the Reverend whether our old friend Jane was really gone? The Reverend (he has got a daughter at home — turn-up nose, and red) replied severely, "Yes Sir, Miss Pitt is gone." The idea of calling Jane, Miss Pitt! Some said she had been sent away in disgrace for taking money from Old Cheeseman; others said she had gone into Old Cheeseman's service at a rise of ten pounds a year. All that our fellows knew, was, she was gone.

It was two or three months afterwards, when, one afternoon, an open carriage stopped at the cricket-field, just outside bounds, with a lady and gentleman in it, who looked at the game a long time and stood up to see it played. Nobody thought much about them, until the same little snivelling chap came in, against all rules, from the post where he was Scout, and said, "It 's Jane!" Both Elevens forgot the game directly, and ran crowding round the carriage. It *was* Jane! In such a bonnet! And if you 'll believe me, Jane was married to Old Cheeseman.

It soon became quite a regular thing when our fellows were hard at it in the playground, to see a carriage at the low part of the wall where it joins the high part, and a lady and gentleman standing up in it, looking over. The gentleman was always Old Cheeseman, and the lady was always Jane.

The first time I ever saw them, I saw them in that way. There had been a good many changes among our fellows then, and it had turned out that Bob Tarter's father wasn't worth Millions! He wasn't worth anything. Bob had gone for a soldier, and Old Cheeseman had purchased his discharge. But that 's not the carriage. The carriage stopped, and all our fellows stopped as soon as it was seen.

"So you have never sent me to

Coventry after all!" said the lady, laughing, as our fellows swarmed up the wall to shake hands with her. "Are you never going to do it?"

"Never! never! never!" on all sides.

I didn't understand what she meant then, but of course I do now. I was very much pleased with her face though, and with her good way, and I couldn't help looking at her — and at him too with all our fellows clustering so joyfully about them.

They soon took notice of me as a new boy, so I thought I might as well swarm up the wall myself, and shake hands with them as the rest did. I was quite as glad to see them as the rest were, and was quite as familiar with them in a moment.

"Only a fortnight now," said Old Cheeseman, "to the holidays. Who stops? Anybody?"

A good many fingers pointed at me, and a good many voices cried, "He does!" For it was the year when you were all away; and rather low I was about it, I can tell you.

"Oh!" said Old Cheeseman. "But it 's solitary here in the holiday time. He had better come to us."

So I went to their delightful house, and was as happy as I could possibly be. They understand how to conduct themselves towards boys, *they* do. When they take a boy to the play, for instance, they *do* take him. They don't go in after it's begun, or come out before it's over. They know how to bring a boy up, too. Look at their own! Though he is very little as yet, what a capital boy he is! Why, my next favourite to Mrs. Cheeseman and Old Cheeseman, is young Cheeseman.

So, now I have told you all I know about Old Cheeseman. And it's not much after all, I am afraid. Is it?

## THE OLD LADY'S STORY.

I HAVE never told you my secret, my dear nieces. However, this Christmas, which may well be the last to an old woman, I will give the whole story; for though it is a strange story, and a sad one, it is true; and what sin there was in it I trust I may have expiated by my tears and my repentance. Perhaps the last expiation of all is this painful confession.

We were very young at the time, Lucy and I, and the neighbours said we were pretty. So we were, I believe, though entirely different; for Lucy was quiet, and fair, and I was full of life and spirits; wild beyond any power of control, and reckless. I was the elder by two years; but more fit to be in leading-strings myself than to guide or govern my sister. But she was so good, so quiet, and so wise, that she needed no one's guidance; for if advice was to be given, it was she who gave it, not I; and I never knew her judgment or perception fail. She was the darling of the house. My mother

had died soon after Lucy was born. A picture in the dining-room of her, in spite of all the difference of dress, was exactly like Lucy; and, as Lucy was now seventeen and my mother had been only eighteen when it was taken, there was no discrepancy of years.

One Allhallow's eve a party of us — all young girls, not one of us twenty years of age — were trying our fortunes round the drawing-room fire; throwing nuts into the brightest blaze, to hear if mythic "He" 's loved any of us, and in what proportion; or pouring hot lead into water, to find cradles and rings, or purses and coffins; or breaking the whites of eggs into tumblers half full of water, and then drawing up the white into pictures of the future — the prettiest experiment of all. I remember Lucy could only make a recumbent figure of hers, like a marble monument in miniature; and I, a maze of masks and skulls and things that looked like dancing apes or imps, and vapoury lines that did not require much imagination to fashion into ghosts or spirits; for they were clearly human in the outline, but thin and vapoury. And we all laughed a great deal, and teazed one another, and were as full of fun and mischief, and innocence and thoughtlessness, as a nest of young birds.

There was a certain room at the other end of our rambling old manor-house, which was said to be haunted, and which my father had therefore discontinued as a dwelling-room, so that we children might not be frightened by foolish servants; and he had made it into a lumber-place — a kind of ground-floor granary — where no one had any business. Well, it was proposed that one of us should go into this room alone, lock the door, stand before a glass, pare and eat an apple very deliberately, looking fixedly in the glass all the time; and then, if the mind never once wandered, the future husband would be clearly shown in the glass. As I was always the foolhardy girl of every party, and was, moreover, very desirous of seeing that apocryphal individual, my future husband (whose non-appearance I used to wonder at and bewail in secret), I was glad enough to make the trial, notwithstanding the entreaties of some of the more timid. Lucy, above all, clung to me, and besought me earnestly not to go — at last, almost with tears. But my pride of courage, and my curiosity, and a certain nameless feeling of attraction, were too strong for me. I laughed Lucy and her abettors into silence; uttered half a dozen bravados; and, taking up a bedroom candle, passed through the long silent passages, to the cold, dark, deserted room — my heart beating with excitement, my foolish head dizzy with hope and faith. The church-clock chimed a quarter past twelve as I opened the door.

It was an awful night. The windows shook, as if every instant they would burst in with some strong man's hand on the bars,

and his shoulder against the frames; and the trees howled and shrieked, as if each branch were sentient and in pain. The ivy beat against the window, sometimes with fury, and sometimes with the leaves slowly scraping against the glass, and drawing out long shrill sounds, like spirits crying to each other. In the room itself it was worse. Rats had made it their refuge for many years, and they rushed behind the wainscot and down inside the walls, bringing with them showers of lime and dust, which rattled like chains, or sounded like men's feet hurrying to and fro; and every now and then a cry broke through the room, one could not tell from where or from what, but a cry, distinct and human; heavy blows seemed to be struck on the floor, which cracked like parting ice beneath my feet, and loud knockings shook the walls. Yet in this tumult, I was not afraid. I reasoned on each new sound very calmly — and said, "Those are rats," or "those are leaves," and "birds in the chimney," or "owls in the ivy," as each new howl or scream struck my ear. And I was not in the least frightened or disturbed; it all seemed natural and familiar. I placed the candle on a table in the midst of the room, where an old broken mirror stood; and, looking steadily into the glass (having first wiped off the dust), I began to eat Eve's forbidden fruit, wishing intently, as I had been bidden, for the apparition of my future husband.

In about ten minutes I heard a dull, vague, unearthly sound; felt, not heard. It was as if countless wings rushed by, and small low voices whispering too; as if a crowd, a multitude of life was about me; as if shadowy faces crushed up against me, and eyes and hands, and sneering lips, all mocked me. I was suffocated. The air was so heavy — so filled with life, that I could not breathe. I was pressed on from all sides, and could not turn nor move without parting thickening vapours. I heard my own name—I can swear to that to-day! I heard it repeated through the room; and then bursts of laughter followed, and the wings rustled and fluttered, and the whispering voices mocked and chattered, and the heavy air, so filled with life, hung heavier and thicker, and the Things pressed up to me closer, and checked the breath on my lips with the clammy breath from theirs.

I was not alarmed. I was not excited; but I was fascinated and spell-bound; yet with every sense seeming to possess ten times its natural power. I still went on looking in the glass — still earnestly desiring an apparition — when suddenly I saw a man's face peering over my shoulder in the glass. Girls, I could draw that face to this hour! The low forehead, with the short curling hair, black as jet, growing down in a sharp point; the dark eyes, beneath thick eyebrows, burning with a peculiar light; the nose and the dilating nostrils; the thin lips, curled into

a smile — I see them all plainly before me now. And — O, the smile that it was! — the mockery and sneer, the derision, the sarcasm, the contempt, the victory that were in it! — even then it struck into me a sense of submission. The eyes looked full into mine: those eyes and mine fastened on each other; and, as I ended my task, the church clock chimed the half-hour; and, suddenly released, as if from a spell, I turned round, expecting to see a living man standing beside me. But I met only the chill air coming in from the loose window, and the solitude of the dark night. The Life had gone; the wings had rushed away; the voices had died out, and I was alone; with the rats behind the wainscot, the owls hooting in the ivy, and the wind howling through the trees.

Convinced that either some trick had been played me, or that some one was concealed in the room, I searched every corner of it. I lifted lids of boxes filled with the dust of ages and with rotting paper lying like bleaching skin. I took down the chimney-board, and soot and ashes flew up in clouds. I opened dim old closets, where all manner of foul insects had made their homes, and where daylight had not entered for generations: but I found nothing. Satisfied that nothing human was in the room, and that no one could have been there to-night — nor for many months, if not years — and still nerved to a state of desperate courage, I went back to the drawing-room. But, as I left that room I felt that something flowed out with me; and, all through the long passages, I retained the sensation that this something was behind me. My steps were heavy; the consciousness of pursuit having paralysed, not quickened me; for I knew that when I left that haunted room I had not left it alone. As I opened the drawing-room door — the blazing fire and the strong lamp-light bursting out upon me with a peculiar expression of cheerfulness and welcome — I heard a laugh close at my elbow, and felt a hot blast across my neck. I started back, but the laugh died away, and all I saw were two points of light, fiery and flaming, that somehow fashioned themselves into eyes beneath their heavy brows, and looked at me meaningly through the darkness.

They all wanted to know what I had seen; but I refused to say a word; not liking to tell a falsehood then, and not liking to expose myself to ridicule. For I felt that what I had seen was true, and that no sophistry and no argument, no reasoning and no ridicule, could shake my belief in it. My sweet Lucy came up to me — seeing me look so pale and wild — threw her arms round my neck, and leaned forward to kiss me. As she bent her head, I felt the same warm blast rush over my lips, and my sister, cried, "Why, Lizzie, your lips burn like fire!"

And so they did, and for long

after. The Presence was with me still, never leaving me day nor night: by my pillow, its whispering voice often waking me from wild dreams; by my side, in the broad sunlight; by my side, in the still moonlight; never absent, busy at my brain, busy at my heart — a form ever banded to me. It flitted like a cold cloud between my sweet sister's eyes and mine, and dimmed them so that I could scarcely see their beauty. It drowned my father's voice; and his words fell confused and indistinct.

Not long after, a stranger came into our neighbourhood. He bought Green Howe, a deserted old property by the river-side, where no one had lived for many many years; not since the young bride, Mrs. Braithwaite, had been found in the river one morning, entangled among the dank weeds and dripping alders, strangled and drowned, and her husband dead — none knew how — lying by the chapel door. The place had had a bad name ever since, and no one would live there. However, it was said that a stranger, who had been long in the East, a Mr. Felix, had now bought it, and that he was coming to reside there. And, true enough, one day the whole of our little town of Thornhill was in a state of excitement; for a travelling-carriage and four, followed by another full of servants — Hindoos, or Lascars, or Negroes; dark-coloured, strange-looking people — passed through, and Mr. Felix took possession of Green Howe.

My father called on him after a time; and I, as the mistress of the house, went with him. Green Howe had been changed, as if by magic, and we both said so together, as we entered the iron gates that led up the broad walk. The ruined garden was one mass of plants, fresh and green, many of them quite new to me; and the shrubbery, which had been a wilderness, was restored to order. The house looked larger than before, now that it was so beautifully decorated; and the broken trellis-work, which used to hang dangling among the ivy, was matted with creeping roses, and jasmine, which left on me the impression of having been in flower, which was impossible. It was a fairy palace; and we could scarcely believe that this was the deserted, ill-omened Green Howe. The foreign servants, too, in Eastern dresses, covered with rings, and necklaces, and earrings; the foreign smells of sandal-wood, and camphor, and musk; the curtains that hung everywhere in place of doors, some of velvet, and some of cloth of gold; the air of luxury, such as I, a simple country girl, had never seen before, made such a powerful impression on me, that I felt as if carried away to some unknown region. As we entered, Mr. Felix came to meet us; and, drawing aside a heavy curtain that seemed all of gold and fire — for the flame-coloured flowers

danced and quivered on the gold — he led us into an inner room, where the darkened light; the atmosphere heavy with perfumes; the statues; the birds like living jewels; the magnificence of stuffs, and the luxuriousness of arrangement, overpowered me. I felt as if I had sunk into a lethargy, in which I heard only the rich voice, and saw only the fine form of our stranger host.

He was certainly very handsome; tall, dark, yet pale as marble: his very lips were pale; with eyes that were extremely bright; but which had an expression behind them that subdued me. His manners were graceful. He was very cordial to us, and made us stay a long time; taking us through his grounds to see his improvements, and pointing out here and there further alterations to be made; all with such a disregard for local difficulties, and for cost, that, had he been one of the princes of the genii he could not have talked more royally. He was more than merely attentive to me; speaking to me often and in a lower voice, bending down near to me, and looking at me with eyes that thrilled through every nerve and fibre. I saw that my father was uneasy; and, when we left, I asked him how he liked our new neighbour. He said, "Not much, Lizzie," with a grave and almost displeased look, as if he had probed the weakness I was scarcely conscious of myself. I thought at the time that he was harsh.

However, as there was nothing positively to object to in Mr. Felix, my father's impulse of distrust could not well be indulged without rudeness; and my dear father was too thoroughly a gentleman ever to be rude even to his enemy. We therefore saw a great deal of the stranger; who established himself in our house on the most familiar footing, and forced on my father and Lucy an intimacy they both disliked but could not avoid. For it was forced with such consummate skill and tact, that there was nothing which the most rigid could object to.

I gradually became an altered being under his influence. In one thing only a happier — in the loss of the Voice and the Form which had haunted me. Since I had known Felix this terror had gone. The reality had absorbed the shadow. But in nothing else was this strange man's influence over me, beneficial. I remember that I used to hate myself for my excessive irritability of temper when I was away from him. Everything at home displeased me. Everything seemed so small and mean and old and poor after the lordly glory of that house; and the very caresses of my family and olden schoolday friends were irksome and hateful to me. All except my Lucy lost its charm; and to her I was faithful as ever; to her I never changed. But her influence seemed to war with his, wonderfully. When with him I felt borne away in a torrent. His words fell upon me mysterious and thrilling,

and he gave me fleeting glimpses into worlds which had never opened themselves to me before; glimpses seen and gone like the Arabian gardens.

When I came back to my sweet sister, her pure eyes and the holy light that lay in them, her gentle voice speaking of the sacred things of heaven and the earnest things of life, seemed to me like a former existence: a state I had lived in years ago. But this divided influence nearly killed me; it seemed to part my very soul and wrench my being in twain; and this, more than all the rest, made me sad beyond anything people believed possible in one so gay and reckless as I had been.

My father's dislike to Felix increased daily; and Lucy, who had never been known to use a harsh word in her life, from the first refused to believe a thought of good in him, or to allow him one single claim to praise. She used to cling to me in a wild, beseeching way, and entreat me with prayers, such as a mother might have poured out before an erring child, to stop in time, and to return to those who loved me. "For your soul is lost from among us, Lizzie," she used to say; "and nothing but a frame remains of the full life of love you once gave us!" But one word, one look, from Felix was enough to make me forget every ear and every prayer of her who, until now, had been my idol and my law.

At last my dear father commanded me not to see Felix again. I felt as if I should have died. In vain I wept and prayed. In vain I gave full license to my thoughts, and suffered words to pour from my lips which ought never to have crept into my heart. In vain; my father was inexorable.

I was in the drawing-room. Suddenly, noiselessly, Felix was beside me. He had not entered by the door which was directly in front of me; and the window was closed. I never could understand this sudden appearance; for I am certain that he had not been concealed.

Your father has spoken of me, Lizzie?" he said with a singular smile. I was silent.

"And has forbidden you to see me again?" he continued.

"Yes," I answered, impelled to speak by something stronger than my will.

"And you intend to obey him?"

"No," I said again, in the same manner, as if I had been talking in a dream.

He smiled again. Who was he so like when he smiled? I could not remember, and yet I knew that he was like some one I had seen — a face that hovered outside my memory, on the horizon, and never floated near enough to be distinctly realised.

"You are right, Lizzie," he then said; "there are ties which are stronger than a father's commands — ties which no man has the right, and no man has the power to break. Meet me to-mor-

row at noon in the Low Lane; we will speak further."

He did not say this in any supplicating, nor in any loving manner: it was simply a command, unaccompanied by one tender word or look. He had never said he loved me — never; it seemed to be too well understood between us to need assurances.

I answered, "Yes," burying my face in my hands, in shame at this my first act of disobedience to my father; and, when I raised my head, he was gone. Gone as he had entered, without a footfall sounding ever so lightly.

I met him the next day; and it was not the only time that I did so. Day after day I stole at his command from the house, to walk with him in the Low Lane — the lane which the country people said was haunted, and which was consequently always deserted. And there we used to walk or sit under the blighted elm tree for hours; — he talking, but I not understanding all he said: for there was a tone of grandeur and of mystery in his words that overpowered without enlightening me, and that left my spirit dazzled rather than convinced. I had to give reasons at home for my long absences, and he bade me say that I had been with old Dame Todd, the blind widow of Thornhill Rise, and that I had been reading the Bible to her. And I obeyed; although, while I said it, I felt Lucy's eyes fixed plaintively on mine, and heard her murmur a prayer that I might be forgiven.

Lucy grew ill. As the flowers and the summer sun came on, her spirit faded more rapidly away. I have known since, that it was grief more than malady which was killing her. The look of nameless suffering, which used to be in her face, has haunted me through life with undying sorrow. It was suffering that I, who ought to have rather died for her, had caused. But not even her illness stayed me. In the intervals I nursed her tenderly and lovingly as before; but for hours and hours I left her — all through the long days of summer — to walk in the Low Lane, and to sit in my world of poetry and fire. When I came back my sister was often weeping, and I knew that it was for me — I, who once would have given my life to save her from one hour of sorrow. Then I would fling myself on my knees beside her, in an agony of shame and repentance, and promise better things of the morrow, and vow strong efforts against the power and the spell that were on me. But the morrow subjected me to the same unhallowed fascination, the same faithlessness.

At last Felix told me that I must come with him; that I must leave my home, and take part in his life; that I belonged to him and to him only, and that I could not break the tablet of a fate ordained; that I was his destiny, and he mine, and that I must fulfil the law which the stars had written in the

sky. I fought against this. I spoke of my father's anger, and of my sister's illness. I prayed to him for pity, not to force this on me, and knelt in the shadows of the autumn sunset to ask from him forbearance.

I did not yield this day, nor the next, nor for many days. At last he conquered. When I said "Yes" he kissed the scarf I wore round my neck. Until then he had never touched even my hand with his lips. I consented to leave my sister, who I well knew was dying; I consented to leave my father, whose whole life had been one act of love and care for his children; and to bring a stain on our name, unstained until then. I consented to leave those who loved me — all I loved — for a stranger.

All was prepared; the hurrying clouds, lead-coloured, and the howling wind, the fit companions in nature with the evil and the despair of my soul. Lucy was worse to-day; but though I felt going to my death, in leaving her, I could not resist. Had his voice called me to the scaffold, I must have gone. It was the last day of October, and at midnight when I was to leave the house. I had kissed my sleeping sister, who was dreaming in her sleep, and cried, and grasped my hand, and called aloud, "Lizzie, Lizzie! Come back!" But the spell was on me, and I left her; and still her dreaming voice called out, choking with sobs, "Not there! not there, Lizzie! Come back to me!"

I was to leave the house by the large, old, haunted room that I have spoken of before; Felix waiting for me outside. And, a little after twelve o'clock, I opened the door to pass through. This time the chill, and the damp, and the darkness unnerved me. The broken mirror was in the middle of the room, as before, and, in passing it, I mechanically raised my eyes. Then I remembered that it was Allhallow's eve, the anniversary of the apparition of last year. As I looked, the room, which had been so deadly still, became filled with the sound I had heard before. The rushing of large wings, and the crowd of whispering voices flowed like a river round me; and again, glaring into my eyes, was the same face in the glass that I had seen before, the sneering smile even more triumphant, the blighting stare of the fiery eyes, the low brow and the coal-black hair, and the look of mockery. All were there; and all I had seen before and since; for it was Felix who was gazing at me from the glass. When I turned to speak to him, the room was empty. Not a living creature was there; only a low laugh, and the far-off voices whispering, and the wings. And then a hand tapped on the window, and the voice of Felix cried from outside, "Come, Lizzie, come!"

I staggered, rather than walked, to the window; and, as I was close to it — my hand raised to open it — there stood between me and it a pale figure clothed in white; her

face more pale than the linen round it. Her hair hung down on her breast, and her blue eyes looked earnestly and mournfully into mine. She was silent, and yet it seemed as if a volume of love and of entreaty flowed from her lips; as if I heard words of deathless affection. It was Lucy; standing there in this bitter midnight cold — giving her life to save me. Felix called to me again, impatiently; and, as he called, the figure turned, and beckoned me; beckoning me gently, lovingly, beseechingly; and then slowly faded away. The chime of the half-hour sounded; and, I fled from the room to my sister. I found her lying dead on the floor; her hair hanging over her breast, and one hand stretched out as if in supplication.

The next day Felix disappeared; he and his whole retinue; and Green Howe fell into ruins again. No one knew where he went, as no one knew from whence he came. And to this day I sometimes doubt whether or not he was a clever adventurer, who had heard of my father's wealth: and who, seeing my weak and imaginative character, had acted on it for his own purposes. All that I do know is that my sister's spirit saved me from ruin; and that she died to save me. She had seen and known all, and gave herself for my salvation down to the last and supreme effort she made to rescue me. She died at that hour of half-past twelve; and at half-past twelve, as I live before you all, she appeared to me and recalled me.

And this is the reason why I never married, and why I pass Allhallow's eve in prayer by my sister's grave. I have told you to-night this story of mine, because I feel that I shall not live over another last night of October, but that before the next white Christmas roses come out like winter stars on the earth I shall be at peace in the grave. Not in the grave; let me rather hope with my blessed sister in Heaven!

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## OVER THE WAY'S STORY.

ONCE upon a time, before I retired from mercantile pursuits and came to live over the way, I lived, for many years, in Ursine Lane.

Ursine Lane is a very rich, narrow, dark, dirty, straggling, lane in the great city of London (said by some to be itself as rich, as dark, and as dirty). Ursine Lane leads from Cheapside into Thames Street, facing Sir John Pigg's wharf; but whether Ursine Lane be above or below Bow Church, I shall not tell you. Neither, whether its name be derived from a bear-garden, (which was in great vogue in its environs in Queen Bess's time), or from an Ursuline Nunnery which flourished in its vicinity, before big, bad King Harry sent nuns to spin, or to do anything else they could. Ursine Lane it was before the

great fire of London, and Ursine Lane it is now.

The houses in Ursine Lane are very old, very inconvenient, and very dilapidated; and I don't think another great fire (all the houses being well insured, depend upon it) would do the neighbourhood any harm, in clearing the rubbishing old lane away. Number four tumbled in, and across the road on to number sixteen, a few years ago; and since then, Ursine Lane has been provided with a species of roofing in the shape of great wooden beams to shore up its opposite sides. The district surveyor shakes his head very much at Ursine Lane, and resides as far from it as he can. The cats of the neighbourhood find great delectation in the shoring beams, using them, in the night season, as rialtos and bridges, not of sighs, but of miauws; but foot passengers look wistfully and somewhat fearfully upwards at these wooden defences. Yet Ursine Lane remains. To be sure, if you were to pull it down, you would have to remove the old church of St. Nicholas Bearcroft, where the bells ring every Friday night, in conformity with a bequest of Master Miniver Squirrell, furrier, obiit sixteen hundred and eighty-four, piously to commemorate his escape from the paws of a grisly bear while travelling in the wilds of Muscovy. You would have to demolish the brave gilt lion, and the brave gilt unicorn at the extremity of the churchwardens' pew, who (saving their gender) with the clerk, the sexton, and two or three deaf old shopkeepers and their wives, are pretty nearly all the dearly beloved brethren whom the Reverend Tremaine Popples, M. A., can gather together as a congregation. Worse than all, if Ursine Lane were to come down, the pump must come down — the old established, constitutional, vested, endowed pump; built, so tradition runs, over a fountain blessed by the great St. Ursula herself. So Ursine Lane remains.

At a certain period of the world's history, it may have been yesterday, it may have been yesterday twenty years, there dwelt in this dismal avenue, a Beast. Everybody called him a Beast. He was a Manchester warehouseman. Now it is not at all necessary for a Manchester warehouseman — or, indeed, for any warehouseman — to be a beast or a brute, or anything disagreeable. Quite the contrary. For instance, next door to the Beast's were the counting-houses and warerooms of Tapperly and Grigg, also Manchester warehousemen, as merry, light-hearted, good-humoured young fellows as you would wish to see. Tapperly was somewhat of a sporting character, rode away every afternoon on a high-stepping brown mare, and lounged regularly about the entrance to "Tats" whether he booked any bets or not. As for Grigg, he was the Coryphæus of all the middle class *soirées*, dan-

cing academies and subscription balls in London, and it was a moving sight to see him in his famous Crusader costume at a Drury Lane Bal Masqué. Nor was old Sir William Watch (of the firm of Watch, Watch, and Rover, Manchester warehousemen) at the corner, who was fined so many thousand pounds for smuggling once upon a time, at all beastlike or brutish. He was a white-headed, charitable jolly old gentleman, fond of old port and old songs and old clerks and porters, and his cheque-book was as open as his heart. Lacteal, Flewitt, and Company, again, on the other side of the Beast's domicile, the great dealers in gauzes and ribbons, were mild, placable, pious men, the beloved of Clapham. But the Beast was a Beast and no mistake. Everybody said he was; and what everybody says, must be true. His name was Braddlescroggs.

Barnard Braddlescroggs. He was the head, the trunk and the tail of the firm. No Co., no son, no nephew, no brothers: B. BRADDLESCROGGS glared at you from either door-jamb. His warerooms were extensive, gloomy, dark, and crowded. So were his counting-houses, which were mostly underground, and candle-lit. He loved to keep his subordinates in these dark dens, where he could rush in upon them suddenly, and growl at them. You came wandering through these subterraneans upon wan men, pent up among parasols and *cartons* of gay ribbons; upon pale lads in spectacles registering silks and merinos by the light of flickering, strong-smelling tallow candles in rusty sconces. There was no counting-house community; no desk-fellowship: the clerks were isolated — dammed up in steep little pulpits, relegated behind walls of cotton goods, consigned to the *inpace* of bales of tarlatan and barège. The Beast was everywhere. He prowled about continually. He lurked in holes and corners. He reprimanded clerks on staircases, and discharged porters in dark entries. His deep, harsh, grating voice could ever be heard growling during the hours of business, somewhere, like a sullen earthquake. His stern Wellington boots continually creaked. His numerous keys rattled gaoler-fashion. His very watch, when wound up, made a savage gnashing noise, as though the works were in torment. He was a Beast.

Tall, square, sinewy, and muscular in person; large and angular in features; with a puissant, rebellious head of grey hair that would have defied all the brushing, combing, and greasing of the Burlington Arcade; with black bushy eyebrows nearly meeting on his forehead; with a horseshoe frown between his eyes; with stubbly whiskers, like horse-hair spikes, rather indented in his cheekbones than growing on his cheeks; with a large, stiff, shirt collar and frill defending his face like *chevaux-de-frise;* with large, coarse, bony hands plunged in his trousers

pockets; with a great seal and ribbons and the savage ticking watch I have mentioned — such was Barnard Braddlescroggs. From the ears and nostrils of such men you see small hairs growing, indomitable by tweezers; signs of inflexibility of purpose, and stern virility. Their joints crack as they walk. His did.

Very rich, as his father, old Simon Braddlescroggs, had been before him, B. Braddlescroggs was not an avaricious man. He had never been known to lend or advance a penny to the necessitous; but he paid his clerks and servants liberal salaries. This was a little unaccountable in the Beast, but it was said that they did not hate him the less. He gave largely to stern charities, such as dragged sinners to repentance, or administered eleemosynary food, education and blows (in a progressively liberal proportion) to orphan children. He was a visiting justice to strict gaols, and was supposed not to have quite made up his mind as to what system of prison discipline was best—unremitting corporal punishment, or continuous solitary confinement. He apprenticed boys to hard trades, or assisted them to emigrate to inclement climates. He was a member of a rigid persuasion, and one high in authority, and had half built a chapel at his own expense; but everybody said that few people thanked him, or were grateful to him for his generosity. He was such a Beast. He bit the orphan's nose off, and bullied the widow. He gave alms as one who pelts a dog with marrow-bones, hurting him while he feeds him. Those in his employment who embezzled or robbed him, were it of but a penny piece, he mercilessly prosecuted to conviction. Everybody had observed it. He sued all debtors, opposed all insolvents, and strove to bring all bankrupts within the meaning of the penal clauses. Everybody knew it. The merchants and brokers, his compeers, fell away from him on 'Change; his correspondents opened his hard, fierce letters with palpitating hearts; his clerks cowered before him; his maid servants passed him (when they had courage to pass him at all) with fear and trembling. The waiters at the "Cock" in Threadneedle Street, where he took a fiery bowl of Mulligatawny soup for lunch, daily, didn't like him. At his club at the West End he had a bow-window and a pile of newspapers all to himself — dined by himself — drank by himself — growled to himself.

There had been a Mrs. Braddlescroggs; a delicate, blue-eyed little woman out of Devonshire, who had been Beauty to the Beast. She died early. Her husband was not reported to have beaten her, or starved her, or verbally ill-treated her, but simply to have frightened her to death. Everybody said so. She could never take those mild blue eyes of hers off her terrible husband, and died —looking at him timorously. One

son had been born to B. B. at her demise. He grew up a pale, fair-haired, frightened lad, with his mother's eyes. The Beast had treated him (everybody was indignant at it) from his earliest years with unvarying and consistent severity; and at fourteen he was removed from the school of the rigid persuasion, where he had received his dreary commercial education, to his father's rigider, drearier establishment in Ursine Lane. He had a department to himself there, and a tallow candle to himself.

The clerks, some twelve in number, all dined and slept in the house. They had a dismal dormitory over some stables in Grizzly Buildings, at the back of Ursine Lane; and dined in a dingy, uncarpeted room at the top of the building — on one unvarying bill of fare of beef, mutton, and potatoes — plenty of it, though, for the Beast never stinted them: which was remarkable in *such* a Beast. The domestic arrangements were superintended by a housekeeper — a tall, melancholy, middle-aged lady, supposed to have been once in affluent circumstances. She had been very good-looking, too, once, but had something the matter with her spine, and not unfrequently fell downstairs, or upstairs, in fits of syncope. When the Beast had no one else to abuse and mal-treat, he would go upstairs and abuse Mrs. Plimmets, and threaten her with dismissal and inevitable starvation. Business hours concluded at eight nightly, and from that hour to ten P.M. the clerks were permitted to walk where they listed — but exclusion and expulsion were the never failing result of a moment's unpunctuality in returning home. The porters slept out of the house, and the clerks looked at them almost as superior beings — as men of strange experiences and knowledge of life — men who had been present at orgies prolonged beyond midnight — men who had remained in the galleries of theatres till the performances were concluded.

Of the dozen clerks who kept the books of Barnard Braddlescroggs (save that grim auriferous banker's pass-book of his) and registered his wares, I have to deal with but two. My business lies only with blue-eyed, pale-faced William Braddlescroggs, and with John Simcox the corresponding clerk.

Simcox among his fellow clerks, Mr. Simcox among the porters, Jack Simcox among his intimates at the "Admiral Benbow" near Camberwell Gate, "you Simcox," with his growling chief. A grey-haired, smiling, red-faced simpleton was Simcox; kind of heart, simple of mind, affectionate of disposition, confiding of nature, infirm of purpose, convivial of habits. He was fifty years in age, and fifteen in wisdom. He had been at the top of the ladder once — a rich man at least by paternal inheritance, with a carriage and horses and lands; but when he tumbled (which he did at five-and-

twenty, very quickly and right to the bottom), he never managed to rise again. The dupe of every shallow knave; the victim in every egregious scheme; an excellent arithmetician, yet quite unable to put two and two together in a business sense; he had never even had strength of character to be his own enemy, he had always found such a multiplicity of friends ready to do the inimical for him. If you let him alone he would do well enough. He would not lose his money till you cheated him out of it; he would not get drunk himself, but would allow you to make him so, with the most charming willingness and equanimity. There are many Simcoxes in the world, and more rogues always ready to prey upon them; yet though I should like to hang the rogues, I should not like to see the breed of Simcox quite extinct.

John Simcox had a salary of one hundred and twenty pounds a-year. If I were writing fiction instead of sober (though veiled) truth, I should picture him to you as a victim with some two score of sovereigns per annum. No; he had a hundred and twenty of those yellow tokens annually — for the Beast never stinted in this respect either: which was again remarkable in such a Beast. One hundred and twenty golden sovereigns annually, had John Simcox; and they were of about as much use to him as one hundred and twenty penny pieces. When a man has a quarter's salary amounting to twenty-seven pounds, receivable next Thursday, and out of that has a score of three pounds due at the "Admiral Benbow," and has promised to (and will) lend ten pounds to a friend, and has borrowed five more of another friend himself, which he means to pay; and has besides his little rent to meet, and his little butcher and his little grocer and his little tailor, it is not very difficult to imagine how the man may be considerably embarrassed in satisfying all these demands out of the capital. But, when the administrator of the capital happens to be (as Simcox was) a man without the slightest command of himself or his money — you will have no difficulty in forming a conviction that the end of Simcox's quarter-days were worse than their commencement.

Nor will you be surprised that "executions" in Simcox's little house in Carolina-terrace, Albany-road, Camberwell, were of frequent occurrence; that writs against him were always "out," and the brokers always "in." That he was as well known in the county court as the judge. That orders for payment were always coming due and never being paid. His creditors never arrested him, however. If they did so, they knew he would lose his situation; so the poor man went on from week to week, and from month to month, borrowing here and borrowing there, obtaining small advances from loan societies held at public-houses, robbing Peter

to pay Paul — always in a muddle, in short; but still smoking his nightly pipes, and drinking his nightly glasses, and singing his nightly songs; the latter with immense applause at the "Admiral Benbow."

I don't think Simcox's worldly position was at all improved by his having married (in very early life, and direct from the finishing establishment of the Misses Gimp, at Hammersmith) a young lady highly accomplished in the useful and productive arts of tambour-work and Poonah painting; but of all domestic or household duties considerably more ignorant than a Zooloo Kaffir. When Simcox had run through his money, an operation he performed with astonishing celerity, Mrs. Simcox, finding herself with three daughters of tender age and a ruined husband, took refuge in floods of tears; subsequently met the crisis of misfortune with a nervous fever; and ultimately subsided into permanent ill health, curl papers, and shoes down at heel.

When the events took place herein narrated, the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Simcox were all grown up. Madeline, aged twenty-two, was a young lady of surprising altitude, with shoulders of great breadth and sharpness of outline, with very large black eyes and very large black ringlets, attributes of which she was consciously proud, but with a nose approaching to — what shall I say? — the snub. Chemists' assistants had addressed acrostics to her; and the young man at the circulating library was supposed to be madly in love with her. Helena, daughter number two, aged twenty, was also tall, had also black eyes, black ringlets, white resplendent shoulders, was the beloved of apothecaries, and the Laura of Petrarchs in the linen-drapery line. These young ladies were both acknowledged, recognised, established as beauties in the Camberwellian district. They dressed, somehow, in the brightest and most variegated colours; they had, somehow, the prettiest of bonnets, the tightest of gloves, the neatest of kid boots. Their sabbatical entrance to the parish church always created a sensation. The chemist's assistant kissed his hand as they passed; the young man at the circulating library laid down his book, and sighed; passing young ladies envied and disparaged; passing young gentlemen admired and aspired; yet, somehow, Miss Madeline would be twenty-three next birthday, and Miss Helena twenty-one, and no swain had yet declared himself in explicit terms; no one had said, "I have a hundred a year, with a prospect of an advance: take it, my heart, and hand." Old Muggers, indeed,, the tailor of Acacia Cottages, the friend, creditor, and boon companion of Simcox, had intimated, in his cups, at the "Admiral Benbow," his willingness to marry either of the young ladies; but his matrimonial proposals generally va-

nished with his inebriety; and he was besides known to be a dreadfully wicked old man, addicted to drinking, smoking, and snuff-taking. As a climax of villany, he was supposed to have two wives already, alive, and resident in different parts of the provinces.

And daughter number three — have I forgotten her? Not by any means. Was she a beauty? No. In the opinion of her sisters, of Camberwell, and of the chemist's assistant, she was *not* a beauty. She had dark eyes; but they were neither brilliant nor piercing. She had dark hair; but wore it in no long or resplendent ringlets. She was an ordinary girl, a "plain little thing" (according to the Camberwell opinion); there was "nothing about her" in the eyes of the chemist's assistant.

This young person (Bessy by name), from the earliest periods of authentic record to the mature age of sixteen, had occupied, in the Simcox household, an analogous position to that of the celebrated Cinderella. She did not exactly sit in the chimney corner among the ashes; but she lighted the fire, waited upon, dressed, and was otherwise the humble and willing drudge of her accomplished relatives. She did not exactly dress in rags; but she trotted about the house and neighbourhood in a shabby brown merino frock, which she had woefully outgrown, a lamentable old beaver bonnet, and a faded Paisley shawl which held a sort of middle rank in appearance, between a duster and a pocket-handkerchief well to do in the world. As a child, she was punished for the things she did not do, and doubly punished for those she did do. As a girl, she ran of errands, fetched the beer, lighted the fire (as I have said), read the sentimental novels to her mamma as she lay upon the sofa, and accompanied her sisters on the pianoforte when they rehearsed those famous songs and duets with which they did terrific execution in the Camberwell circles.

Honest Simcox, like a stupid, undiscerning shiftless man as he was, did not entertain the domestic or Camberwell opinion concerning Bessy. He maintained that she had more sense in her little finger than her sisters put together (with his wife into the bargain, the honest fellow thought, I dare swear, though he did not dare to say so). He called her his little darling, his little Mentor, his willing, patient Betsy-petsy, with other foolish and weak-minded expressions of endearment. What else could you expect of a red-nosed warehouseman's clerk who fuddled himself nightly at the "Admiral Benbow!" Profoundly submissive to his wife in most instances, he had frequently presumed, during Bessy's nonage, to differ from Mrs. Simcox as to the amount of whipping meted out to his youngest daughter for childish delinquencies, and had once even dared to interfere when his lady

undertook to inflict that punishment for a fault the child had never committed, and to "stay justice in its mid career." So in process of time the alliance between the snubbed, neglected little girl and her father became of so close a nature as to be almost recognised and permitted by the rest of the family. Bessy was reckoned among the rest of the low company with whom the degraded Simcox chose to associate. She was allowed to pull off his muddy boots, to prepare his dinner, to fill his pipe and mix his grog when he muddled himself at home; and to lead him home, shambling, from the "Admiral Benbow," when he performed that operation abroad. Notably of late times she had been commissioned to fetch her papa home from Ursine Lane on the eventful quarter-day; and the meek guiding help of Bessy had often saved that infirm old fellow from many a dark and dangerous pitfall. The child would wait patiently outside the doors of public-houses while her father boozed within; she would lead him away gently but firmly from his riotous companions, or, meeting them and taking them aside, would plead passionately, tearfully, that they would not make papa tipsy to-night. Some of the disreputable personages with whom she was brought into such strange contact were quite subdued and abashed by her earnest, artless looks and speech. Jack Flooks himself, formerly of the Stock Exchange, now principally of the bar of the "Bag o' Nails," the very worst, most dissipated and most reckless of Simcox's associates forbore drinking with Bessy's father for one whole week, and actually returned, in a private and mysterious manner, to Bessy two half-crowns he had borrowed of him! So useful was this filial surveillance found to be by the other branches of his family that the quarter-day functions of our plain little Bessy were gradually extended, and became next of weekly and afterwards of diurnal occurrence. It was good to see this girl arrayed in the forlorn beaver bonnet and the faded Paisley shawl, with her mild, beaming, ordinary, little countenance, arrive at about a quarter to eight at the Thames Street corner of Ursine Lane, and there wait patiently until her father's official duties were over. She became almost as well known in the neighbourhood as St. Nicholas Bearward, or as the famous sanctified pump itself. The fellow-ship porters from Sir John Pigg's wharf touched their caps to her; the majestic beadle of St. Nicholas (a cunning man, omnipotent over the fire escape, king of the keys of the engine-house, and supposed to know where the fire-plug was, much better than the turncock) spoke her kindly; all the clerks in Braddlescroggs's house knew her, nodded to her, smiled at her, and privately expressed their mutual opinions as to what a beast Braddlescroggs

was, not to ask that dear little girl in, and let her rest herself, or sit by the fire in winter. The pot-boy of the "Bear and Ragged Staff," in his evening excursions with the supper beer, grew quite enamoured (in his silent, sheepish fashion) of this affectionate daughter, and would, I dare say, had he dared, have offered her refreshment from his beer-can; nay, even the majestic wealthy Mr. Drum, the wholesale grocer and provision merchant, who stood all day with his hands in his pockets, under his own gibbet-like crane, a very Jack Ketch of West India produce, had addressed cheering and benevolent words to her from the depths of his double chin; had conferred figs upon her; had pressed her to enter his saccharine smelling warehouse, and rest herself upon a barrel of prime navy mess beef.

When the Beast of Ursine Lane met Bessy Simcox he either scowled at her, or made her sarcastic bows, and asked her at what pot-house her father was about to get drunk that night, and whether he had taught *her* to drink gin, too? Sometimes he growled forth his determination to have no "bits of girls" hanging about his "place;" sometimes he told her that she would not have to come many times more, for that he was determined on discharging that "drunken old dog," her papa. In the majority of instances, however, he passed her without any other notice than a scowl, and a savage rattle of the keys and silver in his pockets. The little maiden trembled fearfully when she saw him, and had quiet fits of weeping (in which a corner of the Paisley shawl was brought into frequent requisition) over against the pump, when he had spoken to her. There was a lad called William Braddlescroggs, with blue eyes and fair hair, who blushed very violently whenever he saw Bessy, and had once been bold enough to tell her that it was a fine evening. In this flagrant crime he was then and there detected by his father, who drove him back into the warehouse.

"As this is quarter-day, my Bessy," was the remark of John Simcox to his daughter, one twenty-eighth of March, "as this is quarter-day, I think, my child, that I will take one glass of ale."

It was about half-past eight, I think, and Bessy and her papa were traversing the large thoroughfare known as the New Kent Road. There is in that vicinity, as you are aware that stunning Champagne Ale House, known as the "Leather Bottel." Into that stunning ale house did John Simcox enter, leaving his little Bessy outside, with fifteen pounds, the balance of what he had already expended of his quarter's salary. The night was very lowering, and rain appeared to be imminent. It came down, presently, in big, pattering drops, but John had promised not to be long.

Why should I tell, *in extenso*, the humiliating tale of how John

Simcox got tipsy that night? How he forced all the money, pound by pound, from his little daughter? How, when after immense labour and trouble, he had at last been brought to his own street door, he suddenly started off at an unknown tangent (running hard and straight), and disappeared. How his daughter wandered about, weeping, in the pouring rain, seeking him; how, at two o'clock in the morning, a doleful party arrived at a little house in Camberwell — a very moist policeman, a weeping, shivering, drenched little girl over whom the municipal had in pity thrown his oilskin cape, and a penniless, hatless, drunken man, all covered with mud, utterly sodden, wretched, and degraded. Drop the curtain for pity's sake.

The first impulse of Mrs. Simcox, after duly loading her besotted husband with reproaches, was to beat Bessy. The anger of this matron, generally so gently languid, was something fearful to view. An enraged sheep is frantic. She was frustrated, however, in her benevolent intention, first by the policeman, afterwards by Bessy herself, who, wet, fatigued, and miserable (but in an artful and designing manner, no doubt), first contrived to faint away, and next day chose to fall into a high fever.

In this fever — in the access thereof — she lay three long weeks. In a lamentable state of languor, she lay many long weeks more. The brokers were in again. The parlour carpet was taken up and sent to the pawnbroker's. There were no invalid comforts in the house; no broth, nor chickens to make it, no arrowroot no sago, no Port wine, no anything to speak of, that was really wanted.

Stay, I am wrong. There were plenty of doctors; there was plenty of doctor's stuff. The chemists, apothecaries, and medical practitioners of the neighbourhood, treated the Simcox family, and the little sick daughter, in particular, in a liberal and considerate manner. Not one charged a penny, and all were unremitting in attention. Kind-hearted Mr. Sphoon, of Walworth, sent in — so to speak — a hamper of quinine. Young Tuckett, close by, who had just passed the Hall and College, and opened his shop, offered to do anything for Bessy. He would have dissected her even, I am sure. Great Doctor Bibby came from Camberwell Grove, in his own carriage, with his own footman with the black worsted tags on his shoulder, and majestically ordered change of air, and red Port wine for Bessy Simcox. A majestic man was Dr. Bibby, and a portly, and a deep-voiced, and a rich. His boots creaked, and his carriage springs oscillated — but he left a sovereign on the Simcox mantelpiece, for all that.

So there was something of those things needful in the little house at Camberwell. There was besides, a certain nurse, active,

devoted, patient, soothing, and gentle. Not Mrs. Simcox, who still lay on the sofa, now reading the sentimental novels, now moaning over the family difficulties. Not the Misses Simcox, who though they did tend their sister, did it very fretfully and cross-grainedly, and unanimously declared that the child made herself out to be a great deal worse than she really was. This nurse had rather a red nose, and a tremulous hand. He came home earlier from the City now; but he never stopped at the stunning Champagne Ale House. He had not been to the "Admiral Benbow" for seven weeks. He sat by his daughter's pillow; he read to her; he carried her in his arms like a child as she was; he wept over the injury he had done her; he promised, and meant, and prayed for, amendment.

But what were the attentions of the doctors, the hamper of quinine, the sovereign on the mantelpiece, even, after all? They were but drops in the great muddled ocean of the Simcox embarrassments. A sovereign would not take Bessy to Malvern or Ventnor; the quinine would not give her red Port wine and change of air. The nurse grew desperate. There was no money to be borrowed, none to be obtained from the pawnbroker, none to be received until next quarter-day — before which, another month must elapse. Should he attempt to obtain a small advance of money from the Beast himself — the terrible Braddlescroggs? Should he offer him two hundred per cent. interest; should he fall down on his knees before him; should he write him a supplicatory letter; should he?

One evening, Simcox came home from the office with many smiles upon his face. He had borrowed the money, after many difficulties, from the chief clerk. Ten pounds. He would have to pay very heavy interest for it, but never mind. Mrs. Simcox should take Bessy to Ventnor for a fortnight or three weeks. Quarter-day would soon come round. Soon come round. Now and then his family remarked, that the many smiles dropped from their papa's countenance like a mask, and that, underneath, he wore a look rather haggard, rather weary, rather terrible; but then, you see, he would have to pay such a heavy interest for the ten pounds. Mrs. Simcox was delighted at the prospect of her country trip; poor Bessy smiled and thanked her papa; and the two Miss Simcoxes — who had their own private conviction that an excursion to the sea-side was the very thing for them; to air their beauty as it were - and not for that designing bit of a thing, Bessy, with her pale face — the two Miss Simcoxes, I say, went to bed in a huff.

To the pleasant Island of Wight in the British Channel, and the county of Hampshire did the little convalescent from Camberwell and her parent proceed. Bessy gathered shells and sea-weeds,

and bought sand pictures on cardboard by the Undercliff, and sand in bottles, and saw the donkey at Carisbroke Castle, and wondered at Little St. Lawrence Church, and the magnificent yachting dandies at Cowes and Ryde, until her pale face grew quite rosy, and her dark eyes had something of a sparkle in them. Her mamma lay on the sofa as usual, exhausted the stock of sentimental novels in the Ventnor circulating library, varying these home occupations occasionally by taking exercise in a wheel-chair, and "nagging" at Bessy. The pair came back to London together, and were at the little mansion at Camberwell about a week before quarter-day. The peccant Simcox had been exemplarily abstemious during their absence; but his daughters had not been able to avoid remarking that he was silent, reserved, and anxious-looking. You see he had to pay such heavy interest for the ten pounds he had borrowed of the chief clerk.

Three days before quarter-day, it was ten minutes to eight P.M., and Bessy Simcox was waiting for her father. She was confident, hopeful, cheerful now: she thanked God for her illness and the change it had wrought in her dear papa. Ten minutes to eight, and a hot summer's evening. She was watching the lamp-lighter going round with his ladder and his little glimmering lantern, when she was accosted by one of Mr. Braddlescroggs's porters. He was an ugly forbidding man with a vicious-looking fur cap (such as porters of workhouses and wicked skippers of colliers wear), and had never before saluted or spoken to her. She began to tremble violently when John Malingerer (a special favourite of the Beast's, if he could have favoured any one, and supposed to be a porter after his own heart), addressed her.

"Hi!" said the porter, "you 're wanted."

"Me — wanted? Where? By whom?" stammered Bessy.

"Counting-house — Governor — Bisness," replied John Malingerer, in short growling periods.

Bessy followed him, still trembling. The porter walked before her, looming like the genius of Misfortune. He led her through dingy wareroom after wareroom, counting-house after counting-house, where the clerks all were silent and subdued. He led her at last into a dingy sanctum, dimly lighted by one shaded lamp. In this safe there were piles of dingy papers and more dingy ledgers; great piles of accounts on hooks in the wall, with their long iron necks and white bodies like ghosts of dead bills who had hanged themselves; a huge iron safe throwing hideous shadows against the wall, and three silent men.

That is to say:

John Simcox, white, trembling and with wild eyes.

The Beast, neither more nor less a Beast than he usually was.

A tall man with a very sharp shirt collar, a great coat, a black stock; very thin iron-grey hair; a

face which looked as if it had once been full of wrinkles and furrows which had been half ironed out; very peculiar and very heavy boots, brown berlin gloves, and a demeanour which confirmed you immediately in a conviction that were you to strike at him violently with a sledge hammer, his frame would give forth in response no fleshy "thud," but a hard metallic ring.

The Beast was standing up: his back against a tall desk on spectral legs, his hands in his pockets. So also, standing, in a corner, was Simcox. So also, not exactly anywhere but somewhere, somehow, and about Simcox, and about Bessy, and particularly about the door and the iron-safe, in which he seemed to take absorbing interest, was the tall man in the peculiar boots.

"Come here, my girl," said the grating voice of Barnard Braddlescroggs the Beast.

My girl came there, to the foot of a table, as she was desired. She heard the grating voice; she heard, much louder, the beating of her own heart; she heard, loudest of all, a dreadful voice within her crying over and over again that papa had borrowed ten pounds, and that he would have to pay very heavy interest for it, and that quarter day would soon come round, soon come round.

"This person's name is Lurcher," pursued the Beast.

The person coughed. The cough struck on the girl's heart like a knell. One.

"He is an officer."

An officer of what? Of the Household Brigade; of the yeomanry cavalry; of the Sheriff of Middlesex's batallion, a custom-house officer, a naval officer, a relieving officer? But Bessy knew in a moment. She might have known it at first from the peculiar boots the officer wore — boots such as no other officer, or man, or woman can wear. But her own heart told her. It said plainly: "This is a police-officer, and he has come to take your father into custody."

It was all told directly. Oh Bessy, Bessy! The ten pounds borrowed from the chief clerk, for which he would have to pay such heavy interest. The ten pounds were borrowed from the Petty Cash. The miserable Simcox's account was fifteen pounds deficient; he had promised to refund the money on quarter-day; he had begged and prayed for time; the Beast was inexorable, and Lurcher, the officer, was there to take him to prison for embezzlement.

"You daughter of this man," said the Beast; "you must go home without him. You tell his wife, and the rest of his people, that I have locked him up, and that I 'll transport him, for robbery."

"Robbery, no, Sir," cried poor Simcox from the corner. "Before God, no! It was only for —"

"Silence!" said the Beast. "I'll prosecute you, I 'll transport you, I 'll hang you. By G—, I'll reform

you, somehow. Girl," he continued, turning to Bessy. "Go home. Stop! I'll send a clerk with you to see if there are any of my goods at home. I dare say there are, and you 'll move 'em to-night. You won't though. I 'll have a search-warrant. I 'll put you all in gaol. I 'll transport you all. Come here, one of you fellows in the office" (this with a roar), "and go with this girl to Camberwell. Lurcher, take the rascal away."

What was poor Bessy to do? What could she do but fall down on her knees, clasping those stern knees before her? What could she do, but amid sobs and broken articulation say that it was all her fault? That it was for her, her dear papa had taken the money. That for her use it had been spent. What could she do but implore the Beast, for the love of heaven, for the love of his own son, for the love of his dead father and mother, to spare the object of his wrath, to send her to prison, to take all they had, to show them mercy, as he hoped mercy to be shown to him hereafter?

She did all this and more. It was good, though pitiful, to see the child on her knees in her mean dress, with her streaming eyes, and her poor hair all hanging about her eyes, and to hear her artless, yet passionate supplications. The Beast moved nor muscle nor face; but it is upon record that Mr. Lurcher, after creaking about on the peculiar boots for some seconds, turned aside into the shadow of the iron safe, and blew his nose.

"Lurcher," observed the Beast, "Wait a moment before I give this man into your charge."

Mr. Lurcher bent some portion of his body between his occiput and his spine, and, considering himself temporarily relieved from the custody of his prisoner, threw the whole force of his contemplative energies into the iron safe, in which, as a subject, he appeared immediately to bury himself.

"Come here!" was the monosyllabic command of the Beast; addressed both to father and daughter. He led them into yet an inner sanctum, a sort of cupboard, full of books and papers, where there was a dreadful screw copying press, like an instrument of torture in the Inquisition.

"I will spare your father, child, and retain him in his situation," continued the Beast, without ever taking his hands from his pockets, or altering an inflection of his voice, "on these, and these conditions only. My housekeeper is old and blind, and I shall soon turn her adrift, and let her go to the workhouse — everybody says so, I believe. The short time she will remain, she will be able to instruct you in as much as I shall require of you. You will have to keep this house for me and my clerks, and you must never quit it save once in six weeks, for six hours at a time; and I expect you to adhere to this engagement for two years. All communication between you and your family,

save during your hours of liberty, I strictly prohibit. You will have twenty pounds a-year as wages, half of which can go to augment your father's salary. At the same time I shall require from him a written acknowledgment that he has embezzled my monies; and if you quit my service I shall use it against him, ruin him, and imprison him. Make up your mind quickly, for the policeman is waiting."

What was poor Bessy to do? To part from her dear father, never to see him save at intervals, and then only for a short time; to know that he was in the same house, and not be able to run and embrace him! All this was hard, very hard, but what would not Bessy do to save her father from ruin and disgrace and a prison? She would have laid down her life for him, she would have cheerfully consented never to see him again — till the great day comes, when we shall all meet to part no more. She consented. Mr. Lurcher was privately spoken to and dismissed; the Beast subsided into his usual taciturnity; Bessy led her stricken, broken, trembling parent home. They passed through the long dingy warerooms: the clerks whispering and looking as they passed.

Bessy's wardrobe was not sufficiently voluminous to occasion the expenditure of any very great time in packing. It was soon put up, in a very small, shabby black box, studded with brass nails — many of them deficient. This, with Bessy herself, arrived at nine o'clock the next morning, as per agreement, at the Cheapside corner of Ursine Lane, where one of Mr. Braddlescroggs's porters was in waiting; who brought Bessy and her box to the dismal Manchester warehouse owned by the Beast of Ursine Lane.

And here, in the top floor of this lugubrious mansion, lived, for two long years, Bessy Simcox. At stated periods she saw her family for a few hours, and then went back to her prison-house. She carved the beef and mutton for the hungry clerks, she mended their linen, she gave out candles, she calculated washing bills. The old, old story of Beauty and the Beast was being done over again in Ursine Lane, Cheapside. Bessy ripened into a Beauty, in this dismal hot-house; and the Beast was — as I have told you he always was. Beauty dwelt in no fairy palace; surrounded by no rose-bushes, no sweet-smelling gardens, no invisible hands to wait on her at supper. It was all hard, stern, uncompromising reality. She had to deal with an imperious, sullen, brutal master. Everybody knew it. She dealt with him as Bessy had the art of dealing with every one. She bore with him meekly, gently, patiently. She strove to win his forbearance, his respect. She won them both, and more — his love.

Yes, his love! Don't be afraid: the Beast never changed to Prince Azor. He never lay among the

rosebushes sick to death, and threatening to die unless Beauty married him. But at the end of the two years — when their contract was at an end, and when its fulfilment had given him time to know Bessy well, and to save the father through the child — he besought Bessy to remain with him in the same capacity, offering her munificent terms and any degree of liberty she required as regarded communication with her family. Bessy stayed. She stayed two years; she stayed three; she stays there, now, to witness if I lie.

Not alone however. It occurred to William B., junior — the lad with the blue eyes and fair hair — to grow up to be a tall young man, and to fall violently in love with the pretty little housekeeper. It occurred to his father, instead of smiting him on the hip immediately, or eating him up alive in wild beast fashion, to tell him he was a very sensible fellow, and to incite Bessy (we must call her Beauty now) to encourage his addresses, which indeed, dear little puss! she was nothing loth to do. So Beauty was married. Not to the Beast, but to the Beast's son; and Beauty and William and the Beast all removed to a pretty house in the prettiest country near London, where they dwell to this day, again to witness if I lie.

The Beast is a Beast no longer. Everybody admits that he is not a Beast now; some few are even doubtful whether he ever *was* a Beast. He carries on the Ursine Lane business (in partnership with his son) still, and is a very rough-headed and rough-voiced old man. But the rough kernel and rough integument are worn away from his heart, and he is genial and jovial among his dependents. Charitable in secret, he had always been, even in his most brutish times; and you are not to believe (for Braddlescroggs talked nonsense sometimes and he knew it) that the old housekeeper, when she became blind or bedridden was sent adrift or to the workhouse; that old John Simcox was not allowed sufficient funds for his pipe and his glass (in strict moderation) at the Admiral Benbow; or that the two Misses Simcox, when they married at last (after superhuman exertions), went dowerless. No. The Beast remembered, and was generous to them all.

## THE ANGEL'S STORY.

THROUGH the blue and frosty heavens,
Christmas stars were shining bright;
The glistening lamps of the great City
Almost matched their gleaming light;
And the winter snow was lying,
And the winter winds were sighing,
Long ago one Christmas night.

While from every tower and steeple,
Pealing bells were sounding clear,
(Never with such tones of gladness,
Save when Christmas time is near)
Many a one that night was merry
Who had toiled through all the year.

That night saw old wrongs forgiven,
Friends, long parted, reconcile;
Voices, all unused to laughter,
Eyes that had forgot to smile,

Anxious hearts that feared the morrow,
Freed from all their care awhile.

Rich and poor felt the same blessing
From the gracious season fall;
Joy and plenty in the cottage;
Peace and feasting in the hall;
And the voices of the children
Ringing clear above it all!

Yet one house was dim and darkened:
Gloom, and sickness, and despair
Abiding in the gilded chamber,
Climbing up the marble stair,
Stilling even the voice of mourning —
For a child lay dying there.

Silken curtains fell around him,
Velvet carpets hushed the tread,
Many costly toys were lying,
All unheeded, by his bed;
And his tangled golden ringlets
Were on downy pillows spread.

All the skill of the great City
To save that little life was vain;
That little thread from being broken;
That fatal word from being spoken;
Nay, his very mother's pain,
And the mighty love within her,
Could not give him health again.

And she knelt there still beside him,
She alone with strength to smile,
And to promise he should suffer
No more in a little while,
And with murmur'd song and story
The long weary hours beguile.

Suddenly an unseen Presence
Checked those constant moaning cries,
Stilled the little heart's quick fluttering,
Raised the blue and wondering eyes,
Fixed on some mysterious vision,
With a startled sweet surprise.

For a radiant angel hovered
Smiling o'er the little bed;
White his raiment, from his shoulders
Snowy dove-like pinions spread,
And a starlike light was shining
In a Glory round his head.

While, with tender love, the angel
Leaning o'er the little nest,
In his arms the sick child folding,
Laid him gently on his breast.
Sobs and wailings from the mother,
And her darling was at rest.

So the angel, slowly rising,
Spread his wings; and, through the air,
Bore the pretty child, and held him
On his heart with loving care,
A red branch of blooming roses
Placing softly by him there.

While the child thus clinging, floated
Towards the mansions of the Blest,
Gazing from his shining guardian
To the flowers upon his breast,
Thus the angel spake, still smiling
On the little heavenly guest:

'Know, O little one! that Heaven
Does no earthly thing disdain,
Man's poor joys find there an echo
Just as surely as his pain;
Love, on earth so feebly striving,
Lives divine in Heaven again!

"Once, in yonder town below us,
In a poor and narrow street,
Dwelt a little sickly orphan.
Gentle aid, or pity sweet,
Never in life's rugged pathway
Guided his poor tottering feet.

"All the striving anxious forethought
That should only come with age,
Weighed upon his baby spirit,
Showed him soon life's sternest page;
Grim Want was his nurse, and Sorrow
Was his only heritage!

"All too weak for childish pastimes
Drearily the hours sped;
On his hands so small and trembling
Leaning his poor aching head,
Or, through dark and painful hours,
Lying sleepless on no bed.

"Dreaming strange and longing fancies
Of cool forests far away;
Dreams of rosy happy children,
Laughing merrily at play;
Coming home through green lanes, bearing
Trailing branches of white May.

"Scarce a glimpse of the blue heavens
Gleamed above the narrow street,
And the sultry air of Summer
(That you called so warm and sweet,)
Fevered the poor Orphan, dwelling
In the crowded alley's heat.

"One bright day, with feeble footsteps
Slowly forth he dared to crawl,

Through the crowded city's pathways,
Till he reached a garden-wall;
Where 'mid princely halls and mansions
Stood the lordliest of all.

"There were trees with giant branches,
Velvet glades where shadows hide;
There were sparkling fountains glancing,
Flowers whose rich luxuriant pride
Wafted a breath of precious perfume
To the child who stood outside.

"He against the gate of iron
Pressed his wan and wistful face,
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure
At the glories of the place;
Never had his fairest day-dream
Shone with half such wondrous grace.

"You were playing in that garden,
Throwing blossoms in the air,
And laughing when the petals floated
Downward on your golden hair;
And the fond eyes watching o'er you,
And the splendour spread before you,
Told, a House's Hope was there.

"When your servants, tired of seeing
His pale face of want and woe,
Turning to the ragged Orphan,
Gave him coin, and bade him go,
Down his cheeks so thin and wasted,
Bitter tears began to flow.

"But that look of childish sorrow
On your tender young heart fell,
And you plucked the reddest roses
From the tree you loved so well,
Passing them through the stern grating,
With the gentle word, 'Farewell!'

"Dazzled by the fragrant treasure
And the gentle voice he heard,
In the poor forlorn boy's spirit,
Joy the sleeping Seraph stirred;
In his hand he clasped the flowers,
In his heart the loving word.

"So he crept to his poor garret,
Poor no more, but rich and bright;
For the holy dreams of childhood —
Love, and Rest, and Hope, and Light—
Floated round the Orphan's pillow
Through the starry summer night.

"Day dawned, yet the visions lasted;
All too weak to rise he lay;
Did he dream that none spake harshly —
All were strangely kind that day?
Yes; he thought his treasured roses
Must have charmed all ills away.

"And he smiled, though they were fading;
One by one their leaves were shed;
Such bright things could never perish,
They would bloom again,' he said.
When the next day's sun had risen
Child and flowers both were dead.

"Know, dear little one! our Father
Does no gentle deed disdain;
And in hearts that beat in heaven,
Still all tender thoughts remain;
Love on the cold earth beginning
Lives divine and pure again!"

Thus the angel ceased, and gently
O'er his little burthen leant;
While the child gazed from the shining
Loving eyes that o'er him bent,
To the blooming roses by him,
Wondering what that mystery meant.

Then the radiant angel answered,
And with holy meaning smiled:
"Ere your tender, loving spirit
Sin and the hard world defiled,
Mercy gave me leave to seek you; —
I was once that little child!"

## THE SQUIRE'S STORY.

In the year seventeen hundred and sixty-nine, the little town of Barford was thrown into a state of great excitement by the intelligence that a gentleman (and "quite the gentleman," said the landlord of the George Inn), had been looking at Mr. Clavering's old house. This house was neither in the town nor in the country. It stood on the outskirts of Barford, on the road-side leading to Derby. The last occupant had been a Mr. Clavering — a Northumberland gentleman of good family — who had come to live in Barford while he was but a younger son; but when some elder branches of the family died,

he had returned to take possession of the family estate. The house of which I speak was called the White House, from its being covered with a greyish kind of stucco. It had a good garden to the back, and Mr. Clavering had built capital stables, with what were then considered the latest improvements. The point of good stabling was expected to let the house, as it was in a hunting county; otherwise it had few recommendations. There were many bed-rooms; some entered through others, even to the number of five, leading one beyond the other; several sitting-rooms of the small and poky kind, wainscotted round with wood, and then painted a heavy slate colour; one good dining-room, and a drawing-room over it, both looking into the garden, with pleasant bow-windows.

Such was the accommodation offered by the White House. It did not seem to be very tempting to strangers, though the good people of Barford rather piqued themselves on it, as the largest house in the town; and as a house in which "townspeople" and "county people" had often met at Mr. Clavering's friendly dinners. To appreciate this circumstance of pleasant recollection, you should have lived some years in a little country town, surrounded by gentlemen's seats. You would then understand how a bow or a courtesy from a member of a county family elevates the individuals who receive it almost as much, in their own eyes, as the pair of blue garters fringed with silver did Mr. Bickerstaff's ward. They trip lightly on air for a whole day afterwards. Now Mr. Clavering was gone, where could town and county mingle?

I mention these things that you may have an idea of the desirability of the letting of the White House in the Barfordites' imagination; and to make the mixture thick and slab, you must add for yourselves the bustle, the mystery, and the importance which every little event either causes or assumes in a small town; and then, perhaps, it will be no wonder to you that twenty ragged little urchins accompanied "the gentleman" aforesaid to the door of the White House; and that, although he was above an hour inspecting it under the auspices of Mr. Jones, the agent's clerk, thirty more had joined themselves on to the wondering crowd before his exit, and awaited such crumbs of intelligence as they could gather before they were threatened or whipped out of hearing distance. Presently out came "the gentleman" and the lawyer's clerk. The latter was speaking as he followed the former over the threshold. The gentleman was tall, well dressed, handsome; but there was a sinister cold look in his quick-glancing, light blue eye, which a keen observer might not have liked. There were no keen observers among the boys, and ill-con-

ditioned gaping girls. But they stood too near; inconveniently close; and the gentleman, lifting up his right hand, in which he carried a short riding whip, dealt one or two sharp blows to the nearest, with a look of savage enjoyment on his face as they moved away whimpering and crying. An instant after, his expression of countenance had changed.

"Here!" said he, drawing out a handful of money, partly silver, partly copper, and throwing it into the midst of them. "Scramble for it! fight it out, my lads! come this afternoon, at three, to the George, and I 'll throw you out some more." So the boys hurrahed for him as he walked off with the agent's clerk. He chuckled to himself, as over a pleasant thought. "I 'll have some fun with those lads," he said; "I 'll teach 'em to come prowling and prying about me. I 'll tell you what I 'll do. I 'll make the money so hot in the fire-shovel that it shall burn their fingers. You come and see the faces and the howling. I shall be very glad if you will dine with me at two; and by that time I may have made up my mind respecting the house."

Mr. Jones, the agent's clerk, agreed to come to the George at two, but, somehow, he had a distaste for his entertainer. Mr. Jones would not like to have said, even to himself, that a man with a purse full of money, who kept many horses, and spoke familiarly of noblemen — above all, who thought of taking the White House — could be anything but a gentleman; but still the uneasy wonder as to who this Mr. Robinson Higgins could be, filled the clerk's mind long after Mr. Higgins, Mr. Higgins's servants, and Mr. Higgins's stud had taken possession of the White House.

The White House was restuccoed (this time of a pale yellow colour), and put into thorough repair by the accommodating and delighted landlord; while his tenant seemed inclined to spend any amount of money on internal decorations, which were showy and effective in their character, enough to make the White House a nine days' wonder to the good people of Barford. The slate-coloured paints became pink, and were picked out with gold; the old-fashioned bannisters were replaced by newly gilt ones; but, above all, the stables were a sight to be seen. Since the days of the Roman Emperor never was there such provision made for the care, the comfort, and the health of horses. But every one said it was no wonder, when they were led through Barford, covered up to their eyes, but curving their arched and delicate necks, and prancing with short high steps, in repressed eagerness. Only one groom came with them; yet they required the care of three men. Mr. Higgins, however, preferred engaging two lads out of

Barford; and Barford highly approved of his preference. Not only was it kind and thoughtful to give employment to the lounging lads themselves, but they were receiving such a training in Mr. Higgins's stables as might fit them for Doncaster or Newmarket. The district of Derbyshire in which Barford was situated, was too close to Leicestershire not to support a hunt and a pack of hounds. The master of the hounds was a certain Sir Harry Manley, who was *aut* a huntsman *aut nullus*. He measured a man by the "length of his fork," not by the expression of his countenance, or the shape of his head. But as Sir Harry was wont to observe, there was such a thing as too long a fork, so his approbation was withheld until he had seen a man on horseback; and if his seat there was square and easy, his hand light, and his courage good, Sir Harry hailed him as a brother.

Mr. Higgins attended the first meet of the season, not as a subscriber but as an amateur. The Barford huntsmen piqued themselves on their bold riding; and their knowledge of the country came by nature; yet this new strange man, whom nobody knew, was in at the death, sitting on his horse, both well breathed and calm, without a hair turned on the sleek skin of the latter, supremely addressing the old huntsman as he hacked off the tail of the fox; and he, the old man, who was testy even under Sir Harry's slightest rebuke, and flew out on any other member of the hunt that dared to utter a word against his sixty years' experience as stable-boy, groom, poacher, and what not — he, old Isaac Wormeley, was meekly listening to the wisdom of this stranger, only now and then giving one of his quick, up-turning, cunning glances, not unlike the sharp o'er-canny looks of the poor deceased Reynard, round whom the hounds were howling, unadmonished by the short whip, which was now tucked into Wormeley's well-worn pocket. When Sir Harry rode into the copse — full of dead brushwood and wet taugled grass — and was followed by the members of the hunt, as one by one they cantered past, Mr. Higgins took off his cap and bowed — half deferentially, half insolently — with a lurking smile in the corner of his eye at the discomfited looks of one or two of the laggards. "A famous run, Sir," said Sir Harry. "The first time you have hunted in our country, but I hope we shall see you often."

"I hope to become a member of the hunt, Sir," said Mr. Higgins.

"Most happy — proud, I 'm sure, to receive so daring a rider among us. You took the Croppergate, I fancy; while some of our friends here" — scowling at one or two cowards by way of finishing his speech. "Allow me to introduce myself — master of the hounds" he fumbled in his waist-

coat pocket for the card on which his name was formally inscribed. "Some of our friends here are kind enough to come home with me to dinner; might I ask for the honour?"

"My name is Higgins," replied the stranger, bowing low. "I am only lately come to occupy the White House at Barford, and I have not as yet presented my letters of introduction."

"Hang it!" replied Sir Harry; "a man with a seat like yours, and that good brush in your hand, might ride up to any door in the county (I 'm a Leicestershire man!), and be a welcome guest. Mr. Higgins, I shall be proud to become better acquainted with you over my dinner table."

Mr. Higgins knew pretty well how to improve the acquaintance thus begun. He could sing a good song, tell a good story, and was well up in practical jokes; with plenty of that keen worldly sense, which seems like an instinct in some men, and which in this case taught him on whom he might play off such jokes, with impunity from their resentment, and with a security of applause from the more boisterous, vehement, or prosperous. At the end of twelve months Mr. Robinson Higgins was, out-and-out, the most popular member of Barford hunt; had beaten all the others by a couple of lengths, as his first patron, Sir Harry, observed one evening, when they were just leaving the dinner-table of an old hunting squire in the neighbourhood.

"Because, you know," said Squire Hearn, holding Sir Harry by the button — "I mean, you see, this young spark is looking sweet upon Catherine; and she 's a good girl, and will have ten thousand pounds down the day she 's married, by her mother's will; and — excuse me, Sir Harry — but I should not like my girl to throw herself away."

Though Sir Harry had a long ride before him, and but the early and short light of a new moon to take it in, his kind heart was so much touched by Squire Hearn's trembling tearful anxiety, that he stopped, and turned back into the dining-room to say, with more asseverations than I care to give:

"My good Squire, I may say, I know that man pretty well by this time; and a better fellow never existed. If I had twenty daughters, he should have the pick of them."

Squire Hearn never thought of asking the grounds for his old friend's opinion of Mr. Higgins; it had been given with too much earnestness for any doubts to cross the old man's mind as to the possibility of its not being well founded. Mr. Hearn was not a doubter or a thinker, or suspicious by nature; it was simply his love for Catherine, his only child, that prompted his anxiety in this case; and, after what Sir Harry had said, the old man could totter with an easy mind, though not with very steady legs, into the

drawing-room, where his bonny blushing daughter Catherine and Mr. Higgins stood close together on the hearth-rug — he whispering, she listening with downcast eyes. She looked so happy, so like her dead mother had looked when the Squire was a young man, that all his thought was how to please her most. His son and heir was about to be married, and bring his wife to live with the Squire; Barford and the White House were not distant an hour's ride; and, even as these thoughts passed through his mind, he asked Mr. Higgins if he could not stay all night — the young moon was already set — the roads would be dark — and Catherine looked up with a pretty anxiety, which, however, had not much doubt in it, for the answer.

With every encouragement of this kind from the old Squire, it took everybody rather by surprise when one morning it was discovered that Miss Catherine Hearn was missing; and when, according to the usual fashion in such cases, a note was found, saying that she had eloped with "the man of her heart," and gone to Gretna Green, no one could imagine why she could not quietly have stopped at home and been married in the parish church. She had always been a romantic, sentimental girl; very pretty and very affectionate, and very much spoiled, and very much wanting in common sense. Her indulgent father was deeply hurt at this want of confidence in his never-varying affection; but when his son came, hot with indignation from the Baronet's (his future father-in-law's house, where every form of law and of ceremony was to accompany his own impending marriage), Squire Hearn pleaded the cause of the young couple with imploring cogency, and protested that it was a piece of spirit in his daughter, which he admired and was proud of. However, it ended with Mr. Nathaniel Hearn's declaring that he and his wife would have nothing to do with his sister and her husband. "Wait till you've seen him, Nat!" said the old Squire, trembling with his distressful anticipations of family discord, "He's an excuse for any girl. Only ask Sir Harry's opinion of him." "Confound Sir Harry! So that a man sits his horse well, Sir Harry cares nothing about anything else. Who is this man — this fellow? Where does he come from? What are his means? Who are his family?"

"He comes from the south — Surrey or Somersetshire, I forget which; and he pays his way well and liberally. There's not a tradesman in Barford but says he cares no more for money than for water; he spends like a prince, Nat. I don't know who his family are, but he seals with a coat of arms which may tell you if you want to know — and he goes regularly to collect his rents from his estates in the south. Oh, Nat! if you would but be friendly, I should be as well pleased with Kitty's marriage as any father in the county."

Mr. Nathaniel Hearn gloomed, and muttered an oath or two to himself. The poor old father was reaping the consequences of his weak indulgence to his two children. Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Hearn kept apart from Catherine and her husband; and Squire Hearn durst never ask them to Levison Hall, though it was his own house. Indeed, he stole away as if he were a culprit whenever he went to visit the White House; and if he passed a night there, he was fain to equivocate when he returned home the next day; an equivocation which was well interpreted by the surly proud Nathaniel. But the younger Mr. and Mrs. Hearn were the only people who did not visit at the White House. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins were decidedly more popular than their brother and sister-in-law. She made a very pretty sweet-tempered hostess, and her education had not been such as to make her intolerant of any want of refinement in the associates who gathered round her husband. She had gentle smiles for townspeople as well as county people; and unconsciously played an admirable second in her husband's project of making himself universally popular.

But there is some one to make ill-natured remarks, and draw ill-natured conclusions from very simple premises, in every place; and in Barford this bird of ill omen was a Miss Pratt. She did not hunt — so Mr. Higgins's admirable riding did not call out her admiration. She did not drink — so the well-selected wines, so lavishly dispensed among his guests, could never mollify Miss Pratt. She could not bear comic songs, or buffo stories — so, in that way, her approbation was impregnable. And these three secrets of popularity constituted Mr. Higgins's great charm. Miss Pratt sat and watched. Her face looked immoveably grave at the end of any of Mr. Higgins's best stories; but there was a keen needle-like glance of her unwinking little eyes, which Mr. Higgins felt rather than saw, and which made him shiver, even on a hot day, when it fell upon him. Miss Pratt was a dissenter, and, to propitiate this female Mordecai, Mr. Higgins asked the dissenting minister whose services she attended to dinner; kept himself and his company in good order; gave a handsome donation to the poor of the chapel. All in vain — Miss Pratt stirred not a muscle more of her face towards graciousness; and Mr. Higgins was conscious that, in spite of all his open efforts to captivate Mr. Davis, there was a secret influence on the other side, throwing in doubts and suspicions, and evil interpretations of all he said or did. Miss Pratt, the little, plain old maid, living on eighty pounds a-year, was the thorn in the popular Mr. Higgins's side, although she had never spoken one uncivil word to him; indeed, on the contrary, had treated him with a stiff and elaborate civility.

The thorn — the grief to Mrs. Higgins was this. They had no children! Oh! how she would stand and envy the careless busy motion of half-a-dozen children; and then, when observed, move on with a deep, deep sigh of yearning regret. But it was as well.

It was noticed that Mr. Higgins was remarkably careful of his health. He ate, drank, took exercise, rested, by some secret rules of his own; occasionally bursting into an excess, it is true, but only on rare occasions — such as when he returned from visiting his estates in the south, and collecting his rents. That unusual exertion and fatigue — for there were no stage-coaches within forty miles of Barford, and he, like most country gentlemen of that day, would have preferred riding if there had been — seemed to require some strange excess to compensate for it; and rumours went through the town, that he shut himself up, and drank enormously for some days after his return. But no one was admitted to these orgies.

One day — they remembered it well afterwards — the hounds met not far from the town; and the fox was found in a part of the wild heath, which was beginning to be enclosed by a few of the more wealthy towns-people, who were desirous of building themselves houses rather more in the country than those they had hitherto lived in. Among these, the principal was a Mr. Dudgeon, the attorney of Barford, and the agent for all the county families about. The firm of Dudgeon had managed the leases, the marriage settlements, and the wills, of the neighbourhood for generations. Mr. Dudgeon's father had the responsibility of collecting the landowners' rents just as the present Mr. Dudgeon had at the time of which I speak: and as his son and his son's son have done since. Their business was an hereditary estate to them; and with something of the old feudal feeling, was mixed a kind of proud humility at their position towards the squires whose family secrets they had mastered, and the mysteries of whose fortunes and estates were better known to the Messrs. Dudgeon than to themselves.

Mr. John Dudgeon had built himself a house on Wildbury Heath; a mere cottage, as he called it: but though only two stories high, it spread out far and wide, and work-people from Derby had been sent for on purpose to make the inside as complete as possible. The gardens too were exquisite in arrangement, if not very extensive; and not a flower was grown in them but of the rarest species. It must have been somewhat of a mortification to the owner of this dainty place when, on the day of which I speak, the fox after a long race, during which he had described a circle of many miles, took refuge in the garden; but Mr. Dudgeon put a good face on the matter when a gentleman hunter, with

the careless insolence of the squires of those days and that place, rode across the velvet lawn, and tapping at the window of the dining-room with his whip handle, asked permission — no! that is not it — rather, informed Mr. Dudgeon of their intention — to enter his garden in a body, and have the fox unearthed. Mr. Dudgeon compelled himself to smile assent, with the grace of a masculine Griselda; and then he hastily gave orders to have all that the house afforded of provision set out for luncheon, guessing rightly enough that a six hours' run would give even homely fare an acceptable welcome. He bore without wincing the entrance of the dirty boots into his exquisitely clean rooms; he only felt grateful for the care with which Mr. Higgins strode about, laboriously and noiselessly moving on the tip of his toes, as he reconnoitred the rooms with a curious eye.

"I'm going to build a house myself, Dudgeon; and, upon my word, I don't think I could take a better model than yours."

"Oh! my poor cottage would be too small to afford any hints for such a house as you would wish to build Mr. Higgins," replied Mr. Dudgeon, gently rubbing his hands nevertheless at the compliment.

"Not at all! not at all! Let me see. You have dining-room, drawing-room" — he hesitated, and Mr. Dudgeon filled up the blank as he expected.

"Four sitting-rooms and the bed-rooms. But allow me to show you over the house. I confess I took some pains in arranging it, and, though far smaller than what you would require, it may, nevertheless, afford you some hints."

So they left the eating gentlemen with their mouths and their plates quite full, and the scent of the fox overpowering that of the hasty rashers of ham; and they carefully inspected all the ground-floor rooms. Then Mr. Dudgeon said:

"If you are not tired, Mr. Higgins — it is rather my hobby, so you must pull me up if you are — we will go upstairs, and I will show you my sanctum."

Mr. Dudgeon's sanctum was the centre room, over the porch, which formed a balcony, and which was carefully filled with choice flowers in pots. Inside, there were all kinds of elegant contrivances for hiding the real strength of all the boxes and chests required by the particular nature of Mr. Dudgeon's business; for although his office was in Barford, he kept (as he informed Mr. Higgins) what was the most valuable here, as being safer than an office which was locked up and left every night. But, as Mr. Higgins reminded him with a sly poke in the side, when next they met, his own house was not over-secure. A fortnight after the gentlemen of the Barford hunt lunched there, Mr. Dudgeon's strong-box, — in his sanctum upstairs, with the mysterious spring-bolt to the window invented by

himself, and the secret of which was only known to the inventor and a few of his most intimate friends, to whom he had proudly shown it; — this strong-box, containing the collected Christmas rents of half-a-dozen landlords, (there was then no bank nearer than Derby.) was rifled; and the secretly rich Mr. Dudgeon had to stop his agent in his purchases of paintings by Flemish artists, because the money was required to make good the missing rents.

The Dogberries and Verges of those days were quite incapable of obtaining any clue to the robber or robbers; and though one or two vagrants were taken up and brought before Mr. Dunover and Mr. Higgins, the magistrates who usually attended in the court-room at Barford, there was no evidence brought against them, and after a couple of nights' durance in the lock-ups they were set at liberty. But it became a standing joke with Mr. Higgins to ask Mr. Dudgeon, from time to time, whether he could recommend him a place of safety for his valuables; or, if he had made any more inventions lately for securing houses from robbers.

About two years after this time — about seven years after Mr. Higgins had been married — one Tuesday evening, Mr. Davis was sitting reading the news in the coffee-room of the George-inn. He belonged to a club of gentlemen who met there occasionally to play at whist, to read what few newspapers and magazines were published in those days, to chat about the market at Derby, and prices all over the country. This Tuesday night, it was a black frost; and few people were in the room. Mr. Davis was anxious to finish an article in the "Gentleman's Magazine;" indeed, he was making extracts from it, intending to answer it, and yet unable with his small income to purchase a copy. So he staid late; it was past nine, and at ten o'clock the room was closed. But while he wrote, Mr. Higgins came in. He was pale and haggard with cold; Mr. Davis, who had had for some time sole possession of the fire, moved politely on one side, and handed to the new comer the sole London newspaper which the room afforded. Mr. Higgins accepted it, and made some remark on the intense coldness of the weather; but Mr. Davis was too full of his article, and intended reply, to fall into conversation readily. Mr. Higgins hitched his chair nearer to the fire, and put his feet on the fender, giving an audible shudder. He put the newspaper on one end of the table near him, and sat gazing into the red embers of the fire, crouching down over them as if his very marrow were chilled. At length he said:

"There is no account of the murder at Bath in that paper?" Mr. Davis, who had finished taking his notes, and was preparing to go, stopped short, and asked:

"Has there been a murder at

Bath? No! I have not seen anything of it—who was murdered?"

"Oh! it was a shocking, terrible murder!" said Mr. Higgins not raising his look from the fire, but gazing on with his eyes dilated till the whites were seen all round them. "A terrible, terrible murder! I wonder what will become of the murderer? I can fancy the red glowing centre of that fire — look and see how infinitely distant it seems, and how the distance magnifies it into something awful and unquenchable."

"My dear Sir, you are feverish; how you shake and shiver!" said Mr. Davis, thinking privately that his companion had symptoms of fever, and that he was wandering in his mind.

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Higgins. "I am not feverish. It is the night which is so cold." And for a time he talked with Mr. Davis about the article in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for he was rather a reader himself, and could take more interest in Mr. Davis's pursuits than most of the people at Barford. At length it drew near to ten, and Mr. Davis rose up to go home to his lodgings.

"No, Davis, don't go. I want you here. We will have a bottle of port together, and that will put Saunders into good humour. I want to tell you about this murder," he continued, dropping his voice, and speaking hoarse and low. "She was an old woman, and he killed her, sitting reading her Bible by her own fireside!" He looked at Mr. Davis with a strange searching gaze, as if trying to find some sympathy in the horror which the idea presented to him.

"Who do you mean, my dear Sir? What is this murder you are so full of? No one has been murdered here."

"No, you fool! I tell you it was in Bath!" said Mr. Higgins, with sudden passion; and then calming himself to most velvet-smoothness of manner, he laid his hand on Mr. Davis's knee, there, as they sat by the fire, and gently detaining him, began the narration of the crime he was so full of; but his voice and manner were constrained to a stony quietude; he never looked in Mr. Davis's face; once or twice, as Mr. Davis remembered afterwards, his grip tightened like a compressing vice.

"She lived in a small house in a quiet old-fashioned street, she and her maid. People said she was a good old woman; but for all that she hoarded and hoarded, and never gave to the poor. Mr. Davis, it is wicked not to give to the poor — wicked — wicked, is it not? I always give to the poor, for once I read in the Bible that 'Charity covereth a multitude of sins.' The wicked old woman never gave, but hoarded her money, and saved, and saved. Some one heard of it; I say she threw a temptation in his way, and God will punish her for it. And this man — or it might be a woman, who knows? — and this person — heard also that she went to church in the mornings, and her maid in

the afternoons; and so — while the maid was at church, and the street and the house quite still, and the darkness of a winter afternoon coming on — she was nodding over the Bible — and that, mark you! is a sin, and one that God will avenge sooner or later; and a step came in the dusk up the stair, and that person I told you of stood in the room. At first he — no! At first, it is supposed — for, you understand, all this is mere guess work — it is supposed that he asked her civilly enough to give him her money, or to tell him where it was; but the old miser defied him, and would not ask for mercy and give up her keys, even when he threatened her, but looked him in the face as if he had been a baby — Oh, God! Mr. Davis, I once dreamt when I was a little innocent boy that I should commit a crime like this, and I wakened up crying; and my mother comforted me — that is the reason I tremble so now — that and the cold, for it is very very cold!"

"But did he murder the old lady?" asked Mr. Davis. "I beg your pardon, Sir, but I am interested by your story."

"Yes! he cut her throat; and there she lies yet in her quiet little parlour, with her face upturned and all ghastly white, in the middle of a pool of blood. Mr. Davis, this wine is no better than water; I must have some brandy!"

Mr. Davis was horror-struck by the story, which seemed to have fascinated him as much as it had done his companion.

"Have they got any clue to the murderer?" said he. Mr. Higgins drank down half a tumbler of raw brandy before he answered.

"No! no clue whatever. They will never be able to discover him, and I should not wonder — Mr. Davis — I should not wonder if he repented after all, and did bitter penance for his crime; and if so — will there be mercy for him at the last day?"

"God knows!" said Mr. Davis, with solemnity. "It is an awful story," continued he, rousing himself; "I hardly like to leave this warm light room and go out into the darkness after hearing it. But it must be done," buttoning on his great coat — "I can only say I hope and trust they will find out the murderer and hang him. If you 'll take my advice, Mr. Higgins, you 'll have your bed warmed, and drink a treacle-posset just the last thing; and, if you 'll allow me, I 'll send you my answer to Philologus before it goes up to old Urban."

The next morning Mr. Davis went to call on Miss Pratt, who was not very well; and by way of being agreeable and entertaining, he related to her all he had heard the night before about the murder at Bath; and really he made a very pretty connected story out of it, and interested Miss Pratt very much in the fate of the old lady — partly because of a similarity in their situations; for she also privately hoarded money, and had

but one servant, and stopped at home alone on Sunday afternoons to allow her servant to go to church.

"And when did all this happen?" she asked.

"I don't know if Mr. Higgins named the day; and yet I think it must have been on this very last Sunday."

"And to-day is Wednesday. Ill news travels fast."

"Yes, Mr. Higgins thought it might have been in the London newspaper."

"That it could never be. Where did Mr. Higgins learn all about it?"

"I don't know, I did not ask; I think he only came home yesterday: he had been south to collect his rents, somebody said."

Miss Pratt grunted. She used to vent her dislike and suspicions of Mr. Higgins in a grunt whenever his name was mentioned.

"Well, I shan't see you for some days. Godfrey Merton has asked me to go and stay with him and his sister; and I think it will do me good. Besides," added she, "these winter evenings — and these murderers at large in the country — I don't quite like living with only Peggy to call to in case of need."

Miss Pratt went to stay with her cousin, Mr. Merton. He was an active magistrate, and enjoyed his reputation as such. One day he came in, having just received his letters.

"Bad account of the morals of your little town here, Jessy!" said he, touching one of his letters. "You've either a murderer among you, or some friend of a murderer. Here's a poor old lady at Bath had her throat cut last Sunday week; and I've a letter from the Home Office, asking to lend them 'my very efficient aid,' as they are pleased to call it, towards finding out the culprit. It seems he must have been thirsty, and of a comfortable jolly turn; for before going to his horrid work he tapped a barrel of ginger wine the old lady had set by to work; and he wrapped the spigot round with a piece of a letter taken out of his pocket, as may be supposed; and this piece of a letter was found afterwards; there are only these letters on the outside, '*ns*, *Esq.*, *-arford*, *-egworth*,' which some one has ingeniously made out to mean Barford, near Kegworth. On the other side there is some allusion to a race-horse, I conjecture, though the name is singular enough; 'Church-and-King-and-down-with-the-Rump.'"

Miss Pratt caught at this name immediately; it had hurt her feelings as a dissenter only a few months ago, and she remembered it well.

"Mr. Nat Hearn has — or had (as I am speaking in the witness-box, as it were, I must take care of my tenses), a horse with that ridiculous name."

"Mr. Nat Hearn," repeated Mr. Merton, making a note of the intelligence; then he recurred to his letter from the Home Office again.

"There is also a piece of a small key, broken in the futile attempt

to open a desk — well, well. Nothing more of consequence. The letter is what we must rely upon."

"Mr. Davis said that Mr. Higgins told him —" Miss Pratt began.

"Higgins!" exclaimed Mr. Merton, "*ns.* Is it Higgins, the blustering fellow that ran away with Nat Hearn's sister?"

"Yes!" said Miss Pratt. "But though he has never been a favourite of mine —"

"*ns.*" repeated Mr. Merton. "It is too horrible to think of; a member of the hunt — kind old Squire Hearn's son-in-law! Who else have you in Barford with names that end in *ns.*?"

"There 's Jackson, and Higginson, and Blenkinsop, and Davis and Jones. Cousin! One thing strikes me — how did Mr. Higgins know all about it to tell Mr. Davis on Tuesday what had happened on Sunday afternoon?"

There is no need to add much more. Those curious in lives of the highwaymen may find the name of Higgins as conspicuous among those annals as that of Claude Duval. Kate Hearn's husband collected his rents on the highway, like many another "gentleman" of the day; but, having been unlucky in one or two of his adventures, and hearing exaggerated accounts of the hoarded wealth of the old lady at Bath, he was led on from robbery to murder, and was hung for his crime at Derby, in seventeen hundred and seventy-five.

He had not been an unkind husband; and his poor wife took lodgings in Derby to be near him in his last moments — his awful last moments. Her old father went with her everywhere but into her husband's cell; and wrung her heart by constantly accusing himself of having promoted her marriage with a man of whom he knew so little. He abdicated his squireship in favour of his son Nathaniel. Nat was prosperous, and the helpless silly father could be of no use to him; but to his widowed daughter the foolish fond old man was all in all; her knight, her protector, her companion — her most faithful loving companion. Only he ever declined assuming the office of her counsellor — shaking his head sadly, and saying —

"Ah! Kate, Kate! if I had had more wisdom to have advised thee better, thou need'st not have been an exile here in Brussels, shrinking from the sight of every English person as if they knew thy story."

I saw the White House not a month ago; it was to let, perhaps for the twentieth time since Mr. Higgins occupied it; but still the tradition goes in Barford that once upon a time a highwayman lived there, and amassed untold treasures; and that the ill-gotten wealth yet remains walled up in some unknown concealed chamber; but in what part of the house no one knows.

Will any of you become tenants, and try to find out this mysterious closet? I can furnish the exact address to any applicant who wishes for it.

## UNCLE GEORGE'S STORY.

We had devoted the morning before my wedding day to the arrangement of those troublesome, delightful, endless little affairs, which the world says must be set in order on such occasions; and late in the afternoon, we walked down, Charlotte and myself, to take a last bachelor and maiden peep at the home which, next day was to be ours in partnership. Goody Barnes, already installed as our cook and housekeeper, stood at the door, ready to receive us as we crossed the market-place to inspect our cottage for the twentieth time, — cottage by courtesy, — next door to my father's mansion, by far the best and handsomest in the place. It was some distance from Charlotte's house, where she and her widowed mother lived; — all the way down the lime-tree avenue, then over the breezy common, besides traversing the principal and only street, which terminated in the village market-place.

The front of our house was quakerlike, in point of neatness and humility. But enter! It is not hard to display good taste when the banker's book puts no veto on the choice gems of furniture, which give the finishing touch to the whole. Then pass through, and bestow a glance upon our living rooms looking down upon that greatest of luxuries, a terraced garden, commanding the country — and not a little of that country mine already, — the farm which my father had given me, to keep me quiet and contented at home. For the closing perspective of our view, there was the sea, like a bright blue rampart rising before us. White-sailed vessels, or self-willed steamers, flitted to and fro for our amusement.

We tripped down the terrace steps, and of course looked in upon the little artificial grotto to the right, which I had caused to be lined throughout with foreign shells and glittering spars, — more gifts from my ever-bountiful father. Charlotte and I went laughingly along the straight gravel walk, flanked on each side with a regiment of dahlias; that led us to the little gate, opening to give us admission to my father's own pleasure-ground and orchard.

The dear old man was rejoiced to receive us. A daughter was what he so long had wished for. We hardly knew whether to smile, or weep for joy, as we all sat together on the same rustic bench, overshadowed by the tulip-tree, which some one said my father had himself brought from North America. But of the means by which he became possessed of many of his choicest treasures, he never breathed a syllable to me. His father, I very well knew, was

nothing more than a homely farmer, cultivating no great extent of not too productive sea-side land; but Charlotte's lace dress which she was to wear to-morrow — again another present from him — was, her mother proudly pronounced, valuable and handsome enough for a princess.

Charlotte half whispered, half said aloud that she had no fear now that Richard Leroy, her boisterous admirer, would dare to attempt his reported threat to carry her off to the continent in his cutter. Richard's name made my father frown, so we said no more; we lapsed again into that dreamy state of silent enjoyment, which was the best expression of our happiness.

Leroy's father was *called* a farmer; but on our portion of the English coast there are many things that are well understood rather than clearly and distinctly expressed; and no one had ever enlightened my ignorance. My father was on speaking terms with him, that was all; courteous, but distant; half timid, half mysterious. He discouraged my childish intimacy with Richard; yet he did not go so far as to forbid it. Once, when I urged him to allow me to accompany young Leroy in his boat, to fish in the Channel one calm and bright summer morning, he peremptorily answered, "No! I do not wish *you* to learn to be a smuggler." But then, he instantly checked himself, and afterwards was more anxious and kind to me than ever. Still Richard and I continued playfellows until we grew up, and both admired Charlotte. He would have made a formal proposal for her hand, if the marked discouragement of her family had not shut out every opportunity. This touched his pride, and once made him declare, in an off-hand way, that it would cost him but very little trouble to land such a light cargo as that, some pleasant evening, in France, or even on one of the Azore Islands, if orange groves and orange blossoms were what my lady cared about. It is wonderful how far, and how swiftly, heedless words do fly when once they are uttered. Such speeches did not close the breach, but, instead, laid the first foundation for one of those confirmed estrangements which village neighbourhoods only know. The repugnance manifested by Charlotte's friends was partly caused by the mystery which hung to Richard's ample means. The choice was unhesitatingly made in my favour. In consequence, as a sort of rejected candidate, Richard Leroy really did lie, amongst us, under an unexpressed and indefinite ban, which was by no means likely to be removed by the roystering, scornful air of superiority with which he mostly spoke of, looked at, and treated us.

Charlotte and I took leave of my father on that grey September evening with the full conviction that every blessing was in store for us which affection and wealth had the power to procure. Over

the green, and up the lime-tree avenue, and then, good-night, my lady-love! Good-night, thus parting, for the very last time. To-morrow — ah! think of to-morrow. The quarters of the church clock strike half-past nine. Good-night, dear mother-in-law. And, once more, good-night, Charlotte!

It was somewhat early to leave; but my father's plans required it. He desired that we should be married, not at the church of the village where we all resided, but at one distant a short walk, in which he took a peculiar interest — where he had selected the spot for a family burial-place, and where he wished the family registers to be kept. It was a secluded hamlet; and my father had simply made the request that I would lodge for a while at a farm-house there, in order that the wedding might be performed at the place he fixed his heart upon. My duty and my interest were to obey.

"Good night, Charlotte," had not long been uttered, before I was fairly on the way to my temporary home. Our village, and its few scattered lights, were soon left behind, and I then was upon the open down, walking on with a springing step. On one side was spread the English Channel; and from time to time I could mark the appearance of the light at Cape Grinez, on the French coast opposite. There it was, coming and going, flashing out and dying away, with never-ceasing coquetry. The cliff lay between my path and the sea. There was no danger; for, although the moon was not up, it was bright starlight. I knew every inch of the way as well as I did my father's garden walks. In September, however, mists will rise; and, as I approached the valley, there came the offspring of the pretty stream which ran through it, something like a light cloud running along the ground before the wind. Is there a night-fog coming on? Perhaps there may be. If so, better steer quite clear of the cliff, by means of a gentle circuit inland. It is quite impossible to miss the valley; and, once in the valley, it is equally difficult to miss the hamlet. Richard Leroy has been frequently backward and forward the last few evenings: it would be strange if we should chance to meet here, and on such an occasion.

On, and still on, cheerily. In a few minutes more I shall reach the farm, and then, to pass one more solitary night is almost a pleasurable delay, a refinement in happiness. I could sing and dance for joy. Yes, dance all alone, on this elastic turf! There: just one foolish caper; just one —

Good God! is this not the shock of an earthquake? I hasten to advance another step, but the ground beneath me quivers and sinks. I grasp at the side of a yawning pitfall, but grasp in vain. Down, down, down, I fall headlong.

When my senses returned, and I could look about me, the moon

had risen, and was shining in at the treacherous hole through which I had fallen. A glance was only too sufficient to explain my position. Why had I always so foolishly refused to allow the farmer to meet me half way, and accompany me to his house every evening; knowing, as I did know, how the chalk and limestone of the district had been undermined in catacombs, sinuous and secret for wells, flint, manure, building materials, and worse purposes? My poor father and Charlotte!

Patience. It can hardly be possible that now, on the eve of my marriage, I am suddenly doomed to a lingering death. The night *must* be passed here, and daylight will show some means of escape. I will lie down on this heap of earth that fell under me.

Amidst despairing thoughts, and a hideous waking nightmare, daylight slowly came.

The waning moon had not revealed the extremity of my despair; but now it was clearly visible that I had fallen double the height I supposed. But for the turf which had fallen under me, I must have been killed on the spot. The hole was too large for me to creep up, by pressing against it with my back and knees; and there were no friendly knobs or protuberances visible up its smooth sides. The chasm increased in diameter as it descended, like an inverted funnel. I might possibly climb up a wall; but could I creep along a ceiling?

I shouted as I lay; no one answered. I shouted again — and again. Then I thought that too much shouting would exhaust my strength, and unfit me for the task of mounting. I measured with my eye the distances from stratum to stratum of each well-marked layer of chalk. And then, the successive beds of flint — they gave me the greatest hopes. If foot-holes could be only cut! Though the feat was difficult, it might be practicable. The attempt must be made.

I arose, stiff and bruised. No matter. The first layer of flints was not more than seven or eight feet overhead. Those once reached, I could secure a footing, and obtain a first starting-place for escape. I tried to climb to them with my feet and hands. Impossible; the crumbling wall would not support half my weight. As fast as I attempted to get handhold or footing, it fell in fragments to the ground.

But, a better thought — to dig it away, and make a mound so high that, by standing on it, I could manage to reach the flint with my hands. I had my knife to help me; and, after much hard work, my object was accomplished, and I got within reach of the shelf.

My hands had firm hold of the horizontal flint. They were cut with clinging; but I found that, by raising myself, and then thrusting my feet into the chalk and marl, I could support myself with one hand only, leaving the other free to work. I did work;

clearing away the chalk above the flint, so as to give me greater standing-room. At last, I thought I might venture upon the ledge itself. By a supreme effort, I reached the shelf; but moisture had made the chalk unctuous and slippery to the baffled grasp. It was in vain to think of mounting higher, with no point of support, no firm footing. A desperate leap across the chasm afforded not the slightest hope; because, even if successful, I could not for one moment maintain the advantage gained. I was determined to remain on the ledge of flint. Another moment, and a rattling on the floor soon taught me my powerlessness. Down sunk the chalk beneath my weight; and the stony table fell from its fixture, only just failing to crush me under it.

Stunned and cut, and bruised, I spent some time prostrated by half-conscious but acute sensations of misery. Sleep, which as yet I had not felt, began to steal over me, but could gain no mastery. With each moment of incipient unconsciousness, Charlotte was presented to me, first, in her wedding-dress; next, on our terrace beckoning me gaily from the garden below; then, we were walking arm-in-arm in smiling conversation; or seated happily together in my father's library. But the full consciousness which rapidly succeeded presented each moment the hideous truth. It was now broad day; and I realised Charlotte's sufferings. I beheld her awaiting me in her bridal dress; now hastening to the window, and straining her sight over the valley, in the hope of my approach; now stricken down by despair at my absence. My father, too, whose life had been always bound up in mine! These fancies destroyed my power of thought. I felt wild and frenzied. I raved and shouted, and then listened, knowing no answer could come.

But an answer did come: a maddening answer. The sound of bells, dull, dead, and, in my hideous well-hole, just distinguishable. They rang out my marriage-peal. Why was I not buried alive when I first fell?

I could have drunk blood, in my thirst, had it been offered to me. Die I must, I felt full well; but let me not die with my mouth in flame! Then came the struggle of sleep; and then fitful, tantalising dreams. Charlotte appeared to me plucking grapes, and dropping them playfully into my mouth; or catching water in the hollow of her hand, from the little cascade in our grotto, and I drank. But hark! drip, drip, and again drip! Is this madness still? No. There must be water oozing somewhere out of the sides of this detested hole. Where the treacherous wall is slimiest, where the green patches are brightest and widest spread on the clammy sides of my living sepulchre, there will be the spot to dig and to search.

Again the knife. Every blow gives a more dead and hollow sound. The chalk dislodged is

certainly not moister; but the blade sticks fast into wood — the wood of a cask; something slowly begins to trickle down. It is brandy!

Brandy! shall I taste it? Yet, why not? I did; and soon for a time remembered nothing.

I retained a vivid and excited consciousness up to one precise moment, which might have been marked by a stop-watch, and then all outward things were shut out, as suddenly as if a lamp had been extinguished. A long and utter blank succeeded. I have no further recollection either of the duration of time, or of any bodily suffering. Had I died by alcoholic poison — and it is a miracle the brandy did not kill me — then would have been the end of my actual and conscious existence. My senses were dead. If what happened afterwards had occurred at that time, there would have been no story for you to listen to.

Once more, a burning thirst. Hunger had entirely passed away. I looked up, and all was dark; not even the stars or the cloudy sky were to be seen at the opening of my cavern. A shower of earth and heavy stones fell upon me as I lay. I still was barely awake and conscious, and a groan was the only evidence which escaped me that I had again recovered the use of my senses.

"Halloa! What 's that down there?" said a voice, whose tone was familiar to me. I uttered a faint but frantic cry.

I heard a moment's whispering, and the hollow echo of departing footsteps, and then all was still again. The voice overhead once more addressed me.

"Courage, George; keep up your spirits! In two minutes I will come and help you. Don't you know me?"

I then did know that it could be no other than my old rival, Richard Leroy. Before I could collect my thoughts, a light glimmered against one side of the well; and then, in the direction opposite the fallen table of flint, and just over it, Richard appeared, with a lantern in one hand, and a rope tied to a stick across it in the other.

"Have you strength enough left to sit upon this, and to hold by the rope while I haul you up?"

"I think I have," I said. I got the stick under me, and held by the rope to keep steady on my seat. Richard planted his feet firmly on the edge of his standing-place, and hauled me up. By a sleight of hand and an effort of strength, in which I was too weak to render him the least assistance, he landed me at the mouth of a subterranean gallery opening into the well. I could just see, on looking back, that if I had only maintained my position on the ledge of flint, and improved it a little, I might, by a daring and vigorous leap, have sprung to the entrance of this very gallery. But those ideas were now useless. I was so thoroughly worn out that I could scarcely stand, and an entreaty for water preceded even my expression of thanks.

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"You shall drink your fill in one instant, and I am heartily glad to have helped you; but first let me mention one thing. It is understood that you keep my secret. You cannot leave this place — unless I blindfold you, which would be an insult — without learning the way to return to it; and, of course, what you see along the galleries are to you nothing but shadows and dreams. Have I your promise?"

I was unable to make any other reply than to seize his hand, and burst into tears. How I got from the caverns to the face of the cliff, how thence to the beach, the secluded hamlet, and the sleeping village, does really seem to my memory like a vision. On the way across the downs, Leroy stopped once or twice, more for the sake of resting my aching limbs, than of taking breath or repose himself. During those intervals, he quietly remarked to me how prejudiced and unfair we had all of us been to him; that as for Charlotte, he considered her as a child, a little sister, almost even as a baby plaything. She was not the woman for him: he, for his part, liked a girl with a little more of the devil about her. No doubt he could have carried her off; and no doubt she would have loved him desperately a fortnight afterwards. But, when he had once got her, what should he have done with such a blue-eyed milk-and-water angel as that? Nothing serious to annoy us had ever entered his head. And my father ought not quite to forget the source of his own fortune, and hold himself aloof from his equals; although he might be lying quiet in harbour at present. Really, it was a joke, that, instead of eloping with the bride, he should be bringing home the eloped bridegroom!

I fainted when he carried me into my father's house, and I remember no more than his temporary adieu. But afterwards, all went on slowly and surely. My father and Richard became good friends, and the old gentleman acquired such influence over him, that Leroy's "pleasure trips" soon became rare, and finally ceased altogether. At the last run, he brought a foreign wife over with him, and nothing besides — a Dutch woman of great beauty and accomplishments; who, as he said, was as fitting a helpmate for him, as Charlotte, he acknowledged, was for me. He also took a neighbouring parish church and its appurtenances into favour, and settled down as a landsman within a few miles of us. And, if our families continue to go on in the friendly way they have done for the last few years, it seems likely that a Richard may conduct a Charlotte, to enter their names together in a favourite register-book.

## THE COLONEL'S STORY.

UNTIL I was fifteen I lived at home with my widowed mother and two sisters. My mother was

the widow of an officer, who was killed in one of the battles with Hyder Ali, and enjoyed a pension from the Indian Government. I was the youngest; and soon after my fifteenth birthday she died suddenly. My sisters went to India on the invitation of a distant relation of my mother; and I was sent to school, where I was very unhappy. You will, therefore, easily imagine with what pleasure I received a visit from a handsome jovial old gentleman, who told me that he was my father's elder half-brother; that they had been separated by a quarrel early in life, but that now, being a widower and childless, he had found me out, and determined to adopt me.

The truth was, the old man loved company; and that as his chief income—a large one—was derived from a mine, near which he lived, in a very remote part of the country, he was well pleased to have a young companion who looked like a gentleman, and could be useful as carver, cellar-keeper and secretary.

Installed in his house, a room was assigned to me, and I had a servant, and a couple of excellent horses. He made me understand that I need give myself no further anxiety on the subject of my future, that I might abandon the idea of proceeding to India in the Company's service, where a cadetship had been secured for me; and that so long as I conformed to his ways, it was no matter whether I studied or not; in fact, it was no matter what I did.

Some time after becoming thus settled at Beechgrove Hall, my uncle's attacks of gout, in spite of the generous living he adopted as a precaution, became so severe, that he was unable to stir out except in a wheeled chair, and it was with difficulty that he was lifted occasionally into his carriage. The consequence was, that to me all his business naturally fell, and although he grumbled at losing my society and attention, he was obliged to send me to London to watch the progress of a canal bill, in which he was deeply interested. It was my first visit to London. I was well provided with introductions and with funds. My uncle's business occupied me in the morning, for I dreaded his displeasure too much to neglect it; but in the evenings I plunged into every amusement, with all the keen zest of novelty and youth.

I cannot say that up to that period I had never been in love. My uncle had twice seriously warned me that if I made a fool of myself for anything less than a large fortune, he would never forgive me. "If, Sir," he said, when, on the second occasion, he saw me blush and tremble—for I was too proud and too self-willed to bear patiently such control—"If, Sir, you like to make an ass of yourself for a pretty face, like Miss Willington, with her three brothers and five sisters, half of whom you'd have to keep, you may do it with your own money; you shall not do it with mine."

I told my only confidant, Dr. Creeleigh, of this; he answered me, "You have only about a hundred and twenty a-year of your own from the estate you inherited from your father, and you are living with your horses and dogs at the rate of five hundred a-year. How would you like to see your wife and children dressed and housed like the curate — poor Mr. Serge? Your uncle can't live for ever." The argument was enough for me, who had only found Clara Willington the best partner in a country dance. My time was not come.

My lodgings in London were in a large, old-fashioned house in Westminster — formerly the residence of a nobleman — which was a perfect caravanserai, in the number and variety of its inmates. The best rooms were let to Members of Parliament and persons like myself; but, in the upper floor, many persons of humbler means but genteel pretensions had rooms. Here, I frequently met on the stairs, carrying a roll of music, a tall, elegant female figure, dressed in black, and closely veiled; sometimes, when I had to step on one side, a slight bow was exchanged, but for several weeks that was all. At length my curiosity was piqued; the neat ankles, a small white hand, a dark curl peeping out of the veil, made me anxious to know more.

Enquiries discreetly applied to Mrs. Gough, the housekeeper, told me enough to make me wish to know still more. Her name was Laura Delacourt; not more than twenty or twenty-two years of age; she had lived four years previously with her husband in the best apartments in the house in great luxury for one winter. Mr. Delacourt was a Frenchman and a gambler; very handsome, and very dissipated; it seemed as if it was her fortune they were spending. Mrs. Gough said it was enough to make one's heart break to see that young pretty creature sitting up in her ball dress when her husband had sent her home alone, and remained to play until daylight. They went away, and nothing more was heard of them until just before my arrival. About that time Madame Delacourt, become very humble, had taken a room on the third floor; had only mentioned her husband, to say he was dead, and now apparently lived by giving music lessons.

It would be too long a story to tell how, by making the old housekeeper my ambassador, by anonymous presents of fruit and game, by offering to take music lessons, and by professing to require large quantities of music copied, I made first the acquaintance, and then became the intimate friend of Madame Delacourt. While keeping me at a freezing distance, and insisting on always having present at our interviews a half-servant half-companion, of that indescribable age, figure, and appearance that is only grown in France, she step by step confided to me her history. An English girl, born in

France, the daughter of a war prisoner at Verdun, married to the very handsome Monsieur Delacourt, at sixteen, by a mother who was herself anxious to make a second marriage. In twelve months Monsieur Delacourt had expended her small fortune, and deserted her for an opera dancer of twice her age.

All this, told with a charming accent in melancholy tones — she looking on me sadly with a face which, for expression, I have never seen equalled — produced an impression which those only can understand who have been themselves young and in love.

For weeks this went on, without one sign of encouragement on her part, except that she allowed me to sit with her in the evenings, while her *bonne* faddled at some interminable work, and she sang — O! how divinely! She would receive no presents directly from me; but I sent them anonymously, and dresses and furniture and costly trifles and books reached her daily. I spoke at last; and then she stopped me with a cold faint smile, saying, "Cease! I must not listen to you." She pleaded her too recent widowhood, but I persevered; and, after a time, conquered.

She knew my small fortune and large expectations; she knew that our marriage must be a secret; but she was willing to live anywhere, and was well content to quit a life in which she had known so much trouble.

Before the session ended we were married in an obscure church in the City, with no one present but the clerk and the pew-opener. We spent the few following days at a small inn, in a fishing village. Then I had to leave town and carry out the plan I had proposed. I left my wife in lodgings, under an assumed name, at a town within forty miles of our residence. I had some time previously persuaded my uncle to let me take a lease from Lord Mardall of some untouched mineral ground, on very favourable terms, in a wild thinly-peopled district, which was only visited by the gentry for field sports. This afforded me an excuse for being away from home one or two days every week.

Not far from the mines was the remains of a forest, and coverts abounding in game. In a little sloping dell, one of the Lord Mardall's ancestors had built a small shooting lodge, and one of the keepers in charge had planted there fruit trees and ornamental trees, for which he had a taste, being the son of a gardener. On this wild nest, miles away from any other residence, I had fixed my mind. It was half in ruins, and there was no difficulty in obtaining possession. With money and workmen at my command, very soon a garden smiled, and a fountain bubbled at Orchard Spring; roses and climbing plants covered the steep hill side, and the small stone cottage was made, at a slight expense, a wonder of comfort. The cage being ready I brought my bird there. The first months

were all joy, all happiness. My uncle only complained that I had lost my jovial spirits.

I counted every day until the day when I could mount my horse and set off for the new mines. Five-and-twenty miles to ride over a rough mountain road; two fords to cross, often swelled by winter rains; but day or night, moonlight or dark, I dashed along, pressing too often my willing horse with loose rein up and down steep hills; all lost in love and anxious thought I rode, until in the distance the plashing sound of the mountain torrent rolling over our garden cascade, told me I was near my darling.

My horse's footsteps were heard, and before I had passed the avenue the door flew open, the bright fire blazed out, and Laura came forward to receive me in her arms.

I had begged her to get everything she might require from London, and have it sent, to avoid all suspicion, to the nearest port, and then brought by her own servant, a country clown, with a horse and cart; and I had given her a cheque-book, signed in blank. After a time I saw signs of extravagance; in furniture, in dress, but especially in jewels. I remonstrated gently and was met first with tears; then sullen fits. I learned that Laura had a temper for which I was quite unprepared.

The ice was broken; no more pleasant holidays at Orchard Spring. The girl once so humble now assumed a haughty jealous air; every word was a cause of offence; I never came when wanted, or stayed as long as I was required; half my time was spent in scenes of reproach, of tears, hysterics, lamentations; peace was only to be purchased by some costly present. Our maid-servant, a simple country girl, stood amazed; the meek angel had become a tigress. I loved her still, but feared her; yet even love began to fail before so much violence. A dreadful idea began slowly to intrude itself into my mind. Was she tired of me? Was her story of her life true? Had she ever loved me? The next time that I made up my banker's book I was shocked to find that, in the short time since my last remonstrance, Laura had drawn a large sum of money. I lost no time in galloping to Orchard Spring. She was absent. Where was she? No one knew. Severe cross-examination brought out that she had been away two days; I had not been expected that week. I thought I should have choked.

In the midst I heard the steps of her horse. She came in and confronted me. Looking most beautiful and demoniacal, she defied me; she threatened to expose me to my uncle; declared she had never loved me, but had taken me for a home. At length her frenzy rose to such a height, that she struck me. Then all the violent pent-up rage of my heart broke out. I know not what passed, until I found myself galloping furiously across the mountain ridge that divided the county. Obliged to slacken my pace in passing

through a ford, some one spoke to me; how I answered I know not. Whatever it was, it was a mad answer.

I listened to nothing, and pressed on my weary steed until just before reaching the moorland, when, descending into a water-course, he fell on his head, throwing me over with such force, that for some time I lay senseless. I came to myself to find my poor horse standing over me dead lame. I led him on to the inn door, and knocked. It was midnight, and I was not readily admitted. The landlord, when he saw me, started back with an exclamation of horror. My face and shirt were covered with blood.

Worn-out, bruised, and exhausted by fatigue and passion, I slept. I was rudely awakened, and found myself in the custody of two constables. Two mounted gamekeepers, and Lord Mardall had followed and traced me to the inn.

"On what charge?" I asked, amazed.

"For murder," said Lord Mardall.

"The lady at Orchard Spring," said one of the gamekeepers.

I was examined before magistrates; but was unable to give any coherent answers; and was committed to the county jail. My uncle remitted me a sum of money for my defence, and desired never to see me again.

I will give you the description of my trial from the newspapers.

The prisoner had clandestinely married a lady of great beauty and unknown family, probably in station beneath himself, and had placed her under an assumed name in a lonely cottage. After a season of affection quarrels had broken out, which, as would be proved by the servant, had constantly increased in violence. On the last occasion when the unfortunate victim was seen alive by her servant, a quarrel of a most fearful description had commenced. It was something about money. The servant had been so much alarmed, that she had left the cottage and gone down to her mother's, a mile away over the hill, where she had previously been ordered to go to obtain some poultry. From something that passed, her mother would not allow her to return. It would then be proved that Lord Mardall, attracted by the howling of a dog, when out shooting the next morning, had entered the open door of the cottage, and had there found the prisoner's wife dead, with a severe fracture of the skull. The prisoner had been pursued, from some information as to his usual course, and found asleep in the chimney-corner of the Moor Inn, his clothes and shirt deeply stained with blood. It could be proved that he had washed his face and hands immediately on entering, and attributed the blood to the fall from his horse. But on examination no cuts were found on his person sufficient to cause such an effusion of blood.

But, when Lord Mardall was

called, he deposed to two facts which produced a great impression in favour of the prisoner. He saw the body at five o'clock, and it was scarcely cold. He had found in one of the victim's hands a lock of hair, which she had evidently torn from her assailant in her struggles; which had been desperate. He had sealed it up, and never let it out of his possession. The nails of her other hand were broken, and were marked with blood. She had no rings on either of her hands, though she was in the habit of wearing a great number; there were marks of rings, and of one which seemed to have been violently torn off. A packet of plate had been found on the kitchen table, a knife, and a loaf marked with blood.

Counsel were not allowed to address the jury for the defence in those days, and the prisoner was not in a condition to speak on the evidence against him. Witnesses for the defence were called, who proved that the lady wore frequently certain peculiar bracelets. The prisoner, who seemed stupified by his emotions, declined to say anything; but his counsel asked the maid-servant, and also the farmer who occasionally sold meat to Orchard Spring, if they should know the rings and bracelets if they saw them.

He then called Richard Perkins, jailor of the county prison, and asked him these questions:

"Had you any prisoner committed about the same time as the prisoner at the bar?"

"I had a man called Hay-making Dick, for horse stealing, the day after the discovery of the murder."

"Was it a valuable horse?"

"No; it was a mare, blind of one eye, very old, and with a large fen spavin. I knew her well; used to drive her in the gaol cart; but when warm, she was faster than anything about."

"Do you suppose Hay-making Dick took the mare to sell?"

"Certainly not. She would not fetch a crown, except to those that knew her. No doubt he had been up to some mischief, and wanted to get out of the county, only luckily he rode against the blacksmith that owned the mare and was taken."

The judge thought these questions irrelevant; but, after some conversation, permitted the examination to go on.

"Has Perkins searched the prisoner, and has he found anything of vlaue?"

The gaoler produced two bracelets, four rings — one a diamond hoop, one a seal ring — and a canvass wheat-bag, containing gold, with several French coins. On one of the bracelets was engraved "Charles to Laura," and a date. In answer to another question, he had found several severe scratches on Dick's face, made apparently by nails, which he declared had been done in an up and down fight at Broad-green Fair. Also a severe raw scar on his left temple, as if hair had been pulled out.

At this stage of the proceedings, by order of the judge, the prisoner Dick was brought up. The lock of hair taken by Lord Mardall from the murdered lady's hand was compared with Dick's head. It matched exactly, although Dick's hair had been cut short and washed. Then a Mr. Monley gave evidence, that when he met the prisoner, on the night of the murder, immediately after he had left the cottage, there certainly was no blood on his face or dress. The landlord of the Moon Inn was called, and deposed, that he found the corn, placed before the prisoner's horse, uneaten and much stained with blood. On examining the horse's tongue, he saw that it had been half-bitten off in the fall the animal had suffered. No doubt the blood had dripped over the young Squire.

It was a bright moonlight night shining in the prisoner's face.

The judge summed up for an acquittal, and the jury gave a verdict of Not Guilty, without leaving the box.

A week after, Haymaking Dick made an attempt to break out of prison, in which he knocked out the brains of a turnkey with his irons. He was tried and condemned for this, and when hope of escape was gone, he called a favourite turnkey to him and said, "Bill, I killed the Frenchwoman. I knew she always had plenty of money and jewels, and I watched my opportunity to get 'em."

Thus ends the newspaper report. My uncle died of gout in his stomach on the day of the trial, and died almost insolvent. By Lord Mardall's influence I received an appointment from the East India Company, and afterwards a commission in their irregular service.

## THE SCHOLAR'S STORY.

I PERCEIVE a general fear on the part of this pleasant company, that I am going to burst into black-letter, and beguile the time by being as dry as ashes. No, there is no such fear, you can assure me? I am glad to hear it; but I thought there was.

At any rate, both to relieve your minds and to place myself beyond suspicion, I will say at once that my story is a ballad. It was taken down, as I am going to repeat it, seventy-one years ago, by the mother of the person who communicated it to M. Villemarqué when he was making his collection of Breton Ballads. It is slightly confirmed by the chronicles and Ecclesiastical Acts of the time; but no more of them or you really will suspect me. It runs, according to my version, thus.

I.

SOLE child of her house, a lovely maid,
In the lordly halls of Rohan played.

Played till thirteen, when her sire was bent
To see her wed; and she gave consent.

And many a lord of high degree
Came suing, her chosen knight to be;

But amongst them all there pleased her none
Save the noble Count Mathieu alone;

Lord of the Castle of Trongoli,
A princely knight of Italy,

To him so courteous, true, and brave,
Her heart the maiden freely gave.

Three years since the day they first were

In peace and in bliss away had sped,

When tidings came on the winds abroad
That all were to take the cross of God.

Then spake the Count like a noble knight:
"Aye first in birth should be first in fight!

"And, since to this Paynim war I must,
Dear cousin, I leave thee here in trust.

"My wife and my child I leave to thee;
Guard them, good clerk, as thy life for me!"

Early next morn, from his castle gate,
As rode forth the knight in bannered state,

Down the marble steps, all full of fears,
The lady hied her, with moans and tears —

The loving, sweet lady, sobbing wild —
And, laid on her breast, her baby child.

She ran to her lord with breathless speed,
As backward he reined his fiery steed;

She caught and she clasped him round the knee;
She wept, and she prayed him piteously:

"Oh stay with me, stay! my lord, my love!
Go not, I beg, by the saints above;

"Leave me not here alone, I pray,
To weep on your baby's face alway!"

The knight was touched with her sad despair,
And fondly gazed on her face so fair;

And stretched out his hand, and stooping low,
Raised her up straight to his saddle-bow;

And held her pressed to his bosom then,
And kissed her o'er and o'er agen.

"Come, dry these tears, my little Joan;
A single year, it will soon be flown!"

His baby dear in his arms he took,
And looked on him with a proud, fond look:

"My boy, when thou 'rt a man," said he,

Then away he spurred across the plain,
And old and young they wept amain;

Both rich and poor, wept every one;
But that same clerk — ah! he wept none.

II.

The treacherous clerk, one morning tide,
With artful speeches the lady plied:

"Lo! ended now is that single year,
And ended too is the war, I hear;

"But yet, thy lord to return to thee,
Would seem in no haste at all to be.

"Now, ask of your heart, my lady dear,
Is there no other might please it here?

"Need wives still keep themselves unwed,
E'en though their husbands should not be dead?"

"Silence! thou wretched clerk!" cried she,
"Thy heart is filled full of sin, I see.

"When my lord returns, if I whisper him,
Thou knows't he 'll tear thee limb from limb!"

As soon as the clerk thus answered she
He stole to the kennel secretly.

He called to the hound so swift and true,
The hound that his lord loved best, he knew.

It came to his call — leapt up in play:
One gash in the throat, and dead it lay.

As trickled the blood from out the throat,
He dipped in that red ink and wrote:

A letter he wrote, with a liar's heed,
And sent it straight to the camp with speed.

And these were the words the letter bore:
"Dear lord, your wife she is fretting sore;

"Fretting and grieving, your wife so dear,
For a sad mischance befallen here.

"Chasing the doe on the mountain-side,
Thy beautiful greyhound burst and died."

The Count so guileless then answer made,
And thus to his faithless cousin said:

"Now, bid my own little wife, I pray,
To fret not for this mischance one day.

"My hound is dead — well! money have I
Another, when I come back, to buy.

'Yet say she 'd better not hunt agen,
For hunters are oft but wildish men."

III.

The miscreant clerk once more he came,
As she wept in her bower, to the peerless dame.

"O lady, with weeping night and day,
Your beauty is fading fast away."

"And what care I though it fading be,
When my own dear lord comes not to me!"

"Thy own dear lord has, I fancy, wed
Another ere this, or else he 's dead.

"The Moorish maidens though dark are fair,
And gold in plenty have got to spare;

"The Moorish chiefs on the battle plain
Thousands of valiant as he have slain.

"If he 's wed another — Oh curse, not fret;
Or, if he 's dead — why, straight forget!"

'If he 's wed another I 'll die," she said;
"And I 'll die likewise, if he be dead!"

"In case one chances to lose the key,
No need for burning the box, I see.

"'Twere wiser, if I might speak my mind,
A new and a better key to find.'

"Now hold, thou wretched clerk, thy tongue,
'T is foul with lewdness — more rotten than dung."

As soon as the clerk thus answered she,
He stole to the stable secretly.

He looked at the lord's own favourite steed,
Unmatched for beauty, for strength and speed;

White as an egg, and more smooth to touch,
Light as a bird, and for fire none such;

On nought had she fed, since she was born,
Save fine chopped heath and the best of corn.

Awhile the bonny white mare he eyed,
Then struck his dirk in her velvet side;

And when the bonny white mare lay dead,
Again to the Count he wrote and said:

"Of a fresh mischance I now send word,
But let it not vex thee much, dear lord;

"Hasting back from a revel last night,
My lady rode on thy favourite white —

"So hotly rode, it stumbled and fell,
And broke both legs, as I grieve to tell."

The Count then answered, "Ah! woe is me
My bonny white mare no more to see?

"My mare she has killed; my hound killed too;
Good cousin, now give her counsel true.

"Yet scold her not either; but, say from me,
To no more revels at night must she.

"Not horses' legs alone, I fear,
But wifely vows may be broken there!"

IV.

The clerk a few days let pass, and then
Back to the charge returned agen.

"Lady, now yield, or you die!" said he:
"Choose which you will — choose speedily!"

'Ten thousand deaths would I rather die,
Than shame upon me my God should cry!"

The clerk, when he saw he nought might gain,
No more could his smothered wrath contain;

So soon as those words had left her tongue,
His dagger right at her head he flung.

But swift her white angel, hovering nigh,
Turned it aside as it flashed her by.

The lady straight to her chamber flew,
And bolt and bar behind her drew.

The clerk his dagger snatched up and shook,
And grinned with an angry ban-dog's look.

Down the broad stairs in his rage came he,
Two steps at a time, two steps and three.

Then on to the nurse's room he crept,
Where softly the winsome baby slept —

Softly, and sweetly, and all alone;
One arm from the silken cradle thrown —

One little round arm just o'er it laid,
Folded the other beneath his head;

His little white breast — ah! hush! be still!
Poor mother, go now and weep your fill!

Away to his room the clerk then sped,
And wrote a letter in black and red;

In haste, post haste, to the Count wrote he:
"There is need, dear lord, sore need of thee!

"Oh speed now, speed, to thy castle back,
For all runs riot, and runs to wrack.

"Thy hound is killed, and thy mare is killed,
But not for these with such grief I 'm filled.

"Nor is it for these thou now wilt care;
Thy darling is dead! thy son, thy heir!

"The sow she seized and devoured him all;
While thy wife was dancing at the ball;

"Dancing there with the miller gay,
Her young gallant, as the people say."

V.

That letter came to the valiant knight,
Hastening home from the Paynim fight;

With trumpet sound, from that Eastern strand
Hastening home to his own dear land.

So soon as he read the missive through,
Fearful to see his anger grew.

The scroll in his mailed hand he took,
And crumpled it up with furious look;

To bits with his teeth he tore the sheet,
And spat them out at his horse's feet.

"Now quick to Brittany, quick, my men,
The homes that you love to see agen!

"Thou loitering squire! ride yet more quick,
Or my lance shall teach thee how to prick!"

But when he stood at his castle gate,
Three lordly blows he struck it straight;

Three angry blows he struck thereon,
Which made them tremble every one.

The clerk he heard, and down he hied,
And opened at once the portal wide.

'Oh cursed cousin, that this should be!
Did I not trust my wife to thee?"

His spear down the traitor's throat he drove,
Till out at his back the red point clove.

Then up he rushed to the bridal bower,
Where drooped his lady like some pale flower.

And ere she could speak a single word,
She fell at his feet beneath his sword.

VI.

"O holy priest! now tell to me
What didst thou up at the castle see?"

"I saw a grief and a terror more
Than ever I saw on earth before.

"I saw a martyr give up her breath,
And her slayer sorrowing e'en to death."

"O holy priest! now tell to me
What didst thou down at the crossway see?"

"I saw a corpse that all mangled lay,
And the dogs and ravens made their prey."

"Oh holy priest! now tell to me
What didst thou next in the churchyard see?"

"By a new-made grave, in soft moonlight,
I saw a fair lady clothed in white;

"Nursing a little child on her knee —
A dark red wound on his breast had he,

"A noble hound lay couched at her right,
A steed at her left of bonniest white;

"The first a gash in its throat had wide,
And this as deep a stab in its side.

"They raised their heads to the lady's knee,
And they licked her soft hands tenderly.

"She gently patted their necks, the while
Smiling, though stilly, a fair sweet smile.

"The child, as it fain its love would speak,
Caressed and fondled its mother's cheek.

"But down went the moon then silently,
And my eyes no more their forms could see;

"But I heard a bird from out the skies
Warbling a song of Paradise!"

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## NOBODY'S STORY.

He lived on the bank of a mighty river, broad and deep, which was always silently rolling on to a vast undiscovered ocean. It had rolled on, ever since the world began. It had changed its course sometimes, and turned into new channels, leaving its old ways dry and barren; but it had ever been upon the flow, and ever was to flow until Time should be no more. Against its strong, unfathomable stream, nothing made head. No living creature, no flower, no leaf, no particle of animate or inanimate existence, ever strayed back from the undiscovered ocean. The tide of the river set resistlessly towards it; and the tide never stopped, any more than the earth stops in its circling round the sun.

He lived in a busy place, and he worked very hard to live. He had no hope of ever being rich enough to live a month without hard work, but he was quite content, God knows, to labour with a cheerful will. He was one of an immense family, all of whose sons and daughters gained their daily bread by daily work, prolonged from their rising up betimes until their lying down at night. Beyond this destiny he had no prospect, and he sought none.

There was over-much drumming, trumpeting, and speech-making, in the neighbourhood where he dwelt; but he had nothing to do with that. Such clash and uproar came from the Bigwig family, at the unaccountable proceedings of which race, he marvelled much. They set up the strangest statues, in iron, marble, bronze, and brass, before his door; and darkened his house with the legs and tails of uncouth images of horses. He wondered what it all meant, smiled in a rough good-humoured way he had, and kept at his hard work.

The Bigwig family (composed of all the stateliest people thereabouts, and all the noisiest) had undertaken to save him the trouble

of thinking for himself, and to manage him and his affairs. "Why truly," said he, "I have little time upon my hands; and if you will be so good as to take care of me, in return for the money I pay over" — for the Bigwig family were not above his money — "I shall be relieved and much obliged, considering that you know best." Hence the drumming, trumpeting, and speechmaking, and the ugly images of horses which he was expected to fall down and worship.

"I don't understand all this," said he, rubbing his furrowed brow confusedly. "But it *has* a meaning, maybe, if I could find it out."

"It means," returned the Bigwig family, suspecting something of what he said, "honour and glory in the highest, to the highest merit."

"Oh!" said he. And he was glad to hear that.

But, when he looked among the images in iron, marble, bronze, and brass, he failed to find a rather meritorious countryman of his, once the son of a Warwickshire wool-dealer, or any single countryman whomsoever of that kind. He could find none of the men whose knowledge had rescued him and his children from terrific and disfiguring disease, whose boldness had raised his forefathers from the condition of serfs, whose wise fancy had opened a new and high existence to the humblest, whose skill had filled the working man's world with accumulated wonders. Whereas, he did find others whom he knew no good of, and even others whom he knew much ill of.

"Humph!" said he. "I don't quite understand it."

So, he went home, and sat down by his fire-side to get it out of his mind.

Now, his fire-side was a bare one, all hemmed in by blackened streets; but it was a precious place to him. The hands of his wife were hardened with toil, and she was old before her time; but she was dear to him. His children, stunted in their growth, bore traces of unwholesome nurture; but they had beauty in his sight. Above all other things, it was an earnest desire of this man's soul that his children should be taught. 'If I am sometimes misled," said he, "for want of knowledge, at least let them know better, and avoid my mistakes. If it is hard to me to reap the harvest of pleasure and instruction that is stored in books, let it be easier to them."

But, the Bigwig family broke out into violent family quarrels concerning what it was lawful to teach to this man's children. Some of the family insisted on such a thing being primary and indispensable above all other things; and others of the family insisted on such another thing being primary and indispensable above all other things; and the Bigwig family, rent into factions, wrote pamphlets, held convocations, delivered charges, orations, and all varieties of discourses; im-

pounded one another in courts Lay and courts Ecclesiastical; threw dirt, exchanged pummelings, and fell together by the ears in unintelligible animosity. Meanwhile, this man, in his short evening snatches at his fireside, saw the demon Ignorance arise there, and take his children to itself. He saw his daughter perverted into a heavy slatternly drudge; he saw his son go moping down the ways of low sensuality, to brutality and crime; he saw the dawning light of intelligence in the eyes of his babies so changing into cunning and suspicion, that he could have rather wished them idiots.

"I don't understand this any the better," said he; "but I think it cannot be right. Nay, by the clouded Heaven above me, I protest against this as my wrong!"

Becoming peaceable again (for his passion was usually short-lived, and his nature kind), he looked about him on his Sundays and holidays, and he saw how much monotony and weariness there was, and thence how drunkenness arose with all its train of ruin. Then he appealed to the Bigwig family, and said, "We are a labouring people, and I have a glimmering suspicion in me that labouring people of whatever condition were made — by a higher intelligence than yours, as I poorly understand it — to be in need of mental refreshment and recreation. See what we fall into, when we rest without it. Come! Amuse me harmlessly, show me something, give me an escape!"

But, here the Bigwig family fell into a state of uproar absolutely deafening. When some few voices were faintly heard, proposing to show him the wonders of the world, the greatness of creation, the mighty changes of time, the workings of nature and the beauties of art — to show him these things, that is to say, at any period of his life when he could look upon them — there arose among the Bigwigs such roaring and raving, such pulpiting and petitioning, such maundering and memorialising, such name-calling and dirt-throwing, such a shrill wind of parliamentary questioning and feeble replying — where "I dare not" waited on "I would" — that the poor fellow stood aghast, staring wildly around.

"Have I provoked all this," said he, with his hands to his affrighted ears, "by what was meant to be an innocent request, plainly arising out of my familiar experience, and the common knowledge of all men who choose to open their eyes? I don't understand, and I am not understood. What is to come of such a state of things!"

He was bending over his work, often asking himself the question, when the news began to spread that a pestilence had appeared among the labourers, and was slaying them by thousands. Going forth to look about him, he soon found this to be true. The dying and the dead were mingled in the

close and tainted houses among which his life was passed. New poison was distilled into the always murky, always sickening air. The robust and the weak, old age and infancy, the father and the mother, all were stricken down alike.

What means of flight had he? He remained there, where he was, and saw those who were dearest to him die. A kind preacher came to him, and would have said some prayers to soften his heart in his gloom, but he replied:

"O what avails it, missionary, to come to me, a man condemned to residence in this fœtid place, where every sense bestowed upon me for my delight becomes a torment, and where every minute of my numbered days is new mire added to the heap under which I lie oppressed! But, give me my first glimpse of Heaven, through a little of its light and air; give me pure water; help me to be clean; lighten this heavy atmosphere and heavy life, in which our spirits sink, and we become the indifferent and callous creatures you too often see us; gently and kindly take the bodies of those who die among us, out of the small room where we grow to be so familiar with the awful change that even ITS sanctity is lost to us; and, Teacher, then I will hear — none know better than you how willingly — of Him whose thoughts were so much with the poor, and who had compassion for all human sorrow!"

He was at his work again, solitary and sad, when his Master came and stood near to him dressed in black. He, also, had suffered heavily. His young wife, his beautiful and good young wife, was dead; so, too, his only child.

"Master, 't is hard to bear — I know it — but be comforted. I would give you comfort, if I could."

The Master thanked him from his heart, but, said he, "O you labouring men! The calamity began among you. If you had but lived more healthily and decently, I should not be the widowed and bereft mourner that I am this day."

"Master," returned the other, shaking his head, "I have begun to understand a little that most calamities will come from us, as this one did, and that none will stop at our poor doors, until we are united with that great squabbling family yonder, to do the things that are right. We cannot live healthily and decently, unless they who undertook to manage us provide the means. We cannot be instructed, unless they will teach us; we cannot be rationally amused, unless they will amuse us; we cannot but have some false gods of our own, while they set up so many of theirs in all the public places. The evil consequences of imperfect instruction, the evil consequences of pernicious neglect, the evil consequences of unnatural restraint and the denial of humanizing enjoyments, will all come from us,

and none of them will stop with us. They will spread far and wide. They always do; they always have done — just like the pestilence. I understand so much, I think, at last."

But the Master said again, "O you labouring men! How seldom do we ever hear of you, except in connexion with some trouble!"

"Master," he replied, "I am Nobody, and little likely to be heard of, (nor yet much wanted to be heard of, perhaps) except when there *is* some trouble. But it never begins with me, and it never can end with me. As sure as Death, it comes down to me, and it goes up from me."

There was so much reason in what he said, that the Bigwig family, getting wind of it, and being horribly frightened by the late desolation, resolved to unite with him to do the things that were right — at all events, so far as the said things were associated with the direct prevention, humanly speaking, of another pestilence. But, as their fear wore off, which it soon began to do, they resumed their falling out among themselves, and did nothing. Consequently the scourge appeared again — low down as before — and spread avengingly upward as before, and carried off vast numbers of the brawlers. But not a man among them ever admitted, if in the least degree he ever perceived, that he had anything to do with it.

So Nobody lived and died in the old, old, old way; and this, in the main, is the whole of Nobody's story.

Had he no name, you ask? Perhaps it was Legion. It matters little what his name was. Let us call him Legion.

If you were ever in the Belgian villages near the field of Waterloo, you will have seen, in some quiet little church, a monument erected by faithful companions in arms to the memory of Colonel A, Major B, Captains C, D and E, Lieutenants F and G, Ensigns H, I and J, seven non-commissioned officers, and one hundred and thirty rank and file, who fell in the discharge of their duty on the memorable day. The story of Nobody is the story of the rank and file of the earth. They bear their share of the battle; they have their part in the victory; they fall; they leave no name but in the mass. The march of the proudest of us, leads to the dusty way by which they go. O! Let us think of them this year at the Christmas fire, and not forget them when it is burnt out.

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## MORTON HALL.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

Our old Hall is to be pulled down, and they are going to build streets on the site. I said to my sister, "Ethelinda! if they really pull down Morton Hall, it will be a worse piece of work than the Repeal of the Corn

Laws." And, after some consideration she replied, that if she must speak what was on her mind, she would own that she thought the Papists had something to do with it; that they had never forgiven the Morton who had been with Lord Monteagle when he discovered the Gunpowder Plot; for we knew that somewhere in Rome there was a book kept, and which had been kept for generations, giving an account of the secret private history of every English family of note, and registering the names of those to whom the Papists owed either grudges or gratitude.

We were silent for some time; but I am sure the same thought was in both our minds; our ancestor, a Sidebotham, had been a follower of the Morton of that day; it had always been said in the family that he had been with his master, when he went with the Lord Monteagle, and found Guy Fawkes and his dark lantern under the Parliament House; and the question flashed across our minds, Were the Sidebothams marked with a black mark in that terrible mysterious book which was kept under lock and key by the Pope and the Cardinals in Rome? It was terrible; yet, somehow, rather pleasant to think of. So many of the misfortunes which had happened to us through life, and which we had called "mysterious dispensations," but which some of our neighbours had attributed to our want of prudence and foresight, were accounted for at once, if we were objects of the deadly hatred of such a powerful order as the Jesuits; of whom we had lived in dread ever since we had read the Female Jesuit. Whether this last idea suggested what my sister said next I can't tell; we did know the Female Jesuit's second cousin, so might be said to have literary connexions, and from that the startling thought might spring up in my sister's mind, for, said she, "Biddy!" (my name is Bridget, and no one but my sister calls me Biddy) "suppose you write some account of Morton Hall; we have known much in our time of the Mortons, and it will be a shame if they pass away completely from men's memories while we can speak or write." I was pleased with the notion, I confess; but I felt ashamed to agree to it all at once, though even as I objected for modesty's sake, it came into my mind how much I had heard of the old place in its former days, and how it was perhaps all I could now do for the Mortons, under whom our ancestors had lived as tenants for more than three hundred years. So at last I agreed; and, for fear of mistakes, I showed it to Mr. Swinton, our young curate, who has put it quite in order for me.

Morton Hall is situated about five miles from the centre of Drumble. It stands on the outskirts of a village, which, when the Hall was built, was probably as large as Drumble in those

days; and even I can remember when there was a long piece of rather lonely road, with high hedges on either side, between Morton village and Drumble. Now it is all street, and Morton seems but a suburb of the great town near. Our farm stood where Liverpool Street runs now; and people used to come snipe-shooting just where the Baptist Chapel is built. Our farm must have been older than the Hall, for we had a date of fourteen hundred and sixty on one of the cross-beams. My father was rather proud of this advantage, for the Hall had no date older than fifteen hundred and fifty-four; and I remember his affronting Mrs. Dawson, the housekeeper, by dwelling too much on this circumstance one evening when she came to drink tea with my mother, when Ethelinda and I were mere children. But my mother, seeing that Mrs. Dawson would never allow that any house in the parish could be older than the Hall, and that she was getting very warm, and almost insinuating that the Sidebothams had forged the date to disparage the Squire's family, and set themselves up as having the older blood, asked Mrs. Dawson to tell us the story of old Sir John Morton before we went to bed; I slily reminded my father that Jack, our man, was not always so careful as might be in housing the Alderney in good time in the autumn evenings. So he started up, and went off to see after Jack; and Mrs. Dawson and we drew nearer the fire to hear the story about Sir John.

Sir John Morton had lived some time about the Restoration. The Mortons had taken the right side, so when Oliver Cromwell came into power he gave away their lands to one of his Puritan followers — a man who had been but a praying, canting, Scotch pedlar, till the war broke out; and Sir John had to go and live with his royal master at Bruges. The upstart's name was Carr who came to live at Morton Hall; and, I 'm proud to say, we — I mean our ancestors — led him a pretty life. He had hard work to get any rent at all from the tenantry, who knew their duty better than to pay it to a Roundhead. If he took the law to them, the law officers fared so badly, that they were shy of coming out to Morton — all along that lonely road I told you of — again. Strange noises were heard about the Hall, which got the credit of being haunted; but as those noises were never heard before or since that Richard Carr lived there, I leave you to guess if the evil spirits did not know well over whom they had power — over schismatic rebels, and no one else. They durst not trouble the Mortons, who were true and loyal, and were faithful followers of King Charles in word and deed. At last Old Oliver died, and folks did say that on that wild and stormy night his voice was heard high up in the air, where you hear the flocks of wild geese skirl,

crying out for his true follower Richard Carr to accompany him in the terrible chase the fiends were giving him before carrying him down to hell. Anyway Richard Carr died within a week — summoned by the dead or not, he went his way down to his master, and his master's master.

Then his daughter Alice came into possession. Her mother was somehow related to General Monk, who was beginning to come into power about that time. So when Charles the Second came back to his throne, and many of the sneaking Puritans had to quit their ill-gotten land, and turn to the right about, Alice Carr was still left at Morton Hall to queen it there. She was taller than most women, and a great beauty I have heard. But for all her beauty, she was a stern, hard woman. The tenants had known her to be hard in her father's life-time, but now that she was the owner and had the power, she was worse than ever. She hated the Stuarts worse than ever her father had done; had calves' head for dinner every thirtieth of January; and when the first twenty-ninth of May came round, and every mother's son in the village gilded his oak leaves, and wore them in his hat, she closed the windows of the great hall with her own hands, and sate throughout the day in darkness and mourning. People did not like to go against her by force, because she was a young and beautiful woman. It was said the King got her cousin, the Duke of Albemarle, to ask her to court, just as courteously as if she had been the Queen of Sheba, and King Charles, Solomon, praying her to visit him in Jerusalem. But she would not go; not she! She lived a very lonely life, for now the King had got his own again, no servant but her nurse would stay with her in the Hall; and none of the tenants would pay her any money for all that her father had purchased the lands from the Parliament, and paid the price down in good red gold.

All this time, Sir John was somewhere in the Virginian plantations; and the ships sailed from thence only twice a-year; but his royal master had sent for him home; and home he came that second summer after the restoration. No one knew if Mistress Alice had heard of his landing in England or not; all the villagers and tenantry knew and were not surprised, and turned out in their best dresses and with great branches of oak to welcome him as he rode into the village one July morning, with many gay-looking gentlemen by his side, laughing and talking and making-merry, and speaking gaily and pleasantly to the village people. They came in on the opposite side to the Drumble Road; indeed Drumble was nothing of a place then, as I have told you. Between the last cottage in the village and the gates to the old Hall, there was a shady part of

the road, where the branches nearly met overhead, and made a green gloom. If you 'll notice, when many people are talking merrily out of doors in sunlight, they will stop talking for an instant, when they come into the cool green shade, and either be silent for some little time, or else speak graver and slower and softer. And so old people say those gay gentlemen did; for several people followed to see Alice Carr's pride taken down. They used to tell how the cavaliers had to bow their plumed hats in passing under the unlopped and drooping boughs. I fancy Sir John expected that the lady would have rallied her friends, and got ready for a sort of battle to defend the entrance to the house; but she had no friends. She had no nearer relations than the Duke of Albemarle, and he was mad with her for having refused to come to court, and so save her estate according to his advice.

Well, Sir John rode on, in silence; the tramp of the many horses' feet, and the clumping sound of the clogs of the village people were all that was heard. Heavy as the great gate was, they swung it wide on its hinges, and up they rode to the Hall steps, where the lady stood, in her close plain Puritan dress, her cheeks one crimson flush, her great eyes flashing fire, and no one behind her, or with her, or near her, or to be seen, but the old trembling nurse catching at her gown in pleading terror. Sir John was taken aback; he could not go out with swords and warlike weapons against a woman; his very preparations for forcing an entrance made him ridiculous in his own eyes, and he well knew in the eyes of his gay scornful comrades too; so he turned him round about, and bade them stay where they were, while he rode close to the steps, and spoke to the young lady; and there they saw him, hat in hand, speaking to her; and she, lofty and unmoved, holding her own as if she had been a sovereign queen with an army at her back. What they said, no one heard; but he rode back very grave and much changed in his look, though his grey eye showed more hawk-like than ever, as if seeing the way to his end, though as yet afar off. He was not one to be jested with before his face; so when he professed to have changed his mind, and not to wish to disturb so fair a lady in possession, he and his cavaliers rode back to the village inn, and roystered there all day, and feasted the tenantry, cutting down the branches that had incommoded them in their morning's ride to make a bonfire of on the village green, in which they burnt a figure, which some called Old Noll, and others Richard Carr: and it might do for either, folks said, for unless they had given it the name of a man, most people would have taken it for a forked log of wood.

But the lady's nurse told the

villagers afterwards that Mistress Alice went in from the sunny Hall steps into the chill house shadow, and sate her down and wept, as her poor faithful servant had never seen her do before, and could not have imagined her proud young lady ever doing. All through that summer's day she cried; and if for very weariness she ceased for a time, and only sighed as if her heart was breaking, they heard through the upper windows — which were open because of the heat — the village bells ringing merrily through the trees, and bursts of choruses to gay cavalier songs, all in favour of the Stuarts. All the young lady said was once or twice "Oh God! I am very friendless!" — and the old nurse knew it was true, and could not contradict her; and always thought, as she said long after, that such weary weeping showed there was some great sorrow at hand.

I suppose it was the dreariest sorrow that ever a proud woman had; but it came in the shape of a gay wedding. How, the village never knew. The gay gentlemen rode away from Morton the next day as lightly and carelessly as if they had attained their end, and Sir John had taken possession; and, by and bye, the nurse came timorously out to market in the village, and Mistress Alice was met in the wood walks just as grand and as proud as ever in her ways, only a little more pale and a little more sad. The truth was, as I have been told, that she and Sir John had each taken a fancy to each other in that parley they held on the Hall steps; she, in the deep wild way in which she took the impressions of her whole life, deep down, as if they were burnt in. Sir John was a gallant-looking man, and had a kind of foreign grace and courtliness about him. The way he fancied her was very different — a man's way, they tell me. She was a beautiful woman to be tamed, and made to come to his beck and call; and perhaps he read in her softening eyes that she might be won, and so all legal troubles about the possession of the estate come to an end in an easy pleasant manner. He came to stay with friends in the neighbourhood; he was met in her favourite walks with his plumed hat in his hand pleading with her, and she looking softer and far more lovely than ever; and lastly, the tenants were told of the marriage then nigh at hand.

After they were wedded he stayed for a time with her at the Hall, and then off back to court. They do say that her obstinate refusal to go with him to London was the cause of their first quarrel; but such fierce strong wills would quarrel the first day of their wedded life. She said that the court was no place for an honest woman; but surely Sir John knew best, and she might have trusted him to take care of her. However, he left her all alone; and at first she cried most bitterly, and then she took to her old pride, and was

more haughty and gloomy than ever. By and bye she found out hidden conventicles; and, as Sir John never stinted her of money, she gathered the remnants of the old Puritan party about her, and tried to comfort herself with long prayers, snuffled through the nose, for the absence of her husband, but it was of no use. Treat her as he would she loved him still with a terrible love. Once, they say, she put on her waiting maid's dress, and stole up to London to find out what kept him there; and something she saw or heard that changed her altogether, for she came back as if her heart was broken. They say that the only person she loved with all the wild strength of her heart, had proved false to her; and if so, what wonder! At the best of times she was but a gloomy creature, and it was a great honour for her father's daughter to be wedded to a Morton. She should not have expected too much.

After her despondency came her religion. Every old Puritan preacher in the country was welcome at Morton Hall. Surely that was enough to disgust Sir John. The Mortons had never cared to have much religion, but what they had had been good of its kind hitherto. So, when Sir John came down wanting a gay greeting and a tender show of love, his lady exhorted him, and prayed over him, and quoted the last Puritan text she had heard at him; and he swore at her, and at her preachers; and made a deadly oath that none of them should find harbour or welcome in any house of his. She looked scornfully back at him, and said she had yet to learn in what county of England the house he spoke of was to be found; but in the house her father purchased, and she inherited, all who preached the Gospel should be welcome, let kings make what laws, and kings' minions swear what oaths they would. He said nothing to this; the worse sign for her; but he set his teeth at her; and in an hour's time he rode away back to the French witch that had beguiled him.

Before he went away from Morton he set his spies. He longed to catch his wife in his fierce clutch, and punish her for defying him. She had made him hate her with her Puritanical ways. He counted the days till the messenger came, splashed up to the top of his deep leather boots, to say that my lady had invited the canting Puritan preachers of the neighbourhood to a prayer-meeting, and a dinner, and a night's rest at her house. Sir John smiled, as he gave the messenger five gold pieces for his pains; and straight took post-horses, and rode long days till he got to Morton; and only just in time; for it was the very day of the prayer-meeting. Dinners were then at one o'clock in the country. The great people in London might keep late hours, and dine at three in the afternoon or so; but the Mortons they always clung to the

good old ways, and, as the church bells were ringing twelve when Sir John came riding into the village, he knew he might slacken bridle; and, casting one glance at the smoke which came hurrying up as if from a newly-mended fire, just behind the wood, where he knew the Hall-kitchen chimney stood, Sir John stopped at the smithy, and pretended to question the smith about his horse's shoes; but he took little heed of the answers, being more occupied by an old serving-man from the Hall, who had been loitering about the smithy half the morning, as folk thought afterwards, to keep some appointment with Sir John. When their talk was ended, Sir John lifted himself straight in his saddle; cleared his throat, and spoke out aloud: —

"I grieve to hear your lady is so ill." The smith wondered at this, for all the village knew of the coming feast at the Hall; the spring-chickens had been bought up, and the cade-lambs killed; for the preachers in those days, if they fasted they fasted, if they fought they fought, if they prayed they prayed, sometimes for three hours at a standing; and if they feasted they feasted, and knew what good eating was, believe me.

"My lady ill?" said the smith, as if he doubted the old prim serving-man's word. And the latter would have chopped in with an angry asseveration (he had been at Worcester and fought on the right side), but Sir John cut him short.

"My lady is very ill, good Master Fox. It touches her here," continued he, pointing to his head. "I am come down to take her to London, where the King's own physician shall prescribe for her." And he rode slowly up to the Hall.

The lady was as well as ever she had been in her life, and happier than she had often been — for in a few minutes some of those whom she esteemed so highly would be about her; some of those who had known and valued her father — her dead father, to whom her sorrowful heart turned in its woe, as the only true lover and friend she had ever had on earth. Many of the preachers would have ridden far — was all in order in their rooms, and on the table in the great dining parlour? She had got into restless hurried ways of late. She went round below, and then she mounted the great oak staircase to see if the tower bed-chamber was all in order for old Master Hilton, the oldest among the preachers. Meanwhile, the maidens below were carrying in mighty cold rounds of spiced beef, quarters of lamb, chicken pies, and all such provisions, when, suddenly, they knew not how, they found themselves each seized by strong arms, their aprons thrown over their heads, after the manner of a gag, and themselves borne out of the house on to the poultry green behind, where, with threats of what worse might

befall them, they were sent with many a shameful word — (Sir John could not always command his men, many of whom had been soldiers in the French wars) — back into the village. They scudded away like frightened hares. My lady was strewing the white-headed preacher's room with the last year's lavender, and stirring up the sweet-pot on the dressing-table, when she heard a step on the echoing stairs. It was no measured tread of any Puritan; it was the clang of a man of war coming nearer and nearer, with loud rapid strides. She knew the step; her heart stopped beating, not for fear, but because she loved Sir John even yet; and she took a step forward to meet him, and then stood still and trembled, for the flattering false thought came before her that he might have come yet in some quick impulse of reviving love, and that his hasty step might be prompted by the passionate tenderness of a husband. But when he reached the door, she looked as calm and indifferent as ever.

"My lady," said he, "you are gathering your friends to some feast; may I know who are thus invited to revel in my house? Some graceless fellows, I see, from the store of meat and drink below: wine-bibbers and drunkards, I fear."

But, by the working glance of his eye she saw that he knew all; and she spoke with a cold distinctness:

"Master Ephraim Dixon, Master Zerubbabel Hopkins, Master Help-me-or-I-perish Perkins, and some other godly ministers, come to spend the afternonn in my house."

He went to her, and in his rage he struck her. She put up no arm to save herself, but reddened a little with the pain, and then, drawing her neckerchief on one side, she looked at the crimson mark on her white neck.

"It serves me right," she said. "I wedded one of my father's enemies; one of those who would have hunted the old man to death. I gave my father's enemy house and lands, when he came as a beggar to my door; — I followed my wicked wayward heart in this, instead of minding my dying father's words. Strike again, and avenge him yet more!"

But he would not, because she bade him. He unloosed his sash, and bound her arms tight, tight together, and she never struggled or spoke. Then pushing her so, that she was obliged to sit down on the bed side:

"Sit there," he said, "and hear how I will welcome the old hypocrites you have dared to ask to my house — my house and my ancestors' house, long before your father — a canting pedlar — hawked his goods about, and cheated honest men."

And, opening the chamber window right above those Hall-steps where she had awaited him in her maiden beauty scarce three short years ago, he greeted the company of preachers as they rode up to

the Hall with such terrible hideous language, (my lady had provoked him past all bearing, you see), that the old men turned round aghast, and made the best of their way back to their own places.

Meanwhile, Sir John's serving-men below had obeyed their master's orders. They had gone through the house, closing every window, every shutter, and every door, but leaving all else just as it was; — the cold meats on the table, the hot meats on the spit, the silver flagons on the side-board — all just as if it were ready for a feast; and then Sir John's head-servant, he that I spoke of before, came up and told his master all was ready.

"Is the horse and the pillion all ready? Then you and I must be my lady's tire-women:" and as it seemed to her in mockery, but in reality with a deep purpose, they dressed the helpless woman in her riding things all awry, and, strange and disorderly, Sir John carried her down stairs; and he and his man bound her on the pillion; and Sir John mounted before. The man shut and locked the great house-door, and the echoes of the clang went through the empty Hall with an ominous sound. "Throw the key," said Sir John, "deep into the mere yonder. My lady may go seek it if she lists, when next I set her arms at liberty. Till then I know whose house Morton Hall shall be called."

"Sir John! it shall be called the Devil's House, and you shall be his steward."

But the poor lady had better have held her tongue; for Sir John only laughed, and told her to rave on. As he passed through the village, with his serving men riding behind, the tenantry came out and stood at their doors, and pitied him for having a mad wife, and praised him for his care of her, and of the chance he gave her of amendment by taking her up to be seen by the King's physician. But somehow the Hall got an ugly name; the roast and boiled meats, the ducks, the chickens had time to drop into dust, before any human being now dared to enter in; or, indeed, had any right to enter in, for Sir John never came back to Morton; and as for my lady, some said she was dead, and some said she was mad and shut up in London, and some said Sir John had taken her to a convent abroad.

"And what did become of her?" asked we, creeping up to Mrs. Dawson.

"Nay, how should I know?"

"But what do you think?" we asked, pertinaciously.

"I cannot tell. I have heard that after Sir John was killed at the battle of the Boyne she got loose and came wandering back to Morton, to her old nurse's house; but, indeed, she was mad then out and out, and I've no doubt Sir John had seen it coming on. She used to have visions and dream dreams; and some thought her a prophetess, and some

thought her fairly crazy. What she said about the Mortons was awful. She doomed them to die out of the land, and their house to be razed to the ground, while pedlars and huxters such as her own people, her father, had been should dwell where the knightly Mortons had once lived. One winter's night she strayed away, and the next morning they found the poor crazy woman frozen to death in Drumble meeting-house yard; and the Mr. Morton who had succeeded to Sir John had her decently buried where she was found, by the side of her father's grave."

We were silent for a time. "And when was the old Hall opened, Mrs. Dawson, please?"

"Oh! when the Mr. Morton, our Squire Morton's grandfather came into possession. He was a distant cousin of Sir John's, a much quieter kind of man. He had all the old rooms opened wide, and aired, and fumigated: and the strange fragments of musty food were collected and burnt in the yard; but somehow that old dining-parlour had always a charnel-house smell, and no one ever liked making merry in it — thinking of the grey old preachers, whose ghosts might be even then scenting the meats afar off, and trooping unbidden to a feast, that was not that of which they were baulked. I was glad for one when the Squire's father built another dining-room; and no servant in the house will go an errand into the old dining-parlour after dark, I can assure ye."

"I wonder if the way the last Mr. Morton had to sell his land to the people at Drumble had anything to do with old Lady Morton's prophecy," said my mother, musingly.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Dawson, sharply. "My lady was crazy, and her words not to be minded. I should like to see the cotton-spinners of Drumble offer to purchase land from the Squire. Besides, there 's a strict entail now. They can't purchase the land if they would. A set of trading pedlars indeed!"

I remember Ethelinda and I looked at each other at this word "pedlars;" which was the very word she had put into Sir John's mouth when taunting his wife with her father's low birth and calling. We thought, "We shall see."

Alas! we have seen.

Soon after that evening our good old friend Mrs. Dawson died. I remember it well, because Ethelinda and I were put into mourning for the first time in our lives. A dear little brother of ours had died only the year before; and then my father and mother had decided that we were too young; that there was no necessity for their incurring the expense of black frocks. We mourned for the little delicate darling in our hearts, I know; and, to this day, I often wonder what it would have been to have had a brother. But when Mrs. Dawson died it became a sort of duty we owed to the

Squire's family to go into black, and very proud and pleased Ethelinda and I were with our new frocks. I remember dreaming Mrs. Dawson was alive again, and crying, because I thought my new frock would be taken away from me. But all this has nothing to do with Morton Hall.

When I first became aware of the greatness of the Squire's station in life, his family consisted of himself, his wife (a frail delicate lady), his only son "little master," as Mrs. Dawson was allowed to call him, "the young Squire," as we in the village always termed him. His name was John Marmaduke. He was always called John; and after Mrs. Dawson's story of the old Sir John, I used to wish he might not bear that ill-omened name. He used to ride through the village in his bright scarlet coat, his long fair curling hair falling over his lace collar, and his broad black hat and feather shading his merry blue eyes. Ethelinda and I thought then, and I always shall think, there never was such a boy. He had a fine high spirit too of his own, and once horse-whipped a groom twice as big as himself, who had thwarted him. To see him and Miss Phillis go tearing through the village on their pretty Arabian horses, laughing as they met the west wind, and their long golden curls flying behind them, you would have thought them brother and sister rather than nephew and aunt; for Miss Phillis was the Squire's sister, much younger than himself; indeed at the time I speak of, I don't think she could have been above seventeen, and the young Squire, her nephew, was nearly ten. I remember Mrs. Dawson sending for my mother and me up to the Hall that we might see Miss Phillis dressed ready to go with her brother to a ball given at some great lord's house to Prince William of Gloucester, nephew to good old George the Third.

When Mrs. Elizabeth, Mrs. Morton's maid, saw us at tea in Mrs. Dawson's room, she asked Ethelinda and me if we would not like to come into Miss Phillis's dressing-room and watch her dress; and then she said, if we could promise to keep from touching anything, she would make interest for us to go. We would have promised to stand on our heads, and would have tried to do so too, to earn such a privilege. So in we went, and stood together hand-in-hand up in a corner out of the way, feeling very red, and shy, and hot, till Miss Phillis put us at our ease by playing all manner of comical tricks, just to make us laugh, which at last we did outright in spite of all our endeavours to be grave, lest Mrs. Elizabeth should complain of us to my mother. I recollect the scent of the *maréchale* powder with which Miss Phillis's hair was just sprinkled; and how she shook her head, like a young colt, to work the hair loose which Mrs. Elizabeth was straining up over a cushion. Then Mrs. Elizabeth

would try a little of Mrs. Morton's rouge; and Miss Phillis would wash it off with a wet towel, saying that she liked her own paleness better than any performer's colour; and when Mrs. Elizabeth wanted just to touch her cheeks once more, she did herself behind the great arm-chair, peeping out with her sweet merry face, first at one side and then at another, till we all heard the Squire's voice at the door, asking her, if she was dressed, to come and show herself to Madam, her sister-in-law; for, as I said, Mrs. Morton was a great invalid, and unable to go out to any grand parties like this. We were all silent in an instant; and even Mrs. Elizabeth thought no more of the rouge, but how to get Miss Phillis's beautiful blue dress on quick enough. She had cherry-coloured knots in her hair, and her breast-knots were of the same ribbon. Her gown was open in front, to a quilted white silk skirt. We felt very shy of her as she stood there fully dressed — she looked so much grander than anything we had ever seen; and it was like a relief when Mrs. Elizabeth told us to go down to Mrs. Dawson's parlour, where my mother was sitting all this time.

Just as we were telling how merry and comical Miss Phillis had been, in came a footman. "Mrs. Dawson," said he, "the Squire bids me ask you to go with Mrs. Sidebotham into the west parlour, to have a look at Miss Morton before she goes." We went too, clinging to my mother. Miss Phillis looked rather shy as we came in, and stood just by the door. I think we all must have shown her that we had never seen anything so beautiful, as she was, in our lives before; for she went very scarlet at our fixed gaze of admiration, and to relieve herself she began to play all manner of antics, whirling round, and making cheeses with her rich silk petticoat, unfurling her fan (a present from Madam to complete her dress), and peeping first on one side and then on the other, just as she had done upstairs; and then catching hold of her nephew, and insisting that he should dance a minuet with her until the carriage came, which proposal made him very angry, as it was an insult to his manhood (at nine years old) to suppose he could dance. "It was all very well for girls to make fools of themselves," he said, "but it did not do for men." And Ethelinda and I thought we had never heard so fine a speech before. But the carriage came before we had half feasted our eyes enough; and the Squire came from his wife's room to order the little master to bed, and hand his sister to the carriage.

I remember a good deal of talk about royal dukes and unequal marriages that night. I believe Miss Phillis did dance with Prince William; and I have often heard that she bore away the bell at the ball, and that no one came near her for beauty and pretty merry ways. In a day or two after I saw her scampering through the

village, looking just as she did before she had danced with a royal duke. We all thought she would marry some one great, and used to look out for the lord who was to take her away. But poor Madam died, and there was no one but Miss Phillis to comfort her brother, for the young Squire was gone away to some great school down south; and Miss Phillis grew grave, and reined in her pony to keep by the Squire's side, when he rode out on his steady old mare in his lazy careless way.

We did not hear so much of the doings at the hall now Mrs. Dawson was dead; so I cannot tell how it was; but by and bye there was a talk of bills that were once paid weekly, being now allowed to run to quarter day; and then, instead of being settled every quarter day, they were put off to Christmas; and many said they had hard enough work to get their money then. A buzz went through the village that the young squire played high at college, and that he made away with more money than his father could afford. But when he came down to Morton, he was as handsome as ever; and I, for one, never believed evil of him; though I'll allow others might cheat him, and he never suspect it. His aunt was as fond of him as ever; and he of her. Many is the time I have seen them out walking together, sometimes sad enough, sometimes merry as ever. By and bye, my father heard of sales of small pieces of land, not included in the entail; and at last, things got so bad, that the very crops were sold yet green upon the ground, for any price folks would give, so that there was but ready money paid. The Squire at length gave way entirely, and never left the house; and the young master in London; and poor Miss Phillis used to go about trying to see after the workmen and labourers, and save what she could. By this time she would be above thirty; Ethelinda and I were nineteen and twenty-one when my mother died, and that was some years before this. Well, at last the Squire died; they do say of a broken heart at his son's extravagance; and, though the lawyers kept it very close, it began to be rumoured that Miss Phillis's fortune had gone too. Any way the creditors came down on the estate like wolves. It was entailed and it could not be sold; but they put it into the hands of a lawyer who was to get what he could out of it, and have no pity for the poor young Squire who had not a roof for his head. Miss Phillis went to live by herself in a little cottage in the village, at the end of the property, which the lawyer allowed her to have because he could not let it to any one, it was so tumble-down and old. We never knew what she lived on, poor lady, but she said she was well in health, which was all we durst ask about. She came to see my father just before he died; and he seemed made bold with the feeling that he was a dying man; so he asked, what I had

longed to know for many a year, where was the young Squire? He had never been seen in Morton since his father's funeral. Miss Phillis said he was gone abroad; but in what part he was then, she herself hardly knew; only she had a feeling that, sooner or later, he would come back to the old place; where she should strive to keep a home for him whenever he was tired of wandering about, and trying to make his fortune.

"Trying to make his fortune still?" asked my father, his questioning eyes saying more than his words. Miss Phillis shook her head with a sad meaning in her face; and we understood it all. He was at some French gaming-table, if he was not at an English one.

Miss Phillis was right. It might be a year after my father's death when he came back, looking old and grey and worn. He came to our door just after we had barred it one winter's evening. Ethelinda and I still lived at the farm, trying to keep it up and make it pay; but it was hard work. We heard a step coming up the straight pebble walk; and then it stopped right at our door, under the very porch, and we heard a man's breathing, quick and short.

"Shall I open the door?" said I.

"No, wait!" said Ethelinda; for we lived alone, and there was no cottage near us. We held our breaths. There came a knock.

"Who's there?" I cried.

"Where does Miss Morton live — Miss Phillis?"

We were not sure if we would answer him; for she, like us, lived alone.

"Who's there?" again said I

"Your master," he answered, proud and angry. "My name is John Morton. Where does Miss Phillis live?"

We had the door unbarred in a trice, and begged him to come in; to pardon our rudeness. We would have given him of our best as was his due from us; but he only listened to the directions we gave him to his aunt's, and took no notice of our apologies.

## THE CAMP AT HELFAUT.

MECHANICIANS estimate the value of any motive agent which they contrive to invent, by the space which it occupies in proportion to its efficiency. What they want is, an epitome of strength. Cumbrous machinery, falling to pieces by its own weight, and incapable of movement in consequence of its own fiction, finds no favour. To obtain the greatest amount of active or resisting power with the smallest quantity of material substance, is the problem which clever heads are every day more and more successfully solving.

A pinch of gunpowder will kill your game in better style than all the cross-bows, *arbalêtes*, and bird-bolts in the world. A small dose of cannon-balls will breach you a hole in a fortification sooner and wider than a dozen lumber-

ing catapultas. A few atoms of detonating powder are preferred to solid flint and steel. A single small hydraulic press will screw you down tighter and reduce you more rapidly to the form of a pancake, than countless pairs of the brawniest arms. A steam-engine of a hundred horse power will finish, in no time, a job which two hundred horses strung together could not even touch or begin. Archimedes, with all his boasting, could have done very little with his lever that should move the world; unless it were a lever he could hold in his hand, and ply like a crow-bar or a kitchen poker.

The world he thought of was the world of matter. But there is yet another world to be moved; the world of men, the world of mind. And to stir it, to compress it, to guide it, and to make it grow, miniature apparatus, with springs and levers that are scarcely visible, are getting the victory over costly, enormous, and unwieldy tools.

These fancies came into my brain as I was leisurely strolling in a foreign land, one thought-compelling spring-tide morning. It is not every idle stroll which has the power of suggesting comparisons to the mind. Critical epochs of the year, peculiar localities, and, still more frequently, the discordant union of incongruous objects, will often strike out the latent spark with which to light up a luminous idea.

I had started from the town of St. Omer in the direction of the cemetery, and had mounted the hill on which it lies, commanding a view of considerable interest. Behind, a picturesque mass of buildings grouped around the heavy gray cathedral, the dingy, red-brick, pretentious and desecrated Jesuit's church, the heavy dome of the Hôtel de Ville, is all walled in and held together by a formidable rampart of fortifications. Green meadows and swelling hills lead the eye into distant wanderings. Before, rises a table-land, whose broken slope faces you boldly. On its level plain, which forms the horizon, you can just perceive what might be a multitude of gipsy tents; though not enough to accommodate the entire gipsy population of Christendom. That is the famous Plaine des Bruyères, the manœuvring field, or Camp of Helfaut. Unlike our own ephemeral Chobham, this is a permanent institution, performing its functions with more or less of annual vigour, according to the aspect of the times, or the military tastes of the ruling powers. All sorts of reputations within the last forty years have galloped over its sterile surface — from the steady fame of our Wellington to the phantom-like names of Charles the Tenth and the Duke d'Angoulême.

I had crossed the troubled waters of the Aa, wondering at a long wooden trough which stood by the shelving brink of the stream, and was half way up the

grassy slope leading to the Helfaut camp. Seen from below its aspect is that of a continuous and far from ugly range of hills; the outline of whose more commanding promontories was faintly traced and gilded by the blossoms of stunted furze bushes. On the topmost knoll, immediately before me, a group of cattle were enjoying the prospect, and calmly ruminating the sweet short herbage on which they had made their morning meal. I could just catch the point of a white stone spire on the summit, apparently belonging to a village church; but really the fleeting monument to a fleeting memory — to Louis Philippe's heir, the Duke of Orleans, whose statue in bronze, intended publicly to decorate St. Omer's market-place, has found instead a refuge and a hiding-place in the museum of the town. But even this form of disgrace shows an improvement in the times. Had the reverse of fortune happened some sixty years ago, the colossal duke would have been stamped into sous.

To mount at leisure the green declivity, is even a more agreeable mode of ascent, than to follow the zig-zags of that excellent road. We are on level ground, and can breathe and gaze. The camp is before us, a wide-stretched body, like a ricketty giant with but little soul just now to animate it, and not at all in its Sunday clothes. For at Helfaut the soldiers' dwellings are not tents, but low huts, or hovels, or wigwams, with clay walls and thatched roofs, a door at each end, mostly, and precious little window. In fact, they are anything but good-looking homes, and do not promise to enervate the men by making them too comfortable. The vast assemblage of permanent tents is now no better than the apothecary's "beggarly account of empty boxes;" a boarding-school at holiday time; Cambridge during the long vacation; an actress in her morning dishabille; a London theatre out of season, with not even a rehearsal to enliven it; or the scaffolding of a mighty building without the edifice rising before it. It is yet too early in the year at present for the men to assemble for summer drill. There it lies, inert and straggling; a nuisance to the ground it covers, by hindering the wholesome growth of grass, to the detriment of cows and sheep.

Although the outward panorama is more inviting, let us enter the sleeping city of the absent, and inspect the way in which this awkward piece of mechanism is made to do its fair-weather work. Not a cat, nor a sparrow, nor a dog, nor a chicken, nor even a stray cabbage-stalk, or tossed-out dust-heap are to be seen, in evidence of human life and society. Here is a sort of lane or opening, leading apparently into one of the main streets But lo! after stepping forward two or three paces, it appears that we, unseasonable visitors, were neither quite alone, nor unobserved. A door opens suddenly,

and out of one of the cannibal-like sheds a soldier advances and makes us a bow. We return the bow politely, and walk on, as if nothing had happened. Upon which, the hero steps before us and opens his mouth, to the effect that "Monsieur is doubtless aware that entrance to the camp is forbidden."

"Monsieur is a stranger, and is not aware of anything of the kind. Monsieur will turn back with pleasure" (since he cannot help it), "though loath to leave such a cheerful village. Pray, is it permitted to Monsieur to walk round the outside of this lively scene?"

"Certainly; Monsieur is free to walk round it, and outside, but Monsieur may not enter it." More bows and salutations! I never was so beautifully bowed out in my life.

This is dull work; I have had quite enough of it; and, moreover, have seen quite as much of the attractive spot as any reasonable being, not a spy or a traitor, can desire to become acquainted with. It is nothing but an enormous shell without a body; a lobster's claw with no muscle in it; one of the tools for governing the world which a great many people are getting tired of using, especially as they confidently believe that better implements are in existence. Let us turn our backs on the courtly camp-keeper and trot down the hill to that thrifty-looking village yonder, whose buildings bestride the course of the Aa, and rattle with the sound of water-wheels.

There is something there to make up for our disappointment. Read the address of this note, which I happen to have brought: — "To Monsieur Dambricourt, Wizernes." We will step and deliver it forthwith. It procures us bows and salutations; but admission also, instead of right-about face.

We enter a light and airy apartment of magic — a hall of wondrous metamorphoses — down the centre of which flows an enchanted stream, whose sources are a couple of monstrous tubs partly hidden in the regions above. Each tub is called an Agitator, from some wooden arms which move within it. It is a big-bellied receptacle, constantly in a turmoil, with such a deal of splutter, and splash, and noise, and thumping, that I could not help thinking of the late Daniel O'Connell. In its vast interior are stirred about the materials which now constitute one of the world's most available active powers — the innocent-looking tissue which is familiar to the public in general under the everyday name of Paper, and for testimonies to whose efficiency see the London journals *passim*. As Household Words has already given an account of the details of paper manufacture, I spare you all the rag-picking and rag-clipping here, the water-wheel of fifty-horse power grinding up old shirts and sheets by means of a cylinder with fifty blades, till they become the finished pulp or *raffiné*. I say no-

thing about testing the fineness of the pulp in a basin of clear water, of colouring it for fancy work, or leaving it white for fact and fiction — I merely wish to tell you, that by means of a modest ten-horse power steam-engine, an enchanted stream, flowing down a channel something like a yard-and-a-half wide, was, by means of air and water, by blowing up and pressing down, by gauzes of wire and solid rollers, changed in one minute from a fluid to a solid. At second the first, particles of vegetable fibre were floating loose in a liquid medium; at second the sixtieth, they were woven compactly into the convenient sheet on which I now am writing, and were instantly cut by an unseen knife into squares and oblongs of suitable size. Nothing more was required to be done but to examine and fold them, and, in extraordinary cases, to press them, and afterwards to pack and send them away. Altogether, two hundred men, women, and children find amusement, and something better, in the service of this miraculous stream.

Here, thought I, is a rival power to the machinery we left at the top of the hill. We have here an element which furnishes weapons that may one day prevail over military force. With a conscientious and industrious pen, guided by an observant eye, with a printing-press boldly and ably manned, and an abundant supply of this suddenly-created film, it is possible to make even Emperors uneasy, and to cause such magnanimous heroes as Haynau to fear they are not going to have it all their own way. This moderate establishment, backed by one or two others of equal dimensions, analogically employed in forging and sharpening the brilliant armour of the brain, *might* make way, if there were no others to help them, against the fiercest autocrat in Europe. Their panoply is small, but concentrated. One civilian can instruct and persuade a hundred thousand armed warriors, if they only be allowed to listen to him — and listen they will, sooner or later.

A few weeks had passed away, and I again took a walk out of St. Omer. Things had greatly changed in the interval — the trees were thickly covered with leaves, the fields were heavily laden with corn. Once more I passed the bridge which spans the bed of the industrious Aa. The extraordinary trough was still by its side, and a soldier was busy pumping it full. And then down the opposite hill came troops of horses — two by two — to take the draught which they could not otherwise get without considerable risk of drowning. The blossoms of the furze were faded and gone — no yellow outline defined the hills. The knoll on which I had beheld those tranquil cows chewing the cud, was now occupied by a numerous herd of animals of quite a different species and family. Drummer boys were perched all over it, on the summit

of every anthill and clod, practising rataplan and the devil's tattoo, till I have no doubt their wrists had enough of it. They do not prevent the silly sheep from feeding quietly just below, any more than the rumours of war make nations rise to put down great conquerors. I drove up the zig-zag road, meeting omnibuses in the service of the camp, baggage carts, canteen vehicles, soldiers in their shirt-sleeves out for a little amateur reservoir-making, mounted officers in full uniform, and officers' wives come to give their opinion. By the way, what very capital fellows those French officers' wives do seem to be! On the hill-side were men toiling with wheelbarrows full of mould and green turf — all for amusement's sake, as will be seen by and bye; others were laboriously causing to mount milk-white blocks of chalky lime-stone.

The camp at last has changed its aspect; all is flutter and fanfaronade. The hovels are full; the streets are crowded; a stranger is no longer looked on with suspicion. An extempore chapel has been raised, more like a large summer-house open in front than usual religious edifices, before which the troops may *see* mass, if, as is probable, they cannot hear it. But fun, rather than devotion, is the order of the day, not even excepting duty. What an alteration in the externals of the place! Scarcely a single shed can be seen that has not its own little garden before it. This indeed displays true wisdom, to make yourselves as comfortable as you can, even in an adverse and temporary fix. One stout-hearted Australian discoverer, whenever he halted for the night in the desert interior, used to convert his sleeping-place into a leafy bower, and to plant lilies before the door, although he knew that in all probability he should never see that spot again. That was the height of adaptive philosophy. Here, there are ten thousand men placed in a strait which most folks would call uncomfortable, sleeping on hurdles covered with a mattrass, and consenting to things which no furnished apartments on earth would have the face to propose to a tenant; and yet their care is judiciously bestowed on the embellishment of their narrow and short-tenured lodging. The tiny parterres at the camp therefore are not only admirable specimens of toy gardens, they are excellent examples and practical lessons of the art of making as good a use as possible of the circumstances under which we happen to be placed.

These little horticultural plots lie just before the door of each shed or cabin. Let us walk along the front row of huts, and we mark an infinite variety of taste and style. Flowers, fountains even, sun-dials, "Laramé," (a sort of pantaloon) with his mill, and other mills; fortifications mounted with chalk cannon and tenanted by little chalk houses; miniature streams turning water-mills; orna-

ments tastefully cut in chalk; A l'Empereur and A l'Impératrice, in ornate white letters laid on the turf; sanded walks; mountains serving as the reservoirs of hidden springs to supply the aforesaid fountains and streamlets; eagles, crosses of honour, hearts, and what-nots neatly carved in turf and brought out into relief with moss and gravel; greenhouse plants; monumental gardening with inscriptions to the memory of a general, a friend, or the fragment of a battalion; patriotic and military mottoes — *Honneur et Patrie, Valeur et Discipline.*

The camp is gay; but after all it is imperfect, though less so than our own display at Chobham. There, there was hardly a single thing to remind the visitor of the shady side of warfare. But the plain of Helfaut holds beneath its busy surface one hint that all has not been always so bright. The comune of Wizernes still possesses a number of caves (though many are closed) called *muches*, in which the inhabitants used to hide themselves when war was made in real earnest. In the eighth and ninth centuries these compulsory retirements became so frequent, that the very cattle got to know the meaning of the alarm-bell, and came to the *muches* of their own accord as soon as they heard the warning signal. But English ideas about peace and war would be considerably modified if Great Britain were, for once in a while, the scene of an actual and business-like battle. Helfaut, I repeat, is incomplete; Chobham was more so.

For, this is my view of the case: — An exhibition of any art or process, in order to approach perfectness as a means of instruction, must give a series of facts and things, and not the mere surprising result. We must have, as at the Crystal Palace, the raw silk and the power-loom as well as the resplendent brocade. We ought to have the power of inspecting both the ore, the roughly-smelted metal, and the glittering ornaments of diamond-like steel. But camps like those of Chobham and Helfaut are nothing but the rose and blossom of war. We see nothing of the hidden root and origin — mostly the pernicious ambition of individuals; nothing of the thorns and branches; private sorrows and international bitternesses; nothing of the fruit and produce; ignorance, impoverishment, and debt.

As I lay on my back upon the heather of Helfaut, imbibing the sunshine, and listening to the military band which was dashing off a polka with almost superhuman precision; in spite of the luxury of the scene, my thoughts could not help wandering. It was not that, at a distance, to the right and the left, other bands were triumphantly attracting other groups of listeners; it was not the curious intermittances of rhythm and melody produced by a bar of a waltz crossing a bar of a march, on its passage over the breezy plain; nor was it recollections of the si-

lent and half-dead Trappist conventsjust visible on the cloud-like hills of the Monts des Cats and Trinité. It struck me that something was wanting here. The camp was far too one-sided a specimen. To give the people a correct idea of war, other details were requisite.

Years ago, in Belgium, I had visited the citadel of Antwerp, a few months after the siege was raised. The remembrance of that place of horrors often haunts me to this very day; and yet it was not worse, nor so bad as many other places of the kind. The den in which the wounded were deposited, to die, be amputated, or take their chance of surgical aid, was the thing I wished to bring to Helfaut, and myself exhibit to the holiday crowd. Of course, a faithful duplicate would also have to be sent to England. It was a low gloomy shelter, in which you could not stand upright — four or five feet high, perhaps. To form a correct appreciation of the whole scene, one sense only was necessary. I should like to read a description of that dismal den, dictated by some blind traveller. Remember, it was now several months after the siege, and the stench was still insufferable. This — a necessary appendage of war; as necessary as the glittering camp — this was the refuge to which human beings were brought, that their souls might depart from their bodies — in peace! A monstrous abomination! Jackals and wolves, with the slightest practice, would scent it at the distance of a league or two. But who, I ask, will venture to say that, with no hint or specimen of a state of siege, the display at the camp suggested the whole truth? Such as this, and not Chelsea Hospital nor the Invalides, is the fate of the majority of wounded soldiers.

Another embellishment was wanting, too. We gazed upon hundreds of young, strong, healthy conscripts; but we saw nothing of the relations they had left behind them. I would have had, within easy reach, a select encampment of weeping mothers, with hearts tortured by the thought of the Algerian horrors their sons were any day liable to suffer; of girls, whom the forced absence of their not faithless sweethearts hindered from marrying; of fathers, though worn out with toil, struggling still to toil for seven years longer, till the blessed end of the term of service should give back again, to their own little bit of land, the much-needed help of a pair of willing and vigorous arms. With no domestic groups like these, with nothing but music, glitter, and show, of what value is the teaching of the camp to him who desires to look to the bottom of things? Nor would I allow to be omitted a choice hospital-museum collection of remarkable gun-shot wounds and fractures.

By a curious but true coincidence, I had in one pocket an English newspaper, giving a

charming account of the merry pranks which our soldiers played on and in Virginia Water. Ducks and drakes; soft water bath, so delightful in August. Who would not learn to swim, if he might but take part in such pretty sports as these? Warfare, really, after all, must be a most entertaining profession. My other pocket, however, contained a *pendant* to this amusing picture. It was simply a number of Household Words. Another camp was the scene of the episode, where they also played at soldiers, though sometimes in a regular style. Napoleon, while practising his flat-bottomed boats at Boulogne, did not scruple to drown a couple of hundred men.

And what is the end of all this camping? — the lesson which it leaves most firmly impressed upon the mind? The General of Division, Aide de Camp to the Emperor, Superior Commandant of the camp at Helfaut, tells us what it left upon his. He thus takes leave of his dispersing comrades: —"When one has had the honour of commanding such soldiers as you are, the most ardent wish one can entertain is to be called to lead them to the enemy." But what enemy, in an empire of peace? Suppose that there exists no enemy? Never mind; we will try and find one. What is the use of a carving-knife, when there is no mutton to cut up with it?

The camp at Helfaut with its cumbrous machinery is stopped until next summer. But Monsieur Dambricourt's paper mill works all the year round. Huzza for Dambricourt! If we only bestowed on the organisation of peace one quarter of the time and trouble, and one-sixteenth portion of the treasure, which we squander on the trappings and tools of glorious war, how much wiser and happier we should be? But restless spirits abroad will not allow us to be wise and happy. We are obliged to keep up a warlike defence against them. Would that the Czar and the Sultan when dull, and in want of a little exciting diversion, would try a paper war; each engaging a private tutor to perfect them in parliamentary Billingsgate. They would find it a much more amusing pastime than they could ever have conceived beforehand.

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## KENSINGTON CHURCH.

In some moods of the mind the juxtaposition is very painful of a churchyard and a public way. It looks as if death itself were no escape from the turmoils of life. We feel as if the noise of carts and cries were never to be out of one's hearing; as if the tears, however hidden, of those who stood mournfully looking at our graves, were to be mocked by the passing crowd of indifferent spectators; as if the dead might be sensible of the very market going on with all its night-lights and bustle (as it does here on Saturdays); of the noise of drunken husbands and

wives persisting in bringing a curse of misery into the last home.

On the other hand, the sociable man may sometimes be disposed to regard with complacency this kind of posthumous intercourse with the living. We may feel as if the dead were hardly the departed; as if they were still abiding among their friends and fellow-creatures; not displeased even to hear the noise and the bustle; or at least, as if in ceasing to hear our voices, they were still, so to speak, reposing in our arms. Morning, somehow, in this view of the case, would seem to be still theirs, though they choose to lie in bed; cheerful noon is with them, without their having any of the trouble of it; the names may be read on their tombstones as familiarly as they used to be at their doors; children play about their graves, unthinkingly indeed, but joyously, and with as little thought of irreverence as butterflies; and the good fellow going home at night from his party, breathes a jovial instead of a sad blessing on their memories. Perhaps he knew them. Perhaps he has been joining in one of their old favourite glees by Callcott or Spofforth, the former of whom, by the way, was a Kensington man, and the latter of whom lies buried here, and is recorded at the church door. And assuredly the dead Spofforth would find no fault with his living remembrancer.

In quiet country places there is, in fact, a sort of compromise in this instance between the two feelings of privacy and publicity, which we have often thought very pleasing. The dead in a small sequestered village seem hardly removed from their own houses. The last home seems almost a portion of the first. The clergyman's house often has the churchyard as close to it as the garden; and when he goes into his grave, he seems but removed into another room; gone to bed, and to his sleep. He has not left. He lies there with his family still, ready to waken with them all, on the heavenly morning.

This however is a feeling upon the matter, which we find it difficult to realise in a bustling town. We are there convinced upon the whole, that whether near to houses or away from them, the sense of quiet is requisite to the proper idea of the churchyard. The dead being actually severed from us — no longer visible, no longer having voices — all sights and words but of the gentlest and quietest kind seem to be impertinences towards them; not to belong to them — quiet being the thing farthest removed from cities — and what we imagine to pervade all space, and the gulfs between the stars, is requisite to make us feel that we are standing on the threshold of heaven.

Upon the whole, therefore, we cannot approve of churchyards in noisy thoroughfares, and thus must needs object to the one in the place before us; though there are portions of it to the north and west of the church, more se-

questered (for a small remove in these cases makes a great difference), and in those portions the most noticeable of the graves are situate. They are not many; nor have we much to say of persons lying in the church itself, or in the church vaults.

But first, we must return to the church itself. From what we have said of it, the reader will conclude that it is remarkable as an edifice for nothing but the smallness and homeliness of its appearance; but it has this curious additional claim to consideration; namely, that what with partial rebuildings and wholesale repairs, it has been altered, since the year sixteen hundred and eighty-three, nearly a dozen times. How often before then, we cannot say; nor do we know when it was first built. But the alterations, for the most part, appear to have been as bad as what they altered. They beat the silk stocking, the repeated mendings of which turned it into worsted. They were always worsted — badly darned. They resembled the scapegrace relation of the famous Penn, whom our punning ancestors described as a pen that had been "often cut, but never mended." What were improvements or requirements in some respects became defacements in others, or things to be wished away. The painted window was meagre; the galleries clogged up a space already too little, and looked as if they would slide into the pews; the pews themselves were too tall, and aggravated that sense of closeness and crowding, to which the increasing population naturally tended, and which is still the first thing that strikes a visitor of the church. While writing this article, however (for the church is now undergoing another repair), we have the pleasure of observing that the pews are in the act of being made lower; and we hail this undoubted improvement as an evidence of the better taste which new authorities have at last brought even into Kensington parish church, and which indeed was to be expected from what they have done in other respects. We must add, that its psalmody appears to have been for some time past superior to that of most churches, owing, it would seem, to the accomplished family of the Callcotts, who have long been residents of the parish, and one of whom, no great while ago, was organist. Nor should the writer omit that the parish authorities, both clerical and laical, and their servants also, do justice to the example at their head, and are as courteous as becomes their position.

Here, in church or churchyard, among other less noticeable persons, have been buried: —

*Imprimis*, in the year fifteen hundred and ten, Philip Meawtis, son and heir of John Meawtis; which said John Meawtis, described in a pardon granted by Edward the Fifth as "John Meawtis of our town of Calais, clerk, otherwise called John de Meautis, lately of London, gentleman, other-

wise called John de Meawtis, lately of Kensington, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, otherwise called John de Mewtice, of the town of Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, yeoman, or under whatsoever name he may be registered, is forgiven and absolved from outlawry and all other consequences of neglects, contempts, concealments, conspiracies, extortions, murders, (*murdra!*) and whatsoever other felonies and enormities he may have been guilty of." Probably it was a pardon from Richard, the poor little king's uncle, upon the understanding that an enemy of the house of York was to become a friend; an expectation which did not hinder John Meautis or his son Philip (we know not which) from becoming secretary to Kings Henry the Seventh and Eighth. We notice the name for two other reasons; first, because it was that of Bacon's faithful secretary Sir Thomas Meawtis, who raised the characteristic statue to the philosopher which sits thinking on his monument at Saint Alban's; second, to observe that the *alias* of Meautis or Mewtice (the name being obviously of French origin) renders it probable that there is more propriety in the vulgar pronunciation of Bewfort or Beaufort, than might otherwise be supposed, especially as we retain it in the word beauty, the English of *beauté*. There is reason to believe that it was the real old French pronunciation. We have read in some book, but forget where, that the existing mode of speaking French (which has so frittered and clipped it, and rendered its prosody such a puzzle to English readers) is not older than the time of Louis the Fourteenth's boyhood.

The next distinguished burial we meet with is that of one Sir Manhood Penruddock; a gentleman whose peremptory baptismal name, joined to his chivalrous rank and to the nature of his death, appears to insist on attention to his memory, upon pain of a challenge from his ghost. He was "slain at Notting Wood" (saith the parish register) "in fight;" that is to say, we take it, in a duel; for it was in the year sixteen hundred and eight, during the pacific times of King James the First. Sir Manhood was most likely some hot-headed Welshman, the son of a corresponding father, who had thus christened him by way of injunction to uphold the fame of his ancestors.

From Sir Manhood we are borne over a considerable interval of time, and brought to Addison's Earl of Warwick, who died in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, at the age of four-and-twenty. He was son of the countess whom Addison married, and was the youth to whom the novelist is said to have addressed the famous words, "See how a Christian can die." A statue of him in marble, and in good condition, is still remaining in the church, on the right-hand side of the principal entrance from the street. It sits under his epitaph, leaning on an urn; and

has an aspect which, at first sight, you hardly know whether to be male or female. This is owing partly to the delicate smooth face and flowing hair, and partly to the robe, which has something of the look of a lady's gown. On turning to the legs, and finding them in ancient sandals, you discover that the gown is a Roman toga. Either the face is unlike, or the compliment to its manliness (strangely paid in the first person — *virile nescio quid*) is clearly undeserved. The whole epitaph indeed is contradictory to the tradition handed down respecting the rakery of this young nobleman; probably on no better foundation than Addison's dying words, which have been supposed to imply some special moral necessity for them on the part of his hearer. Writers complimented the earl on his virtues while he was living; and Addison, in some pleasant letters to him on the subject of birds, speaks of his "more severe studies," and of their common friend, Virgil. The probability is that he was of a delicate constitution and of a lively enough mind, and that his attention had been drawn to the writings of Shaftesbury and others, with a vivacity that Addison thought fit to repress.

Francis Colman, in seventeen hundred and thirty-three, father and grandfather of the two George Colmans, the dramatists, both buried here also. He was sometime British Minister at the Court of Tuscany. The dramatic propensity of the family appears to have commenced with this gentleman, who interested himself in operatic affairs, and wrote the words of Handel's Ariadne in Naxos. He was an intimate friend of Gay.

Dr. John Jortin, in the year seventeen hundred and seventy, aged seventy-one. Author of the Life of Erasmus; an elegant scholar, critic, and theologian. He lies in the churchyard under a flat stone, which is surrounded with iron rails, and briefly inscribed with his name, age, and the day on which he ceased to be mortal (*mortalis esse desiit*). Among the improvements which the authorities here are making, we trust we shall see these good words rescued from the dirt which has obscured them. There were some curious inconsistencies in Jortin. He was a good-natured man, with unattractive manners; was a writer of elegant sermons, which he read very badly; and was always intimating that he ought to have had greater preferment in the Church, though he was suspected, not unreasonably, of differing with it on some points held essential to orthodoxy. His Life was written by Dr. Disney, the Unitarian. The doctor's book ought to have been more amusing, considering that Jortin had the reputation of being a wit.

Mr. Thomas Wright, seventeen hundred and seventy-six. One of those didactic gentlemen who cannot leave off the habit of fault-finding even in their graves, but must needs lecture and snub the readers of their tomb-stones. This

...mous busybody — who informs us that his own head is quiet — seems determined that the case shall be different with ours. The following is his epitaph in the churchyard: —

"Farewell, vain world! I 've had enough of thee;
I value not what thou can'st say of me;
Thy smiles I value not, nor frowns don't fear;
All's one to me; my head is quiet here;
What faults you 've seen in me take care to shun;
Go home, and see there 's something to be done."

Of course there is. But why could not Mr. Thomas Wright let us have a little quiet as well as himself? Did he despair of being able to give us any pleasure in his company, alive or dead?

The Rev. Martin Madan, seventeen hundred and ninety, aged sixty-four. His mother was a Cowper, and aunt of the poet. He made himself conspicuous in his day, and very unpopular with the religious world, by writing a curious book called Thelypthora (female ruin), in which, upon the strength of the Mosaic law, he recommended polygamy as a remedy for seduction. His arguments were learned and acute; but were accompanied with so much bigotry, that, in conjunction with the usual repugnance of the community to touch upon one of the sorest of social questions, they left him at the mercy of opponents who might otherwise have found them very puzzling.

George Colman the elder, seventeen hundred and ninety-four, aged sixty-one. Author of The Jealous Wife and other comedies; joint-author with Garrick of the Clandestine Marriage; with Bonnell Thornton of the periodical work The Connoisseur; and translator of Terence's Plays and Horace's Art of Poetry. An elegant scholar, and lively and amusing, but in no respects great writer. He comes much nearer to Murphy than to Vanbrugh and Farquhar. He saw pleasantly into the surface of things, but little further.

Dr. Warren, in seventeen hundred and ninety-seven, aged sixty-six. The elder of two celebrated physicians of that name, father and son, Dr. Warren seems to have been a model of his class. He was no formalist, but impressed and interested his patients with the most sterling qualities, both professional and personal; and had the art (a very great and important art in a physician) of entertaining them, and keeping up their spirits. We have heard it said, on the best of all authorities on such a point — that of an amiable and intelligent woman — that the "finest eyes in the world" were hereditary in the Warrens; that, under all the circumstances, the reader will not wonder to be told that Mrs. Inchbald, who was one of his patients, was secretly in love with him, and would pace Sackville Street after dark purely to have the pleasure of seeing the light in his window. A pleasant answer is recorded of him to Lady Spencer. Her ladyship questioned

whether the minds of physicians must not be frequently embittered by the reflection, that a different mode of treatment might have saved the lives of their patients. Dr. Warren thought otherwise. "The balance between satisfaction and remorse must," he considered, "be greatly in favour of satisfaction;" and as an instance of it, he hoped he should have the pleasure of curing her ladyship "forty times before he killed her."

James Elphinstone, in eighteen hundred and four, aged eighty-eight. The good dominie before mentioned; translator of Martial. The marble tablet inscribed to his memory, on the outside of the eastern wall, was set up by his wife, which reminds us of an omission in our former notice of him; to wit, that after his return from a visit to France, when a young man, he never altered his dress. It was a suit of drab colour, with bag-wig and toupee, all made according to the fashion which prevailed at the time. Latterly, however, he more than once offered to make any change in it "which Mrs. Elphinstone might deem proper;" but the good lady's eyes had been so accustomed to see her husband as he was, that she could not bear the thought of beholding him otherwise; or, to use the more emphatic language of one of his pupils (the late Mr. R. C. Dallas, the novelist), his virtues and worth had so "sanctified" his appearance in her eyes, "that she would have thought the alteration a sacrilege." It appears also, from accounts given us by the same gentleman, that the worthy schoolmaster, to his zeal for the purity of the English language, added no less for that of the appearance of the ladies: for Mr. Dallas tells us, that when any were in company, whose sleeves were at a distance from their elbows, or whose bosoms were at all exposed, he would fidget from place to place, look askance with a slight convulsion of his left eye, and never rest till he approached some of them; and, pointing to their arms, would say, "Oh yes, indeed! it is very pretty; but it betrays more fashion than modesty;" or some such familiar phrase, after which he became very good-humoured. One fancies good Mrs. Elphinstone bridling up at these times in the consciousness of her own well-covered charms, and approving her husband for thus combining his admiration of ladies' beauties in the abstract, with objections to the fair challengers of it in the particular.

But we shall forget the place of which we are talking; though, indeed, to speak of such deceased people as the Elphinstones is the next thing to looking at children playing over their graves. Their smiles excuse one's own.

The ensuing record on a stone in the churchyard recalls all our gravity: —

CAROLINE NELSON BIANCHI,
Died June 28, 1807, aged 5.
Also, Francesco Bianchi,
di Cremona, died 27 November, 1810, aged 59.

mention both these names for the affecting reason that they record a father who died broken-hearted for the loss of his child. He was a distinguished musical composer, and wrote operas that were favourites with the Billingtons of his day. It hardly need be added that he was a most amiable and benevolent man. What a death he must have died! Three years of wasting sorrow! Yet death thus loses its sting; and in the last moments there is the blissful hope of rejoining the object of affection. Those are great payments of their kind; great privileges; unable as the sufferer must be, till sure of dying, to rejoice in their possession.

Elizabeth Inchbald, before mentioned, eighteen hundred and twenty-one. She lies at the western extremity of the churchyard, close to a son of Canning, the verses on whose tombstone by his father have little merit beyond that of conventional elegance. They are not unaffecting; for if Nature speaks at all, she must speak to some purpose, whatever be her language; but compared with it in other respects the plain prose tribute to Mrs. Inchbald is characteristic of the prevailing difference in the minds of the two persons — that to the woman being truth itself, while the statesman's is truth after a fashion; and the fashion addresses itself to one's attention as much as the truth.

Sacred to the Memory
of
ELIZABETH INCHBALD;
Whose Writings will be cherished
While Truth, Simplicity, and Feeling
Command Public Admiration;
And whose Retired and Exemplary Life
Closed, as it Existed,
In Acts of Charity and Benevolence.

"Existed" is hardly the right word. It should have been "was passed," or something of that kind. But it is intelligible, and was true. We take the opportunity of observing, in addition to our previous notice of this lady, that although we have spoken but of the latest and profoundest of her two novels, the Simple Story; the other, Nature and Art, is also full of genius, and would alone have rendered the steps of her pilgrimage in this life worthy the tracing. It is one of the earliest works of fiction in this country that sounded in the ears of the prosperous the great modern note of Justice to All. No reader of the least reflection can forget the impression made on him by the trial of the poor girl, whose crime was owing to the very judge on the bench that sentences her to death.

Reginald Spofforth, the glee composer, in eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, aged thirty-seven. There is a tablet to his memory on the left-hand side on the outer wall of the church, close by the principal entrance. Bacon has compared the fragrance of flowers out-of-doors to the coming and going of the warbling of music. The *crescendos* and *dimi-*

*nuendos* in Spofforth's beautiful composition, Health to my Dear, always remind us of that charming simile. Musicians, for the most part, are not as long-lived as painters, or even as poets, though the latter are so excitable a race. The reason is not perhaps so much that the musical art is of the more sensuous nature, as that musicians, owing to the demands of their profession, continue all their lives to go more into company and to keep late hours. The painter (barring corporate jealousies) can live as quiet as a hermit; and the poet, from the habit of seeing so much in everything that he looks on, makes a refuge for himself against vicissitude out of his books and his fireside.

James Mill, in June, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, aged sixty-two, the historian of British India. He has a tablet on one of the pillars in the church. Mr. Mill persuaded himself that a man who had never been in India, and who knew none of its languages, was better qualified to write a history of that country than one who had. The consequence of this paradox was, that after his death the bookseller found it necessary to employ one of the persons thus described as less competent for the purpose of correcting the mistakes of his predecessor. Nevertheless, Mr. Mill's history was a work so remarkable for its ability, that although he had found great fault with the East India Company, they, much to the credit of their feelings or their policy, appointed him to a considerable office in their establishment. Would to Heaven they had empowered him to give the unfortunate millions under their government fewer reasons to curse their officers in general, and a little more salt to their rice.

George Colman the younger, in October, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, aged seventy-four; a more amusing though not so judicious a dramatist as his father. His excellence lay in farce. His greatest defect was in sentiment, for which he substituted noise or common-place. In the decline of life he attained to a very unlucky piece of prosperity. He was appointed dramatic censor; that is to say, reviser, under government, of plays offered to managers for performance; and in the exercise of this office, with a ludicrous and unblushing severity he struck out of the pieces submitted to him every the least oath and adjuration, with which his own plays had been plentifully garnished.

"A. H. C., eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, aged three years and eight months;" and "T. F. C., eighteen hundred and fifty-one, aged twenty-one years." We know not who the C's were; we notice them, because their grave, the only one in the churchyard so distinguished, is adorned with flowers. A printed tablet requests people not to pluck the flowers; and the request appears to be attended to. Human kind

are disposed to be reasonable and feeling, if reasonable appeal is made to them, and a chord in the heart is touched. The public cemeteries, which we have imitated from the French, appear to have brought back among us this inclination to put flowers on graves. The custom has prevailed more or less in almost all parts of the world, according as nations and religions have been kindly. It is the Puritans who would seem to have done it away in England and Scotland. Wales, we believe, is the only part of the island in which it has never been discontinued. The custom is surely good and desirable. It does not follow that those who are slow to resume it must be unfeeling, any more than that those who are quick must of necessity be otherwise. A variety of thoughts on the subject of death itself may produce different impressions in this respect on different minds. But, generally speaking, evidence is in favour of the flowers. You are sure that those who put them think of the dead somehow. Whatever motives may be mixed up with it, the respectful attention solicited towards the departed is unequivocal; and this circumstance is pleasing to the living, and may benefit their dispositions. They think that their own memories may probably be cherished in like manner; and thoughtfulness is awakened in them, towards living as well as dead. It is the peculiar privilege too of flowers to befit every place ear, and to contribute to it its best associations. We had almost said, they are incapable of being put to unworthy use. The contradiction would look simply monstrous, and the flowers be pitied for the insult. No butcher would think of putting them in a slaughter-house; unless indeed they could overpower its odour. No inquisitor was ever cruel or impudent enough to wreathe flowers about a rack. Flowers, besides being beautiful themselves, are suggesters of every other kind of beauty — of gentleness, of youthfulness, of hope. They are evidences of Nature's good-nature; proofs manifest that she means us well, and more than well; that she loves to tive us the beautiful in addition to the useful. They neutralize bad with good; beautify good itself; make life livelier; human bloom more blooming; and anticipate the spring of heaven over the winter of the grave. Their very frailty, and the shortness of their lives, please us, because of this their indestructible association with beauty; for while they make us regret our own like transitory existence, they soothe us with a consciousness, however dim, of our power to perceive beauty; therefore of our link with something divine and deathless, and of our right to hope that immortal thoughts will have immortal realisation. And it is for all these reasons that flowers on graves are beautiful, and that we hope to see them prosper accordingly. But

we have two more reasons for noticing the particular grave before us. One is, that when we saw it for the first time, a dog came nestling against it, as if with affection; taking up his bed (in which we left him) as though he had again settled himself beside a master. The other, that while again looking at the grave, and thinking how becomingly the flowers were attended to, being as fresh as when we saw them before, a voice behind us said gently, "Those are my dear children!" It was the mother. She had seen us perhaps, looking longer than was customary, and thus been induced to speak. We violate no delicacy in mentioning the circumstance. Records on tombstones are introducers of the living to the dead; makers of mortal acquaintances; and "one touch of nature," in making the "whole world kin," gives them the right of speaking like kindred to, and of, one another. It is a pleasure to see the flowers so well kept, and for so long a time. The mother said they would be so as long as she lived. It is impossible not to respect and sympathise with feelings like these. We should say, nevertheless (and as questions of this kind are of general interest, we address the remark to all loving survivors), that although a life-long observance of such attentions could do anything but dishonour to living or dead, the discontinuance of it after a certain lapse of time would not, of necessity, be a reproach to either: for the practice concerns the feelings of the one still more than the memory of the other; and in cases where it might keep open the wounds of remembrance too long and too sorely, no loving persons, while alive, could wish that their survivors should take such pains to hinder themselves from being relieved. It is natural for some time, often for too long a time, to associate with the idea of the departed the bodies in which they lived and in which we loved them. Few of us can so spiritualise their new condition all at once, as to visit them in thought nowhere but in another world. We have been too much accustomed to them bodily in this. In fact, they are still bodily with us; still in our world, if not on it; and for a time we must reconcile that thought to ourselves as well as we can; warm it with our tears; put it on an equality with us, by means of our very sorrow, from which, whatsoever its other disadvantages, it is now exempt; give it earthly privileges of some kind, whether of flowers or other fondness.

Returning from the church into the High Street there presents itself, not many yards further, on the right side of the way, a curious looking brick edifice, at once slender and robust (if the reader can imagine such a combination); or tall and sturdy; or narrow, compact, and thick in the walls. Over the second story is a square tower, probably intended to hold a bell; and origi-

nally there was another tower above that, which must have made the whole edifice appear unaccountably tall. Finally, to adopt the convenient word of that late eminent antiquary, Mr. John Carter, there stands on each side of the first story, the "costume statue of a charity-child."

It is the old Kensington Charity School, built by Sir John Vanbrugh; now a savings' bank, with a new school-room by the side of it.

Sir John, as is well known, was a wit full of mirth in his comedies, and an architect full of gravity in his buildings. He was the son of a Dutchman by a French mother. A certain Dr. Evans who was addicted to the like extremes in literature, though neither his mirth nor his gravity were so good, wrote a jesting epitaph on Sir John, the final couplet of which has become famous: —

"Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

Sir Joshua Reynolds, however, was of opinion that Vanbrugh's style was misconstrued, and that it was very poetical and noble. The present building has certainly contrived to look heavy, even though it is narrow; but nobody who looks at it can doubt that it was built to endure. If suffered to remain it will, even now, probably outlast the whole of Kensington. Look at it, reader, as you go, with an eye to this supposition. Think also what interest a celebrated name can attach to a homely structure; and wonder to reflect that he who built it was the same Captain Vanbrugh, a man of wit and pleasure about town, who wrote the characters of romping Miss Hoyden and the dandy Lord Foppington.

Next to Sir John Vanbrugh's old edifice is the new Vestry Hall, a building lately erected in the style that prevailed in the reign of James the First, and which has acquired a natural popularity in this suburb from the presence of Holland House. There is something in the style too very suitable to the British climate, its bow windows largely admitting the light, while the comparatively blind and solid walls are characteristic of warmth and snugness. The warm colours also of yellow and red that prevail in the exterior of these buildings, and the bricks of which they are composed in preference to stone and stucco, are far better for us than the cold whites of the latter. Honest old red is the best of all. The most miserable object in England on a rainy day (next to the pauper that inhabits it) is a tumble-down hut of lath and plaster.

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## A LITTLE REPUBLIC.

We were once strolling along the principal street of Old Cairo that runs parallel to the river, and looks with its small houses or cottages on either hand — their

lines broken by drooping trees — something like the rough thoroughfare of a green English village, when seeing us stop at a brook leading down to the water-side, a lad came up and asked us if we wished to cross over into the island of Rhoda. The Englishman there, he said, would be glad to see us. These Easterns have delightful notions of hospitality. The lad did not know that we had already visited Mr. Tucker, the most comfortable gardener in the whole world some years before; and on the occasion of this visit had neglected to renew our call. Our consciences smote us; so we went down to the ferry-boat — the suggestion was made in view of a piastre — and submitted to be rowed across. Once afloat there came a revelation. Mr. Tucker was no longer at Rhoda; he might come back; but of that no one was sure. His house was temporarily inhabited by another Englishman, who of course would be equally delighted to receive us. We were not quite so sure of that. However, the first step having been taken, retreat would have been pusillanimous.

As we had not taken the ordinary ferry-boat we had to row down the stream a little way to a flight of stone steps, by which the steep side of the island was to be ascended. There are few strips of water more beautiful than that branch of the Nile, bordered by white villas, graceful kiosques, palms, sycamores, terraces; and dotted with long painted barges gently bending under sails that spread out on either hand like the wings of a bird — a huge bird of course, a roc, or a Brobdignagian sea-gull. Even a Venetian canal does not surpass it. We felt almost inclined to forego our visit, and order the boatman to continue his melancholy chaunt and take us elsewhere. There was a great galley full of Levantine women coming up against stream; and we began to reflect whether, among the bright eyes that were glancing in our direction, there was not a pair that would like to go elsewhere too. That land is best visited in company; but the ladies, as could be divined by the baskets of provisions, had come out with a very definite purpose. They were pick-nicking — bound for some landing-place higher up, some secluded nook of the garden, perhaps some walled-off Paradise where they could doze and dream in the shade. A pleasant day to them; for the lad who has kidnapped us signals the Englishman smoking his pipe under an Indian Gaut on the water side.

The Englishman turned out to be a Frenchman; but this was not apparent at first, for he was dressed in native costume, exactly like a Turk of the old school, minus the turban. Most Frenchmen exhibit a marvellous alacrity in adopting the easy drapery and easier manners of the East. M. Armoire was quite a Turk in externals. He received us with a

grave salute and an irreproachable *salaam*. "Inglese," cried the lad, on whose invitation we came, using the universal medium of the East. The gentleman, who seemed to have prepared himself to astonish and overawe a countryman, at once set aside his dignity and said in French that he was charmed by our visit. We threw the whole of the blame of the intrusion on the ferry-boy, who was rowing off with his piastre. The human heart is inscrutable; but really M. Armoire seemed sincere when he forbade us to apologise.

"Cimber," said he to a little black imp coiled up in the sun not far off, "go and fetch my great pipe." The imp was away and back before we had recovered from our perplexity. Cimber was not an Arab name that we knew of. Perhaps it was a coincidence in the language of Bagirmet or Dar Fertyt. Whilst we were meditating, M. Armoire inquired, quite naturally, "Is Scevola preparing the coffee?" "*Aiwa*," replied the imp as he stooped down to blow the cinder upon my pipe; but we observed that the young rascal's face glowed as much with a grin as with the glare of the charcoal. If we had been the hero of an Arabian tale admitted to hospitality only on condition of discretion, we could not have remained silent any longer, had not a still stranger circumstance attracted our notice. There was a large basket at the foot of a neighbouring palm; the cover popped suddenly off and up jumped a little nigger, with huge frightened eyes and a mouth so vast that it seemed about to swallow the head to which it belonged. This strange thing clapped its hands and uttered sounds that we soon guessed to be meant for "*Vive la liberté! Vive la République!*" "*Ya seedi*," added the dark child, in Arabic, "I have been two whole hours in this basket; I promise never to steal any more bananas; and I plead for the intercession of this stranger." "Spartacus," replied mine host gravely, "thou art pardoned; but beware how you offend again." Master Spartacus's face at once brightened into a miraculous laugh; and rolling out of his prison he came and kissed his lord's hand, and then squatted down by the side of Cimber. At this moment appeared Scevola, also a black, with a tray of sweetmeats.

All these things must have given us a puzzled appearance; for, anticipating our curiosity — for which we were grateful, since there is nothing so polite as to answer a question before it is asked — M. Armoire having cleared his lungs of a vast cloud of smoke observed, "You see I am taking the first step towards civilising these savages, by giving them decent Christian names, and inoculating them with notions of independence." Our eyes glanced towards the basket. "What you are about to remark is very true," continued the lord of Rhoda,

"but somebody has said that the best preparation for liberty is to learn obedience; besides, in my Republic, I shall not allow gluttony and theft; and Spartacus has every abominable instinct that a child is capable of. Not a day passes that he does not commit some petty villany or other; and the more I punish him, the worse he seems to become."

The worthy gentleman's commonwealth was forgetting his beginning. We did not, however, make the observation. He was one of those pedants of progress so often met with among Frenchmen — and in other countries too — who believe they have done a great deal when they have given new names to men and things; and are yet, in the practical relations of life, reduced to act like all other vulgar mortals. M. Armoire, in his small, harmless way, was an exact type of all the reformers whom the Great Pasha gathered around him. They taught him to use the vocabulary of civilisation; and must have been surprised at the ingenuity with which he applied their fine words to the pieces of his barbarous mechanism.

M. Armoire was one of those St. Simonians who, after the dispersion of that celebrated school, went to seek their fortunes in Egypt. He did not, however, belong to the first invasion which went about with their long flowing locks in search of the Free Woman; but had already given up all those extravagances before he saw the Nile. He remained, however, fervently attached to ideas of liberty; and, although he did express his feelings in a grotesque manner, quite touched us by his enthusiasm. The pleasantest thing, however, was to see that the little black triumvirate — in spite of prison baskets and oddities — were sincerely attached to the worthy gentleman. This could be divined by their looks as well as by the eagerness with which they obeyed the slightest hint. It is unnecessary to add that they were slaves; for M. Armoire had never thought of even nominally emancipating them.

Whilst we were smoking our pipes a great black fellow — who answered to the name of Mansoor, and had probably rebelled against being newly baptised — came out from under the trees with a whip of hippopotamus hide in one hand and three slates in the other. The three little niggers at once began to look very serious. School-hours had begun; and it was evident they would have preferred basking all their lives in the sunshine without knowing the shape of a letter. However, they obediently squatted down in a semi-circle and did not giggle very much whilst their master, who had a great turban on his head as big as a millstone, and looked like a true Wezeer of some Arabian tale, set them their copies. "You see," observed my host, "that I take care of their intellects as well as their morals. They are tolerable proficients in

reading; but of what use is it to a miserable Mahommedan to learn to read after all? They have not a notion of the beauty of republican principles."

We said he might choose a more useful book; which he doubted. After a few more puffs he asked us to go with him and be introduced to his lady. We complied, expecting to see a second Madame Roland. The house was a neat little cottage in a semi-European style; but, as we approached, there was a regular Eastern hurry-scurry of women at sight of a stranger. M. Armoire, however, stopped the retreat by calling out in a stern voice, "Fatimah!" We thought he had married a Moslem woman, and wondered he had not new-named her. Portia or Cornelia would have agreed with his notions. Fatimah came forward, however, looking very foolish in her embroidered jacket and muslin trowsers. We at once saw through the disguise; and recognised a regular Provençal beauty. The eccentric Armoire, forgetting his principles, had discarded the common appellatives of Marie Françoise to adopt the more romantic and euphonious Fatimah. He half apologised by saying it was a fancy or whim, "an isolated fact!" as he expressed it.

We soon knew that Armoire, after having spent some years in Egypt, had found that in that country especially it is not good for man to be alone. His friends had proposed various native matches; but, as he said, he thought it more safe to send home for a second-cousin, whom he had made love to formerly, and who had not seemed very "antipathic to his person." Fatimah blushed and looked pretty. So it was a love-match. None the worse for that. The young lady's parents had at first objected; but what woman wills — at any rate there she was, and there also was a little fellow about a year old scrambling on the floor in a little fez without a tassel. We asked his name. The father became very red; the mother laughed; and the hopeful son himself betrayed the dreadful secret. He was called "Jean," otherwise "Jack."

It was easy to guess who had chosen that name. We determined not to re-open the wound; and so began to talk of France. What more fertile topic in such company? Hours flew by; and it was dark before we thought of moving. Scevola came in to say that the soup was on the table; and they compelled me to stop and take my share. There was good Bordeaux; and we absolutely drank healths — France, England, and the progress of humanity. Spartacus even slipped in with a piece of a cocoa-nut shell and insisted on joining in the last toast. Fatimah in vain objected, that Mansoor would be angry next day if his disciple tasted wine. M. Armoire could not resist the cry of "*Vive la République*," pronounced in a theatrical attitude by the horrid little black wretch, who I now

saw was a favourite and therefore likely to be ruined. He tossed off his shellful and wanted more; but Fatimah chased him out of the room with a fly-flapper, and the dinner ended cheerfully. When we rose to depart, M. Armoire reminded us that we had not seen the new improvements at Rhoda —a hint to return which assuredly we did not neglect. We found that our friend had only a small portion under his care; but it was elegantly planted. "You remind us of Coriolanus," said we to M. Armoire finding him with tucked up sleeves trimming a tree. That word completed the conquest of his heart.

## LITTLE CHILDREN.

"No man can tell," wrote that good Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore, whose elevation to the mitre in an unbelieving and profligate age is at least one jewel of pure water in the besmirched diadem of Charles the Second, "No man can tell," wrote Jeremy Taylor, "but he who loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges. Their childishness, their stammering, their little anger, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society." With all due respect and reverence to my beloved author of the "Golden Grove," the "warbler of poetic prose," I must dissent from his first proposition. A man who loves children can tell, without necessarily having any of his own, how delightful is their society, how delicious are their accents, their persons, their little ways. It may be I write these lines in a cheerless garret, my only friends my books, the only other thing beside me that has life, my lamp; yet do you not think that I can sympathise with, without envying, the merry party at the merry house over the way? — the house with ... the windows lighted up, the broughams and hack cabs at the door; the prim, white neckclothed visitors taking off their paletots in the passage; the smiling, ringletted, rosy cheeked, rosy ribboned young person who attends to the ladies' bonnets and the tea and coffee; the jangling of Collard and Collard's piano; the tinkling of Erard's harp; the oscillations in their upstairs passage of the negus glasses; the singing, the dancing, the flirtation, and the supper. Yet, I know nothing about Mrs. Saint-Baffin and her evening party. She never invited me to it: she does not know, very probably, of my existence; yet I am sure I wish most sincerely that her "at home" may be perfectly satisfactory and successful; that every body may get as much as he wants to eat and drink at supper; . . . . iced champagne may not run short; that Miss Strummin-son's "Cossacco della Volga"

may be sung by that young lady amid general applause; that all General Fogey's stories may tell, and that none of young Miller's jokes may have been heard before; that the right men may secure their right hats and right wrappers; that all the young ladies may depart duly shawled and bonnetted, to the defiance and confusion of the demon cold; that all mammas may be placable; all true lovers satisfied with their innocent flirtations; all stolen camellias, scraps of ribbon and odd gloves warmly prized; that years to come there may be little children laughing and playing round papa and mamma, all unconscious that papa and mamma first thought of love and courtship and matrimony over lobster salad, iced champagne, or the *valse à deux temps* at Mrs. Saint-Baffin's "at home."

Come! Though I am not bidden to the banquet — though there be no cover laid for me at the table matrimonial — may I not feast (though in no ogre fashion) upon little children? Some day perhaps Hymen's table d'hôte may lack guests; and, messengers being sent out into the highways in quest of the lame, the halt, and the blind, I may have a chance.

I might speculate upon little children in a purely negative fashion for some time. For instance: as regards the child being father to the man: of men being but children of a larger growth. These are both very easy things to say; and we get them by heart pat, and somewhat in the parrot manner; and we go on repeating our pet phrase, over and over, backwards and forwards, time after time, till we firmly believe it to be true; and, if any one presume to argue or dissent, we grow indignant, and cry "turn him out;" as the member of the Peace Society did the other day, when an opinionated person happened to dissent from the whole hog proposition that the world was to be pacificated, and universal fraternity established, by the lambs shearing the wool off their backs, and taking it to the wolves in a neat parcel, with a speech about arbitration.

Now at the risk of being turned out myself, I must venture to dissent from the axiom that the child is father to the man. I say that he is not. Can you persist in telling me that this fair-haired innocent; this little sportive, prattling, loveable child, with dimpled, dumpling hands that almost fold themselves spontaneously into the attitude of supplication and prayer; with cherry lip — "some bee has stung it newly" — lisping thanksgiving and love; with arms that long to embrace; with eyes beaming confidence, joy, pity, tenderness: — am I to be told that this infant is father to yon hulking, sodden, sallow-faced, blue-gilled, crop-haired, leaden-eyed, livid-lipped, bow-shouldered, shrunken-legged, swollen-handed convict in a hideous grey uniform branded with the broad arrow; with ribbed worsted hose and fetters at his ancles, sullenly

skulking through his drudgery under the rattan of an overseer and the bayonet of a marine in Woolwich dock-yard? Is the child whom I love and in whom I hope, father to yon wretch with a neck already half-dislocated with fear, with limbs half-dead, with heart wholly so, who droops on his miserable pallet in Newgate cell, his chin on his breast, his hands between his knees, his legs shambling; the stony walls around him; the taciturn gaolers watching him; a bible by his side, in whose pages, when he tries to read, the letters slide and fall away from under his eye? Is this the father to — can *this* ever become *that?*

Not only in your world-verbiage must the child be father to the man, but the man is merely a child of a larger growth. I deny it. Some boys are tyrants, bullies, hypocrites, and liars for fear of punishment; thieves alas, through ill-example, oftimes. Some girls are tell-tales, jealous, spiteful, slanderous, vain and giddy, I grant. If you were to tell me that bad boys and girls often grow up to be bad men and women, I should agree with you. The evil example of you bad men and women begins to corrupt boys and girls early enough, Heaven knows; but do not brand the child — you know when infancy begins and childhood terminates — with being but your own wickedness seen through the small end of the glass. The man a child of larger growth? Did you ever know a man of smaller growth — a child — to discount bills at forty per cent., and offer you for the balance half cash, and the rest poison (put down in the bill as "wine") and opera stalls! Did you ever know a child to pawn his sister's playthings, or rob his playmate of his pocket money to gamble, and to cheat while gambling, and to go hang or drown himself when he had lost his winnings and his stolen capital? Could you ever discern a hankering in a child to accumulate dollars by trading in the flesh and blood of his fellow-creatures? Did you ever know a child to hoard halfpence in a rag or a teapot, to store rinds of mouldy cheese in secret, or to grow rich in rotten apple parings? Did you ever hear a child express an opinion that his friend Tommy must eternally be burnt, for not holding exactly the same religious opinions as he, Billy, did? Are children false swearers for hire, liars for gain, parasites for profit? Do. they begin to throw mud with their earliest pothooks and hangers: do they libel their nurse and vilify the doctor? Men have their playthings, it is true, and somewhat resemble overgrown children in their puerile eagerness for a blue ribbon, an embroidered garter, a silver cross dangling to a morsel of red silk, or a gilt walking stick. But will the child crawl in the gutter for the blue ribbon, or walk barefoot over broken bottles for the garter, or wallow in the mire for the gilt walking stick? I think not. Give him a string of red beads, a penny

trumpet, or a stick of barley sugar, and he will let the ribbons and garters go hang. Try to persuade, with your larger growth theory, one of your smaller men to walk backwards down a staircase before the King of Lilliput. Persuade Colonel Fitz Tommy, aged four, to stand for five hours on one leg behind the King of Lilliput's chair in his box at the Marionette Theatre. Try to induce little Lady Totsey, aged three, to accede to the proposal of being maid of honour to her doll. Tommy and Totsey leave such tomfooleries to be monopolised by the larger children.

We have another school of axiomatic philosophers; who, abandoning the theorem that manhood is but the enlarged identity of infancy, maintain that the child is an intellectual negation — nothing at all physically or mentally. The enlightened M. Fourier has denied children the possession of sex, calling them Neuters; and numbers of philosophers, with their attendant schools of disciples, have pleased themselves by comparing the child's mind to a blank sheet of paper; innocent, but capable of receiving moral caligraphy good or bad. The mind of a child like a blank sheet of Bath post? The sheet is fair, hot-pressed, undefiled by blot or erasure if you will, but it is not blank. In legible ineffaceable characters thereupon, you may read Faith and strong belief. The child believes without mental reservation; he does not require to be convinced; and if even, now and then, some little struggling dawn of argumentative scepticism leads him to doubt faintly, and to ask how bogey can always manage to live in the cellar among the coals; how the black dog can be on his shoulder, when he sees no dog there; why little boys should not ask questions, and why the doctor should have brought baby with him under his cloak — he is easily silenced by the reply that good children always believe what is told them; and that he must believe; so he does believe. His faith was but shaken for a moment. Belief was written too strongly in his little heart to be eradicated by his little logic. Would that when he comes to be a child of larger growth, forsooth, no subtle powers of reasoning should prompt him to dissect and anatomise his body of belief, till nothing but dry bones remain, and it fall into a pit of indifference and scepticism!

That child has a maimed child-mind who does not believe implicitly in all the fairy tales — in the existence of ogres, fairies, giants, and dwarfs. I dare say thousands will read this who have lain a-bed as children, awake, and quaking lest Hurleythrumbo, or the dread Giant Bloodybones, or the wolf that devoured little Red Riding Hood should enter unto them and devour them. How many do I address who have cherished one especial beanstalk in the back garden as the very identical

beanstalk up which Jack clomb; and, in the slightness of their childish vision, deemed that the stalk grew up and up till it reached the wondrous land — who, also, have firmly believed that the huge pack the old Jew pedlar carried on his back was full of naughty children; that from parsley-beds, by means of silver spades, marvellous fruits were procured. I remember having when a very little child two strong levers of belief. One was a very bright fire-place with a very bright fender, very bright fire irons, and a very bright coloured rug before it. I can see them now, all polished steel, brass and gay worsted work — all of which I was strictly forbidden to touch. The other was a certain steel engraving in an album, a landscape with a lake, and swans and ladies with parasols. I know the fire-place now to have been a mere register stove with proper appurtenances, and the picture an engraving of the Parc of St. Cloud after Turner; but I asseverate that I firmly, heartily, uncompromisingly believed then, that angels' trumpets were like those fire-irons, and that the gay rug, and the pretty landscape was an accurate view if not an actual peep into Fairyland itself. A little dead sister of mine used to draw what we called fairyland on her slate. 'T was after all, I dare say, but a vile childish scrawl, done over a half smeared-out game of oughts and crosses, with a morsel of slate pencil, two sticks a halfpenny. Yet I and she and all of us believed in the fairyland she drew. We could pluck the golden fruit on the boughs, and hear the silver-voiced birds, and see the fairy elves with their queen (drawn very possibly with a head like a deformed oyster) dancing beneath the big round moon upon the yellow sands. I am sure my sister believed her doll was alive and peculiarly susceptible to catching cold from draughts. I am certain that I never questioned the animated nature of the eight day clock on the staircase that ticked so awfully in the hot silent summer nights, and gnashed his teeth so frightfully when his weights were moved. My aunt promised everything when her ship came home; and I believed in the ship that was always coming and never did come, without one spark of scepticism. I believed in, and shuddered at, all the stories about that famous juvenile (always held up to us as a warning and example, and alluded to as "there was once a little boy who") who was always doing the things he ought not to have done; and was, in consequence, so perpetually being whipped, caught in door jambs and suspended in the air by meat-hooks, eaten up alive by wild beasts, burnt to death in consequence of playing "with Tommy at lighting straws," that I have often wondered, so many have been his perils, by flood and field, that there should be any of that little boy left. He is alive though, never the less, and still

implicitly believed in. I was under the necessity the other day of relating a horrible misadventure of his to a little nephew, showing how the little boy reached over a dining table to put his digits into a sugar dish, and came to signal shame by knocking over a tumbler and cutting his fingers therewith; and I am happy to state that my anecdote was not only received as genuine, but met with the additional criticism from my small nephew (his own fingers still sticky with the sugar) that it "served the little boy right." Faith and strong belief! When children play at King or Queen, or Castles or School, they believe that they are in verity the persons they enact. We children of a larger growth yawn through our parts, requiring a great deal of prompting, and waiting, now and then, for the applause; or, if we be of the audience, applaud listlessly, knowing the play to be a deception.

Faith and strong belief! How is the child to distinguish between the Witch of Endor and the Witch of Edmonton; between Goliah whom David slew, and the Giant whom Jack killed? Let him believe it all in his happy believing childhood, I say. Do not think I wish to propagate or encourage error. But that young flowret is too tender yet to bear the crude blast of uncompromising fact. And battle with error in the child's mind as you will, feed him with diagrams and clothe him with Euclid's Elements before he is breeched, the innate belief that is in him, even though draped in imaginations and harmless fictions, will beat your logic and philosophy hollow.

On that blank sheet of paper to which you compare a child's mind, I find yet more words written that all may read. I find truth. Prone to believe the most extravagant fictions, because his belief is indiscriminate by innocence, he is yet essentially and legibly a truthteller and is logically true. If he objects to you or me he tells us candidly, "I don't like you." If asked to assign a reason for his dislike, he answers as candidly: "Because you are old — because you are ugly — because you smell of snuff." If he likes his old nurse better than his new nurse he tells her so plainly. Here is no cogging, no qualifying, no constructive lying. When he demands a present or *backsheesh*, he employs no bowing or scraping; no beating about the bush to effect his purpose. He says simply, "Give Doddy a sugar-plum," and holds out his hand. Years to come he will learn to cringe and fawn, and write begging letters, and attribute his want of sugar-plums to the hardness of the times, or to his having to "take up a little bill." So blunt is his truthfulness that it frequently becomes inconvenient and embarrassing. He makes the most alarming revelations, in all innocence and unconsciousness, respecting the malpractices of the servants, and the criticisms passed by his relatives upon the appearance and manners of their friends and acquaintances. He suffers in the

flesh for this, and is a martyr to his truthfulness. Not strong enough in purpose to hate, he is yet afraid and ashamed to lie. He blushes and stammers over an untruth. 'T is practice makes the liar perfect. The infant knows the truth and its seat, for it is in his heart, and he has no need to go wandering about the earth in search of it, like that mad fellow, who, hearing that Truth lay at the bottom of a well, jumped into a well and was drowned; finding indeed Truth at the bottom — for he found Death. You, foolish, cockering mothers, teach your children to lie, when you aid them in denying or concealing their faults from those who would be stern with them. You, unreasoning, impetuous parents, nourish lying scorpions in your bosom, when you beat your children savagely for an involuntary accident, for a broken vase, or a torn frock. You give the child a motive for concealment; you sow lying seed that will bear black fruit; you make truth to mean punishment, and falsehood impunity.

In letters as large and bold, as beautiful and clear to view, is written on the sheet of paper you are pleased to call blank in little children's minds the word charity. Large-hearted, open-handed, self-denying charity. Unreasoning, indiscreet, indiscriminate, perchance, but still charity of the Christian sort, which, done in secret shall be rewarded openly. I am compelled to admit that little children know nothing about the Mendicity Society and the indefatigable Mr. Horsford; that they have never perused the terrific leaders in the Times against street mendicancy and the sin of indiscriminate alms-giving; that they would, if they could read bad writing, become an easy prey to begging letter impostors, and would never be able to steel their hearts against the appeals to the benevolent in the newspapers. I must own, too, that their charity does not stop at humanity but extends itself to the animal creation. I never saw a child feed a donkey with macaroons; but I have seen one little girl press pound-cake upon a Shetland poney, and another little girl give half of her cake to a fourfooted acquaintance of the Newfoundland breed. I have watched the charitable instincts of children from babyhood to schoolhood, when hopes and cankering fears, desire of praise, solicitude for favour and lust of gain begin, shutting up charity in an iron-bound strong box of small-worldliness. Children love to give. Is it to feed the ducks in the park, or slide warm pennies into the palsied hands of cripples, or drop them into the trays of blind men's dogs, or pop them, smiling, into the slits of money-boxes, or administer eleemosynary sustenance to Bunny and Tiny the rabbits, or give the pig a "poon" — to give is indeed their delight. They want no tuition in charity: it is in them, God-sent. Yonder little chubby sheet of blank stationery who is mumbling a piece of parliament in his nurse's arms, has scarcely con-

sciousness of muscular power sufficient to teach him to hold the sweetmeat fast; yet, if I ask baby half by word half by gesture to give me a bit, this young short-coated Samaritan — who not long since began to take notice, and can only just ejaculate da-da, mama — will gravely remove the parliament from his own lips and offer it to mine. Were he a very few months older he would clutch it tighter in his tiny hand, and break a piece off, and give it me. Is not this charity? He does not know, this young neophyte, that the parliament is moist and sticky with much sucking and mumbling; that I am too big to eat parliament; and that it is mean and paltry in me, a great, hulking, able-bodied, working man, to beg cates of him, a helpless infant. But he knows in his instinctive sapience that he cannot fill my belly with wise saws, or with precepts of political economy. He cannot quote Adam Smith, Ricardo, or S. G. O. to me; he administers, in his instinctive charity, corporeal sustenance to my corporeal necessity. The avaricious infant is a monster.

What word is that that shines so brightly — whose letters dance and glitter like precious gems on the so-called blank scroll? Love. Instinct of instincts, inborn of all innate things, little children begin to love as soon as they begin to live. When mere flaccid helpless babes their tiny faces mantle with smiles — ah! so full of love and tenderness — in their sleep. The first use they make of their arms is to clasp them round the neck of those they love. And whom will they not love? If the witch Sycorax had nursed Miranda and Caliban had been her foster-brother, the little monster and the little maiden would have loved each other, and Prospero's little child would have kissed and fondled her hideous nurse. The first words children utter are words of love. And these are not necessarily taught them; for their very inarticulate ejaculations are full of love. They love all things. The parrot, though he bites them; the cat, though she scratches; the great bushy blundering house-dog; the poultry in the yard; the wooden-legged, one-eyed negro who brings the beer; the country lout with clouted shoon who smells so terribly of the stable; the red-faced cook, the grubby little knife-boy, the foolish fat scullion, the cross nurse. They love all these; together with horses, trees, gardens, and toys, and break their little hearts (easily mended again, thank Heaven), if they are obliged to part from them. And, chiefer still, they love that large man with the gruff voice, the blue rough chin, the large eyes, whose knees comprise such an inexhaustible supply of cock-horses always standing at livery, yet always ready to ride post-haste to Coventry: they love papa. And, chiefest of all, they love her of the soft voice, the smiles, the tears, the hopes, the cares, the tenderness—who is all in all, the first, the last to them in their tender fragile happy childhood.

Mamma is the centre of love. Papa was an after acquaintance. He improves upon acquaintance, too; but mamma was always with them to love, to soothe, to caress, to care for, to watch over. When a child wakes up hot and feverish from some night dream, it is upon his mother he calls. Each childish pain, each childish grief, each childish difficulty is to be soothed, assuaged, explained by her. They have no secrets; they understand each other. The child clings to her. The little boy in the Greek epigram that was creeping down a precipice was invited to his safety, when nothing else could induce him to return, by the sight of his mother's breast.

You who have little children and love them — you will have borne patiently with me, I know, through all these trivialities. And you, strong-minded philosophers who "celibate, sit like a fly in the heart of an apple," and dwell indeed in perpetual sweetness, but sit alone and are confined and die in singularity, excuse my puerility, my little theme, my smaller argument, my smallest conclusions. Remember the Master suffered little children to come unto him; and that, strong-minded philosophers as we are, we were all of us, once, but little helpless innocents.

## MORTON HALL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER II.

Up to this time we had felt it rather impertinent to tell each other of our individual silent wonder as to what Miss Phillis lived on; but I know in our hearts we each thought about it, with a kind of respectful pity for her fallen low estate. Miss Phillis, that we remembered like an angel for beauty, and like a little princess for the imperious sway she exercised, and which was such sweet compulsion that we had all felt proud to be her slaves; Miss Phillis was now a worn, plain woman, in homely dress, tending towards old age; and looking — (at that time I dared not have spoken so insolent a thought, not even to myself) — but she did look as if she had hardly the proper nourishing food she required. One day, I remember Mrs. Jones the butcher's wife — (she was a Drumble person) — saying in her saucy way, that she was not surprised to see Miss Morton so bloodless and pale, for she only treated herself to a Sunday's dinner of meat, and lived on slop and bread-and-butter all the rest of the week. Ethelinda put on her severe face — a look that I am afraid of to this day — and said, "Mrs. Jones, do you suppose Miss Morton can eat your half-starved meat? You do not know how choice and dainty she is, as becomes one born and bred like her. What was it we had to bring for her only last Saturday from the grand new butcher's in Drumble, Biddy?" — (We took our eggs to market in Drumble every Saturday, for the cotton-spinners would give us a higher price than the

Morton people; the more fools they!)

I thought it rather cowardly of Ethelinda to put the story-telling on me; but she always thought a great deal of saving her soul; more than I did, I am afraid, for I made answer, as bold as a lion, "Two sweetbreads, at a shilling a-piece; and a fore-quarter of house-lamb, at eighteenpence a pound." So off went Mrs. Jones in a huff, saying "their meat was good enough for Mrs. Donkin the great mill-owner's widow, and might serve a beggarly Morton any day." When we were alone, I said to Ethelinda, "I 'm afraid we shall have to pay for our lies at the great day of account," and Ethelinda answered very sharply — (she 's a good sister in the main) — "Speak for yourself, Biddy. I never said a word. I only asked questions. How could I help it if you told lies? I 'm sure I wondered at you, how glib you spoke out what was not true." But I knew she was glad I told the lies in her heart.

After the poor Squire came to live with his aunt, Miss Phillis, we ventured to speak a bit to ourselves. We were sure they were pinched. They looked like it. He had a bad hacking cough at times; though he was so dignified and proud he would never cough when any one was near. I have seen him up before it was day, sweeping the dung off the roads, to try and get enough to manure the little plot of ground behind the cottage, which Miss Phillis had let alone, but which her nephew used to dig in and till; for, said he, one day, in his grand slow way "he was always fond of experiments in agriculture." Ethelinda and I do believe that the two or three score of cabbages he raised were all they had to live on that winter, besides the bit of meal and tea they got at the village shop.

One Friday night I said to Ethelinda, "It is a shame to take these eggs to Drumble to sell, and never to offer one to the Squire, on whose lands we were born." She answered, "I have thought so many a time; but how can we do it? I, for one, dare not offer them to the Squire; and as for Miss Phillis it would seem like impertinence." "I 'll try at it," said I.

So that night I took some eggs — fresh yellow eggs from our own pheasant hen, the like of which there were not for twenty miles round — and I laid them softly after dusk on one of the little stone seats in the porch of Miss Phillis's cottage. But, alas! when we went to market at Drumble, early the next morning, there were my eggs all shattered and splashed, making an ugly yellow pool in the road just in front of the cottage. I had meant to have followed it up by a chicken or so; but I saw now that it would never do. Miss Phillis came now and then to call on us; she was a little more high and distant than she had been when a girl, and we felt we must keep our place. I suppose

we had affronted the young Squire, for he never came near our house.

Well! there came a hard winter, and provisions rose; and Ethelinda and I had much ado to make ends meet. If it had not been for my sister's good management, we should have been in debt I know; but she proposed that we should go without dinner, and only have a breakfast and a tea, to which I agreed, you may be sure.

One baking day I had made some cakes for tea—potato-cakes we called them. They had a savoury hot smell about them; and, to tempt Ethelinda, who was not quite well, I cooked a rasher of bacon. Just as we were sitting down Miss Phillis knocked at our door. We let her in. God only knows how white and haggard she looked. The heat of our kitchen made her totter, and for a while she could not speak. But all the time she looked at the food on the table as if she feared to shut her eyes lest it should all vanish away. It was an eager stare like that of some animal, poor soul! "If I durst," said Ethelinda, wishing to ask her to share our meal, but being afraid to speak out. I did not speak, but handed her the good hot buttered cake; on which she seized, and putting it up to her lips as if to taste it, she fell back in her chair, crying.

We had never seen a Morton cry before; and it was something awful. We stood silent and aghast. She recovered herself, but did not taste the food; on the contrary, she covered it up with both her hands, as if afraid of losing it. "If you 'll allow me," said she, in a stately kind of way to make up for our having seen her crying, "I 'll take it to my nephew." And she got up to go away; but she could hardly stand for very weakness, and had to sit down again; she smiled at us, and said she was a little dizzy, but it would soon go off; but as she smiled, the bloodless lips were drawn far back over her teeth, making her face seem somehow like a death's head. "Miss Morton," said I, "do honour us by taking tea with us this once. The Squire, your father, once took a luncheon with my father, and we are proud of it to this day." I poured her out some tea, which she drank; the food she shrank away from as if the very sight of it turned her sick again. But when she rose to go she looked at it with her sad wolfish eyes, as if she could not leave it; and at last she broke into a low cry, and said, "Oh, Bridget, we are starving! we are starving for want of food! I can bear it; I don't mind; but he suffers, oh, how he suffers! Let me take him food for this one night."

We could hardly speak; our hearts were in our throats, and the tears ran down our cheeks like rain. We packed up a basket, and carried it to her very door, never venturing to speak a word, for we knew what it must have cost her to say that. When we left her at the cottage we made her

our usual deep courtesy, but she fell upon our necks, and kissed us. For several nights after she hovered round our house about dusk; but she would never come in again, and face us in candle or fire-light, much less meet us by daylight. We took out food to her as regularly as might be, and gave it to her in silence, and with the deepest courtesies we could make, we felt so honoured. We had many plans now she had permitted us to know of her distress. We hoped she would allow us to go on serving her in some way as became us as Sidebothams. But one night she never came: we staid out in the cold bleak wind looking into the dark for her thin worn figure; all in vain. Late the next afternoon the young Squire lifted the latch, and stood right in the middle of our house-place. The roof was low overhead; and made lower by the deep beams supporting the floor above; he stooped as he looked at us, and tried to form words, but no sound came out of his lips. I never saw such gaunt woe; no, never! At last he took me by the shoulder, and led me out of the house.

"Come with me!" he said, when we were in the open air, as if that gave him strength to speak audibly. I needed no second word. We entered Miss Phillis's cottage; a liberty I had never taken before. What little furniture was there it was clear to be seen were cast-off fragments of the old splendour of Morton Hall. No fire. Grey wood ashes lay on the hearth. An old settee, once white and gold, now doubly shabby in its fall from its former estate. On it lay Miss Phillis, very pale; very still; her eyes shut.

"Tell me!" he gasped. "Is she dead? I think she is asleep; but she looks so strange — as if she might be —" He could not say the awful word again. I stooped, and felt no warmth; only a cold chill atmosphere seemed to surround her.

"She is dead!" I replied at length. "Oh, Miss Phillis! Miss Phillis!" and, like a fool, I began to cry. But he sate down without a tear, and looked vacantly at the empty hearth. I dared not cry any more when I saw him so stony sad. I did not know what to do. I could not leave him; and yet I had no excuse for staying. I went up to Miss Phillis, and softly arranged the grey ragged locks about her face.

"Aye!" said he. "She must be laid out. Who so fit to do it as you and your sister, children of good old Robert Sidebotham."

"Oh! my master," I said, "this is no fit place for you. Let me fetch my sister to sit up with me all night; and honour us by sleeping at our poor little cottage."

I did not expect he would have done it; but after a few minutes' silence he agreed to my proposal. I hastened home, and told Ethelinda, and both of us crying, we heaped up the fire, and spread the table with food, and made up a bed in one corner of the floor. While I stood ready to go I saw

Ethelinda open the great chest in which we kept our treasures; and out she took a fine Holland shift that had been one of my mother's wedding shifts; and, seeing what she was after, I went upstairs and brought down a piece of rare old lace, a good deal darned to be sure, but still old Brussels point, bequeathed to me long ago by my god-mother, Mrs. Dawson. We huddled these things under our cloaks, locked the door behind us and set out to do all we could now for poor Miss Phillis. We found the Squire sitting just as we left him; I hardly knew if he understood me when I told him how to unlock our door, and gave him the key; though I spoke as distinctly as ever I could for the choking in my throat. At last he rose and went; and Ethelinda and I composed her poor thin limbs to decent rest, and wrapped her in the fine Holland shift; and then I plaited up my lace into a close cap to tie up the wasted features. When all was done we looked upon her from a little distance.

"A Morton to die of hunger!" said Ethelinda solemnly. "We should not have dared to think that such a thing was within the chances of life; do you remember that evening, when you and I were little children, and she a merry young lady peeping at us from behind her fan?"

We did not cry any more; we felt very still and awe-struck. After a while I said, "I wonder if after all the young Squire did go to our house. He had a strange look about him. If I dared I would go and see." I opened the door; the night was black as pitch; the air very still. "I 'll go," said I; and off I went, not meeting a creature, for it was long past eleven. I reached our house; the window was long and low, and the shutters were old and shrunk. I could peep between them well, and see all that was going on. He was there sitting over the fire, never shedding a tear; but seeming as if he saw his past life in the embers. The food we had prepared was untouched. Once or twice, during my long watch (I was more than an hour away), he turned towards the food, and made as though he would have eaten it, and then shuddered back; but at last he seized it, and tore it with his teeth, and laughed and rejoiced over it like some starved animal. I could not keep from crying then. He gorged himself with great morsels; and when he could eat no more it seemed as if his strength for suffering had come back; he threw himself on the bed, and such a passion of despair I never heard of, much less ever saw. I could not bear to witness it. The dead Miss Phillis lay calm and still; her trials were over. I would go back and watch with Ethelinda.

When the pale grey morning dawn stole in, making us shiver and shake after our vigil, the Squire returned. We were both mortal afraid of him, we knew not why. He looked quiet enough

— the lines were worn deep before — no new traces were there. He stood and looked at his aunt for a minute or two. Then he went up into the loft above the room where we were; he brought a small paper parcel down; bade us keep on our watch yet a little time. First one and then the other of us went home to get some food. It was a bitter black frost; no one was out, who could stop indoors; and those who were out cared not to stop to speak. Towards afternoon the air darkened, and a great snow-storm came on. We durst not be left, only one alone: yet at the cottage where Miss Phillis had lived there was neither fire nor fuel. So we sate and shivered and shook till morning. The Squire never came that night nor all next day.

"What must we do?" asked Ethelinda, broken down entirely. "I shall die if I stop here another night. We must tell the neighbours and get help for the watch."

"So we must," said I, very low and grieved. I went out and told the news at the nearest house, taking care, you may be sure, never to speak of the hunger and cold Miss Phillis must have endured in silence. It was bad enough to have them come in, and make their remarks on the poor bits of furniture; for no one had known their bitter straits even as much as Ethelinda and me, and we had been shocked at the bareness of the place. I did hear that one or two of the more ill-conditioned had said, it was not for nothing we had kept the death to ourselves for two nights; that to judge from the lace on her cap there must have been some pretty pickings. Ethelinda would have contradicted this, but I bade her let it alone; it would save the memory of the proud Mortons from the shame that poverty is thought to be; and as for us, why we could live it down. But on the whole people came forward kindly; money was not wanting to bury her well, if not grandly as became her birth; and many a one was bidden to the funeral who might have looked after her a little more in her lifetime. Among others was Squire Hargreaves from Bothwick Hall over the Moors. He was some kind of far-away cousin to the Mortons. So when he came he was asked to go chief mourner in Squire Morton's strange absence, which I should have wondered at the more if I had not thought him almost crazy when I watched his ways through the shutter that night. Squire Hargreaves started when they paid him the compliment of asking him to take the head of the coffin.

"Where is her nephew?" asked he.

"No one has seen him since eight o'clock last Thursday morning."

"But I saw him at noon on Thursday," said Squire Hargreaves with a round oath. "He came over the moors to tell me of his aunt's death; and to ask

me to give him a little money to bury her, on the pledge of his gold shirt-buttons. He said I was a cousin, and could pity a gentleman in such sore need. That the buttons were his mother's first gift to him; and that I was to keep them safe, for some day he would make his fortune and come back to redeem them. He had not known his aunt was so ill, or he would have parted with these buttons sooner, though he held them as more precious than he could tell me. I gave him money: but I could not find in my heart to take the buttons. He bade me not tell of all this; but when a man is missing it is my duty to give all the clue I can."

And so their poverty was blazoned abroad! But folk forgot it all in the search for the Squire on the moor side. Two days they searched in vain; the third, upwards of a hundred men turned out hand-in-hand, step to step, to leave no foot of ground unsearched. They found him stark and stiff, with Squire Hargreaves' money, and his mother's gold buttons, safe in his waistcoat pocket.

And we laid him down by the side of his poor Aunt Phillis.

After the Squire, John Marmaduke Morton, had been found dead in that sad way on the dreary moors, the creditors seemed to lose all hold on the property; which indeed, during the seven years they had had it, they had drained as dry as a sucked orange. But for a long time no one seemed to know who rightly was the owner of Morton Hall and lands. The old house fell out of repair; the chimneys were full of starlings' nests; the flags in the terrace in front were hidden by the long grass; the panes in the windows were broken, no one knew how or why, for the children of the village got up a tale that the house was haunted. Ethelinda and I went sometimes in the summer mornings, and gathered some of the roses that were being strangled by the bind-weed that spread over all; and we used to try and weed the old flower-garden a little; but we were no longer young and the stooping made our backs ache. Still we always felt happier if we cleared but ever such a little space. Yet we did not go there willingly in the afternoons, and left the garden always long before the first slight shade of dusk.

We did not choose to ask the common people — many of them were weavers for the Drumble manufacturers, and no longer decent hedgers and ditchers — we did not choose to ask them, I say, who was squire now, or where he lived. But one day, a great London lawyer came to the Morton Arms, and made a pretty stir. He came on behalf of a General Morton, who was squire now, though he was far away in India. He had been written to, and they had proved him heir, though he was a very distant cousin; farther back than Sir John, I think. And now he had sent word they were

to take money of his that was in England, and put the house in thorough repair; for that three maiden sisters of his, who lived in some town in the north, would come and live at Morton Hall till his return. So the lawyer sent for a Drumble builder, and gave him directions. We thought it would have been prettier if he had hired John Cobb, the Morton builder and joiner, he that had made the Squire's coffin, and the Squire's father's before that. Instead, came a troop of Drumble men, knocking and tumbling about in the Hall, and making their jests up and down all those stately rooms. Ethelinda and I never went near the place till they were gone, bag and baggage. And then what a change! the old casement windows, with their heavy leaded panes half overgrown with vines and roses, were taken away, and great staring sash windows were in their stead. New grates inside; all modern, newfangled, and smoking, instead of the brass dogs which held the mighty logs of wood in the old Squire's time. The little square Turkey carpet under the dining table, which had served Miss Phillis, was not good enough for these new Mortons; the dining-room was all carpeted over. We peeped into the old dining-parlour; that parlour where the dinner for the Puritan preachers had been laid out; the flag parlour as it had been called of late years. But it had a damp earthy smell, and was used as a lumber-room. We shut the door quicker than we had opened it. We came away disappointed. The Hall was no longer like our own honoured Morton Hall.

"After all, these three ladies are Mortons," said Ethelinda to me. "We must not forget that: we must go and pay our duty to them as soon as they have appeared in church."

Accordingly we went. But we had heard and seen a little of them before we paid our respects at the Hall. Their maid had been down in the village; their maid as she was called now; but a maid-of-all-work she had been until now, as she very soon let out when we questioned her. However, we were never proud; and she was a good honest farmer's daughter out of Northumberland. What work she did make with the Queen's English! The folk in Lancashire are said to speak broad; but I could always understand our own kindly tongue, whereas when Mrs. Turner told me her name, both Ethelinda and I could have sworn she said Donagh, and were afraid she was an Irishwoman. Her ladies were what you may call past the bloom of youth; Miss Sophronia — Miss Morton, properly — was just sixty; Miss Annabella, three years younger; and Miss Dorothy (or Baby, as they called her, when they were by themselves), was two years younger still. Mrs. Turner was very confidential to us, partly because I doubt not she had heard of our old connexion with the family, and partly because she was an ar-

rant talker, and was glad of anybody who would listen to her. So we heard the very first week how each of the ladies had wished for the east bed-room; that which faced the north-east; which no one slept in in the old Squire's days; but there were two steps leading up into it, and said Miss Sophronia, she would never let a younger sister have a room more elevated than she had herself. She was the eldest, and she had a right to the steps. So she bolted herself in for two days while she unpacked her clothes, and then came out looking like a hen that has laid an egg, and defies any one to take tnat honour from her.

But her sisters were very deferential to her in general; that must be said. They never had more than two black feathers in their bonnets; while she had always three. Mrs. Turner said that once, when they thought Miss Annabella had been going to have an offer of marriage made her, Miss Sophronia had not objected to her wearing three that winter; but when it all ended in smoke, Miss Annabella had to pluck it out, as became a younger sister. Poor Miss Annabella! she had been a beauty (Mrs. Turner said), and great things had been expected of her. Her brother, the General, and her mother had both spoilt her, rather than cross her unnecessarily, and so spoil her good looks; which, old Mrs. Morton had always expected, would make the fortune of the family. Her sisters were angry with her for not having married some great rich gentleman; though, as she used to say to Mrs. Turner, how could she help it. She was willing enough, but no rich gentleman came to ask her. We agreed that it really was not her fault; but her sisters thought it was: and now that she had lost her beauty, they were always casting it up what they would have done if they had had her gifts. There were some Miss Burrells they had heard of, each of whom had married a lord; and these Miss Burrells had not been such great beauties. So Miss Sophronia used to work the question by the rule of three, and put it in this way — If Miss Burrell, with a tolerable pair of eyes, a snub nose, and a wide mouth, married a baron, what rank of peer ought our pretty Annabella to have espoused? And the worst was, Miss Annabella — who had never had any ambition — wanted to have married a poor curate in her youth; but was pulled up by her mother and sisters reminding her of the duty she owed to her family. Miss Dorothy had done her best — Miss Morton always praised her for it. With not half the good looks of Miss Annabella, she had danced with an honourable at Harrogate three times running; and, even now, she persevered in trying; which was more than could be said of Miss Annabella, who was very broken-spirited.

I do believe Mrs. Turner told us all this before we had ever seen

the ladies. We had let them know, through Mrs. Turner, of our wish to pay them our respects; so we ventured to go up to the front door, and rap modestly. We had reasoned about it before, and agreed that if we were going in our everyday clothes, to offer a little present of eggs, or to call on Mrs. Turner (as she had asked us to do), the back door would have been the appropriate entrance for us. But going, however humbly, to pay our respects, and offer our reverential welcome to the Miss Mortons, we took rank as their visitors, and should go to the front door. We were shown up the wide stairs, along the gallery, up two steps, into Miss Sophronia's room. She put away some papers hastily as we came in. We heard afterwards that she was writing a book, to be called "The Female Chesterfield, or Letters from a Lady of Quality to her niece." And the little niece sate there in a high chair, with a flat board tied to her back, and her feet in stocks on the rail of the chair, so that she had nothing to do but listen to her aunt's letters; which were read aloud to her as they were written, in order to mark their effect on her manners. I was not sure whether Miss Sophronia liked our interruption; but I know little Miss Cordelia Manisty did.

"Is the young lady crooked?" asked Ethelinda during a pause in our conversation. I had noticed that my sister's eyes would rest on the child; although by an effort she sometimes succeeded in looking at something else occasionally.

No! indeed, Ma'am," said Miss Morton. "But she was born in India, and her backbone has never properly hardened. Besides, I and my two sisters each take charge of her for a week; and, their systems of education — I might say non-education — differ so totally and entirely from my ideas, that, when Miss Mannisty comes to me, I consider myself fortunate if I can undo the — hem! — that has been done during a fortnight's absence. Cordelia, my dear, repeat to these good ladies the geography lesson you learnt this morning?"

Poor little Miss Mannisty began to tell us a great deal about some river in Yorkshire of which we had never heard, though I dare say we ought to, and then a great deal more about the towns that it passed by and what they were famous for; and all I can remember — indeed could understand at the time — was, that Pomfret was famous for Pomfret cakes, which I knew before. But Ethelinda gasped for breath before it was done, she was so nearly choked up with astonishment; and when it was ended, she said, "Pretty dear! it 's wonderful!" Miss Morton looked a little displeased, and replied, "Not at all. Good little girls can learn anything they choose, even French verbs. Yes, Cordelia, they can. And to be good is better than to be pretty. We don't think about looks here. You may get down

child, and go into the garden, and take care you put your bonnet on, or you 'll be all over freckles." We got up to take leave at the same time, and followed the little girl out of the room. Ethelinda fumbled in her pocket.

'Here 's sixpence, my dear, for you. Nay, I am sure you may take it from an old woman like me, to whom you 've told over more geography than I ever thought there was out of the Bible." For Ethelinda always maintained that the long chapters in the Bible which were all names were geography; and though I knew well enough they were not, yet I had forgotten what the right word was, so I let her alone; for one hard word did as well as another. Little Miss looked as if she was not sure if she might take it; but I suppose we had two kindly old faces, for at last the smile came into her eyes — not to her mouth — she had lived too much with grave and quiet people for that; and, looking wistfully at us, she said:

"Thank you. But won't you go and see Aunt Annabella?" We said we should like to pay our respects to both her other aunts if we might take that liberty; and perhaps she would show us the way. But, at the door of a room, she stopped short, and said sorrowfully, "I mayn't go in; it is not my week for being with Aunt Annabella;" and then she went slowly and heavily towards the garden door.

"That child is cowed by somebody," said I to Ethelinda.

"But she knows a deal of geography" — Ethelinda's speech was cut short by the opening of the door in answer to our knock. The once beautiful Miss Annabella Morton stood before us, and bade us enter. She was dressed in white, with a turned up velvet hat, and two or three short drooping black feathers in it. I should not like to say she rouged, but she *had* a very pretty colour in her cheeks; that much can do neither good nor harm. At first she looked so unlike anybody I had ever seen, that I wondered what the child could have found to like in her; for like her she did, that was very clear. But, when Miss Annabella spoke, I came under the charm. Her voice was very sweet and plaintive, and suited well with the kind of things she said; all about charms of nature, and tears, and grief, and such sort of talk, which reminded me rather of poetry — very pretty to listen to; though I never could understand it as well as plain comfortable prose. Still I hardly know why I liked Miss Annabella. I think I was sorry for her; though, whether I should have been if she had not put it in my head, I don't know. The room looked very comfortable; a spinnet in a corner to amuse herself with, and a good sofa to lie down upon. By and bye, we got her to talk of her little niece, and she too had her system of education. She said she hoped to develope the sensi-

bilities, and to cultivate the tastes. While with her, her darling niece read works of imagination, and acquired all that Miss Annabella could impart of the fine arts. We neither of us quite knew what she was hinting at at the time; but afterwards, by dint of questioning little Miss, and using our own eyes and ears, we found that she read aloud to her aunt while she lay on the sofa; Santo Sebastiano, or the Young Protector, was what they were deep in at this time; and, as it was in five volumes and the heroine spoke broken English — which required to be read twice over to make it intelligible — it lasted them a long time. She also learned to play on the spinnet: not much — for I never heard above two tunes; one of which was God save the King, and the other was not. But I fancy the poor child was lectured by one aunt, and frightened by the other's sharp ways and numerous fancies. She might well be fond of her gentle, pensive (Miss Annabella told me she was pensive, so I know I am right in calling her so) aunt with her soft voice, and her never ending novels, and the sweet scents that hovered about the sleepy room.

No one tempted us towards Miss Dorothy's apartment when we left Miss Annabella; so we did not see the youngest Miss Morton this first day. We had each of us treasured up many little mysteries to be explained by our dictionary, Mrs. Turner.

"Who is little Miss Mannisty?" we asked in one breath, when we saw our friend from the Hall. And then we learnt that there had been a fourth — a younger Miss Morton, who was no beauty, and no wit, and no anything; so Miss Sophronia, her eldest sister, had allowed her to marry a Mr. Mannisty, and ever after spoke of her as "my poor sister Jane." She and her husband had gone out to India; and both had died there; and the General had made it a sort of condition with his sisters that they should take charge of the child, or else none of them liked children except Miss Annabella.

"Miss Annabella likes children!" said I. "Then that's the reason children like her."

"I can't say she likes children; for we never have any in our house but Miss Cordelia; but her she does like dearly."

"Poor little Miss!" said Ethelinda, "does she never get a game of play with other little girls?" And I am sure from that time Ethelinda considered her in a diseased state from this very circumstance, and that her knowledge of geography was one of the symptoms of the disorder; for she used often to say, "I wish she did not know so much geography! I 'm sure it is not quite right."

Whether or not her geography was right I don't know; but the child pined for companions. A very few days after we had called — and yet long enough to have passed her into Miss Annabella's week — I saw Miss Cordelia in a

corner of the church green, playing with awkward humility, along with some of the rough village girls, who were as expert at the game as she was unapt and slow. I hesitated a little, and at last I called to her.

"How do you, my dear?" I said. "How come you here, so far from home?"

She reddened, and then looked up at me with her large serious eyes.

"Aunt Annabel sent me into the wood to meditate — and — and — it was very dull—and I heard these little girls playing and laughing— and I had my sixpence with me and — it was not wrong, was it Ma'am?—I came to them and told one of them I would give it to her if she would ask the others to let me play with them."

'But my dear, they are — some of them — very rough little children, and not fit companions for a Morton."

"But I am a Mannisty, Ma'am!" she pleaded, with so much entreaty in her ways that, if I had not known what naughty bad girls some of them were, I could not have resisted her longing for companions of her own age. As it was, I was angry with them for having taken her sixpence; but, when she had told me which it was, and saw that I was going to reclaim it, she clung to me, and said: —

"Oh! don't, Ma'am — you must not. I gave it to her quite of my own self."

So I turned away; for there was truth in what the child said. But to this day I have never told Ethelinda what became of her sixpence. I took Miss Cordelia home with me while I changed my dress to be fit to take her back to the Hall. And on the way, to make up for her disappointment, I began talking of my dear Miss Phillis and her bright pretty youth. I had never named her name since her death to any one but Ethelinda — and that only on Sundays and quiet times. And I could not have spoken of her to a grown-up person; but somehow to Miss Cordelia it came out quite natural. Not of her latter days, of course; but of her pony, and her little black King Charles's dogs, and all the living creatures that were glad in her presence when first I knew her. And nothing would satisfy the child but I must go into the Hall garden and show her where Miss Phillis's garden had been. We were deep in our talk, and she was stooping down to clear the plot from weeds, when I heard a sharp voice cry out, "Cordelia! Cordelia! Dirtying your frock with kneeling on the wet grass! It is not my week: but I shall tell your Aunt Annabella of you."

And the window was shut down with a jerk. It was Miss Dorothy. And I felt almost as guilty as poor little Miss Cordelia: for I had heard from Mrs. Turner that we had given great offence to Miss Dorothy by not going to call on her in her room that day on which we had paid our respects to her sisters; and I had a sort of an idea that seeing Miss Cordelia with me

was almost as much of a fault as the kneeling down on the wet grass. So I thought I would take the bull by the horns. "Will you take me to your Aunt Dorothy, my dear?" said I.

The little girl had no longing to go into her aunt Dorothy's room, as she had so evidently had at Miss Arabella's door. On the contrary, she pointed it out to me at a safe distance, and then went away in the measured step she was taught to use in that house; where such things as running, going upstairs two steps at a time, or jumping down three, were considered undignified and vulgar. Miss Dorothy's room was the least prepossessing of any. Somehow it had a north-east look about it, though it did face direct south; and, as for Miss Dorothy herself, she was more like a "Cousin Betty" than anything else; if you know what a Cousin Betty is, and perhaps it is too old-fashioned a word to be understood by any one who has learnt the foreign languages: but when I was a girl, there used to be poor crazy women rambling about the country, one or two in a district. They never did any harm that I know of; they might have been born idiots, poor creatures! or crossed in love, who knows? But they roamed the country, and were well known at the farm-houses; where they often got food and shelter for as long a time as their restless minds would allow them to stay in any one place; and the farmer's wife would, maybe, rummage up a ribbon, or a feather, or a smart old breadth of silk, to please the harmless vanity of these poor crazy women; and they would go about so bedizened sometimes that, as we called them always "Cousin Betty," we made it into a kind of proverb for any one dressed in a fly-away showy style, and said they were like a Cousin Betty. So now you know what I mean that Miss Dorothy was like. Her dress was white, like Miss Annabella's; but, instead of the black velvet hat her sister wore, she had on, even in the house, a small black silk bonnet. This sounds as if it should be less like a Cousin Betty than a hat; but wait till I tell you how it was lined — with strips of red silk, broad near the face, narrow near the brim; for all the world like the rays of the rising sun, as they are painted on the public-house sign. And her face was like the sun; as round as an apple; and with rouge on, without any doubt: indeed, she told me once, a lady was not dressed unless she had put her rouge on. Mrs. Turner told us she studied reflections a great deal; not that she was a thinking woman in general, I should say; and that this rayed lining was the fruit of her study. She had her hair pulled together, so that her forehead was quite covered with it; and I won't deny that I rather wished myself at home, as I stood facing her in the doorway. She pretended she did not know who I was, and made me tell all about myself; and then it turned out she

knew all about me, and she hoped I had recovered from my fatigue the other day.

"What fatigue?" asked I, immovably. Oh! she had understood I was very much tired after visiting her sisters; otherwise, of course, I should not have felt it too much to come on to her room. She kept hinting at me in so many ways, that I could have asked her gladly to slap my face and have done with it, only I wanted to make Miss Cordelia's peace with her for kneeling down and dirtying her frock. I did say what I could to make things straight; but I don't know if I did any good. Mrs. Turner told me how suspicious and jealous she was of everybody, and of Miss Annabella in particular, who had been set over her in her youth because of her beauty; but, since it had faded, Miss Morton and Miss Dorothy had never ceased pecking at her; and Miss Dorothy worst of all. If it had not been for little Miss Cordelia's love, Miss Annabella might have wished to die; she did often wish she had had the smallpox as a baby. Miss Morton was stately and cold to her, as one who had not done her duty to her family, and was put in the corner for her bad behaviour. Miss Dorothy was continually talking at her, and particularly dwelling on the fact of her being the older sister. Now she was but two years older; and was still so pretty and gentle looking, that I should have forgotten it continually but for Miss Dorothy.

The rules that were made for Miss Cordelia! She was to eat her meals standing, that was one thing! Another was, that she was to drink two cups of cold water before she had any pudding; and it just made the child loathe cold water. Then there were ever so many words she might not use; each aunt had her own set of words which were ungenteel or improper for some reason or another. Miss Dorothy would never let her say "red;" it was always to be pink, or crimson, or scarlet. Miss Cordelia used at one time to come to us, and tell us she had a "pain at her chest" so often, that Ethelinda and I began to be uneasy, and questioned Mrs. Turner to know if her mother had died of consumption; and many a good pot of currant jelly have I given her, and only made her pain at the chest worse; for — would you believe it? — Miss Morton told her never to say she had got a stomach-ache, for that it was not proper to say so. I had heard it called by a worse name still in my youth, and so had Ethelinda; and we sat and wondered to ourselves how it was that some kinds of pain were genteel and others were not. I said that old families, like the Mortons, generally thought it showed good blood to have their complaints as high in the body as they could — brainfevers and headaches had a better sound, and did perhaps belong more to the aristocracy. I thought I had got the right view in saying this, when Ethelinda would put in that

she had often heard of Lord Toffey having the gout and being lame, and that nonplussed me. If there is one thing I do dislike more than another, it is a person saying something on the other side when I am trying to make up my mind — how can I reason if I am to be disturbed by another person's arguments?

But though I tell all these peculiarities of the Miss Mortons, they were good women in the main; even Miss Dorothy had her times of kindness, and really did love her little niece, though she was always laying traps to catch her doing wrong. Miss Morton I got to respect, if I never liked her. They would ask us up to tea; and we would put on our best gowns; and taking the house-key in my pocket, we used to walk slowly through the village, wishing that people who had been living in our youth could have seen us now, going by invitation to drink tea with the family at the Hall — not in the housekeeper's room, but with the family, mind you. But since they began to weave in Morton, everybody seemed too busy to notice us; so we were fain to be content with reminding each other how we should never have believed it in our youth that we could have lived to this day. After tea, Miss Morton would set us to talk of the real old family, whom they had never known; and you may be sure we told of all their pomp and grandeur and stately ways; but Ethelinda and I never spoke of what was to ourselves like the memory of a sad, terrible dream. So they thought of the Squire in his coach-and-four as High Sheriff, and Madam lying in her morning-room in her Genoa velvet wrapping-robe, all over peacock's eyes (it was a piece of velvet the Squire brought back from Italy, when he had been the grand tour), and Miss Phillis going to a ball at a great lord's house and dancing with a royal duke. The three ladies were never tired of listening to the tale of the splendour that had been going on here, while they and their mother had been starving in genteel poverty up in Northumberland; and as for Miss Cordelia, she sate on a stool at her Aunt Annabella's knee, her hand in her aunt's, and listened, open-mouthed and unnoticed, to all we could say.

One day, the child came crying to our house. It was the old story; Aunt Dorothy had been so unkind to Aunt Annabella! The little girl said she would run away to India, and tell her uncle the General, and seemed in such a paroxysm of anger, and grief, and despair, that a sudden thought came over me. I thought I would try and teach her something of the deep sorrow that lies awaiting all at some part of their lives, and of the way in which it ought to be borne, by telling her of Miss Phillis's love and endurance for her wasteful, handsome nephew. So from little, I got to more, and I told her all; the child's great eyes filling slowly with tears, which brimmed over

and came rolling down her cheeks unnoticed as I spoke. I scarcely needed to make her promise not to speak about all this to any one. She said, "I could not — no! not even to Aunt Annabella." And to this day she never has named it again, not even to me; but she tried to make herself more patient, and more silently helpful in the strange household among whom she was cast.

By and bye, Miss Morton grew pale and grey, and worn, amid all her stiffness. Mrs. Turner whispered to us that for all her stern, unmoved looks, she was ill unto death; that she had been secretly to see the great doctor at Drumble; and he had told her she must set her house in order. Not even her sisters knew this; but it preyed upon Mrs. Turner's mind and she told us. Long after this, she kept up her week of discipline with Miss Cordelia; and walked in her straight, soldier-like way about the village, scolding people for having too large families, and burning too much coal, and eating too much butter. One morning she sent Mrs. Turner for her sisters; and, while she was away, she rummaged out an old locket made of the four Miss Mortons' hair when they were all children; and, threading the eye of the locket with a piece of brown ribbon, she tied it round Cordelia's neck, and kissing her, told her she had been a good girl, and had cured herself of stooping; that she must fear God and honour the King; and that now she might go and have a holiday. Even while the child looked at her in wonder at the unusual tenderness with which this was said, a grim spasm passed over her face, and Cordelia ran in affright to call Mrs. Turner. But when she came, and the other two sisters came, she was quite herself again. She had her sisters in her room alone when she wished them goodbye; so no one knows what she said, or how she told them (who were thinking of her as in health) that the signs of near-approaching death, which the doctor had foretold, were upon her. One thing they both agreed in saying — and it was much that Miss Dorothy agreed in anything — that she bequeathed her sitting room, up the two steps, to Miss Annabella as being next in age. Then they left her room crying, and went both together into Miss Annabella's room, sitting hand in hand, (for the first time since childhood I should think.) listening for the sound of the little hand-bell which was to be placed close by her, in case, in her agony, she required Mrs. Turner's presence. But it never rang. Noon became twilight. Miss Cordelia stole in from the garden with its long, black, green shadows, and strange eerie sounds of the night wind through the trees, and crept to the kitchen fire. At last, Mrs. Turner knocked at Miss Morton's door, and hearing no reply, went in and found her cold and dead in her chair.

I suppose that sometime or other we had told them of the funeral the old Squire had; Miss Phillis's father, I mean. He had had a procession of tenantry half-a-mile long to follow him to the grave. Miss Dorothy sent for me to tell her what tenantry of her brother's could follow Miss Morton's coffin; but what with people working in mills, and land having passed away from the family, we could but muster up twenty people, men and women and all; and one or two were dirty enough to be paid for their loss of time.

Poor Miss Annabella did not wish to go into the room up two steps; nor yet dared she stay behind; for Miss Dorothy, in a kind of spite for not having had it bequeathed to her, kept telling Miss Annabella it was her duty to occupy it; that it was Miss Sophronia's dying wish, and that she should not wonder if Miss Sophronia were to haunt Miss Annabella, if she did not leave her warm room, full of ease and sweet scent, for the grim north-east chamber. We told Mrs. Turner we were afraid Miss Dorothy would lord it sadly over Miss Annabella, and she only shook her head; which, from so talkative a woman, meant a great deal. But, just as Miss Cordelia had begun to droop the General came home, without any one knowing he was coming. Sharp and sudden was the word with him. He sent Miss Cordelia off to school; but not before she had had time to tell us that she loved her uncle dearly, in spite of his quick hasty ways. He carried his sisters off to Cheltenham; and it was astonishing how young they made themselves look before they came back again. He was always here, there, and everywhere; and very civil to us into the bargain; leaving the key of the Hall with us whenever they went from home. Miss Dorothy was afraid of him, which was a blessing, for it kept her in order; and really I was rather sorry when she died, and, as for Miss Annabella, she fretted after her till she injured her health, and Miss Cordelia had to leave school to come and keep her company. Miss Cordelia was not pretty; she had too sad and grave a look for that; but she had winning ways, and was to have her uncle's fortune some day, so I expected to hear of her being soon snapt up. But the General said her husband was to take the name of Morton; and what did my young lady do but begin to care for one of the great mill owners at Drumble, as if there were not all the lords and commons to choose from besides? Mrs. Turner was dead; and there was no one to tell us about it; but I could see Miss Cordelia growing thinner and paler every time they came back to Morton Hall; and I longed to tell her to pluck up a spirit, and be above a cotton-spinner. One day, not half a year before the General's death, she came to see us, and told us, blushing like a rose, that

her uncle had given his consent; and so, although "he" had refused to take the name of Morton, and had wanted to marry her without a penny, and without her uncle's leave, it had all come right at last, and they were to be married at once; and their house was to be a kind of home for her Aunt Annabella, who was getting tired of being perpetually on the ramble with the General.

"Dear old friends!" said our young lady, "You must like him. I am sure you will; he is so handsome, and brave, and good. Do you know, he says a relation of his ancestors lived at Morton Hall in the time of the Commonwealth."

"His ancestors?" said Ethelinda. "Has he got ancestors? That 's one good point about him, at any rate. I didn't know cotton-spinners had ancestors."

"What is his name?" asked I.

"Mr. Marmaduke Carr," said she, sounding each *r* with the old Northumberland burr, which was softened into a pretty pride and effort to give distinctness to each letter of the beloved name.

"Carr," said I, "Carr and Morton! Be it so! It was prophesied of old!" But she was too much absorbed in the thought of her own secret happiness to notice my poor sayings.

He was and is a good gentleman; and a real gentleman too. They never lived at Morton Hall. Just as I was writing this, Ethelinda came in with two pieces of news. Never again say I am superstitious! There is no one living in Morton that knows the tradition of Sir John Morton and Alice Carr; yet the very first part of the Hall the Drumble builder has pulled down is the old stone dining-parlour where the great dinner for the preachers mouldered away — flesh from flesh, crumb from crumb! And the street they are going to build right through the rooms through which Alice Carr was dragged in her agony of despair at her husband's loathing hatred is to be called Carr Street!

And Miss Cordelia has got a baby; a little girl; and writes in pencil two lines at the end of her husband's note to say she means to call it Phillis.

Phillis Carr! I am glad he did not take the name of Morton. I like to keep the name of Phillis Morton in my memory very still and unspoken.

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## NOW.

ARISE! for the day is passing,
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armour,
And forth to the fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future —
Of gaining a hard fought field;
Of storming the airy fortress;
Of bidding the giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honour (God grant it may!),
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or needed as now — to-day.

Arise! If the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
The sound that you dimly hear,
Is your enemy marching to battle,
Rise! rise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to brighten your weapons
Or the hour will strike at last;
And, from dreams of a coming battle,
You will waken, and find it past.

## A SENSIBLE TOWN.

If ever you desire to spend a pleasant week in France, and to see that wonder of the civilised world, a wholesome town, go to Amiens in the valley of the Somme. In Amiens there is to be found a wise municipality: there is no room for sanitary agitation: there is everything that there should be for the health and satisfaction of the people. Its valley is a happy valley. You see now and then short reaches of the Somme; and, if your taste be in the least agricultural and rural, you admire the rich alluvial soil which throws up, as out of a cornucopia, flax, hemp, and cameline, acres of fragrant bean-blossom and scarlet poppy, rich in oil, and wheat, and a whole Gizeh of apples. You come among stacks of turf and see the water standing in the black holes under trees, out of which, or near which, they have been dug. In those ponds are the richest eels and pike; and over them fly wild ducks.

The first public thing I did when I first went to Amiens was to mount the very curious and disproportioned spire of the cathedral, which an Englishman has likened to a giant in repose, and a Frenchman to a vast poem. When I visit any town I always make it my first business to go up the greatest number of stairs open to the public, and begin my survey with a general view; just as I glance over the table of contents before I read a volume. From the top of Amiens' spire I had not very much to see, always excepting the cathedral roof. I had seen the whole misty marvel of London this side of the Surrey hills (London beyond the hills will soon be added) from the top of St. Paul's; the purple Campagna and the quicksilver stripe of the Mediterranean visible in the horizon from St. Peter's, at Rome; the Gulf of St. Malo, from Coutances, with Jersey for a distant object, and the incomparable twin spires close at hand; nor am I ashamed to name with these impressive sights the fen panorama which surrounds the tower of Ely. From Amiens' spire I saw a mass of grey-looking houses uniformly spread beneath me, without any very noticeable difference of level, although one part is said to belong to the upper, and another to the lower town. I observed at once, however, one agreeable arrangement; almost every house has its own

little garden. I was told, too, that the houses are almost all occupied by single families. In a population of nearly sixty-five thousand, there must be many exceptions to the rule, but there are in Amiens no suffocating cellar dwellings, as at Dunkerque, Lille, and St. Omer. In one part of the town, too, there is quite a mass of green. Now, without setting myself up for a town guide, I should like to point out to those who are interested in their own health, or in the health of towns, one or two facts concerning Amiens. The ground on which the town is built, let me first say, generally slopes to the river; society accommodates itself to that convenient slope; the upper classes live in the upper town, the middle in the middle, and the lower in the lower; the lowest being next the mud upon the river banks.

The Somme, as it enters Amiens, is a beautiful stream, "strong without rage, without o'erflowing full." One of my first walks was to follow its course through the town. Beginning at the Port d'Amont, or Eastern port, and following the Rue de la Voirie, I came upon the "Chinese Baths," authenticated by a picture of a Chinaman; a swimming school, authorised by the Mayor; and the baths at the sign of "The First Waters" — clear waters they are, too; decidedly preferable to such Last Waters as I have scooped my way over among the stagnant porridge of a Venetian canal. Then I went on by a twisting road among the famous little gardens of the Somme — a wilderness of pumpkins and asparagus beds; of canals, wide and narrow; pollard willows, ducks and drakes; of currant and gooseberry bushes, fruit trees now and then meagrely, but gracefully festooned with vines; of celery, of the superbest salad, leeks; of little ponds, and of reed fences, of roomy flat-bottomed high-prowed boats that were often filled with gorgeous heaps of what the painters would call "still life," and beside the road that brought us through these pleasant things were hospitable benches placed at welcome intervals. The road ended at a ferry on the Somme. All this good soil supported nothing but a wood some thirty years ago, a pleasant place for children, who played hide and seek, and a perfect mine of faggots. The towing path on the other side of the river is fringed now by a continuous row of aspens; and, as the eye looks up and down stream, it rests everywhere upon such masses of sparkling verdure that one may feel there as tranquil as a Dutchman.

Then I took another walk, beginning at the before-mentioned Port d'Amont, to make some observations on the splitting up and subdividing of the river by the men of Amiens. The integral stream is split into twelve fractions or streamlets, each of which has at least a score of duties to perform; they are all torn and

broken upon wheels, among which they rush, and roar, and splutter, some becoming stained, as with ink; others escaping from the work with a strong smell of hides upon them. The canals cut the land up into little islands. Louis the Eleventh called Amiens "his little Venice;" but there is more real life in one Amiens canal than in all the Venetian waters put together. The comparison was not bad for a king; but there is not much sense in it. The Venetian waters are like beasts of burden; they just carry what is put upon them. The Picard rivulets work with intelligence, earn money by their active power, put out for the benefit of their masters skilfully. Following their course through the streets—Cow's Tail Street, or Great Turnip Street — and crossing a few of their innumerable bridges, I determined that though union makes strength, division may sometimes beget activity. This separation of the waters of the Somme is but of short continuance. With the exception of two or three canals, the mouths of which are carried further down stream because they have been doing filthier work than the rest, the streams are again united at the Bridge of St. Michael just below the town. The river, restored to its natural dimensions, forms the Port which is called d'Aval, or of the west.

Standing on St. Michael's Bridge, and looking down the stream, that is, with my back to the town, there were pointed out to me, on the right and left bank respectively, two very important edifices — the gas-works, and the abattoir, or general slaughter-house, where only animals may be killed. The outscourings of the abattoirs, and also the gas-oozings from the opposite side, as well as the foul brooks which have served the uses of the dyer and the tanner all enter the stream below, and surely may as well do that as run into it, through it, and round about it. The Amiens baths are, on the other hand, above the town, and catch the freshest waters. It is quite possible, however, to imagine a congregation of human beings, say even a Body Corporate, who shall, through chance, want of fore-thought, or obstinate individual selfishness, place the slaughter-house, the gas-works, and the dyeing-offices at the inlet, and the baths at the outlet of a stream passing through the midst of their camp. It is not so at Amiens. The Somme at Amiens is the best used river in the world. I have not yet named all the services extracted from it. At St. Michael's Bridge it supplies the people for whose benefit it has been toiling with pure water; not, of course, its own. In the middle of the bridge stands a square solid building, known as the hydraulic machine. Of this the river is the motive power, and by it there is poured into reservoirs in the upper town an abundant supply of pure water from springs near the town. From

the springs to the river level at the bridge, it is brought easily enough in covered aqueducts.

A hundred and twelve public fountains, or rather taps, within the town distribute water to the population at large, and there are from seven hundred and fifty to eight hundred private water customers. Constant high pressure water supply to every house is one of the good things yet to come even in Amiens; but the water as it is, is pure and plentiful. The principal reservoir is roofed with brickwork, vaulted like a cellar, and supported internally by columns, so that the water is completely sheltered against soot and dust, and all defilement.

The principal streets of Amiens have been lately repaved, with underground drains, foot-pavements, and a surface which is highest in the centre; in others the gutter runs down the middle, with no footpath, in old-fashioned style. I saw no street with a small stream of clean water constantly flowing through it, like that refreshing current which passes down Trumpington Street, from Hobson's Conduit at Cambridge.

And now I will catalogue some of the treasures of the towns-people. They have a Garden of Plants, just large enough to aid and encourage any taste for botany; of which the grounds form also a pleasant walking-place, open gratuitously to the public. A museum attached to the garden contains a small collection of natural history specimens. Then the town is peculiarly rich in Boulevards: it is almost perfectly encircled by them. From whatever quarter the wind may blow, inhabitants of Amiens can drive or walk under fine rows of horse chestnuts, elms, limes, or aspens, and catch the breeze, as it sweeps in upon them from the open country.

In the fourteenth century Amiens was surrounded; not with these delicious groves, but with ditches and fortifications, which included the suburbs. The walls were flanked with towers, and four gates were pierced through them. In the seventeenth century, these ramparts, reckoned among the best and handsomest in France, occupied a breadth of eleven yards, and a length of nearly twenty thousand paces. Of all this mass of fortifications nothing remains except one picturesque old fragment of wall, which has been suffered to stand, out of fear lest the removal of it might disturb certain springs that supply the hydraulic machine with water. On the site of the old ramparts are now planted the Boulevards, defending against a thousand enemies to health with a stout wall of living green. The railway runs in the old moat; and rows of trees and sloping gardens form the outworks of this peaceful fortress. The gardens laid out on the side of the old ditch and over the railway tunnels are all open to the public. I would have every young town crowned in this way with a

garland of green boulevards. It is a good charm against sickness. It is good, too, when the town outgrows them, and they still separate the suburbs from the parent nucleus by a cool circle of fresh air.

Passing down the Boulevard Fontaine, the dweller in the paradise of Amiens can turn to the right, down the Boulevard St. Jacques, and reach an opening which gives him, to the left, a peep at the famous Promenade de la Hotoie, a noble park, one of the best possessions of the town. Marie de la Hotoie gave it in the fourteenth century, for the Picard youth to make merry in. Its plan, by Lenôtre, is quite simple, and old-fashioned. A long straight central avenue shoots far away down to the open country. Among the trees on either side are four angular and prim spaces of well-trodden turf, devoted to the exercise of four national games. There is, on one side, the tennis green — within the limits of which the ball is retained by temporary nets — and the foot-ball ground; on the other side there are spaces for ball-play and the *jeu de tamis*, in which latter game a small ball, made of leather and egg-shells, is struck with a sort of wooden boxing-glove. Of cricket, the French have not a notion.

Cross-roads, that run like vaults under the trees, conduct from the centre of this park to lateral avenues, which had branched, right and left, from the main trunk promenade at its entrance; and these side walks, after making a slight bend, run boldly out into the distant perspective. The end of all those walks or rides (for they are also carriage ways) is an exactly circular lake, containing two exactly circular islands and a pair of milk-white swans. Round the lake is a circular drive — the ring of Amiens under a zone of trees.

From this part of the park a foot-bridge leads over a stream of water to the Little Hotoie, where the promenader, tired of trees, may wander among flowers, flanked in the distance by a few acres of beet-root. At the entrance to this garden is a lodge built like a Swiss cottage, and called the Chalet. There dwell maids with milking-pails, and there are kept the cows, who eat the beet-root growing in the distance, and with whose milk the promenaders can refresh themselves. There are even occasions on which the municipality of Amiens allow the holiday folks a gratuitous supply of syllabub from this establishment. The wanderer among the flowers may return by another foot-bridge to the trees of the Great Hotoie, and all the sunshine, all the air, and all the beauty of the Hotoies is his own; the poorest may walk there and is required only to respect the grass id trees.

The plan of the Hotoie demanded regularity; and, after all was finished, one little strip of ground remained unused. Of that, a convenient market was

eventually made — a market quite out of the town — for pigs, cows, sheep, and bullocks. No droves of animals ever appear to create confusion in the streets of the most sensible town of Amiens. The cattle market is not only out of the town, but close behind the abattoir. The butcher having made his purchase in the market, goes at once to the adjoining slaughter-ground, and so the animals are brought into the town only as meat. In the heart of the town, though there is no Smithfield, there is a handsome covered fruit and vegetable market, a legacy left of old time to the community by one of its rich citizens.

There is another thing to be said about this well ordered town, in which they have placed the baths up-stream, the slaughter-house down-stream; the theatre half-way up the principal street; the fruit-market in the town, the brute-market out of it; in which the dyers and fell-mongers have canals to themselves; and every body has green walks and parks in addition to his own private and domestic garden.

How do the people of Amiens bury their dead? Sensibly, of course. There are no intramural graveyards. The cemetery is not, indeed, within a stone's throw of the living. If the visitor would walk thither he must take up his staff and stretch out quite into the country. It is to be found by the side of a swelling hill, where it has been established on a subsoil of chalk, that the beds of the sleepers may be dry. One sees but little of it from the road. Trees and shrubs, with a not too gay admixture of flowers, screen the tombs from the eyes of passers by.

To make the story quite complete, let me now follow the prevailing fashion, and show my hotel bill to the public. The railway fare from Boulogne to Amiens is eight shillings and one half-penny, second-class; and second-class travelling in France is very comfortable, the seats and backs of the carriages are stuffed, the number of places is limited, and smoking is forbidden under a fine. I had been recommended to an inn at Amiens, the Hôtel de l'Ecu de France, by a friend who knew that I wished for every reasonable comfort, but that I could not afford to be extravagant. My party consisted of four persons — my sister, her daughters, and myself. The ladies occupied a double-bedded room. We were not thrust into out-of-the-way back apartments; but our windows (we had two in each bedroom) looked into the handsome little Place St. Denis — a neat square, with a statue in the middle, and bordered round the edge by rows of clipped acacias. These apartments were well furnished, with arm-chairs, marble-topped tables, and so forth, and with bedding, as I have always found it in the north of France, of the most scrupulous purity and neatness. For these accommodations, I was charged

a franc a bed. Our breakfasts were twenty-five sous, or a shilling, a head; for which we were supplied with coffee, milk, and sugar, eggs and ham, beefsteak and wonderfully well-fried potatoes, according to the caprice of appetite. Our dinners were fifteen-pence a head, and our bill of fare on the last day of our dining there was this: vermicelli soup, boiled fowls with exquisite white sauce, fried soles admirably executed, a brace of partridges, apple conserve and cream tarts, followed by a dessert of Gruyère cheese, pears, and sugar biscuits. Beer at discretion was included in the charge; and, still more marvellous, two of my ladies — one seven years of age, the other a young miss in her teens — were set down in the bill as having but one head between them. The cookery in general was first-rate; for the cook, who almost always sang over his work, was evidently happy in his mind, and frame of mind always operates very much on the result of work done by all artists. The wine that we took was, of course, an extra. We had very good light Bordeaux for fifteen-pence the bottle.

During our stay, I invited to dinner a Frenchman who had obliged me, and we fraternised with a bottle of champagne (four shillings), and a more sumptuous dinner and dessert than usual. I had told the landlady that I should not be nice about the spending of a few francs, if she would but do her best for me. We were served accordingly, and had grapes, peaches, fresh figs, and other dainties. For this grand, epicurean outbreak, I had only to pay twenty-pence a head. On that occasion, and on the day of our arrival, it being market-day, we had a small dining-parlour to ourselves. At other times, we ate in the public room. We spent five days at Amiens. My bill on leaving, which was made to include, with wine and all extras, the service of the house, amounted to less than four pounds English! Go, therefore, O Briton needing rest, to Amiens for a holiday, to Amiens in the happy valley of the Somme.

## CHIPS.

### THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

The life and adventures of the Cornish clergy during the eighteenth century would form a graphic volume of ecclesiastical lore. Afar off from the din of the noisy world, almost unconscious of the badgewords, High Church and Low Church, they dwelt in their quaint gray vicarages by the churchyard wall, the saddened and unsympathising witnesses of those wild fierce usages of the west, which they were utterly powerless to control. The glebe whereon I write has been the scene of many an unavailing contest in the cause of morality between the clergyman and his flock. One aged parishioner recalls and

relates the run, that is the rescue, of a cargo of kegs underneath the benches and in the tower stairs of the church. "We bribed Tom Hockaday, the sexton," so the legend ran, "and we had the goods safe in the seats by Saturday night. The parson did wonder at the large congregation, for divers of them were not regular church-goers at other times, and if he had known what was going on he could not have preached a more suitable discourse, for it was 'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.' One of his best sermons; but there it did not touch us you see, for we never tasted anything but brandy or gin. Ah! he was a dear old man our parson, mild as milk, nothing ever put him out. Once I mind, in the middle of morning prayer there was a buzz down by the porch, and the folks began to get up and go out of church one by one. At last there was hardly three left. So the parson shut the book and took off his surplice, and he said to the clerk, 'There is surely something amiss.' And so there certainly was, for when we came out on the cliff there was a king's cutter in chase of our vessel, the Black Prince, close under the land, and there was our departed congregation looking on. Well, at last Whorwell, who commanded our trader, ran for the Gullkoch (where it was certain death for anything to follow him), and the revenue commander sheered away to save his ship. Then off went our hats, and we gave Whorwell three cheers. So, when there was a little peace, the parson said to us all, 'And now my friends, let us return and proceed with divine service.' We did return; and it was surprising after all that bustle and uproar to hear how Parson Trenowth went on, just as if nothing had come to pass: — 'Here beginneth the Second Lesson.'"

But, on another occasion, the equanimity and forbearance of the parson were sorely tried; he presided, as the custom was, at a parish feast, in cassock and bands, and had, with his white hair and venerable countenance. quite an apostolic aspect and mien. On a sudden, a busy whisper among the farmers at the lower end of the table attracted his notice, interspersed as it was by sundry nods and glances towards himself. At last, one bolder than the rest, addressed him, and said that they had a great wish to ask his reverence a question if he would kindly grant them a reply; it was on a religious subject that they had dispute, he said. The bland old man assured them of his readiness to yield them any information or answer in his power.

"But what was the point in debate?"

"Why, Sir, we wished to be informed if there were not sins which God Almighty would never forgive?"

Surprised and somewhat shocked, he told them "that he trusted there were no transgressions, common to themselves, but if re-

pented of and abjured they might clearly hope to be forgiven." But, with a natural curiosity, he inquired what kind of iniquities they had discussed as too vile to look for pardon. "Why, Sir," replied their spokesman, "we thought that if a man should find out where run goods was deposited and should inform the gauger, that such a villain was too bad for mercy."

How widely the doctrinal discussions of those days differed from our own! Let us not, however, suppose that all the clergy were as gentle and unobtrusive as old Parson Trenowth. A tale is told of an adjacent parish, situated also on the sea-shore, of far more stirring kind. It was full sea in the evening of an autumn day when a traveller arrived where the road ran along by a sandy beach just above high-water mark. The stranger, who was a native of some inland town and utterly unacquainted with Cornwall and its ways, had reached the brink of the tide just as a "landing" was coming off. It was a scene not only to instruct a townsman, but also to dazzle and surprise. At sea just beyond the billows, lay the vessel well moored with anchors at stem and stern. Between the ship and the shore boats laden to the gunwale passed to and fro. Crowds assembled on the beach to help the cargo ashore. On the one hand a boisterous group surrounded a keg with the head knocked in, for simplicity of access to the good Cognac, into which they dipped whatsoever vessel came first to hand; one man had filled his shoe. On the other side they fought and wrestled, cursed and swore. Horrified at what he saw, the stranger lost all self-command, and oblivious of personal danger, he began to shout, "What a horrible sight! Have you no shame? Is there no magistrate at hand? Cannot any justice of the peace be found in this fearful country?"

"No. Thanks be to God," answered a hoarse, gruff voice, 'none within eight miles."

"Well then!" screamed the stranger, "Is there no clergyman hereabout? Does no minister of the parish live among you on this coast?"

"Aye! to be sure there is," said the same deep voice.

"Well, how far off does he live? Where is he?"

"That 's he, Sir, yonder, with the lanthorn."

And sure enough there he stood, on a rock, and poured, with pastoral diligence, the light of other days on a busy congregation.

## SENTIMENTAL GEOGRAPHY.

ANTHONY VAN DIEMEN, Governor of Batavia, had a daughter, whose name was Maria. Since she was not only charming and accomplished, but also the only child of a rich papa who was governor of the Dutch East Indies, Maria's image was impressed on many a heart, and she had

no lack of suitors. There were great men among them; but, with maiden-like perversity, Maria most favoured a poor young sailor — a handsome, dashing fellow, who was very skilful in his business; but who had no pockets, or no use for any. The young sailor's name was Abel Jansen Tasman. He was devoted to Maria heart and soul, had exchanged pledges with her, and had brought matters to so serious a pass, that the proud father determined to put the young adventurer quietly and courteously out of sight: the doing so he took to be a better and more fatherly course than the institution of a great family quarrel. That his Maria should become Mrs. Tasman, he knew very well was a thing not for a moment to be thought of. Whoever won his daughter must have wealth and a patent of nobility. She was no fit mate for a poor sailor. Tasman, however, could be easily dismissed from dangling after her.

The Batavian traders had at that time a vague notion that there was a vast continent — an unknown Austral land somewhere near the South Pole; and Van Diemen determined to send Tasman out to see about it. If he never came back it would not matter; but, at any rate, he would be certainly a long time gone. Van Diemen therefore fitted out an expedition, and gave to young Tasman the command of it.

Off the young fellow set, in the year 1642; and, like an enamoured swain as he was, the first new ground he discovered — a considerable stretch of land, now forming a very well-known English colony — he named after his dear love, Van Diemen's Land, and put Miss Van Diemen's Christian name beside her patronymic, by giving the name of Maria to a small adjoining island close to the south-eastern extremity of the new land. That land — Van Diemen's Land — we have of late begun very generally to call after its discover, Tasmania.

Continuing his journey southward, the young sailor anchored his ships on the eighteenth of December, in a sheltered bay, which he called Moodenare's (Murderer's) Bay, because the natives there attacked his ships, and killed three of his men. Travelling on, he reached, after some days the islands which he called after the three kings, because he saw them on the feast of the Epiphany; and then, coming upon New Zealand from the north, he called it in a patriotic way, after the States of Holland, Staten Land; but the extreme northern point of it, a fine bold headland jutting out into the sea, strong as his love, he entitled again Cape Maria. For he had gone out resolved not indeed to "carve her name on trunks of trees," but to do his mistress the same sort of honour in a way that would be nobler, manlier, and more enduring.

After a long and prosperous voyage, graced by one or two more discoveries, Tasman came

back to Batavia. He had more than earned his wife; for he had won for himself sudden and high renown, court favour, rank, and fortune. Governor Van Diemen got a famous son-in-law, and there was no cross to the rest of the career of the most comfortable married couple, Abel and Maria. Tasman did not make another journey to New Zealand; it remained unvisited until 1769, when it was re-discovered by Captain Cook, who very quickly recognised it as a portion of the land that had been first seen by the love-lorn sailor.

## A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

### CHAPTER XLIII.

KING JAMES THE SECOND was a man so very disagreeable, that even the best of historians has favoured his brother Charles, as becoming, by comparison, quite a pleasant character. The one object of his short reign was to re-establish the Catholic religion in England; and this he doggedly pursued with such a stupid obstinacy that his career very soon came to a close.

The first thing he did, was, to assure his council that he would make it his endeavour to preserve the Government, both in Church and State, as it was by law established; and that he would always take care to defend and support the Church. Great public acclamations were raised over this fair speech, and a great deal was said, from the pulpits and elsewhere, about the word of a King which was never broken, by credulous people who little supposed that he had formed a secret council for Catholic affairs, of which a mischievous Jesuit, called FATHER PETRE, was one of the chief members. With tears of joy in his eyes, he received as the beginning of *his* pension from the King of France five hundred thousand livres; yet, with a mixture of meanness and arrogance that belonged to his contemptible character, he was always jealous of making some show of being independent of the King of France, while he pocketed his money. As — notwithstanding his publishing two papers in favour of Popery (and not likely to do it much service, I should think) written by the King, his brother, and found in his strong box; and his open display of himself attending mass — the Parliament was very obsequious, and granted him a large sum of money, he began his reign with a belief that he could do what he pleased, and with a determination to do it.

Before we proceed to its principal events, let us dispose of Titus Oates. He was tried for perjury a fortnight after the coronation, and besides being very heavily fined, was sentenced to stand twice in the pillory, to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate one day, and from Newgate to Tyburn two days afterwards, and to stand in the pillory five times a-year as

long as he lived. This fearful sentence was actually inflicted on the rascal. Being unable to stand after his first flogging, he was dragged on a sledge from Newgate to Tyburn, and flogged as he was drawn along. He was so strong a villain that he did not die under the torture, but lived to be afterwards pardoned and rewarded, though not to be ever believed in any more. Dangerfield, the only other one of that crew left alive, was not so fortunate. He was almost killed by a whipping from Newgate to Tyburn, and, as if that were not punishment enough, a ferocious barrister of Gray's Inn gave him a poke in the eye with his cane, which caused his death; for which the ferocious barrister was deservedly tried and executed.

As soon as James was on the throne Argyle and Monmouth went from Brussels to Rotterdam, and attended a meeting of Scottish exiles held there, to concert measures for a rising in England. It was agreed that Argyle should effect a landing in Scotland, and Monmouth in England, and that two Englishmen should be sent with Argyle to be in his confidence, and two Scotchmen with the Duke of Monmouth.

Argyle was the first to act upon this contract. But, two of his men being taken prisoners at the Orkney Islands, the Government became aware of his intentions, and was able to act against him with such vigour as to prevent his raising more than two or three thousand Highlanders, although he sent a fiery cross, by trusty messengers, from clan to clan and from glen to glen, as the custom then was when those wild people were to be excited by their chiefs. As he was moving towards Glasgow with his small force, he was betrayed by some of his followers, taken, and carried, with his hands tied behind his back, to his old prison in Edinburgh Castle. James ordered him to be executed, on his old shamefully unjust sentence, within three days, and appears to have been anxious that his legs should have been pounded with his old favourite the boot. However, the boot was not applied; he was simply beheaded, and his head was set upon the top of Edinburgh Jail. One of those Englishmen who had been assigned to him was that old soldier Rumbold, the master of the Rye House. He was sorely wounded, and within a week after Argyle had suffered with great courage, was brought up for trial, lest he should die and disappoint the King. He, too, was executed, after defending himself with great spirit, and saying that he did not believe that God had made the greater part of mankind to carry saddles on their backs and bridles in their mouths, and to be ridden by a few, booted and spurred for the purpose — in which I thoroughly agree with Rumbold.

The Duke of Monmouth, partly through being detained and partly through idling his time away, was five or six weeks behind his friend when he landed at Lyme, in Dor-

set: having at his right hand an unlucky nobleman called LORD GREY OF WERK, who of himself would have ruined a far more promising expedition. He immediately set up his standard in the market-place, and proclaimed the King a tyrant, and a Popish usurper, and I know not what else: charging him, not only with what he had done, which was bad enough, but with what neither he nor anybody else had done, such as setting fire to London, and poisoning the late King. Raising some four thousand men by these means, he marched on to Taunton, where there were many Protestant dissenters who were strongly opposed to the Catholics. Here, both the rich and poor turned out to receive him, ladies waved a welcome to him from all the windows as he passed along the streets, flowers were strewn in his way, and every compliment and honour that could be devised was showered upon him. Among the rest, twenty young ladies came forward, in their best clothes and in their brightest beauty, and gave him a Bible ornamented with their own fair hands, together with other presents.

Encouraged by this homage, he proclaimed himself King, and went on to Bridgewater. But, here the Government troops, under the EARL OF FEVERSHAM, were close at hand; and he was so dispirited at finding that he made but few powerful friends after all, that it was a question whether he should disband his army and endeavour to escape. It was resolved, at the instance of that unlucky Lord Grey, to make a night attack on the King's army, as it lay encamped on the edge of a morass called Sedgemoor. The horsemen were commanded by the same unlucky lord, who was not a brave man. He gave up the battle almost at the first obstacle — which was a deep drain; and although the poor countrymen, who had turned out for Monmouth, fought bravely with scythes, poles, pitchforks, and such poor weapons as they had, they were soon dispersed by the trained soldiers, and fled in all directions. When the Duke of Monmouth himself fled, was not known in the confusion; but the unlucky lord was taken early next day, and then another of the party was taken, who confessed that he had parted from the Duke only four hours before. Strict search being made, he was found disguised as a peasant, hidden in a ditch under fern and nettles, with a few peas in his pocket which he had gathered in the fields to eat. The only other articles he had upon him were a few papers and little books; one of the latter being a strange jumble, in his own writing, of charms, songs, recipes, and prayers. He was completely broken. He wrote a miserable letter to the King, beseeching and entreating to be allowed to see him. When he was taken to London, and conveyed bound into the King's presence, he crawled to him on his knees, and made a most degrading exhibition. As James

never forgave or relented towards any body, he was not likely to soften towards the issuer of the Lyme proclamation, so he told the suppliant to prepare for death.

On the fifteenth of July, one thousand six hundred and eighty-five, this unfortunate favourite of the people was brought out to die on Tower Hill. The crowd was immense, and the tops of all the houses were covered with gazers. He had seen his wife, the daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, in the Tower, and had talked much of a lady whom he loved far better — the LADY HARRIET WENTWORTH — who was one of the last persons he remembered in this life. Before laying down his head upon the block he felt the edge of the axe, and told the executioner that he feared it was not sharp enough, and that the axe was not heavy enough. On the executioner replying that it was of the proper kind, the Duke said, "I pray you have a care, and do not use me so awkwardly as you used my Lord Russell." The executioner, made nervous by this, and trembling, struck once and merely gashed him in the neck. Upon this the Duke of Monmouth raised his head and looked the man reproachfully in the face. Then he struck twice, and then thrice, and then threw down the axe, and cried out in a voice of horror that he could not finish that work. The sheriffs, however, threatening him with what should be done to himself if he did not, he took it up again and struck a fourth time and a fifth time. Then the wretched head at last fell off, and James, Duke of Monmouth, was dead, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. He was a showy, graceful man, with many popular qualities, and had found much favour in the open hearts of the English.

The atrocities committed by the Government which followed this Monmouth rebellion, form the blackest and most lamentable page in English history. The poor peasants, having been dispersed with great loss, and their leaders having been taken, one would think that the implacable King might have been satisfied. But no; he let loose upon them, among other intolerable monsters, a COLONEL KIRK, who had served against the Moors, and whose soldiers — called by the people Kirk's lambs, because they bore a lamb upon their flag, as the emblem of Christianity — were worthy of their leader. The atrocities committed by these demons in human shape are far too horrible to be related here. It is enough to say, that besides most ruthlessly murdering and robbing them, and ruining them by making them buy their pardons at the price of all they possessed, it was one of Kirk's favourite amusements, as he and his officers sat drinking after dinner, and toasting the King, to have batches of prisoners hanged outside the windows for the company's diversion; and that when their feet quivered in the convulsions of death, he used to swear that

they should have music to their dancing, and would order the drums to beat and the trumpets to play. The detestable King informed him, as an acknowledgment of these services, that he was "very well satisfied with his proceedings." But the King's great delight, was in the proceedings of Jeffreys, now a peer, who went down into the west, with four other judges, to try persons accused of having had any share in the rebellion. The King pleasantly called this "Jeffreys's campaign." The people down in that part of the country remember it to this hour as The Bloody Assize.

It began at Winchester, where a poor deaf old lady, MRS. ALICIA LISLE, the widow of one of the judges of Charles the First (who had been murdered abroad by some Royalist assassins), was charged with having given shelter in her house to two fugitives from Sedgemoor. Three times the jury refused to find her guilty, until Jeffreys bullied and frightened them into that false verdict. When he had extorted it from them, he said, "Gentlemen, if I had been one of you, and she had been my own mother, I would have found her guilty;" — as I dare say he would. He sentenced her to be burned alive that very afternoon. The clergy of the cathedral and some others interfered in her favour, and she was beheaded within a week. As a high mark of his approbation, the King made Jeffreys Lord Chancellor; and he then went on to Dorchester, to Exeter, to Taunton, and to Wells. It is astonishing, when we read of the enormous injustice and barbarity of this beast, to know that no one struck him dead on the judgment seat. It was enough for any man or woman to be accused by an enemy, before Jeffreys, to be found guilty of high treason. One man who pleaded not guilty, he ordered to be taken out of court upon the instant, and hanged; and this so terrified the prisoners in general that they mostly pleaded guilty at once. At Dorchester alone, in the course of a few days, Jeffreys hanged eighty people, besides whipping, transporting, imprisoning, and selling as slaves, great numbers. He executed in all two hundred and fifty or three hundred.

These executions took place, among the neighbours and friends of the sentenced, in thirty-six towns and villages. Their bodies were mangled, steeped in caldrons of boiling pitch and tar, and hung up by the road sides, in the streets, over the very churches. The sight and smell of heads and limbs, the hissing and bubbling of the infernal caldrons, and the tears and terrors of the people, were dreadful beyond all description. One rustic, who was forced to steep the remains in the black pot, was ever afterwards called "Tom Boilman." The hangman has ever since been called Jack Ketch, because a man of that name went

hanging and hanging, all day long, in the train of Jeffreys. You will hear much of the horrors of the great French Revolution. Many and terrible they were, there is no doubt; but I know of nothing worse, done by the maddened people of France in that awful time, than was done by the highest judge in England, with the express approval of the King of England, in The Bloody Assize.

Nor was even this all. Jeffreys was as fond of money for himself as of misery for others, and he sold pardons wholesale to fill his pockets. The King ordered, at one time, a thousand prisoners to be given to certain of his favourites, in order that they might bargain with them for their pardons. Those young ladies of Taunton who had presented the Bible, were bestowed upon the maids of honour at court; and those precious ladies made very hard bargains with them indeed — employing a Quaker to drive the said bargains. When The Bloody Assize was at its most dismal height, the King was diverting himself with horse-races in the very place where Mrs. Lisle had been executed. When Jeffreys had done his worst, and came home again, he was particularly complimented in the Royal Gazette; and when the King heard that through drunkenness and raging he was very ill, his odious Majesty remarked that such another man could not easily be found in England. Besides all this, a former sheriff of London, named CORNISH, was hanged within sight of his own house, after an abominably conducted trial, for having had a share in the Rye House Plot, on evidence given by Rumsey, which that villain was obliged to confess was directly opposed to the evidence he had given on the trial of Lord Russell. And on the very same day, a worthy widow, named ELIZABETH GAUNT, was burned alive at Tyburn, for having sheltered a wretch who himself gave evidence against her. She settled the fuel about her with her own hands, so that the flames should reach her quickly; and nobly said, with her last breath, that she had obeyed the sacred command of God, to give refuge to the outcast, and not to betray the wanderer.

After all this hanging, beheading, burning, boiling, mutilating, exposing, robbing, transporting, and selling into slavery, of his unhappy subjects, the King not unnaturally thought that he could do whatever he would. So, he went to work to change the religion of the country with all possible speed; and what he did was this.

He first of all tried to get rid of what was called the Test Act, which prevented the Catholics from holding public employments, by his own power of dispensing with the penalties. He tried it in one case, and eleven of the twelve judges deciding in his favour he exercised it in three

others, being those of three dignitaries of University College, Oxford, who had become Papists (which such people never do now, I believe), and whom he kept in their places and sanctioned. He revived the hated Ecclesiastical Commission, to get rid of COMPTON, Bishop of London, who manfully opposed him. He solicited the Pope to favour England with an ambassador, which the Pope (who was a sensible man then) rather unwillingly did. He flourished Father Petre before the eyes of the people on all possible occasions. He favoured the establishment of convents in several parts of London. He was delighted to have the streets, and even the court itself, filled with Monks and Friars in the habits of their orders. He constantly endeavoured to make Catholics of the Protestants about him. He held private interviews, which he called "closetings," with those Members of Parliament who held offices, to persuade them to consent to the design he had in view. When they did not consent, they were removed, or resigned of themselves, and their places were given to Catholics. He displaced Protestant officers from the army by every means in his power, and got Catholics into their places too. He tried the same thing with corporations, and also (though not so successfully) with the Lord Lieutenants of counties. To terrify the people into the endurance of all these measures, he kept an army of fifteen thousand men, encamped on Hounslow Heath, where mass was openly performed in the General's tent, and where priests went among the soldiers endeavouring to persuade them to become Catholics. For circulating a paper among those men advising them to be true to their religion, a Protestant clergyman, named JOHNSON, the chaplain of the late Lord Russell, was actually sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and was actually whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. He dismissed his own brother-in-law from his Council because he was a Protestant, and made a Privy Councillor of the before-mentioned Father Petre. He handed Ireland over to RICHARD TALBOT, EARL OF TYRCONNELL, a worthless, dissolute knave, who played the same game there for his master, and who played the deeper game for himself of one day putting it under the protection of the French King. In going to these extremities, every man of sense and judgment among the Catholics, from the Pope to a porter, knew that the King was a mere bigoted fool, who would undo himself and the cause he sought to advance; but he was deaf to all reason, and, happily for England ever afterwards, went tumbling off his throne in his own blind way.

A spirit began to arise in the country, which the besotted blunderer little expected. He first found it out in the University of Cambridge. Having made a

Catholic, a dean, at Oxford, without any opposition, he tried to make a monk a master of arts at Cambridge: which attempt the University resisted and defeated him. He then went back to his favourite Oxford. On the death of the President of Magdalen College, he commanded that there should be elected to succeed him one MR. ANTHONY FARMER, whose only recommendation was, that he was of the King's religion. The University plucked up courage at last, and refused. The King substituted another man, and it still refused, resolving to stand by its own election of a MR. HOUGH. The dull tyrant, upon this, punished Mr. Hough and five-and-twenty more, by causing them to be expelled and declared incapable of holding any church preferment; then he proceeded to what he supposed to be his highest step, but to what was, in fact, the last plunge head foremost in his tumble off his throne.

He had issued a declaration that there should be no religious tests or penal laws, in order to let in the Catholics more easily; but the Protestant dissenters, unmindful of themselves, had gallantly joined the regular church in opposing it tooth and nail. The King and Father Petre now resolved to have this read, on a certain Sunday, in all the churches, and to order it to be circulated for that purpose by the bishops. The latter took council with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was in disgrace; and they resolved that the declaration should not be read, and that they would petition the King against it. The Archbishop himself wrote out the petition, and six bishops went into the King's bed-chamber the same night to present it, to his infinite astonishment. Next day was the Sunday fixed for the reading, and it was only read by two hundred clergymen out of ten thousand. The King resolved against all advice to prosecute the bishops in the Court of King's Bench, and within three weeks they were summoned before the Privy Council and committed to the Tower. As the six bishops were taken to that dismal place, by water, the people who were assembled in immense numbers fell upon their knees, and wept for them, and prayed for them. When they got to the Tower, the officers and soldiers on guard besought them for their blessing. While they were confined there, the soldiers every day drank to their release with loud shouts. When they were brought up to the Court of King's Bench for their trial, which the Attorney-General said was for the high offence of censuring the Government, and giving their opinion about affairs of state, they were attended by similar multitudes, and surrounded by a throng of noblemen and gentlemen. When the jury went out at seven o'clock at night to consider of their verdict, everybody (except the King) knew that they would rather starve than yield to the King's brewer, who was one

of them, and wanted a verdict for his customer. When they came into court next morning, after resisting the brewer all night, and gave a verdict of not guilty, such a shout rose up in Westminster Hall as it had never heard before; and it was passed on among the people away to Temple Bar, and away again to the Tower. It did not pass only to the east, but passed to the west too, until it reached the camp at Hounslow, where the fifteen thousand soldiers took it up and echoed it. And still, when the dull King, who was then with Lord Feversham, heard the mighty roar, asked in alarm what it was, and was told that it was "nothing but the acquittal of the bishops," he said, in his dogged way, "Call you that nothing? It is so much the worse for them."

Between the petition and the trial, the Queen had given birth to a son, which Father Petre rather thought was owing to Saint Winifred. But I doubt if Saint Winifred had much to do with it as the King's friend, inasmuch as the entirely new prospect of a Catholic successor (for both the King's daughters were Protestants), determined the EARLS OF SHREWSBURY, DANBY, and DEVONSHIRE, LORD LUMLEY, the BISHOP OF LONDON, ADMIRAL RUSSELL, and COLONEL SIDNEY to invite the Prince of Orange over to England. The Royal Mole, seeing his danger at last, made, in his fright, many great concessions, besides raising an army of forty thousand men; but the Prince of Orange was not a man for James the Second to cope with; his preparations were extraordinarily vigorous; and his mind was resolved.

For a fortnight after the Prince was ready to sail for England, a great wind from the west prevented the departure of his fleet. Even when the wind lulled, and it did sail, it was dispersed by a storm, and was obliged to put back to refit. At last, on the first of November, one thousand six hundred and eighty-eight, the Protestant east wind, as it was long called, began to blow; and on the third, the people of Dover and the people of Calais saw a fleet twenty miles long sailing gallantly by, between the two places. On Monday, the fifth, it anchored at Torbay in Devonshire, and the Prince, with a splendid retinue of officers and men, marched into Exeter. But the people in that western part of the country had suffered so much in The Bloody Assize, that they had lost heart. Few people joined him, and he began to think of returning, and publishing the invitation he had received from those lords, as his justification for having come at all. At this crisis, some of the gentry joined him; the Royal army began to falter; an engagement was signed, by which all who set their hand to it, declared that they would support one another in defence of the laws and liberties of the three Kingdoms, of the Protestant religion, and of the Prince

of Orange. From that time, the cause received no check; the greatest towns in England began, one after another, to declare for the Prince; and he knew that it was all safe with him when the University of Oxford offered to melt down its plate if he wanted any money.

By this time the King was running about in a pitiable way, touching people for the King's evil in one place, reviewing his troops in another, and bleeding from the nose in a third. The young Prince was sent to Portsmouth, Father Petre went off like a shot to France, and there was a general and swift dispersal of all the priests and friars. One after another, the King's most important officers and friends deserted him and went over to the Prince. In the night, his daughter Anne fled from Whitehall Palace; and the Bishop of London, who had once been a soldier, rode before her with a drawn sword in his hand and pistols at his saddle. "God help me," cried the miserable King: "my very children have forsaken me!" In his wildness, after debating with such lords as were in London, whether he should or should not call a Parliament, and after naming three of them to negotiate with the Prince, he resolved to fly to France. He had the little Prince of Wales brought back from Portsmouth; and the child and the Queen crossed the river to Lambeth in an open boat, on a miserable wet night, and got safely away. This was on the night of the ninth of December.

At one o'clock on the morning of the eleventh, the King, who had, in the meantime, received a letter from the Prince of Orange, stating his objects, got out of bed, told LORD NORTHUMBERLAND who lay in his room not to open the door until the usual hour in the morning, and went down the back stairs (the same, I suppose, by which the priest in the wig and gown had come up to his brother), and crossed the river in a small boat: sinking the great seal by the way. Horses having been provided, he rode, accompanied by SIR EDWARD HALES, to Feversham, where he embarked in a Custom House Hoy. The Master of this Hoy, wanting more ballast, ran into the Isle of Sheppy to get it, where the fishermen and smugglers crowded about the boat, and informed the King of their suspicions that he was a "hatchet-faced Jesuit." As they took his money and would not let him go, he told them who he was, and that the Prince of Orange wanted to take his life; and began to scream for a boat; and then to cry, because he had lost a piece of wood on his ride which he called a fragment of our Saviour's cross. He put himself into the hands of the Lord Lieutenant of the county, and his detention was made known to the Prince of Orange at Windsor — who, only wanting to get rid of him, and not caring where he went, so that he went away, was very much disconcerted that they

did not let him go. However, there was nothing for it but to have him brought back, with some state in the way of Life Guards, to Whitehall. And as soon as he got there, in his infatuation, he heard mass, and set a Jesuit to say grace at his public dinner.

The people had been thrown into the strangest state of confusion by his flight, and had taken it into their heads that the Irish part of the army were going to murder the Protestants. Therefore, they set the bells ringing, and lighted watch-fires, and burned Catholic Chapels, and looked about in all directions for Father Petre and the Jesuits, while the Pope's ambassador was running away in the dress of a footman. They found no Jesuits; but a man, who had once been a frightened witness before Jeffreys in court, saw a swollen, drunken face, looking through a window down at Wapping, which he well remembered. The face was in a sailor's dress, but he knew it to be the face of that accursed Judge, and he seized him. The people, to their lasting honour, did not tear him to pieces. After knocking him about a little, they took him, in the basest agonies of terror, to the Lord Mayor, who sent him, at his own shrieking petitions, to the Tower for safety. There, he died.

Their bewilderment continuing, the people now lighted bonfires and made rejoicings, as if they had any reason to be glad to have the King back again. But, his stay was very short, for the English guards were removed from Whitehall, Dutch guards were marched up to it, and he was told by one of his late ministers that the Prince would enter London next day and he had better go to Ham. He said, Ham was a cold damp place, and he would rather go to Rochester. He thought himself very cunning in this, as he meant to escape from Rochester to France. The Prince of Orange and his friends knew that, perfectly well, and desired nothing more. So, he went to Gravesend, in his royal barge, attended by certain lords, and watched by Dutch troops, and pitied by the generous people, who were far more forgiving than he had ever been, when they saw him in his humiliation. On the night of the twenty-third of December, not even then understanding that everybody wanted to get rid of him, he went out, absurdly, through his Rochester garden, down to the Medway, and got away to France where he rejoined the Queen.

There had been a council in his absence, of the lords, and the authorities of London. When the Prince came, on the day after the King's departure, he summoned the Lords to meet him, and soon afterwards, all those who had served in any of the Parliaments of King Charles the Second. It was finally resolved by these authorities that the throne was vacant by the conduct of King James the Second, that it was inconsistent with the safety and wel-

fare of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by a Popish prince, that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be King and Queen during their lives and the life of the survivor of them, and that their children should succeed them if they had any. That if they had none, the Princess Anne and her children should succeed; and if she had none, the heirs of the Prince of Orange.

On the thirteenth of January, one thousand six hundred and eighty nine, the Prince and Princess, sitting on a throne in Whitehall, bound themselves to these conditions. The Protestant religion was established in England, and England's great and glorious Revolution was complete.

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## FAIRYLAND IN 'FIFTY-FOUR.

O, Brothers Grimm; O, Madame D'Anois, O, Sultana Scheherazade and Princess Codadad, why did you die? O, Merlin, Albertus Magnus, Friar Bacon, Nostradamus, Doctor Dee, why did I implicitly believe in your magic; and then have my confidence utterly abused by Davy, Brewster, Liebig, Faraday, Lord Brougham and Dr. Bachhoffner of the Polytechnic Institution? What have I done that all the gold and jewels and flowers of Fairyland should have been ground in a base mechanical mill and kneaded by you — ruthless unimaginative philosophers — into Household Bread of Useful Knowledge administered to me in tough slices at lectures and forced down my throat by convincing experiments? Are the Good People, the Brownies, the Leprechauns, the Banshees, the Witchwolves, White Ladies, Witches, Pixies, Wilis, Giants, Ogres, Fairy god-mothers, Good Women in the Wood, Genii, Ghoules, Afrites, Peris, Elves, to give up the ghost; and am I to be deprived of all the delicious imaginings of my childhood and have nothing in their stead?

"By no means," answers a burly Djin in a white hat and a frock coat with a huge lily in the button-hole, "Come with me, and I will conjure for you, by the aid of my crystal (a million times bigger and clearer than the crystal of Raphael the astrologer), a fairy palace with fairy terraces, and fairy gardens, and fairy fountains, compared to which the palace of Sardanapalus was a hovel, and the gardens of the Hesperides a howling waste. You shall see, through my crystal, so far into the past, that the retrospection shall not end until the world before the flood is revealed to you, with the fat, slimy, scaly monsters which then had life upon it. You shall be made as well acquainted with an Egyptian tomb as you are with St. Clement's churchyard, and shall wander into the *cella* of a Nubian temple as familiarly as you would enter your own parish church. You shall sit awe-struck on the steps of an Assyrian palace; you shall draw hard breath in a Grecian temple; you shall slake your thirst at the

fountain in a Byzantine court; you shall tread on the prayer-carpet in a Moorish mosque; you shall wag your beard in the hall of a Mediæval castle; and you shall be hospitably entertained in a Pompeian house. You shall see, in their habits as they were, the heroes and sages of all time, and the Art of all time and the skill of all nations. You shall be transported in one minute from this, your native cold and wet, to the warm and spicy airs of the tropics; and, in one step, you shall exchange your own hedge thorn and stunted herbage for the gigantic palms and rich grasses of the East. You shall range over the earth's surface and cull the choicest trees and fruits and flowers; you shall behold the lion in his native lair and the tiger in his jungle. Only look through my crystal long enough; and, beginning as ignorant as a Hottentot, you shall end wiser a hundred fold than Solon. Enter!"

The magician is right; but as Beauty's chamber was guarded by griffins, and all enchanted castles are defended by dragons, so is Fairyland guarded by gnomes; blue, and uncompromising. One occupies a little crypt on either side of the door by which visitors are admitted to Fairyland in Crystal. To judge from the costumes of these gnomes you would take them to be plain constables of the Metropolitan Police; but, my word for it, they have all the gnomical etceteras beneath their uniform and oilskin. The entrance to Fairyland is not effected by rubbing a lamp, or clapping the hands three times, or by exclaiming "Open Sesame;" but, as a concession to the non-magical tendencies of some of the visitors, a commutation is accepted in the shape of five shillings current money of the realm. These may be paid in the very palpable and business-like shape of two half crowns; but you may be sure they no sooner enter the exchequer of Fairyland than they change into dry leaves. In a like spirit of concession to mundane prejudices, you undergo a ceremony, apparently that of signing your name in a book; but which is doubtless the preliminary for having your horoscope cast. So also you are presented with a document ostensibly resembling a pass-check, but which is a talisman of the Abracadabraic description; for, the moment you receive it, you find yourself framed and glazed in the very middle of the great magic crystal.

Don't look about you — don't seek to penetrate yet into any one of the Fine Art Courts into which this fairy crystal is divided, but hurry up the very first staircase. Pursue its geometrical windings up, and up and up, till you can mount no further. Then approach the railing of the topmost, endmost gallery. Grasp the balustrade firmly; suppress whatever sudden impulse may come over you to turn giddy, to faint away, or to throw yourself headlong from the gallery. Set your lips firm, and look straight ahead — along the glo-

rious length and breadth of the nave of the Crystal Palace. Messrs. Aladdin, Vathek, and Company, built very magnificent palaces in their time; but *this* one is immeasurably beyond them. Castles of steel, brass, cedar, adamant, amber, and chalcedony, hide your diminished heads! Grand Cairo, Stamboul, Bagdad, Ispahan, Tyre, Sidon, Rhodes, Nineveh, you possessed — all of you — some very magnificent structures; your architectural glories will last as long as human knowledge, yet *this* thought never struck you. You never could combine magnificence, strength, lightness, space, perspective, colour, out of glass and iron, deal boards and zinc *louvres*. Your fairies were clumsy architects compared with the great magician of the lily. "Not a frieze, nor a pediment, nor a portico," sighs Vitruvius. "Not a single Corinthian pilaster or a Doric entablature," grumbles Palladio. "Where are the Parian marbles, the mahogany, the carving, the gilding, and the enriched mouldings?" roars Orlando Gibbins. "It's very nice and very pretty, but it's only a perpetual repetition of a column, a girder, a truss, a gallery, a window, and a ridge-and-furrow roof." "Of course," answers Cosmos Murchison, "could it be otherwise? Isn't it a crystal? and isn't a crystal an agglomeration of identical forms. Split a crystal, and will not the fractures be precisely of the same shape as the parent piece?" It is this very Fairy-like repetition, this geometrical painting, if I may call it so, that constitutes, in my mind, the chiefest beauty of Crystal Fairy-land. The repetition of girder and gallery and column; the multifarious intersections of shaft and girder, quadrangle following quadrangle, nave and aisles, transept and wings, courts and galleries interlacing, intercepting, in such admirably regular irregularity — in such rigid yet fanciful perspective; all, when taken singly, patterns of sublimity; all, when combined into a whole, a grand spectacle of artistic contrivance, which has left the mark of the modern magician's wand.

Gaze yet your fill up and down this glorious nave. Can you have any doubt of this being Fairyland? Look at that huge female head in the far, far distance. That only marks the centre of the nave. Gaze at the working fairies below, tinkling and hammering, and the Palace growing, it would seem, visibly beneath their fingers. They seem few and far between, these working fairies, yet there are four thousand of them employed about Fairyland. You come on them unawares — a nail is being driven here, a rivet fastened, a sash fitted there; but from the gallery the nave looks a vast solitude. It being a fairy palace, the visitors and the workmen are swallowed up in its immensity.

Very wonderful is the mixture of familiar things with those that in their grandeur approach the sublime. The hall of the Fairy Palace is strangely strewn with

tools and fragments of planking and old ropes. We look above, and the eye wanders through maze after maze of bright but harmonious colours. We look below, and the eye falls on brick pits (like neat family graves), being built for stoves, or for the reservoirs of fountains; on yawning caverns, disclosing neat arrays of anything but supernatural gas and water pipes; on mounds of bricks (some thousands in each doubtless), which look from the lofty gallery no bigger than dust-heaps; and, stranger than all, in the midst of all this finished and unfinished beauty, the dusky fairies sprinkle themselves about in their fustian and corduroy.

Descend. Down, and down, and down, we follow the windings of the corkscrew staircase; iron, as what is not that is to be strong in this wonderful place? We are on the ground floor. Glancing above, straightway we see a giddy scaffolding and a forest of poles, and columns, and girders, the skeleton of another wing of the Fairy Palace yet unglazed and incomplete. And without too, through the transparent walls we see towering high, a gigantic elaboration of our acquaintance the corkscrew staircase, winding up and up, and hugging, like a serpent, a lofty campanile. This is to be the enchanted tower of the Fairy Palace, which is to give water power to those grand fountains which are to laugh the vaunted *grandes eaux* of Versailles to scorn, and cause the statue of the *grand monarque* to hide his diminished wig. Passing yet along, elbowed by sheds, planks, travelling paint-pots, locomotive steam engines, poles and ladders, we see too, another scaffolding, and passing it we shudder, and think of the scaffolding that fell the other day; when all the wisdom of the magician, and all the subtlety of the contractors could avail nothing against the stern will of the demon Gravity.

We pass a fustian fairy who is deliberately cutting bread and cheese with a very unfairy-like knife, and we are in Egypt. In Egypt. Here is Rameses, and here are all his dynasties. Here is the god Anubis. Here Isis, cat, dog, crocodile, and cow divinities; hieroglyphics, sarcophagi, strange doorways with winged summits, beetling massive columns with palm tree capitals. Where are the priests of Isis, to feed the sacred crocodiles upon cakes of flour and honey? Where is old Herodotus, to sit upon the plinth of this huge statue and tell us diverting lies? Where is Pharaoh's butler, and where Pharaoh's baker? Yonder is the frowning, gigantic, towering, enigmatical head of the sphinx. Where is the desert, and where are the pyramids, and the Hebrew brick-makers, and the straw, without which they could not make the bricks? Yonder are the legs of Memnon; where is his temple, where the plain of Thebes, where Memphis, where the labyrinth of Mœris, and the mysteries?

Rub your eyes. Dear me! dear me! This is not Egypt; but merely a court of the Fairy Palace, representing the progress of Egyptian art. The sphinx is only plaster of Paris, and two Italian modellers in dusty moustaches and blouses, flaked with white like the frost of a twelfth cake, are giving the finishing touch to the legs of Memnon. So from Egypt into Nineveh, from Nineveh into Greece, from Greece into Rome, from Rome to the Renaissance, from the Renaissance to the Louis Quatorze. We wander from court to court, each firmly stamping in our mind's eye the use and progress, and culmination and decadence of every school, losing ourselves in the mazes of antiquity, and finding ourselves in the Crystal Palace again. Lost every now and then in wonders of art and architecture, from the winged lions of Nineveh to Rauch's great statue of Bavaria; from the triumphs of Sesostris to Pradier's colossal Victorys sculptured for the tomb of Napoleon; from the Discobolus, the Dying Gladiator, the Medicean Venus, to Marochetti's statue of Washington.

Somebody tells me, that in 'fifty-four, these splendid courts of art will exhibit the finest collection of models of sculpture in the world. Every museum in Europe has been ransacked, and the cream of each has been brought to Fairyland to teach the English people to understand, to appreciate, to love art. I say, to teach them. They are teachable, docile, eager even to learn; but they have not been taught as yet. They shall leave the penny plain and twopence coloured style, and the smooth album landscapes and poonah exteriors, and smirking heads; the highly finished engravings of stags ripping up one another's entrails with their horns, the colossal statues of kings without stirrups, and kings with pigtails, and dukes upon the tops of doors, and admirals on the tops of masts. Here, in the Fairy Palace of our modern magician, Josephus Liliensis, will be spread before them a banquet culled from the choicest treasures of the Louvre, the Vatican, the Museo Borbonico, the Pitti Palace, and the Glyptotheca, and as they run they will read — aye, and read to a glorious purpose.

A curious population may be noted in this department of Fairyland. Hirsute men with faces full of stern determination are busily putting together, and finishing, and furbishing up great statues, and busts, and groups of animals. Giacomo Perugio, from Bologna, perchance, is skilfully adjusting, in an anatomical manner the arm of the Farnese Hercules; while Bartolomeo Guari is peacefully heating plaster of Paris in a homely iron saucepan wherewith to fasten on the head of the Erycinian boar. Huge, baker-like sacks, containing the flour of art — the snowy gypsum of which these goodly sculpture loaves are moulded — are strewn about, with their plain canvas and ruddled

sides in curious propinquity to the most exquisite creations of Phidias and Praxiteles, to the mysterious aspirations of the nameless but deathless sculptors of Babylon and Egypt. Diana the huntress, and Antinow, and the Gladiator, and the Fawn dancing, and the Fawn laughing. Grecian and Roman Fairyland holds them all. They are all here, breathing that immortal life of beauty and poetry which laughs at the scythe of Time, and the fury of barbarism, and the neglect of ignorance; which has survived — and will, through all ages, even though it be only in a shattered *torso* or a maimed limb — the fanaticism of the iconoclast, the antiquarian sacrilege of the Christian, the shells and gunpowder of the barbarous Turk. These Fine Art Courts of the Fairy Palace not only carry the mind back thousands of years — to the Forum and the Acropolis, to Semiramis and Sennacherib, to Alcibiades and Augustus; but, by the mere potency of their beauty and refinement of embodied thought, purifies and enlightens, elevates and ennobles our intellects and our hearts. These plaster casts are monuments of pure, honest, soulful art. Their prototypes were chiselled, doubtless, by pagans and patheists; but of a surety, even though unknown to them, a breath from heaven must have touched the strings of these men's souls; the lux, the light, the fire of genius, must have been in them, with them — in their plastic fingers, with their fervent hearts when they moulded these forms and faces — immortal, unapproachable, save by the human frames whose most exquisite conditions they delineate.

Fairyland behind the scenes! The wonders of the Forum and the Acropolis standing on wooden plinths (afterwards to be plasterified) labelled "Fragile, with care, this side up." Greece and Athens have come to Sydenham by railway. The Emperor Trajan has travelled by a vile, mechanical luggage train on the South-Eastern Railway. The Medicean Venus has been in the care of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne, and the Laocoon has been delivered by Messrs. Pickford as if he had been a grand pianoforte or an engine boiler. Brought to the very portals of Fairyland by a burly carter, with a brass-clasped blotting-paper-interleaved account book, in which he has requested the authorities of Fairyland to register the receipt of the package.

Fairyland begins to assume a pantomimic appearance — so many and so sudden are the transitions. Delighted with Greece and Rome, our minds saturated with classical associations, we saunter along, looking back with something quite like regret and gentle love on the days of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and trochees, and dactyls, and spondees. The mystic numbers of the *As in præsenti* float though our memory like strains of bygone music; we sigh to toil once more over the

arches of the *Pons asinorum*, when, *presto*, we are in the midst of steam engines, hot water pipes, fairies in fustian, and bricks and tiles.

Tiles, certainly; but somebody points out to us that we have not quite done with the classics yet. These tiles, as somebody commends to our attention, are of a peculiar shape and make. They were fashioned very probably by a simple Teddy the Tiler, or some other industrial equally innocent of the classics, for a special and very classical purpose. For that — no less — of tiling the house of a Roman gentleman in the Roman city of Pompeii.

Into which, through as unadulterated an English hoarding door as ever had "no admittance except on business" inscribed upon it, we speedily intrude into the chamber of a Roman maiden, the saloon of a Pompeian family, or the study of an old world student. The walls are alive with forms and colours of enchanting brightness. Cupids, peeping archly out of bowers; mimic bird-cages, with birds pecking at the wires, strung from the roof with threads of paint; reclining fauns; satyrs, twinkling fun out of their roguish eyes, and bacchantes dancing on slack ropes of wreathed flowers. Mystic signs, and landscapes, and pilasters that seem to start into the room, and make you careful not to run against their true perspective. Then, in the open court, beside the family fountain (sweet substitute for the Englishman's fireside) how eloquent, how classical, how poetical, how sentimental one might be in this Roman house! Now is the time to think about the atrium, the sedilia, the cothurnus, the toga virilis, amphoræ, the Street of Tombs and the house of the Tragic Poet. Yet now is also the time to content ourselves with contemplating the fairy aspect of this Roman house; the open courtyard with no blue Italian sky above, but the glass ridges and furrows and iron girders of Josephus Liliensis; the narrow little bed-chambers all around, which the fairy artists (mostly foreigners) are decorating with fanciful arabesques; the gilded columns, the bright mural paintings — triumphs of fairy-polychromy — and, superintending all, an intelligent foreigner smoking a cigar and attired in a cut-away coat and a wide-awake hat. Why doesn't he wear the toga virilis? Why is n't his name Quintus Curtius Max?

Now too is the time to contrast all this loveliness with the sudden horrors of the swallowed city. Now is the time to remember the skeleton clutching the bag of gold, the dead soldier in his fetters, the breast of the dancing girl pressed against the ashes, the mark of the wine-cup on the marble counter. Now is the time to see the molten lava welling and creeping up the gorgeous walls; to picture Vesuvius vomiting forth fire and stones; the flaming river of lava rushing down

the sides of the mountain; the shower of red hot ashes, the plague of stones, the pestilence of burning sparks, the swallowing up alive of Pompeii, men, women, children, houses, city and all.

We lose ourselves for a while in a maze of corridors of unpretending deal boards, containing innumerable pigeon-holes; — offices devoted to officials superintending different departments of Fairyland. These are the spiders watching over the intricacies of the great web; and here they sit in their parlours: but they do not follow the example of the spider in the popular ballad, by asking the flies or visitors to walk in — "Private" being the rule over the doors, and admittance the exception.

The vicinity of Fairyland is not without that extremely mundane attribute, mud. I became sensible of this fact when approaching its precinct; I am confirmed in my opinion by most woful experience when I leave the halls of the Fairy Palace to traverse the park and gardens of Fairyland. Somebody, as we descend ranges of noble terraces, shows me where the magnificent fountains that are to surpass Versailles are to be; where the waterfall laid down to a scale of one-eighth the dimensions of Niagara; where the *al fresco* statues; where the famous lake now being excavated, whose waters — by means of this same cascade — tidal effects are to be produced; where a belt of botanical plants is to encircle the entire space. While admiring the vastness of the gardens, the vivid beauty of the velvety sward, the taste with which every path and plot, every alley and avenue have been laid out; while gloating over the blue distance of the most beautiful landscape near London, I cannot help wishing that the weather had not been quite so moist lately; that the fairy soil was not quite so stiff in some parts and so sloppy in others; and finally that I had not forgotten to bring American overshoes or a pair of mudlark's boots with me to Fairyland.

But what are these trifling thorns to the rose, when we approach the terminus of our walk; which is through a wood, and across several planks over gulleys, and through many morasses, quagmires, cart-ruts and ditches? We are bound for, and at last arrive at a long low shed, where there is a furnace, several tons of modelling clay, several modellers, a book for us to sign our autographs in, an astute Triton in hessian boots and low-crowned hat (possibly his conch-shell), several rats, and finally the world before the flood.

The world before the flood. Yes. Ages, perhaps, before Noah's ark was built, or launched, or thought of. In this shed the Triton known as Waterhouse Hawkins has conspired with the King of Animals, Professor Owen, to bring back those antediluvian days when there were giants in the land. Pre-Adamite, perhaps;

pre-Noahite, certainly. Modelled according to some subtle theory, admirably carried out into practice; the marvels of what we may call scientific art — plasticity applied to comparative anatomy are the great monsters and reptiles of the fossil world. The ichthyosaurus, the plesiosaurus, the megatherium, the mastodon, iguarneton; gigantic creatures of lizard, toadlike, froglike, beastlike form grin at you, crawl at you, wind their hideous tails round you. Here is a monster within whose monstrous feet the Triton, Waterhouse, intends to give a dinner to twenty-two persons; and a bearded assistant, coolly squatted between the monster's forelegs, is as coolly giving him a coat of scales with his modelling tool. All these antediluvian monsters, which will finally be executed in a composition as hard as stone, will be placed on the shores of two artificial islands in the lake; one exhibiting the secondary, the other the tertiary epochs of the world. There, among reeds and slime, the great fish lizards crawl, and higher up the great Irish elk reposes. All of which is explained to us in a little studio, where sepia sketches of elks and mastodon, and megatheria mingle with clay sketch models and casts of skulls and femurs of fossil mammalia and reptiles.

In 'fifty-four — when the nave and aisles, transepts and courts, gardens and parterres, of this gigantic Palace are all swept and garnished, the floor laid, the cumbrous materials of industry removed, the interior tinted to the harmonious hues proposed by the Colour King, Owen Jones; when the temperatures of half the climates of the globe are imitated; when specimens of the vegetation of half the world are brought to flourish, here, within seven miles of London; when the loveliest flowers of the world bloom in this great crystal; when the great fountains send up their silver spray; when almost everything that is beautiful in Nature, in Art, in Industry has here its type, its representative, its imitation; when its halls are thronged by thousands of every class and shade of class — when it shall be recognised as a palace and a pleasure ground for those whose lot it is to labour, as well as for those who sit in ivory chairs and ride in golden coaches: when the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and its railways, its electric telegraphs, its banqueting halls for every grade of mortals from the lavish noble to the economical artisan, are completed, do you think I shall have been guilty of exaggeration in calling it Fairyland? In calling its accomplished inventor a magician? In declaring that magic and magicians are not dead when such structures exist as the Crystal Palace, and such men are among us as the Djin, Josephus Liliensis, otherwise Sir Joseph Paxton?

## THE CRADLE AND THE GRAVE.

At the beginning of the Winter of 1850 I was working quietly in Sydney, by no means dissatisfied with my position, when a vague rumour reached the city that gold had been found in the Bathurst district of the colony. As one result of the excitement that succeeded, it only concerns me now to state that the following advertisement which appeared in the Sydney Morning Herald emanated from the writer of these pages: —

TURON GOLD DIGGINGS. Wanted by a party who is about to proceed to the mines, a gentleman, willing to join him in and to share the expenses of the adventure. Address, W., Y— Street, Wooloomooloo.

Having written the above advertisement I, on the same day, resigned my situation.

In the course of the next morning, there came three replies. The first was from a recent emigrant, or what in Sydney parlance is known commonly as a "new chum." He certainly would know too little of colonial life. The second was from a gentleman who, as I more than suspected, knew too much to be either an agreeable associate or an eligible partner. The third came in the form of a very short note, requesting an interview at a certain time and place, on the subject of my advertisement. I liked the look of it, and at the hour named by my correspondent, duly called at a boarding house appointed as our meeting. So I met with the person who became my partner.

He was singularly handsome; very dark, but darkened as I thought by exposure chiefly, though he must have been originally dark, for he had raven hair and a completely black mustache. His eye, large, black, and restless, never became fixed on anybody; that I grew afterwards to notice, when I noticed also that his manner — which was generally lively and at all times that of a gentleman — now and then fell by a sudden change from gaiety into a perfect pit of gloom. I shall call this partner of mine Browden. We agreed without delay upon the terms of partnership, and commenced together preparations for a start.

Winter was then rapidly approaching, but we were bold and were unwilling to delay. My partner, alike careless and confident, caused me to feel young in his company, because he went to work with so much cool indifference. To me, red-hot with excitement, his cold manner was quite unintelligible, and I could not refrain on one occasion from expressing my sense of his self-possession, upon the eve of a change that surely was an epoch in our lives. He replied very gloomily, that there was nothing in life worth making a fuss about.

Our preparations were made under his superintendence with much care. Three months' allowance of flour, tea, and sugar, a

good cradle, and mining implements, cooking utensils, and everything necessary for the gipsey life we were about to lead; a calico tent, and finally a strong spring cart with a tilted cover, for the carriage of our goods and chattels, were provided. Then we got a horse that we called "Bony" for its leanness; and engaged lastly an intelligent lad in whom I was interested, as tent keeper and cook. He was to have liberal wages, and the douceur of a small "lay" or share in the whole product of our labours.

My partner, who was jack of all trades, master of all, a host in himself, conducted everything, and gave me enormous satisfaction; all went well and the evening previous to our actual start at last arrived. The packing of the cart, the last duty to be done in Sydney, was performed by him in the courtyard of his house by candlelight, with so much skill and expedition, that I fancied for a moment his trade was discovered, and that he must have been a carrier or a packer all his life, but that idea was dispelled when I observed the equally professional style in which he proceeded to feed and groom down Bony.

It was a moonlight night, clear, sharp, and bracing. After drinking a glass of grog to the success of our enterprise, I walked briskly across the racecourse to my lodgings at Wooloomooloo Bay. We had agreed to meet and start at sunrise the next morning. I felt happy. The moonlit air, and the scene gave exaltation to my feelings. The moon was shining brightly on the bay, transforming it into a perfect lake of silver, while the dark rocks and the trees upon the shore stood out in bold relief, black, crisp, and defined against the background of a blue sky crowded with stars. The change, the uncertainty, the novelty of the adventure before me, the present scene mingled with memories of England, all helped to throw me for the night into a state of feverish excitement.

Before the dawn I started from my bed, and began for the first time to don my digger's costume, which consisted of a particularly bright scarlet shirt, secured at the waist by a broad belt, a Californian felt hat, strong moleskin trowsers, with leather leggings up to the thighs and boots more durable than elegant. There belonged to my personal equipment also a pair of good stout blankets, an opossum rug, two or three blue shirts, a change of outer raiment and a stout pilot coat.

I found my partner not only equipped himself, but finishing the loading of the cart to which he had already harnessed Bony. He was dressed in much the same style as myself, excepting that instead of the belt which secured my shirt, he wore round his waist a very long and handsome crimson silk sash, with the fringed ends hanging down on each side of his person. It contained a large and formidable knife. I could not

help feeling at the first glance that in my personal appearance, which before I had seen him I flattered myself was rather telling, I was after all immeasurably behind Browden, whose picturesque costume sat upon him as though he had been accustomed to it all his life, while mine, as I felt painfully conscious (at any rate until the gloss was taken out of it) made me look fitter for a fancy dress ball than a piece of earnest business. Browden received me cheerfully; we had a merry breakfast and set off, my partner driving, I and the boy bringing up the rear.

There is nothing between Sydney and Penrith — a little town thirty-five miles distant, situated at the foot of the Blue Mountains — worth dwelling upon here. The road is a continual succession of gentle ups and downs with fences and trees at the sides, and in most places cultivated land and grazing paddocks.

We had plenty of company upon the road. An occasional omnibus bound for Sydney dashed past, and the passengers indulged in jokes at our expense, for the "diggings" were in those days only half believed in. There were many besides ourselves, however, bound for the same bourne, travelling in groups of three or four, and often singly, stick in hand, along, each man carrying his "swag" across his shoulders.

The travellers on that part of their route seemed to be taking their work easily. The verandahs of every public-house we passed (and there were plenty of them) contained groups of blue-shirted pilgrims, with a few reds; a red shirt was at that time the mark of the "gentleman digger." These all fraternised with us and we with them right merrily. There was another set of pilgrims moving in the opposite direction, not by any means so cheerful. Weary and foot-sore, dirty and depressed, we now and then met with "returning diggers," plodding back to Sydney with their golden visions scattered. Hope made great fun of disappointment on the road. "Have you sold your cradle, Jack?" was for a long time the standing question, addressed by those going up to others coming down. The answer often was a mocking laugh, or else a discharge of the most horrible predictions as to the result of the inquirer's own adventure. For the most part, however, these returns were persons who had neither the manner nor the means of prospering. Many had not even reached the mines at all; but had lost heart half-way upon the journey. Some had started without money, tools, or provisions; and a few, we whispered to each other, were not quite so poor as they would have us to suppose; but carried on their persons secretly the satisfactory results of a few days' efficient labour.

Plodding along a few yards in the rear of our cart, while the boy drove, Browden and I conversed cheerfully on various topics, but

chiefly of course on the (to us) engrossing one of all — the newly discovered gold field, and our prospects in connexion with it. I found that, in intelligence and practical experience, I had not overrated my companion's power; but in the course of our talk I was surprised, and even fidgetted to hear only then for the first time that he had been in California. I forget exactly how the fact came out; but I remember asking him point blank if it were not so, and being struck with the odd way in which he replied to so natural a question. His eyes wandered restlessly from me to the ground, and his words sounded more like the confession of a crime than the acknowledgment of a plain fact. He was not long embarrassed, and soon told me with his usual carelessness that he had been unfortunate in California, had lost in the gambling saloons of San Francisco all that he earned at the mines; therefore he hated the place, and abhorred its very name. In short, he never wished to have it again mentioned. He then abruptly changed the subject; but, after a few minutes, fell silent and seemed to retire within a cloud.

Towards afternoon we passed through Paramatta, where we only stopped to buy some mutton. Four or five miles onward beyond the Paramatta toll-bar we encamped in the bush, as became us vagrants after gold. We made a bedstead of the cart, and as Browden was not talkative over the mutton, tea and damper, I very soon turned in and left him brooding in the moonlight over the great fire. I awoke once in the night and found my partner sleeping by my side, but scarcely seeming to enjoy his rest. He tossed his arms and murmured incoherently, while I lay somewhat oppressed with the general dreariness of my bush bedroom. A sound of horses' hoofs coming along the road at a short trot attracted my attention. A patrol of mounted police rode briskly past with their long dark cloaks waving behind them, and their steel sabre scabbards rattling loudly as they went. They had a right, I suppose, to create a disturbance in our bedroom, but they broke the slumbers of my partner, who woke with a scream. I spoke to him, and reassured by my voice he muttered something about nightmare, and turning on his side was soon asleep again. I lay for some time wondering uncomfortably. The wild wood perhaps helped to put into my head that my companion's scream was an uncanny sound, not to be accounted for by any common nightmare theory. Well, never mind, I went to sleep, and the next morning we had breakfast and went on again towards the gold. We rested at noon under a gum tree. Towards evening we passed through Penrith, and crossed soon afterwards a ferry on the river Nepean, which accommodated five or six loaded teams with any number of foot-passengers. This

ferry — since the gold-digging fever set in — had turned out to its owner, as he told me himself on my way across, "better than digging by long chalks." Having crossed the river we were at the edge of the large tract of open country lying at the base of the Blue Mountains, called Emu Plains, an extensive and cultivated flat, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, dotted with cottages and farm-houses. The lofty and rugged mountains rising abruptly out of such a plain, formed the best bit of scenery we had yet met with. We were anxious to camp before it became quite dark. There were unpleasant symptoms too of an inclination to a change in the weather, which had so far favoured us. A dense mass of lurid-looking clouds hung threateningly over the crests of the mountains and obscured the last beams of the sun. The air, which had been during the day almost unnaturally oppressive for the season, had now become disagreeably cold; and the bleak wind swept with momentarily increasing violence over the wide and unsheltered plain. On arrival at our camping-place (almost at the foot of the mountains) we found a complete little settlement of a dozen teams or more, with at least thirty or forty persons belonging to them, bivouacking on the ground. Some had already pitched their tents, lighted their fires, hobbled their horses, and were in the full enjoyment of their suppers. Others, more recently arrived, were hurrying their own day's labours to a close. We lost no time in imitating their example. It was dark by the time we had made ourselves snug for the night, and were boiling our pots and cooking our suppers, on the huge fire which burnt in the centre of the encampment; — a joint-stock fire established on the equitable principle that each party using it should fetch his share of fuel. It was a very dark and wild and winterly night. To windward of the immense fire — which now rose blazing high into the air, and now sent roaring and spitting myriads of sparks before the fury of the blast — were sitting or reclining the assembled party, almost every man glowing in the red firelight, and the whole forming a group which with its strong lights and deep shadows, the surrounding accompaniments of tents and horses, and with the dark mountains rising like ghosts in the background, would have been extremely welcome to Salvator Rosa. We were very merry, and after suppers had been all discussed, pannikins of spirits were produced and handed round, stories were told, jests were attempted, and songs sung, perhaps a little coarser than such things even in such assemblies generally are.

Browden and I of course fell in with the humour of the party. Extended at his length on the grass, in the full blaze of the fire, with his head supported by his hand, my partner lay with not a vestige

of depression in his manner. He had drunk freely of the spirits which had circulated, and had proved himself the best carouser of us all. He roared out jovial songs, spun humorous yarns, and made jokes; he evoked thundering choruses, or uproars of laughter, or of exclamation. As the evening wore away, under the influence of another "tot," the spirits of the party mounted to a wilder and more frantic pitch. Not a star twinkled in the cloudy sky; the wind blew with increasing violence; but my partner had grown merrier than ever. Suddenly, however, there was a lull in his mirth. A gloomy frown settled upon his face, and he went off moody and reserved to his roost in our cart.

I had been noticing him, for he vexed and puzzled me. Long after I had gone to roost beside him I lay wondering, while he was fast asleep. The wind had lulled, and the rain poured down on the cart-cover; but it did not wake him, or appear to wake him, for that he often shammed sleep I was certain. I tried to make out what had caused the sudden alteration in his manner, and gradually remembered a brisk conversation between two "old hands" of the party, who had been talking, not at all penitently, of the causes of their having been "sent out." The darkest crimes were talked of by those worthies cosily enough, and rather as so many branches of a good profession than as offences against God and man. Theft, forgery, and burglary seemed to be in their eyes just so many modes of doing business. One crime, however, they refused to look at in a business light; and that was murder.

"What I says is this," I remembered the most rascally-looking of the two to have observed, with an oath, "when you have a murderer among you, peach on him; when he is nabbed, hang him."

That was the last remark uttered before my partner left the party, of which he had previously been the leader. I fell asleep that night with the vague horrible thought that very possibly I had a murderer for bedfellow.

The aspect of affairs, when I looked out of the cart about daybreak next morning, certainly did not do much to remove the disagreeable and uncomfortable impression with which I had gone to sleep. It was miserable weather; the rain poured incessantly. The wet was streaming through our canvas roof (warranted watertight) and soaking us. The fires were out, and the miserable-looking horses huddling together for shelter in the lee of the tents and drays, looked most disconsolate. Seeing, however, that the other men were up and moving, I aroused my partner, and in the active preparations necessary for another start, soon recovered elasticity of spirits. We all contrived to get sufficient fire to boil our kettles, and having breakfasted uncomfortably enough in the soaking rain and fed our horses,

set off together (nine teams in all) up Lapstone Hill, beginning our ascent of the Blue Mountains. That was at first comparatively easy work, but as we rose, the acclivity grew steeper and the ground worse; we skirted gulleys, cracked whips, and blasphemed: waded knee-deep in mud, pushed carts, chocked wheels, and by little rushes of a few yards at a time made progress.

Bony exerted himself to the utmost, and although by this time doubtless disabused of any notion of ease in the work before him, he still tugged and strained at his harness most magnanimously. His imperial nick-namesake in his celebrated passage of the Alps could not have evinced more energy and absolute determination. Evidently he was not a horse to jib. If we found it hard work to get up Lapstone Hill, we afterwards discovered it to be as arduous an enterprise to get down Mount Victoria; the difficulty being, not as before, to get the horse to lift the cart, but to prevent the cart from carrying away the horse. With wheels carefully skidded, and with a large, rough tree dragging behind us, not to speak of our own exertions spent in keeping the cart back, we reached the bottom in safety. At the foot of the mountain we found once more cultivated country, and a short stage further took us through a little nondescript collection of houses called the town of Hartley. This little glimpse of civilisation and this taste of level roads we soon again lost, and began ascending a new range of still more formidable mountains. Our onward journey then, from day to day, dragged its slow length along, five or six miles being sometimes a full day's journey. Carcases of horses and bullocks, in all stages of decomposition, lay by the waysides; miserable weather had set in, and had it not been for Browden's energy, I frankly own that I should certainly myself have jibbed before reaching this stage, taking the friendly advice to "go back!" so frequently and earnestly pressed upon us by crowds of backward-bound adventurers.

The ascent of Mount Lambie, the highest range we had to pass, was the worst tug of all and the most dangerous adventure. Never mind it. On we went. Solitary Creek, the Green Swamp, and at last the green plains in which the town of Bathurst stands, were duly passed; and after sixteen days of this sort of work, with a broken shaft, with Bony lame and almost dead-beat, and ourselves in not much better condition, we at last reached within five or six miles of our journey's end. But no fatigue could subdue the pride and elation with which, one evening a little before dusk, we caught, from the top of a high hill (our last descent), a view of the Turon River winding beneath us. The sun — its only appearance for many days — had shone out from the clouds just before sinking, and threw suddenly a golden

hue over the scene, that suited well our notion of the soil we had been seeking. Along the banks of the river tents of all shapes and sizes, many of which had gay flags fluttering in the breeze, formed lines that appeared to us quite martial. The white smoke wreathing upwards from the hundreds of fires before the tents marked the meandering course of the river as far as the eye could reach, with a pale bluish shade, that contrasted finely with the dark tint of the trees.

Down-hill, and forward for a mile or two, and we were fairly on the Turon. Too tired to notice much, we picked out a convenient spot for the erection of our tent, near to Commissioners' Hill; and, after an hour or so of work in fixing it, were glad to rest under its shade and go to sleep.

The next day we became Turonites; and I shall now describe generally the character of a day spent among the Turon diggings. Early morning and the work of the day not commenced. Bright and clear in the first sun-beams the stream, yet undisturbed, runs placidly along. In half-an-hour the cradles will be playing, and the pure current taking the colour of pea-soup. Turn where you will the ground is opened up and burrowed into by the gold-seekers. In the river itself, wherever the stream will allow them, holes are sunk, and these are only to be kept workable by the incessant use of pumps and bailers. "Bed Claims," as they are technically called (though often very rich), are troublesome in full proportion to their richness. On the river banks, which are in some places precipitous and elsewhere slope gently upwards, the dry diggings at least furnish equal proof of energy and industry. Excavations dug of every size and shape, and sometimes of immense depth, are to be seen or tumbled into on all sides. From these "bank claims," which are often two or three hundred yards from the spot where the cradles are fixed, the washing stuff is carried down by steps and passages to the water side. In some places I saw that the diggers had preferred the more dangerous plan of careless tunnelling. Afterwards that became the usual practice, and some serious accidents occurred, two or three lives being lost through the falling in of top stuff upon labourers below. I went to see a set of Germans — Burra Burra miners from Adelaide — who had in this way dug a subterranean gallery, and were, as I was told, doing a great stroke. They were at work by candle light, and though impressed with admiration of their skill and energy, I was not sorry to escape out of their hole.

But to go back to my day's programme. It is early morning, and as yet the only labour going on bears upon breakfast. The air is perfumed with the scent of mutton, for pans of chops are being fried at every fire down all the miles of tent that line the

river. Stretched on the grass, with the pots of tea by their sides, and with huge cuts of damper covered with mutton in their fists, the diggers breakfast. As the sun makes its appearance over the Wallaby Rocks the morning meal comes to an end, and the men walk off to their claims and cradles; the tools left in the holes last night are taken up, and in a short time the gold-hunters are filling the whole place with noise. Those at work in the claims wield picks, shovels, and crowbars; others, who carry washing stuff from the holes to the cradles, trot continually backwards and forwards with the precious dirt, either contained in bags hung over their backs or in buckets slung by a yoke from their shoulders. Those whose duty it is to wash the stuff so brought to them are not less busy, and the air resounds with the loud clatter of hundreds of cradles in full play. The sun rises brighter and higher, and its heat makes the severe labour oppressive; but though the perspiration pours from the diggers' brows, good humour prevails, and the work is carried on with a gaiety that robs the really hard life of its worst fatigues. Occasionally, high above the rattle of the cradles or the echoing strokes of pick and crowbar, rises a hearty laugh begotten of a rough practical joke perhaps, or a song shouted at the top of the voice in time to the movement of the rockers, unlooses a chorus of imitative tongues all down the river. At noon a general cessation of labour. Eight bells is struck upon a prospecting pan by some nautical digger, doubtless a runaway sailor. Nature is again perfumed with mutton; damper, tea, and chops are again consumed. On Sundays the attempt at cookery is generally more ambitious — a joint of meat baked in the camp oven is sometimes substituted for the usual fried mutton, and a plumduff or pudding is also a common luxury upon the day of rest. An hour at the most is allowed on work-days for the dinner and a draw at the pipe; labour is then recommenced. The afternoon passes away; the sun begins to cast long shadows. When it altogether disappears behind a range of hills our work is over — the diggers in the holes throw down their tools and take up their serge shirts; the cradles are washed out for the last time, and men in groups begin to saunter to their tents, conversing as they go on what each may have done. There is one duty still incomplete, namely, the washing in large pans of the stuff that has remained at the bottoms of the cradles, and that contains of course the gold produced from all the soil passed through during the day. This "panning out," as it is termed, is a delicate operation. The pan is dipped into the stream by the operator, shaken, worked, and sifted about in a peculiar manner; and the gold being thus driven to the bottom, the lighter soil is allowed to run off

with the water. It requires both knack and practice to prevent the fine gold from escaping. A glance in the evening at the different pans will enable us to see how every man's day's labour has turned out. Such inspection proves the lottery-like character of the employment. Here is a pan half-full of gold. As the soil and small pebbles are skilfully washed out, and the yellow metal appears glistening beneath, the panner's eyes flash back upon it, glistening no less. There cannot be less than ten or twelve ounces in this washing. It is however from a rich hole, and its worker belongs to a lucky party. Look on the other hand at the poor fellow who, with bent body and eager look, is washing at a few yards' distance lower down the river. Out of two or three hundred buckets of stuff passed through the cradle with incessant labour during the day, a few miserable pennyweights of gold are all his gain. His eye devours every small atom and speck as it becomes visible; and when he has got through his task, and the result is evident, he looks despondingly into his neighbour's pan, and with a sigh of disappointment wanders moodily up the bank to his tent, where he will soothe his sorrow and beget fresh hopes over a quiet pipe.

At sunset, volleys of fire-arms are discharged up and down the river, and are to be heard obstinately echoing among the rocks and hills. By some men this is done simply to make a noise; by others it is meant as a hint that there are pistols in their tents ready for use if necessary. Then the eternal tea, damper, and mutton is again discussed under the name of supper, firewood is brought in and stacked; one of each party is employed in the manufacture of fresh damper, while the rest, stretched at full length by their fires, enjoy themselves as they are able. When night has closed in, and the moon perhaps begun to silver the white tents, the trees, and the water that runs clear again, the scene grows very picturesque. Hundreds of fires, with dark figures clustering round them, burn red and bright in the obscurity. It is the digger's hour of relaxation. The guitar and banjo, violin and flute, heard at greater or less distances, people the night with sounds. At one part of the diggings, high on a range, some musical Germans encamped there used in my time to indulge hundreds of their fellow-diggers nightly with a vocal concert. Their harmonizing voices, and the noble music that they sang, heard in a scene like that at such a time, possessed for me a wondrous charm; I never remember feeling music so completely as I did on those occasions. As it grows later, the moon dips behind the hill, the groups round the fires thin till they disappear, the sounds of music die away, and there is nothing to be heard but the rustle of the trees — the howling of the watch-dog — or the dismal cry of

his wild brethren in the distance. Within the recesses of their canvas dwellings, the tired gold-seekers wrapped up in their blankets sleep soundly, dreaming perhaps of ounces, or perhaps of home and friends!

Our own part in these labours can be very briefly told. At first we roamed about the stream from place to place, "prospecting" for a good hole without success. This "prospecting"—which commonly means nothing more than turning up the ground to the depth of a few inches or at the most of one or two feet and trying a panful of the stuff—was a bad method of setting to work. The gold was seldom come upon so near the surface, and when not immediately found, impatient and inexperienced "prospectors" generally abandoned their newly opened claims to repeat the same useless operation again and again with the same success. A far better plan was to dig boldly and perseveringly down, trying the different layers of soil come to in the descent, but never deserting the work until the very bottom or bed rock was reached, when if nothing was by that time discovered, of course it only remained to try again in a fresh place. This course we afterwards pursued and dug at the least from fifteen to twenty holes, some of them the same number of feet in depth, but still found nothing which would pay us for the working.

In this way three or four months passed away, our provisions were almost eaten, only our chamois leather gold bags were exempt from wear and tear; I grew rather despondent, but a glimpse of sunshine came with the returning spring to our relief. A discovery was made of some rich diggings on the banks and in the bed of a stream running into the Turon, called Oakey Creek; and, taking advantage of the first intelligence, we shifted bag and baggage and removed our quarters to a spot between one and two miles from its junction with the river. Here we at once "set in" at a likely spot in the bed and at a bend of the creek. After a day or two of hard work, we began to get a daily yield of from one to two ounces, which although no great things, was a vast improvement on our previous doings.

It was a solitary place enough on which we had encamped, very few of the digging population having fixed their residences near us. We had very little sky or sunshine. The place too was dismal, for the creek was filled with stunted swamp oaks, and steep, rugged hills rose up from both sides of the narrow water-course. Only the little heap of shining metal, to be found every evening at the bottom of our pan, made up for all deficiencies. Of course too we were glad to have the ground much to ourselves.

There was one main discomfort. I have already said that from some strange peculiarities of manner, and certain incidents on the road,

I had imbibed a strong and irresistible suspicion as to the past life of my partner. He, on his part, perceiving the natural restraints which such suspicions produced in my manner towards him, became gloomy, sullen, and reserved. So it was, that even before we arrived at the mines, our partnership had become one of mere business and necessity.

Whatever we thought of each other, we did not allow our private sentiments to interfere with our joint efforts. We worked hard together, and during the active hours of labour, no one could possibly display more life and energy than Browden. When, however, day was over, and the melancholy night closed in around us, the excitement ended and he sank into a state of pitiable despondency.

There was a secret and disagreeable consciousness of some vague cause of dislike between us which it was impossible to shake off, and which, ill defined as it was, quenched everything like cordiality. This state of things could not last long, nor was it my wish that it should; so that when one Sunday morning he abruptly told me after breakfast that the time of our agreement had expired, and that he proposed a separation of our fortunes, I received the intimation without raising any difficulties or expressing much regret. He added that it was his purpose to engage a labourer and work for himself higher up the creek. He was embarrassed while expressing this determination; but I took it cheerfully, the dissolution was agreed upon, and the rest of the day employed in making division of our property, provisions, tools, &c. That we effected to our mutual satisfaction. It was agreed that he should keep possession of his share of the tent until he had obtained another and decided upon the spot where he would have it pitched. At daybreak the next morning he set off alone with pan and pick on a "prospecting" expedition. I got up shortly afterwards, had breakfast, and taking the boy down with me went to work as usual. It was a very bright, close, cloudless morning; and, shut in as we were by hills on all sides, there was a feeling of suffocation in the atmosphere which rendered our work more than usually oppressive. Not a breath of air forced its way through the narrow gully, and during the day the heat was almost intolerable. We worked on, however, to the end. I had my supper earlier than usual, and was sitting by the fire cleaning and drying the day's gold before adding it to the main store, when the unusual darkness of the evening attracted my attention. A violent storm was impending. A dark mass of lead-coloured clouds was rapidly shutting out the blue sky and emitting as it spread flashes of forked lightning; low peals of distant thunder rolled along the creek; large drops of rain were already falling slowly, and pattering at intervals on the top of my tent; the trees, which had during the day remained mo-

tionless in the dead calm of the atmosphere, were swept with fitful gusts of wind, and had set up a melancholy moaning.

I went out to watch the coming of the storm, and saw the coming of two men who climbed the bank and ran towards the tent. They were even more than usually grim with the wild luxuriance of beard, whiskers, and mustaches, out of which indeed very little more than the extreme points of their noses could be seen with anything like positive distinctness. Appearances, however, go for nothing at the mines. These were both tall, strapping fellows, and were dressed in the extreme of digging costume, for even at the diggings there are fashions. They looked so jaunty, wore such hats and such silk sashes, and displayed their knives so ostentatiously, that by their dress as well as figure I assumed at once that they must be Americans bred in the Californian school. When they spoke no doubt remained upon that head. They told me that they had been prospecting in the newly discovered creek, were tired out with the day's walk, and wished to take shelter till the storm was over. Of course I did the honours of my tent; and, after furnishing my guests with a supper, brought out the bottle of spirits kept only for particular occasions. I found them good company, their conversation principally turning on their own wild lives. The evening ran on, and as there was no lull in the storm, my new acquaintances determined to remain where they were for the night. I supplied them with blankets, and all stretching ourselves upon the floor of the tent we continued smoking and conversing for some time. Soon afterwards the covering to the aperture of the tent was thrust aside and my partner came hastily in. He was dripping wet, and said little either to me or to the two strangers; but pouring out with an unsteady hand a large quantity of spirits, he divested himself of his wet clothes, wrapped himself up in his blankets, and seemed as usual desirous of being left to his own meditations.

We had before been talking upon other matters, but it so happened that, when he came in, the Americans were talking about California. I knew that this topic was distasteful to my partner; but it did not matter then, for he seemed to be deaf or indifferent to everything that was said. From the spot where I lay I could see him indistinctly in his dusky corner of the tent, with his head averted, and to all appearance fast asleep. The candle burnt down in the neck of the bottle (which served us for a candlestick), and still the loquacious Californians kept up a running fire of wonderful adventures in which they had been engaged, and in which grisly bears, Cordilleras, Spaniards, montetables, Judge Lynch, vigilance committees, bowie-knives and revolvers played the most conspicuous parts. The thunder still rolled heavily, and every now and

then the tent was illuminated brightly by the lightning; but we did not heed it.

Late in the night we were discussing undiscovered crimes which had been perpetrated in the mines and towns of California. One of the two strangers related, among others, an occurrence which had come within his own experience.

Separated from his party, he had been, he said, for several days exploring the north fork of the American River, a wild, desolate, and almost uninhabited part of the country, in search of new "placers." One evening, about sunset, a storm among the mountains had overtaken him, far from his own camping place. For some time he had looked in vain for shelter, and was beginning to make up his mind to find a cave for the night, when he saw half way up the side of a range the welcome gleam of a light, evidently belonging to some tent or hut. On coming nearer he found that it was burning in a small black covered tent. As the American paused for a moment, when he had said so much, to struggle with his pipe, I heard a stifled sound, and when the next flash of lightning came I saw that my partner's face was turned towards us.

Wet and tired as he was, the man went on to tell us, he lost no time in crossing an intervening gully and began to climb towards the tent. He was picking his way in the darkness, among loose rocks and stones scattered about, when he was suddenly startled by a shriek of terror or of passion or of pain, followed at once by the report of a pistol in the tent. Then there was dead silence. While looking upward undecidedly he saw a figure muffled in a cloak suddenly leave the tent and climb very swiftly up the hillside. He either faded away in the darkness of the night, or disappeared over the top of the range. At all events he saw no more of him.

I can hardly account for the instinct by which I was urged to look, while this was being told, towards Browden. I saw through some chance flashes that he had raised himself on his arm, and that his face was full of horror; that he was listening to the American's tale as though his very life depended on it.

Drawing his knife from its sheath, the man said, he went resolutely up the hill, and at once entered the tent. There he found no living creature. Stretched upon the ground in a large pool of blood lay the corpse of a tall man hideously mutilated and yet warm. His face was so completely shattered, by the close discharge of the pistol, that not a feature could be recognised. His hand still grasped a dagger; and some gold and coin, as well as a pack of monte cards, lay strewn about upon the ground.

Preferring storm and rain to shelter in such company, the digger left the body to itself and made his way to Auburn, which is a village about one mile from the river. What became of the mur-

derer — whether the body was ever found, or whether it rotted away undiscovered and unrevenged, he knew not. It was better, he said (in California particularly), to let such affairs alone; and he had never cared to speak about the matter there. Having told his story, the American proceeded to dilate, for our satisfaction and his own, upon the horrid aspect of the mutilated body. He always thought of it, he said, on stormy nights. When he had quite done we were all silent for a time, and I saw by the next flash that Browden lay completely muffled in his blanket. The instant afterwards a clap of thunder seemed to burst immediately over our heads, and it was followed by a prolonged human cry — to me, believing that I knew the cause of it — most wild and terrible. It brought us quickly to our feet. A light was struck, and Browden was found to be struggling in a fit. For hours he continued violent during the paroxysms, moaning and sobbing in the pauses between the attacks. It sometimes required the strength of us all to hold him down upon his stretcher. At length, however, in the very early dawn he sank into uneasy slumber; I made no effort to sleep, but feeling feverish and troubled went outside the tent. The air after the storm was fresh, and I was soon again brisk enough to set about preparing breakfast. The two men thought nothing of Browden's fits, and my suspicions were based on the vaguest inferences. Yet they were to me as certain knowledge. I was not sorry when my guests, abruptly rising, shouldered their picks and shovels, wished me good morning and departed. Left to myself, I for a long time meditated on the course I should pursue. After some consideration, I resolved that, as our total separation was already decided upon, I must leave Browden to follow his own fate, and for my own part go to work as usual. My late partner was still in a deep lethargy, from which I did not attempt to rouse him. I intended, however, to come myself, or to send the boy from time to time up from the claim in case the attacks of the previous night should return upon him. After working for an hour or two, accordingly, the boy was sent up to look after him. He came running down to me in a few minutes, and told me that the tent was empty and my partner gone. From that hour to this I never again saw him. He was not a partner to forget, and many months afterwards he was especially called to my memory by a paragraph upon which I lighted while looking through some back numbers of the Bathurst Free Press. I cut it out, for I believe that it relates to Browden.

"BODY FOUND. — Last evening the remains of a tall man, in an advanced stage of decomposition, were discovered and taken out of the Macquarrie River a few miles below Bathurst by a person who was fishing near the spot. He was dressed as a gold-digger, wore a scarlet shirt, red silk sash, with a large sheathed knife and high boots. He has not been identified, and had been too long in the

water for his features to be at all recognisable. An inquest was held on the body, when no evidence as to the manner in which he came by his death being forthcoming, a verdict of 'Found drowned' was returned. No marks of external violence could be discovered on the body."

I have no certain evidence that this was Browden's body, just as I have no evidence that he was guilty of the crime that I imputed to him. But I have told, plainly and truly, those things which led me to believe that my trip to the Turon Diggings was made in such company as few men would have cared to choose, and that my partner reposes in a murderer's grave.

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## THE BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL.

SONG TO AN IRISH TUNE.

Her blue eyes they beam and they twinkle;
Her lips have made smiling more fair;
On cheek and on brow there 's no wrinkle,
But thousands of curls in her hair.

She 's little — you don't wish her taller;
Just half through the teens is her age;
And lady, or baby, to call her,
Were something to puzzle a sage.

Her walk is far better than dancing,
She speaks as another might sing,
And all by an innocent chancing,
Like lambkins and birds in the spring

Unskilled in the airs of the city,
She 's perfect in natural grace;
She 's gentle, and truthful, and witty,
And ne'er spends a thought on her face —

Her face, with the fine glow that 's in it,
As fresh as an apple-tree bloom:
And O! when she comes, in a minute,
As taking in mind as in feature,
How many will sigh for her sake!
I wonder, the sweet little creature,
What sort of a wife she would make!

## IN THE DARDANELLES.

Our man-of-war, the Modeste, entered the Dardanelles surrounded by a fleet of merchant vessels. When the breeze over the highland caught our sails we ran ahead; when a deep current rushing round some headland caught our hull we fell astern; and we were enjoying the excitement of a grand regatta when, at the narrowest part of the strait between the inner castles of Europe and Asia, a heavy shot from the fort came right across our bows. The captain was below at the moment, and just as he got on deck and was giving orders to shorten sail another shot fell astern and ricocheted close alongside, sending showers of spray over the gangway. We could see a crowd of officers at a house in the fort, and others were at the same time busy laying other guns. There was no misinterpreting the hint. We accordingly bore up, and in the midst of a heavy squall of wind and rain anchored off the consular offices at the town of the Dardanelles.

Our consul soon coming on board, from him we learnt that all men-of-war must have a firman, or permission to pass, from Constantinople before they are suffered to ascend the Dardanelles. We knew nothing of this regula-

tion, since by some chance no notice had been taken of it in the general orders to the squadron. It was clear that the Pacha in command of the fort had exceeded his instructions, as the rules are that in a case like ours two blank cartridges shall be first fired, and then followed up by shot if necessary. The captain accordingly went ashore to call upon the Pacha and demand an explanation. His apology was the truth, that he thought we wished to pass him in defiance of the regulations, and had an idea that we looked as if blank cartridge would not stop us. We were obliged to wait until a letter could be written to and answered from Constantinople. It was Tuesday, no steamer would go up before Thursday, and no answer be had before Saturday. Accordingly we had five days before us, and as our stroll about the town quite satisfied our curiosity, I agreed with a friend to trot over the classic ground of Troy. The brother of our consul was an old acquaintance and a local merchant; he volunteered to go with us, taking his servant, a young Jew, to look after our horses. On Wednesday afternoon, therefore, we hired a caique to take us to the village at the entrance of the Dardanelles. There we proposed to sleep. We had a very pleasant run down with the current, and landed just outside the outer castle of Asia in a sandy bay. That was the bay in which the Greek galleys had been drawn up at the siege of Troy, if ever there was such a siege. If never, there was one Homer made it real, and I believe in it as steadily as in the death of Nelson. Close by our landing-place was a pyramidal mound of stones called the Tomb of Achilles, and there was another some two hundred yards further inland, in which lie, or ought to lie, the bones of Patroclus. As usual in such cases, there is a dispute as to which tomb is which, or whether the two friends were not both buried in a single heap. We were not disposed to vex ourselves with doubt; and as we stood on the summit of the chief mound with the Hellespont at our feet, we thought of Hector's challenge to the Greeks, and his promise that if he conquered the body of the vanquished should be sent to their navy: —

"Green on the shore shall rise a monument;
Which when some future mariner surveys,
Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas,
Thus shall he say: A valiant Greek lies there,
By Hector slain, the mighty man of war;
The stone shall tell the vanquish'd hero's fame,
And distant ages learn the victor's name."

There rose up in our minds also other associations, and we endeavoured vainly to seize, while on the spot, the mysterious link by which those plains are connected with the Troy weight known to us in boyhood. The sun was setting behind Imbros and Samothrace,

and throwing its last beams over the plains of Troy; while in the distance Mount Athos stood out sharply as a pyramid in the western horizon. We saw with a proper amount of feeling Tenedos laved by the surges, and rocky Imbros break the rolling wave. Between the two islands are ragged islets, any one of which may have contained the cave at which Neptune put up his chariot when on his way to save the ships of the Greeks from their assailants. I recollected a severe caning that I had received when young which had immediate connexion with that very incident. Jackals have grubbed for themselves holes in the tomb of Achilles, and nest there, just as commentators make their nests now in the works of Homer; our Jewish companion proposed that we should smoke one out. Plenty of dry furze about the place gave a practicable look to his suggestion; but as we did not see wherein the fun of the proceeding would consist, we wandered on along the shores and thought about the venerable Chryses, the bright Chryseïs, and other people of that set. Here, we thought, where the peasant now sleeps in his mud hut on a bed of rushes were the tents of the Grecian host. The smoke of the fire yonder which cooks somebody's meal let us call fumes from the altars of Phœbus piled with hecatombs of bulls and goats; or let us imagine that it rises from the decks of burning galleys. We undertook to suppose that the hills were covered with the "lofty towers of wide extended Troy." We supposed ourselves to be favoured by the jackals and the owls with echoes — or traditions preserved on the spot — of ancient battle cries. The evening breeze we proposed to consider heavy with the souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain. In the blue mist rising from the Hellespont, we determined to see Thetis rising from her crystal throne, and all her Nereids getting up out of their pearly beds to follow the unhappy mother up the Trojan strand. Not until we had paid our debt to sentiment did we allow ourselves to think of supper.

A walk of a few minutes past a multitude of windmills brought us to a village of mud huts at the top of the hill, built upon the site of the ancient Sigeum. We made at once for the house of a Greek known to our friend Calvert, and sent down to the boat for our luggage. Each of us had taken a large blanket, a change of linen, and the necessaries of the toilet; for all else we looked to fate. The Greek gave us no reason to regret our trustfulness. His house was one of the largest in the village, built with walls of mud dried in the sun, having outside stairs also of mud, and an interior divided into two stories by a wooden floor. The house roof was of tiles. There was a large courtyard surrounded by a mud wall, the resort of oxen, goats, and geese, and fowls. There were also some out-houses filled with chaff, of which the flat roofs

formed a terrace. Upon that we took up our quarters, very much preferring open air on a fine starlight night in August, to close air and fleas. There was a good supply of large fresh rushes, which, when spread out, formed the best of beds, or a chair or a couch, when heaped together. On some fish just caught and fried, some boiled eggs, and a most delicious melon, we supped like Trojans before we retired to our respective blankets, using stars for night candles.

The clarions of innumerable Trojan cocks awoke us before daylight, and we prepared betimes for our day's march. The horses hired the night before had, however, to be shod, breakfast had to be eaten, and our blankets packed upon an extra horse that was to be ridden by a guide. We were not fairly off till six o'clock. The plains of Troy were then before us, and our first object was to ride across them to the ruins of Alexandria Troas. Round about the village, there were fields in stubble of barley and maize, there were others covered with dwarf vines, then bearing ripe fruit; and in other places melons or pumpkins straggled over the parched ground.

As we passed on the signs of cultivation disappeared, and we rode over what is evidently marsh in winter, but in summer dry and fissured mud. Here and there a pool of stagnant water still supported a small colony of snipe and wild duck, and twice on our ride we passed a corn-growing tract. In such places, the old Homeric threshing-floor was to be seen in full activity. We rode at a slow pace, and according to the custom here, in a line, the guide first; the rest following at a breakneck pace of about three miles an hour. It was past eleven before we had cleared the shore of Besika Bay, and crossed some rising ground which brought us down upon the harbour of Alexandria Troas. There our horses found the refreshment of a fountain, we the refreshment of a melon. So revived, we continued our ride over some hilly ground covered by the valonia oak to the principal remains of the city. These are on the summit of a hill which commands a very fine view of the islands of Tenedos and Imbros, the bay and the surrounding hilly country. There are numerous foundations of houses formed of a hard limestone, frequent traces of the city walls, a few sarcophagi, the towers of a gateway, and a singular structure called the Palace of Priam.

We enjoyed a couple of hours' rest and a light luncheon among those Roman ruins, fanned by a cool fresh breeze, and shaded by the oak trees which have sprung up on all sides. At about four o'clock we started again, in the same order as before, over the hills to see a granite quarry in which were some large columns ready cut. Our track was over hills covered with valonia, and

we passed not a house or a living thing for some miles, except one party of shepherds with their dogs and flock. A ride of about two hours brought us to a ridge of granite. At the very top of the ridge, on one side of the hill, is an old quarry, and there were the seven columns as they were finished when the town was alive, all ready for removal. We measured them with our walking sticks and did what else was necessary, then went on.

About half a mile from this quarry is the village of Kotsciola Bashy, most picturesquely situated on a slope near the summit of one of those granite-capped hills. Its white minaret forms a beautiful object in contrast with the heavy background of the granite rocks. Here we were lucky enough to meet with a Jew broker in the service of our friend, who was on an annual tour about the country, purchasing valonia for exportation to England. He procured us quarters in a garden close to the mosque, and we spread out our blankets upon mats beside a fountain and beneath a rich covering of grapes trained over trellis work. No meat could be procured, but our host promised us a Turkish dinner and served it to us in the garden quickly. The new moon appeared above the hills, the stars shone out, a delightful breeze played with the vine leaves, and the trickling fountain soothed us by its murmur. With such lights and music, we sat down before a low stool, on which a circular tin tray formed a table-cloth. The feast was then served to us by turbaned genii. First came a pillau of rice; then a thick soup made of the jelly of rice, with milk and minced eggs, the whole flavoured with vegetables; next, a dish of stewed bagnioles; then eggs fried in butter; and lastly, a sort of pancake, eaten dipped in honey; a dessert of melon and grapes wound up the entertainment. We slept where we had dined.

On taking a stroll, soon after daylight, round the village, we saw a herd of upwards of forty camels which had been brought thither to convey valonia to the shore. This is the chief produce of the country, the cup of the acorn being the only part of this oak sent to Europe; the acorn itself is used by the people of the place as food for cattle. The cup is packed in woollen bags and sent to Mr. Calvert's chief warehouse for exportation. A large tree in a good season will produce as much valonia as is worth three pounds, on the spot; but, taking tree for tree, perhaps the annual average is not above a dollar. However, very little care seems ever to be bestowed upon the trees. They do not belong to government, but to a number of small peasant proprietors. The walk and breakfast over we were off again by six o'clock for the village of Bournabashy, which is near the site of Old Troy and the sources of the Scamander, odious to schoolboys.

In about three hours and a half we arrived at the low land where this river rises. In the space of about an acre there are forty points at which the water gushes, cool and clear, from fissures in the limestone rock. The small streams trickle about till they unite and form a tolerable brook surrounded by luxuriant vegetation. Numbers of tortoises and many large fish were to be seen swimming about in the muddy brook; water-cresses grow upon its surface, and a large vegetable garden, surrounded by a blackberry hedge, fills the valley formed by the divisions of the stream. I found Scamander water-cresses very good. The village of Bournabashy is just above this river source, upon a hill which we passed on our way to the heights of the original Old Troy.

The first thing to be seen on the top of these heights is a pyramid of loose stones called the Tomb of Hector. The situation is magnificent. It is on one side of a deep ravine, through which the Simois winds in its course from Mount Ida to join the Scamander in the Trojan plains. The plains are to be seen extending to the Hellespont; while, in the opposite direction, mountain ridges fill up all the scene. About fifteen square stones, laid together without mortar, are the sole remains, or supposed remains, of the walls of Troy. We sat on them and talked moralities. A little further on, the sides of the ravine become precipitous, and at one spot almost perpendicular. Down that abyss, tradition says, the Trojans threw the wooden horse. Nothing more was to be seen, and we departed. The descent is steep beneath the tomb of Hector, and we led our horses down to cross the river at a ford about a mile below. Then we made for a farm, called Chiflik, or the Marsh farm, which is occupied by Mr. Calvert. Near this farm is a tumulus which popular tradition holds to be the burial-place of the Greeks killed at the siege of Troy. Mr. Calvert had it opened lately, and did really find in it a thick stratum of burnt bones, but nothing else of interest. He was not scholar enough to know whether the bones were Greek. The farm buildings at this place are extensive, and it is probable that the plain will yield rich harvests of corn. In winter the shooting both of woodcock, snipe, water-fowl, and hares is excellent. After a couple of hours' rest, and a luncheon of melon, cheese, and barley bread, the sole provision of the farm people, we rode on to the village of Ranqui, where Mr. Calvert has a country house and a large storehouse for valonia. We arrived at sunset, having been eight hours on horseback, — much riding for sailors. On our way, in a narrow path, we had met another party. First came a horse laden with two large travelling trunks, then another carrying a guide armed to the teeth; then the traveller, an Englishman, with a straw hat and umbrella; lastly, his travelling servant; and though in passing

we even had to touch each other in the midst of a wild, desolate country, not a word, or smile, or bow was exchanged between the children of Britannia. We behaved at Troy as well as we should have behaved in Piccadilly.

Mr. Calvert's house at Ranqui is situated on a hill that overlooks the Dardanelles from the entrance up to the inner castles. The valonia warehouse there established is a large building, used not only as a storehouse, but as a sort of factory, for there they separate the acorn from the cup; a process which provides employment for some fifty women and children. About three thousand tons are shipped annually from this warehouse. The price per ton varies between twelve and seventeen pounds, and the freight to England costs about two pounds per ton. It is principally shipped to Liverpool by schooners and small brigs, carrying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty tons. Thus our tanners find bread for the Trojans of to-day. From Ranqui no very long ride brought us, the next morning, back to the village of the Dardanelles. We were well pleased with our excursion. We had thought about the past and seen the present; the deeds of Achilles, and the trade in acorn-cups.

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## POT AND KETTLE PHILOSOPHY.

THERE are two branches of philosophy connected with pots and kettles; the one gastronomic, and the other pyrotechnic; the one relating to the food to be cooked, and the other to the arrangements for cooking. It is the latter of these on which the reader is about to be addressed. In our first volume, a few gentle hints were given on the imperfections of popular cookery; on the desirableness of young ladies learning to boil potatoes and broil chops as well as to embroider slippers and crochet anti-macassars. Here, however, we do not intend to find fault with any one. We would rather discourse on the numerous and ingenious contrivances for applying heat economically in cooking processes, and for doing many things at once in a small space. There are not only improved forms of grates, stoves, and ovens, heated by ordinary coal; but there are contrivances for obtaining fuel-like action from wood, from charcoal, from artificial fuel, from hot water, from steam, from spirit, and from gas; and there are kitchens portable, and kitchens club-like, such as the old school of cooks knew nothing about. It is not through want of coal that these novelties appear; but economy in coal is itself one of the producing causes of a very essential and desirable condition of things — cleanliness.

Do you doubt that we are making improvements in stoves, and grates, and cooking apparatus, by economising the heat of ordinary fuel? Read the ironmongers' bills, and look into their shops, and remove your doubt. Here is the Cottagers' stove, standing upon four legs. It has a square iron case, within and near one end of which is a fire-pot, the top of which opens into a flue to carry off the smoke: the rest of the vacant space constitutes an oven, while there is a boiler attached to the end nearest to the fire, and a hot plate and open cavity at the top for stewing, and frying, and boiling, and sundry other processes in cookery. Here is an assemblage of grate, oven, boiler, hot-plate, hobs and trivets, so set in a frame-work that it may be fixed into any sized fireplace, large or small, without setting; for the throat, or opening to the flue, is formed in the iron-work of the range itself, and is thus at once determinate in size and shape. Here is the Kitchener, in which one oven will roast while another bakes; in which the hot closets may do duty as pastry ovens; in which the back is formed by a boiler capable of containing fifty gallons of water; in which the top is so adapted, that the cook may attend to a dozen or so of little cookeries at one time; and in which every vagrant atom of heat is caught in the act of running away, and made to do useful work in some way or other. Here is another range of formidable dimensions, which claims credit for its Stourbridge fire-clay back, its frontage susceptible of variation in size, and its bars hung on hinges to facilitate cleansing. Here is another, adapted to the wants of boys or girls in a boarding school; it has a formidable array of sixteen spits, on which sixteen joints of meat may be impaled at once; and the bars, instead of being solid rods, are hollow tubes filled with water, as a means of economising heat. Here is a range in which the inventor has sought to indulge the Englishman in what he so much loves, an open cheerful fire, and at the same time to have the means of speedily converting it into a closed fire to economise fuel. Then we have stoves in which fire lumps are used: that is, slabs or bricks of Stourbridge clay are built into the sides and back of the stove, for the sake of the great power which this substance possesses of retaining heat. Then we have the American Improved Excelsior, a sumptuous name for an air-tight double oven cookery stove; in which the hot air, instead of being allowed to roam about hither and thither, is brought to work in a definite way at a definite spot. Every imaginable mode is adopted, in these various ranges, and grates, and stoves, and ovens, to effect this heat-economy; if the heat is not required to act directly upon the food, it is made to heat a vessel of water, or a cavity which may

serve as a baking oven, or a plate of iron which may be useful as a hot plate for dishes. Only save the heat, and you may be certain of finding it a useful servant in some way or other.

Commend us forthwith to this ingenious roasting-jack, called the Automaton. See how, in front of the range, is placed a sort of hemispherical oven; how a hollow tube projects from the lower part of this oven; how this tube thrusts itself into an opening beneath the fireplace of the range; how, by the heat in the interior of the oven, a current of air is sucked through the tube; how this current sets in rotation a vane wheel; and how this wheel twirls round the hooks to which the joint of meat is suspended. Let not material philosophers think that they alone understand the production of a current of wind by rarefaction due to the action of heat; here we have it all, in this roasting-jack. And see, in another instance, how Mr. Remington brings the theory of reflected heat to throw dignity upon his roasting-jack. Look at the concave metallic reflectors above and below, reflecting the otherwise wasted heat upon the savoury joint; look at the cunning little hole in the middle of the lower reflector, to let the rich essence drop from the meat into a little cup below; and look at the similar hole in the upper reflector through which the essence may be poured down to baste the meat. They use a concave metallic speculum, with a hole in the middle for the reflecting telescopes; and so they do for these roasting-jacks; therefore, &c. &c.

The bachelor's kettle is a crafty means for inducing a man to remain a bachelor, by making his life as easy as a glove. See what he can obtain for three shillings. He asks his landlady, or Polly the housemaid, to purchase one penny-worth of patent firewood; which firewood consists of a sort of wheel or a sort of gridiron mysteriously formed of small pieces of wood, resined to make them more captious and peppery. One of these structures he places in a little stove or grate; he kindles it; he places the stove on the hob to give the smoke and the chimney a chance of becoming acquainted; he surmounts the pile by a flat tea-kettle containing water; and by the time the farthing wheel or gridiron has burned itself out, there is boiling water enough to make moderate coffee for a moderate man. And if he will consume two patent firewoods instead of one, and has a little flat pan adapted to his apparatus, he can manage to dish up a steak or chop while the coffee is brewing. Bachelorship apart; there is really something in this power of making a cup of coffee for one's self, say before starting by the six o'clock train on a winter's morning, and before fires are lighted or housewives stirring.

A coffee-pot is not a coffee-pot

now: it is a mechanical pneumatico-hydrostatic piece of apparatus. Let us not for one instant imagine that making a pot of coffee is a trifling affair, beneath the dignity of scientific cookery. Ask the inventor to explain the action of his coffee-pot. "Sir," (he will thus discourse) "there are here different vessels or receptacles, which come successively into use. This glass vase, at the top, is furnished with a long narrow tube descending nearly to the bottom of this metallic urn. We put boiling water into the vase; it descends through the tube into the urn. We put the ground coffee upon a small perforated silver plate within the urn. We apply a spirit-lamp beneath, and —" "Oh, I see; the water boils up through the tube to the coffee." "Pardon me, Sir, it does not boil up; it is driven up. Steam, formed on the surface of the boiling water in the urn, forces by its elasticity the water up the tube into the glass vase, where it acts properly upon the ground coffee. We then remove the lamp; the formation of steam ceases; a partial vacuum is formed in the urn; and the external air, pressing on the liquid in the open vase, forces it first through the coffee-grounds, and then through the perforated silver-plate, into the urn below." "Oh, indeed!" "Yes, in a cheaper apparatus we boil on an open fire; but the urn with the spirit-lamp is a much better contrivance. The apparatus is elegant in design, it is very simple in use, it is free from disagreeable odour, it enables you to make your coffee on your breakfast table, it boils the coffee sufficiently to extract the essence, and yet leaves the aroma untouched by too fierce a heat, and it filters so rapidly as to lose neither heat nor flavour."

A crown of laurels for the maker of the Wolverhampton coffee-pot is the least that can be awarded. Talk not of the forcing-pump being merely a hydraulic apparatus: it is a cooking apparatus also. See how the forcing-pump here makes coffee. The pump, of necessity very small in dimensions, is fixed to the coffee-pot near the handle; the boiling water is poured into the pump, the ground coffee is put into a perforated vessel in the middle of the coffee-pot, and the water is forced through the infinitesimal coffee into the receptacle beneath.

Some persons try to cook by the aid of boiling water; or they try to enable other persons to try to cook by such means. An inner vessel is placed within an outer one; the space between them is filled with water; and this water, being heated to the boiling point, similarly heats the space within the inner vessel. But there is one permanent and effective limit to the use of such a system; water will not rise to a higher temperature than two hundred and twelve degrees of Fahrenheit, unless enclosed in formidable iron casings unsuitable for kitchen

arrangements; and this temperature, though suitable for boiling and some other processes, will not suffice for roasting or baking. We can imagine, however, that a cook would often be thankful for the means of ensuring a temperature limited exactly to this amount.

Cooking by steam is something of a puzzler. It is a great thing for a school-boy to mount up to the knowledge that a pound of feathers weighs as much as a pound of lead; and it requires an analogous degree of sagacity to perceive that a pound of steam is as heavy as a pound of hot water. But when we have attained that height, we are still at a loss concerning the advantage or economy of steam cookery. The truth is, however, that notwithstanding this equality in weight, a pound of steam contains very much more heat than a pound of the hottest of all possible hot water; the makers of steam-engines know this, and they laugh at all other caloric engines; and the makers of cooking-engines know this, and have sought to cook by steam. Somehow or other, it must nevertheless be owned, these steam-cookery affairs have scarcely held their ground; we seldom hear of their having attained a practical degree of efficiency; a vessel may be enveloped in hot steam, and may thereby be rendered equally hot; but steam, like boiling water, cannot be readily raised to so high a temperature as to be available for many of the more important operations of cooking. Steaming potatoes over a vessel containing boiling water is another affair; this is really a sensible project, for it is making good use of heat which else would be dissipated. As to the relative advantages of applying boiling water and steam to the food itself, we offer no opinion: it does not belong to our present pot-and-kettle philosophy.

Who can enumerate all the varieties in the arrangement of gas-cookery apparatus? Here is an arrangement with a fire-place of gas-jets in the centre, and pots and kettles enow around it to cook a dinner for fifty guests. Here is another, of which the inventor claims for it a power of cooking for a hundred guests at once. Here is a maker, who has a gas-cooking range, with roaster, oven, copper boiler, and stewing-plate, "capable for a dinner of sixty persons;" an apparatus for stewing by jets of gas mixed with atmospheric air; a gas gridiron for broiling chops and steaks; and a gas apparatus for toasting bread. A "pocket stove" is a conundrum not easily solved; but if by pocket be meant portable, there is a nice little affair entituled the "pocket stove for cooking by gas;" this gas seems to be generated in some way from heated spirits, and in so far the stove is a humble relation to the "magic" affair of M. Soyer. The *chef de cuisine*, just named, was once employed in cooking a monstrously-large piece of meat, to assist some jolly farmers in mourning over the effects

of free trade, at an agricultural dinner in Devonshire; he employed gas; and it is asserted that by an expenditure of five shillings in this aerial fuel, and five hours of time, he cooked a baronial joint of beef weighing five hundred and sixty-five pounds. Another inventor presents us with a hand-bill, in which is a picture of a gas stove as beautiful as a cabinet, and not much unlike it in shape; he tells us that by this apparatus a joint weighing twenty-five pounds may be roasted for less than one penny; that it requires no servant and no basting; and that we may have the pleasure of seeing joints of meat under process of roasting daily at his premises. The efficiency or non-efficiency of gas-cooking is among the controversies of the day. We know an establishment in the west of London, consisting of a large number of persons, who make a very observable impression on several large joints of meat every day. Until a year ago or so, there was a fine old range in the kitchen, and a fine fat old cook to attend to it; and the beef and mutton were done "to a turn;" but the expenditure of coal was awful; and the owners, willing to march with the age, spent about one hundred guineas in fitting up a gas-cooking apparatus. Twelve months sufficed to ruin the reputation of the new-comer; cook was dissatisfied with it, because it disturbed all her old ideas about cookery; and the diners were dissatisfied with it, because they said all the food seemed sodden, and neither baked, nor roasted, nor boiled properly; and the owners were dissatisfied because the others were dissatisfied. The gas-apparatus has been removed, and the kitchen-range restored. We offer no judgment on this, simply because we do not know who were to blame — the people or the apparatus; but it is only fair to state the matter, in juxtaposition with the Devonshire farmers' great piece of beef.

Whether the renowned Alexis Soyer has not gone somewhat beyond the range of ordinary mortals in his magic stove is a knotty question. Certainly this copper-bright piece of apparatus as far excels the bachelor's kettle in price, as the great Alexis excels Martha Muggins in cook-like science. But it is really a very cleverly planned stove — something chemical and flamboyant about it. Let us bear in mind that there are two lamps, and two reservoirs containing spirit or naphtha. Let us then suppose that one lamp is lighted; that the heat from this lamp-flame warms the second reservoir; that the spirit in this reservoir gradually rises to such a temperature as will enable it to give off spirit-vapour; that this vapour pours out through a tube as a continuous stream, and impinges upon the flame of a second lamp; that this flame, rendered much more intense by such spirituous feeding, very speedily heats a copper pan or kettle; and that such pan or kettle contains the

liquids or solids which are to be cooked — if we can picture all this, then can we picture the magic stove. It is a stove which blows its own bellows, the wind of the bellows being composed of spirit vapour. This is the stove which will inevitably "supersede every contrivance which ingenuity has hitherto devised for the rapid preparation of a comfortable meal;" which will entail "a cost of only three-farthings to dress a cutlet;" which will enable you to "cook as comfortably with it in the middle of a stiff nor'wester as if the sweet south were wooing your cheek in June;" which affords the means to "dress a mutton-chop by it in six minutes." All this has been said concerning it in print, and therefore of course must be true. A compact little affair it is, too; for the Maestro has so planned some forms of the apparatus, that a stove, lamps, stewpan, frying-pan, sauce-pans, plates, dishes, tea-kettle, and coffee-pot — sufficient mechanism to prepare a dinner for half a dozen persons — can be packed within the space of a cubic foot.

There are several small cooking vessels in which the heat is produced by some kind of spirit, such as alcohol or naphtha; but generally speaking they are more costly than apparatus in which solid fuel is employed. There are also forms of stove in which artificial fuel is burned, and which make a very desperate effort to consume their own smoke; but somehow they fail in their attempt, and it has not yet been found prudent to allow a stove to be without a chimney or flue of some kind or other.

Pot-and-kettle philosophy extends beyond the stoves and vessels themselves; it applies also to the kitchens in which the culinary operations are conducted. Some of the modern kitchens are chemical laboratories — nothing less; all the apparatus is adjusted and laid out and fitted as Professor Faraday would adjust his retorts, stills, receivers, alembics, and so forth. Great was the wonder when, a dozen years ago or so, the kitchen of the Reform Club House became displayed before the eyes of gastronomists. In this marvel of a kitchen very little window is to be seen; wall-space is too valuable, and sky-lights mainly fulfil the duty of windows. Two formidable long stoves form the nuclei of the apparatus; they have much brick in their construction, to economise heat; and they have whole regiments of round openings at the top to accommodate saucepans and stewpans, and all other pans. Most of the cookery is effected by the heat of charcoal, to obtain a strong fire without flame or smoke, while, by a clever arrangement of flues, the deleterious carbonic acid gas generated by the combustion of the charcoal is safely carried away. As the skin of a cook's face is as valuable as the skin of any other man's face, and as this skin is liable to be scorched and converted into a kind of crackling by

exposure to too much heat, there is a clever arrangement of tin screens, so armed and jointed that they can be brought before any open fires in the twinkling of an eye, and as these screens are brightly polished on the back, they reflect much of the heat which falls upon them, and thereby render this heat available in the cookery. Then there are two huge roasting stoves or grates — not unprofitably deep from front to back, as most of our kitchen stoves are, but having a great height with a depth of only four or five inches, thereby bringing all the heat to the front, where it is alone wanted; and the bars, instead of being horizontal, are vertical; hinged, moreover, to facilitate the cleansing of the interior. The joints which revolve on their several spits in front of these fires! How nicely the distance is regulated, according to the size and delicacy of the joint! The kitchen-table is itself a stroke of genius, with its scooped out hollows in which the cooler may stand; its sponges and water to keep all clean, its army of little boxes and vessels to contain salt, pepper, and so forth, and its steam-heated iron receptacle for hot plates. The scullery with its large steam boiler; the larder with its indescribably neat contrivances for keeping meat sweet and cool; the tube by which a clerk in the upper regions communicates orders to the king of the kitchen below; and the lifting apparatus whereby the savory viands are made to ascend to the dining-room — all are subsidiary to this mighty kitchen.

## NEAR CHRISTMAS.

ALL the year long we have been travelling towards Christmas; I, and my old wife, our children, and our grandchildren; not all by the same road, not all with the same expectations, but all looking out alike for the first glimpse of its smoke rising above the wintry landscape of the year. Now we can see how near it is by the grey towers of its minster, towards which our faces have been set for days; we almost fancy that we hear the chiming of its famous bells — all Christmas towns are famous for their bells — and we know that we shall soon be at our inn. If life be a journey, and each year a stage upon the road, I do not know where else a sensible man would stop for the recruiting of his strength than in the fine old Christmas towns. There, if anywhere, men are to be found living together merrily; the inns are warm, the cheer is good, the amusements are of the heartiest, and the society is of the best. I have been through many a Christmas town — for I have travelled far — and I have rested thoroughly in each. I never found two of them alike; of late they have been much greyer and quieter than they used formerly to be; indeed, I could tell wonderful things, if I dared, of the great Christmas

cities far away, that I passed through when I was a boy. Nobody, however, would believe how full they were of lights and bells, how they were inhabited by merry conjurors, had beautiful things hung out of all the windows, and were carpeted with snow that became sugar when eaten. I do not think that I have been less happy in the quiet towns at which I have of late years rested. Let me confess so much. As for those about me who declare them to be not quiet, by any means, but perfectly uproarious with jollity, I do not interfere with their opinions; children so easily deceive themselves, it is enough for me that I am old enough to see things as they are. If my curly-headed grandson, Master Wattie, could but have seen one particular great city that I have passed through in my time — a city sixty stages distant from us now — he would not have thought last year's Christmas town so wonderfully brilliant. So I told him.

"Very likely, grandfather," he said, pointing to the old minster before us; which, as I could already perceive, was in a shockingly neglected state — covered with ivy, a sure sign that the inhabitants about it are a quiet race, and I am glad of it, for I like quiet — "very likely," he said; "that is the town for me. I know what it will be, O don't I!"

"Nice and quiet, certainly."

"Quiet! Whoop!" and he stood up in the carriage, trying — the spoiled boy — to urge on the horses, though he knows that they are steady roadsters, never varying their pace for anybody. "Quiet! Why, I can already hear the bells clashing as if they were mad with fun — and so can grandmother." He was safe in that appeal, because my dear old woman, if she is not younger than I am, will not consent to be as old, and owns to no defect of sight or hearing. "Grandmother hears them," cried the boy, "and if she can't see the illumination, I can."

"But it is bright noon, my boy."

"Noon and illumination too. The lamps are as bright as if the sky were pitch dark, and the sun blazes as if it had an ox to roast, though it don't blaze any heat but only merriment. I know what the town will be! I've dreamt of it ten nights running. It will beat the magic city that you've often told us of." My old woman having faith in children's dreams, asked for some information. "Well," he said, "do you see that stile under a holly bush? — that where the path ends that leads from Athéney Hall where brother Tom is at school? And just as we get there he'll jump over the stile with a great cricket bat in his hand and go into the town with us; and when he jumps over the stile he'll knock down the top bar and bring it with him, and we shall eat it, he and I, for it is nothing but a ginger-bread affair. I tell you what, too, I shall eat all the holly that I see, for it's pure sugar." — "My dear boy," said

his grandmother, "surely it will give you a sore throat, if you eat all the holly." — "O," he said, "I know all about that. It 's like snap-dragon, may hurt a bit, but it 's all eatable. There 's a great pond of snap-dragon just outside that town on the green where the turkeys are. But wait a bit, we haven't got there yet. After Tom comes we shall soon drive into a magnificent grove of trees with bright green waxlights instead of leaves, and bats and skates and balls and crossbows, breastplates, swords, pistols, cakes and oranges in bags, theatres, shuttlecocks and trumpets hanging from the branches; whatever I whistle at will tumble down into my hands, and there will be flocks of kites wheeling about in the air like crows, with their strings hanging down so that any one may catch them. That grove leads to the town, which is walled round with plum pudding and has no gates; every one makes a breach through with his teeth, and enters at it. As soon as we get in all the bells will ring, and all the chimneys will pour out volumes of smoke like silver to look at, beautifully scented; and the silver smoke will run together into silver bells that shall be tinkling up above us everywhere, and sound as if they were singing Christmas carols. Almost everybody will be indoors, and every house will be full of coloured windows, beautifully lighted; and we shall see all the walls shake with the laughing and dancing that goes on inside. Then we shall meet a big man in a pea coat with silver bells dancing about his head like gnats, and with one side of his hat and coat pasted with sugar; he will laugh and take me up upon his shoulder and be my horse, for that 's papa. And then a little girl will run from round a corner to us and tumble over a great stone of sugar candy into a puddle of custard, and get up laughing and put custardy arms round my neck; that will be sister Lou. Then there will come down the High Street a procession of all our uncles, aunts, and little cousins prancing on hobby-horses; and there will be a great deal of fun with them, and I shall get up behind Uncle Stephen and pick tops, and string, and nails, and little bradawls and parliament cake out of his pocket as we are all taken in procession to the principal inn. There we shall go into a room with walls of holly and a roof of misletoe, and a great steam of roast beef in the air. We shall stay a whole week in the town, and nobody will be cross, and there will be blindman's buff played all day long in the streets, and the pond on the green will be ablaze, and that 's where I shall go and dance with Lou every day after dinner, for we both of us like snap-dragon."

"You are a wild little boy," I said, "and those are childish dreams that you have had."

"Indeed," said my old woman, "quite ridiculous; but certainly

these Christmas towns are very wonderful."

"Of course they are," said the boy, "and beautiful."

"Yes, always beautiful—to you with home faces, frolic, and good cheer—in other ways to others in some way to all," exclaimed the old lady. "It was at a Christmas town, a long way back, that grandfather first came and kissed me."

"Of course," said Walter, "under the misletoe, I know. That's where I kiss sister Lou."

"And the year before that happened," said the old woman, "I walked into a Christmas city at the end of a long stage, very tired, and quite alone. A very strange thing."

"Tell us all about it, grandmother," shouted the boy.

"That was the saddest town of the kind I had seen; though, to be sure, I had not seen so many as twenty."

"Oh! but you know," said Master Walter, "that was a good deal. I only properly remember six. Come now! I'm not so very young."

"Well, venerable child, I thought that city a dreary one; there was a fog about it; nobody came near me whom I knew, and I was afraid at first to go in alone to any of the inns. I could just see the light from the great cathedral window shining through the mist, as I went by, and I heard a Christmas anthem being played upon the organ. So I went and sat down in the church."

"I know," cried the boy, triumphantly. "You went to sleep. I should myself."

"I listened to the music, and joined in the prayers; but when they were over, and I looked up, waiting for the sermon, I was blinded by the light, and turning aside, also because I felt that somebody's hand was upon mine, I saw that it was my mother who was touching me, and that she and my father sat by me just as they had done in the old pew at home, with a little brother on the other side asleep, just as he used to go to sleep, with his head always against my arm. I had thought them all dead; but there they were, just as they used to be, simply their own dear selves, not looking at all like ghosts or angels, only happy. There were many faces of old friends, too, in the church, and everything I saw made me feel happier and happier. We went out of church together, my father and mother walking just before me, and little Harry trotting by my side, holding my hand, not as if we had all suddenly met, but as if we had gone to church in company, and were quietly returning to our Christmas dinner. And we really did go home. How it came to be in that town I cannot tell; but back down that High-street, Christmas Town, we went, to the old cottage in Devonshire, and talked there as we used to talk, but with less laughter and more happiness. After dinner Harry fetched in somebody out of the cold; that was your grand-

father, and my father and mother looked at him; and my father said, 'He is a good man, Kitty,' and my mother came and kissed me on the lips. I had not seen grandfather a dozen times before. Then I lay down my head upon the table and cried for joy; and when I looked up I was in a very dull and dusty room, with only a little bread and cold meat by my side, but I still felt very happy. In the next Christmas town I reached, I dined with friends, and at the very same time after dinner that my father had said he was a good man and my mother had kissed me, I happening to be on the stairs, grandfather came and kissed me without any misletoe and spoke to me, and asked whether I would marry him. Upon the stairs! I was obliged to answer quickly, and said at once to him, "Yes; because you are a good man, Stephen."

"Well," said Walter, "that's a tolerable story. I should have liked your father and mother better, granny, if they had been ghosts. But there are the old Christmas towers coming closer and closer. If my dream isn't to come true I wonder what we really shall find under their shadow."

"At least," I said, "an inn of rest, and the society of fellow-travellers." "Besides plenty of fun," said Walter; "and I see Tom at the stile, waiting to go in with us. That's the beginning of my dream. We shall soon get under the Christmas trees and hear the chiming."

## MR. WISEMAN IN PRINT.

MR. WISEMAN is one of those inestimable personages who have a "view." As the world cannot go on, nor society be governed, but by means of somebody's "views," surely such men as Mr. Wiseman are the world's benefactors — furnishing views without fee or reward — asking nothing, in short, but appreciation. Mr. Wiseman, however, has found the world ungrateful. It gives him no appreciation: neither is it possible that it should; for it has thus far given him no hearing. Mr. Wiseman thinks he can prove to demonstration that, if only society could be brought to attend to this "view" of his for one single hour, all minds must necessarily embrace it, and the total regeneration of society would follow of course. Mr. Wiseman modestly declines to say how soon this would occur — how long precisely it would take to annihilate the very last and most tenacious of social evils; but, a few months more or less are of no great consequence in comparison with the centuries of human woe that lie behind us; and he, for one, will have patience with some slight postponements of social perfection when once his view is universally admitted.

He thought himself fairly on the way to success when, twenty-five years ago, a letter explanatory of his "view," and signed with his name at full length, appeared in a local newspaper in Cornwall;

but the world was not so struck with it as he expected, and it took no effect. This he ascribed at the time to the very small print in which the letter appeared, and to the editor not having in any way directed particular attention to it.

He was sure the Americans would be less torpid, and he made sail for New York, to see what could be done there. He found, indeed, that the Americans were anything but torpid; but there were two difficulties which destroyed his hopes in that hemisphere — most of the Americans were too busy to sit down quietly for the one hour which was necessary for making disciples of them; and again, the few who were willing to undertake the regeneration of society had, every one of them (it is a curious circumstance, but so it was), a "view" of his own, and of course each man's view was wholly incompatible with every other. Nearer home Mr. Wiseman's disappointments were no less signal. In Italy, he found there was no press or free speech. In Spain, nobody had any social ideas at all. In Germany, there seemed a flattering prospect of success; but his disciples rose into such ecstasies of delight at their own prodigious amplifications of his view, that he trembled lest his solid scheme should go off in a vapour, and disperse in thin air; which it presently did. In Holland his failure was clearly owing to his inability to express himself fluently in Dutch; for he could, on his side, make nothing of the objections proposed by solid friends at Amsterdam. He ventured into Russia, conceiving that, whenever Russia should become mistress of Europe his view would pervade Europe, if only he could get it established in Russia first; but, after the very first opening of his mouth to empty his heart, he was glad to take a certain little hint from a certain official personage, and to quit European Russia by the western frontier instead of the north-eastern. France was the great land of promise after America, and he went to Paris. He had nearly concluded a negotiation (I may be excused from saying of what nature, for the sake of certain citizens who might be endangered by further disclosure), when the *coup d'état* occurred; bringing forward very prominently another social view, not entirely reconcileable with Mr. Wiseman's. He decided that, on the whole, it would be best to give another chance to dear Old England — a chance of distinguishing herself by taking the first great step in the regeneration of the destiny of mankind; and he honoured her shores by setting foot on them (at Folkstone) on the tenth of February, eighteen hundred and fifty-one.

I shall be silent on what has occurred since, up to this very week. Posterity will know, Mr. Wiseman says, by a fitting record, the labours, sacrifices, and sufferings through which its bene-

factor has passed in its service; and to posterity I will leave his eulogium, for which I am sure he will show abundant cause. I proceed at once to the eventful Monday evening which disclosed to the great man's vigilant eye a bright and glorious prospect. He told me in my ear, as we came away together from that evening party, that Monday would henceforth be *the* day of the week to him.

Mr. Wiseman was standing in his usual dignified isolation — now lost in reverie, and now contemplating the surrounding countenances in the speculative mood of propagandism — when he was impressed and deeply moved by the aspect of one head in the crowd in which he discerned tokens of all the qualities that do honour to human nature: and his emotion was increased when he was informed that this was the very head which edited a morning newspaper. To obtain an introduction was the work of a moment; and it was necessary that we should be quick, as the hour had arrived for the editor to vanish to his duties. I shall ever bear testimony, happen what may, to the good nature of that gentleman's countenance and voice, and to the suavity of his manner. When he heard that Mr. Wiseman was a gentleman who had a "view," he did not change countenance; and, when informed that Mr. Wiseman's wish was to communicate that view, he at once invited that gentleman to send him a leader or two; which, if consonant with the principles of his paper, might be of public benefit. I discovered, when too late, that the editor had mistaken Mr. Wiseman's name; calling him by one which, though much less deserving of celebrity, was better known in editorial circles. The mistake, however, was no fault of Mr. Wiseman's. What it behoved him to do he did. He instantly returned home, had his lamp replenished, and spent the night in preparing that lucubration which he felt to be the most important emanation of his life.

As I was posting the packet in the morning, having left Mr. Wiseman to enjoy a few hours of sleep, brightened by dreams of hope, it struck me that it would be highly agreeable to him to see his "leader" in process of preparation for the public eye, and, by diligence and some importunity, I obtained from an acquaintance a promise that he would accompany me at night to the office of the paper in question, that I might see that important institution in full operation. So, Mr. Wiseman and I presented ourselves at the office-door at ten o'clock that evening.

When we entered the editor's room our eager glances descried the very manuscript on the editor's own desk, close by his elbow. We had before agreed that, in the pressure of such critical business, it was no time to engage the editor in the discussion of any view, even Mr. Wiseman's. We had agreed

to preserve a respectful silence; and to do that now was easy, for the article was not only there, but the editor's *imprimatur* was discernable in the corner. I saw the thrill which pervaded Mr. Wiseman's frame as these initials met his view. From that moment his cares were at rest, and mine for him; and we could devote ourselves to the spectacle before us with free minds, at full leisure for observation, and in that happy mood which is the natural result of success after long protracted effort.

As the editor did not refer to the "leader," we did not. He courteously pointed out to us the peculiarities of his position, among documents gathered, as it were, from all parts of the world. At his right were several piles of manuscript: and he was in the act of reading one when we entered. At his left was a great heap of unopened letters, showing a vast diversity of post-marks. There were letters aspiring to publication; sheets full of tabular statements, which had to be sent elsewhere for arrangement and condensation; reports of markets and of companies, opera tickets, and much besides. Next to these lay a pile of proof-sheets — leaders kept waiting for a suitable opportunity, like shotted guns, to be discharged when there was a mark to be hit. I had a momentary apprehension that Mr. Wiseman's might be thus delayed; but I need not have feared. There were four mouth-pieces at the editor's right hand, belonging to tubes which communicated with different parts of the establishment. One, we were told, was carried under the floor of the room we stood in, and down to the ground, and out into the street, and up the outside of the printing-office wall, into the room where the types are composed. Through this tube the editor uttered his order that Mr. Wiseman's article should be printed as soon as possible: and immediately a boy appeared, and the file that was handed to him was that which contained Mr. Wiseman's leader. It was a proud moment for Mr. Wiseman. Having glanced at the row of new books waiting on the editor's desk to be reviewed, and all shining in green, red, blue and gilding; and having noted that there were among them some French, some Italian, several American, and a few German works, we took our leave of the editor. Another gentleman engaged at another desk in the same apartment, had the courtesy to accompany us into the next room, and to give us some interesting information. He told us of the arrangements for having some one always on the spot, to receive telegraphic messages, and all kinds of sudden communications. A gentleman sleeps there, who is roused at five in the morning, to receive early dispatches — there being just time to insert any remarkable news before the final printing off for the morning mails. If there is anything worthy of insertion, he must rise and prepare

it for press; if not, he may turn round and have another sleep. I own I should not much like to have such an act of judgment to go through on first waking as to decide whether any rumour of war or political change be wild or substantial, silly or serious — the credit of the paper and one's own continuance in office hanging on the wisdom of the conclusion. Such is this functionary's duty, however. In the after part of the day, his business is to select and arrange the matter for the evening issue of the same paper under another name.

In the next room, which is well lighted and ventilated, we found two gentlemen comfortably established at a table under a lamp; another table containing a pleasant-looking tea-service. One was writing a notice of a concert— musical criticism being his department. The other was busy compiling and abridging law reports; and in the next apartment was an editor surrounded by provincial newspapers, from which he was compiling country news. No great deal is gathered in this way, as everything of importance, or worthy of any particular notice at all, is specially sent to the office from the different towns whence the local journals are sent.

Leaving these gentlemen to their quiet labours, we mounted a long flight of stairs leading to that very interesting apartment, the reporters' room. It was quiet enough, compared with what it is during the parliamentary session. Then, there is a perpetual rush during any important night of debate. Cabs are dashing backward and forward between the House and the office, the whole night. The first reporter, who has plenty of time before him, sits for three-quarters of an hour taking notes. These notes occupy three or four hours to write out; the next in succession sit half an hour; and the later ones twenty minutes — they having less time for writing out the speeches. Each must be punctually on the spot to relieve his predecessor, and must afford precise notice to him who is to follow. Arrived in the room, they sit at the desks which extend round three sides of the apartment, and begin to copy from their shorthand on slips of paper, each of which is headed by the writer's name, and numbered, thus, for instance: — "Smith follows Jones. 1." The next slip is headed "Smith, 2;" the next, "Smith, 3," and so on. At the foot of the last is written the name of the reporter who is to follow; as, for instance, "Brown;" and he heads his first slip with "Brown follows Smith. 1." The wonder is what is done with the speeches which are delivered last in a long debate. If the paper has to be printed to be dispatched by the morning trains before five o'clock, what can be done with the speeches that are not concluded at three or four? — thing which happens pretty often. They are, to say the truth, most marvellously condensed — those latest speeches. For a master

in the art of condensation, commend me to a newspaper reporter at four in the morning. What a scene that room must be at such an hour, with its hot atmosphere where the gas has been burning all night, and the haggard faces, and the scrawled papers! As we saw it, it was pleasant enough — airy and spacious, with only two reporters at work — one returned from a great dinner and now copying out the speeches; the other from a public meeting he had been attending in the country, whence he had just arrived by the express train.

In another room were persons employed in matters of various detail; one putting the numbers to the share list of the day, another arranging the law notices for the next day, and a third dealing with "flimsy." Flimsy is the thin paper used in the manifold writer, and employed by penny-a-liners, who communicate their facts to various papers, and save labour and time by writing all their copies at once.

By this time we began to be rather awe-struck with the sense of the quantity of wit, energy, and toil on the part of many, to supply the matter of one day's newspaper. We had seen many gentlemen, and heard of many more, diligently busy in intellectual labour, which we knew to be continued for six nights per week throughout the year, with the exception of the short autumn holiday allowed to each. We knew that every night, except Saturday, they were to be found here thus employed till very late into the night, and the editors until from three to four in the morning: and we were deeply impressed.

To us the aspect of the composing-room was even more striking; for we could trace the progress of Mr. Wiseman's leader. Here we met it, cut up into no less than thirteen pieces, and distributed among as many compositors. Bringing their little contributions of type to the "galley," or long tray in which it was collected, they joined their respective morsels together, numbering each with chalk on the margin as it was deposited. Mr. Wiseman was evidently congratulating them in his mind on the honour of having a hand in publishing his great "view." There were above half-a-hundred compositors; and the only cause of concern was that so few could share that honour. One was composing the list of births, marriages, and deaths; another a report of a trial, and so on: but our attention was engrossed by the larger type in which leaders are printed. When the whole of Mr. Wiseman's precious document was set, two or three slips were "pulled off;" one for the "reader," of course, and one, at my respectful request, for Mr. Wiseman, who buckled it into his pocket-book with a countenance expressive of intense satisfaction. He had now seen his leader in print, and was happy. He was at liberty to admire the ingenuity of one of the compositors, to whom belongs the honour

and glory of having achieved the perfect ventilation of the composing-room when many doctors in the art had failed. ' With fifty or sixty men in it, and gaslights in profusion, the air was fresh and cool as need be; and the healthful and cheerful appearance of the compositors was very striking. Nearly all of them have been employed many years at this office; and there was nothing in their aspect to occasion a doubt of their remaining for as many years longer.

Next, we visited the "readers" — three pairs in as many rooms; one of each pair reading aloud from the manuscript, while the other corrected the press. I had seen a boy carefully collect the pieces of Mr. Wiseman's manuscript in the composing-room, and put them into a basket hung in a corner. We now found them again in the hands of a reader. I saw that the monotonous loud tone of the reader jarred somewhat upon the nerves of Mr. Wiseman, who would doubtless have enjoyed a style of elocution susceptible of more emphasis, sympathy, and perhaps pathos: but he could now afford to let this pass, and even to make allowances on account of this kind of work being certainly as onerous as any that was going forward on the premises. Not only is the work far from being merely mechanical; but, as the hero of the night observed, much of it must be frivolous, and in every way uninteresting; as, for instance, the report of a cause about a patent, upon which the second pair of readers were engaged.

One remarkable apartment remained to be visited — a large room, in which the advertisements are ranged in type; those which are ordered for insertion so many times a week for a year, being deposited in long lines across the whole width of the room. One advertiser, we were told, pays to this office alone eight shillings and sixpence a day for every week-day of the year. Here we saw the standing title of the paper engraved on brass; and this was, as far as I remember, the last peculiarity of the establishment. We looked into the boiler-room under the engine, and saw the engine and printing presses; but there was nothing very peculiar about them, and they were not at work. The first batch of newspapers must be ready, as I said, for the morning trains, at a quarter before five; and another for the mails at seven, after an interval which permits the insertion of any fresh news. The types then stand till the afternoon; the evening version of the paper being printed off at three, and the whole type broken up at five.

When we were about to leave the establishment, and were once more admiring the fresh and cheerful appearance of the corps, it suddenly occurred to us, that though we now, at midnight, too sensibly felt that the end of our day was come, that of the compositors was only half over. They

did not rise till four in the afternoon. When their work was done, those who live in the suburbs (which several of them do) would not reach home till eight, when they would go straight to bed for seven or eight hours' sleep; thus hardly ever seeing daylight in midwinter. Mr. Wiseman's great work had been done the night before. He knew something about vigils for the benefit of mankind; and now, he might go home, and taste the sleep of the successful benefactor of mankind.

So we believed: and such sleep he enjoyed; and I am glad he did, as it enabled him the better to sustain the shock of the next morning. I was with him when the newspaper was brought in, and I caught his smile of triumph when his first glance assured him that his leader was there. But the second glance! To my latest day, I shall never lose the impression of that moment. Mr. Wiseman's statement of some social evils was preserved; that is, in a manner, with some omissions and changes of phrase: but the main part — all that contained Mr. Wiseman's "view" — was cut out! Not one syllable was left that could convey the slightest idea of the real object of the article. In fact, the remnant — for it was a mere remnant — occupied little more than half a column!

As soon as I had satisfied myself that Mr. Wiseman could sustain the shock, and might be left alone with his heroism, I snatched my hat and repaired to the editor's residence. He was not up; and his wife was evidently annoyed at the vehemence of my knock and pull at the bell. There was no use in waiting, as he would not rise for two or three hours. Late in the afternoon, I caught him at one of the clubs. His explanation was given with all courtesy; but it was inexpressibly vexatious. I have already mentioned a mistake in the name, when his introduction to Mr. Wiseman took place. It appears, that supposing the leader to be written by the gentleman for whom he had mistaken Mr. Wiseman in the first instance, he had sent it to the composing room before reading it. The "view" was one which, he said, could not be reconciled with the principles of his journal: yet he had virtually promised its admission. There was therefore but one thing for him to do; to use the part which was, as he expressed it, "harmless," and to omit the rest. One thing more he did. He referred me to the cashier of the journal for a cheque to the amount usually paid for a leader; and with this I returned to my friend.

I found him deriving, as usual, consolation from his own indomitable energies. He was stooping over some maps, exploring the route to the Great Salt Lake. He is so persuaded that, of all existing societies, the Mormons are the most likely to appreciate his "view," that he has nearly made up his mind to go among them and ascertain the real amount of their intelligence. The

only doubt indeed is (as he assured me, after contemptuously flinging the cheque into the fire) whether to make trial first of the Mormons, or of the new Chinese Christians. The reformation now going forward in China appears to afford a fine opening. My advice on the whole however is — as Mr. Wiseman does me the honour to desire my opinion — to begin with the Mormons. In case of failure there — which is however not rationally to be anticipated — the route to China by California will be practicable enough; and in California itself, perhaps — But I am apt to preach against the indulgence of a too sanguine disposition; and I will not — nor shall Mr. Wiseman if I can help it — look beyond the Great Salt Lake till we are on its shores.

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## PROTÉGÉS OF THE CZAR.

The world is sometimes astonished at the number of books produced for its instruction and amusement. It would be much more astonished, if it knew of the vast number more that are hanging perpetually over its head, in the state of project or of manuscript, waiting only for encouragement or opportunity to come forth. Every political event produces or brings to light a whole body of literature. We have just laid hands on a formidable manuscript — the result of great research and personal experience on the history, geography, and manners of the present seat of war, Bulgaria — which adds considerably to the current information on that part of the world.

We have already described the country that lies between Routchuck and Schumla, and mentioned the ordinary calculations made as to the population of the country. Our present authority considerably reduces the number of the inhabitants of Bulgaria Proper, making them to be no more than two millions; but adds, that the Bulgarian family has pushed vast colonies into Thessaly, Macedonia, and Epirus; which accounts for the common statement — which still seems exaggerated — that they number four millions and a half. About one-third of the population of Bulgaria professes Islamism. The Turks are generally collected in cities and villages occupying important positions; but the other Moslems are disseminated all through the country. They include a colony of Arabs taken prisoners in eighteen hundred and thirty-two, during the war between the Sultan Mahmoud and the Pacha of Egypt, who are settled in the districts of Babadag and Koustengi, and furnished with everything that was necessary to carry on the agricultural operations to which they had been accustomed. This little establishment has prospered well, and the traveller is pleased, as he proceeds along the valley of Dobritza, with the sight of a large village composed of houses nicely

built, and called by the people of the neighbourhood Arapkivi, or the Village of the Arabs. On the banks of the Danube, towards Silistria, there is a very small colony of Tartar Cossacks, who occupy themselves almost exclusively in fishing; but it is a mistake to suppose, as many do, that the whole province of Dobritza is inhabited by these wild people. Over its plains and valleys wander, among others, three thousand shepherds, who have come from Transylvania attracted by the richness of the pasturages, and are known under the name of Mokans. They enjoy the right of feeding their flocks without interference, in virtue of a special convention entered into between Turkey and Austria. The latter power protects them, on condition that they shall not only submit to the jurisdiction and surveillance of its consuls, but shall sell all the wool of their flocks to Austrian traders. Every individual, moreover, is obliged to pay annually to the consul a tax of four florins for his written permission to remain. This is a curious instance of the state of things which exists in various forms throughout Turkey; where there are a multitude of tribes and families enjoying a semi-independence, or forming, as it were, adjuncts to distant countries.

In the same district of Dobritza is found a small colony of Greek shepherds from Phocis, who came there formerly, like the Mokans, attracted by the excellence of the pasturages. For a long time this colony was diminished and renewed in a curious manner. Young boys used to beg their way across the whole of European Turkey; and, on arriving, took service with some relation who had already acquired a considerable flock. In three or four years they became possessed of a few sheep, bought with their savings, and then rapidly increased their fortunes; until, giving place to new arrivals, they could return home comparatively rich. Many, however, marry in the country, and those that were there when the Greek revolution broke out became subjects of the Porte and were never molested.

In the most populous and trading towns of Bulgaria, several thousands of Armenians have taken up their abode, but few Jews have thought it worth while to establish themselves in the country; and, most of those who are there, follow the trade of tinmen. A good many Zigans or Gypsies wander from village to village doing blacksmith's work. They have probably escaped from Wallachia, where their fellows are kept in the state of degrading bondage we have already described in a former article.

Two-thirds of the population of Bulgaria are, however, Christians belonging to the Greek Church. It is a singular mistake to count them as members of the Sclavonic family. It is true that they speak a Sclavonic dialect;

but they are a tribe of Tartar origin who were converted to Christianity long after their arrival in the country they now occupy. It is not well known at what period the Tartar language went completely out of use, nor how it happened that a Sclavonic dialect took its place. It is certain, however, that the conversion of the Bulgarians took place before the schism of Phocias, and that they separated from the Catholic Church at the same time with all the other Orientals.

We have already remarked that there are comparatively few well-peopled cities in the country. The Bulgarians prefer living in the little villages which are spread through the vast plains and valleys that descend, as it were, by a continual slope from the Balkan range to the Danube. They are a robust and fine looking people; their manners are simple; and hospitality is one of their virtues. Amongst them the religious feeling is strongly developed, and sometimes allied to extreme superstition. In the villages, where no churches are found, the Bulgarian thinks he has fulfilled his religious duties on Sunday and on other solemn days of the year, if he burns before the images of the saints — amongst which must always be that of the Virgin and child — as many little tapers as there are members in his family. These tapers are made by the women from the yellow wax which they possess in abundance; for every house has its bee-hive. The images of the saints are suspended, as in Russia, in some conspicuous place within the house, so that they may be seen immediately by those who enter. A pious person always takes off his cap and makes the sign of the cross before saluting the master of the house. These simple practices are followed with so much good faith, that they have a great effect in softening the manners and character of the people; who, accordingly, in their relations both with one another and with strangers, are mild and inoffensive, and recall in nowise the warlike appearance and habits of their ancestors.

In the towns the Bulgarians have adopted the Greek or Servian costumes; but the peasants have a national dress. It consists of a pair of trowsers, somewhat European in aspect, without folds, and of a kind of waistcoat puckered about the waist by a red or white sash, over which is a round jacket without a collar; the whole made of a coarse whity-brown cloth; of home manufacture, called *soukno*. Those who want to appear a little more elegant wear a kind of jacket with sleeves slit up to the shoulder, and adorned with embroidery. When the rains of winter come on, the inhabitant of the plain has a good hooded cloak to put on, the mountaineers wear a capote made of sheepskin. Add to this, a close woollen cap, brown or black, round which a white handkerchief is sometimes wound so as to form, as it were,

a half turban, and mittens made of thick leather, brown or variegated socks, and sandals (something in the form of a boat) fastened on the foot by thirty or forty thongs; and we have a complete idea of the kind of folks who may now be seen bringing provisions to the Turkish army, through the rains that are lashing the great steppes of Bulgaria.

The Bulgarian has long since lost the right of carrying arms, except when on a journey. On such occasions his appearance is more picturesque than ever; for he binds round his waist a huge leathern band with three lappets, in the holes of which he carries a pair of pistols and a long heavy dagger, ostentatiously exhibited in fine weather, but carefully covered when it rains by a kind of apron of leather thereunto provided. In general these bands are black or brown, but some people indulge in the luxury of red morocco, and add embroideries of white silk or shells arranged in quaint figures.

In the neighbourhood of the city of Sophia, the traveller is surprised at meeting figures that remind him of the knights of the middle ages. Over a long tunic with sleeves in white cloth is thrown a kind of coat, also white, open in front and slit on each side, without sleeves. The trowsers are white, and kept in place by a red sash bound round the tunic. Over the whole is thrown a great white cloak, bordered with red cord; and on the head is worn either a small white turban, or a sheepskin cap with its white wool. Pedestrians cover their feet with the usual sandal, but horsemen wear quaint-looking boots. It would be difficult to exaggerate the picturesque effect of this costume, when seen for the first time in sunny weather.

The Bulgarian women, especially when unmarried, are gracefully and sometimes richly dressed. They wear a short petticoat of red cloth, bordered by black velvet bands, and a boddice made of stuffs of various colours, adorned in front with pieces of money — gold or silver — Turkish or foreign, arranged with great taste. At a distance they seem to be defended by a bright cuirass. They arrange their hair in pretty plaits, over which they throw a white veil, or coif. The richness of a young girl's dowry is known by the quantity and quality of the ornaments of her boddice, and the value of the necklaces which the most fortunate wear. All Bulgarian women — rich or poor, old or young, married or widows — think it absolutely necessary to wear round the wrist a bracelet of gold, of silver, or of blue glass, according to their fortune. If they were to be deprived of this they would consider themselves most miserable.

At a distance of six hours' march, says our authority, from the little maritime town of Burgas, lies the village of Coporani, where we first saw the costume above described worn by young girls,

whose beauty made it appear the most elegant we had ever seen. It was in the month of April, on the Saturday of the last week of Lent. We had put up in the house of one of the magnates of the place, and were preparing to rest after the fatigues of the journey, although there remained yet two hours of daylight. Suddenly we heard in the distance a song chanted by feminine voices, which every now and then increased in power to repeat the chorus. We asked our waggoner to explain what these sounds meant; and he told us that the young maidens of the village were going from house to house, singing the Resurrection of St. Lazarus, and celebrating the solemnity that was to take place on the morrow, or Palm Sunday. Presently there appeared, at the entrance of the little court of our house, a bevy of young girls dressed out in their most elegant costumes, and singing, as they stood in a modest attitude, their song, the chorus of which, often repeated, was — "Jelo, Jelo, Jelo!" Then went out to them the daughter of our host, dressed as if for her bridal; and the whole group began to dance, still continuing their chant. Presently the leader of the band came forward, and threw upon our right shoulder a napkin of fine linen, embroidered at the edge with red cotton, and immediately returned to her companions. Our waggoner now informed us that we were bound, in return for the compliment paid us by this group of young and pretty girls, and to show to them our sense of their felicitations for the day of St. Lazarus, to give a present of money; but the custom of the country was not to place it in the hands of the leader, nor to throw it disrespectfully, but to tie it in the corner of the napkin which was upon our shoulder, and to give it back to the girl when she passed before us. He added, that those who would not, or could not, give presents of money, gave eggs, flour, or beans, according to their means; and that everything was afterwards divided in equal portions between the songstresses. We now saw two little boys standing behind the group of pretty beggars, each bearing a large basket, full of eggs, walnuts, and other provisions. Each, moreover, had upon his shoulders a sack of flour.

This is not the only opportunity which the young Bulgarian girls have of amusing themselves, and of procuring presents at the same time. They perform the same ceremony at Christmas, or New Year's-day, and on Twelfth-day. The custom, under different forms, is general through the East, in Greece, and in the Ionian Islands. In the latter countries, however, there is no dancing; and it is the boys who, in groups of four or five, go from house to house, repeating the song of the festival; partly to amuse themselves, partly to obtain money. We may add, that a similar practice is mentioned by classical au-

thors, and that even the words chanted on the occasion have been preserved under the name of the "Song of the Swallow."

The dance performed on this occasion at Coporani is general throughout Bulgaria, and is called *Kolo*. Our waggoner informed us that the chorus so often repeated meant, "Come hither, come hither, good girl." The *Kolo* is danced both by men and women on various occasions. When complete, both sexes join and form a circle, holding hands and moving round with the monotonous stamp common to the commencement of the war-dances of most tribes much further removed from civilization than the Bulgarians; or the Greeks, the Zigans, and the Albanians, who habitually perform the same dance. In many places it is the custom to interrupt the song by jests and merry sayings. The Bulgarian women — who are stout and short, but very pretty and jovial-looking — give life and animation to the dance more by their smiles than by their activity; for they are not nearly so light and graceful as the Greek women. However, we shall long remember our charming visitors at Coporani.

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## LOCKED OUT.

PRESTON — situated upon the banks of the Ribble, some fifteen miles from the mouth of that river — is a good, honest, work-a-day looking town, built upon a magnificent site, surrounded by beautiful country; and, for a manufacturing town, wears a very handsome and creditable face. Preston concentrates within itself all the factories of the district; so that, with one or two insignificant exceptions, it may be said that there are no factories within many miles of Preston not within the town itself. This seems an unimportant fact at first, but it exercises a powerful influence over the state of the labour market. The feeling of isolation is so strong in the town, that people from a short distance are spoken of as "foreigners."

As we glide into the station-yard, our first exclamation is, "What a dirty place!" Well, it is a dirty place that station-yard of Preston, and it doesn't do justice to the town. How her Majesty contrives to eat her luncheon within its precincts, when she passes through from her Highland home, we cannot imagine. The only pleasant sight within its boundaries, is the fresh face and golden ringlets of the little newsvendor, known to every traveller in this part of the kingdom, whose loyal practice it is, upon the occasions of Queen Victoria's passages through the town, to present her Majesty with copies of the morning papers on a silver salver.

We pass out of the station, astonished to perceive that the atmosphere, instead of being thick and smoky, is as clear here as the air upon Hampstead Heath. An

intelligent Prestonian explains that now, there are fifty tall chimneys cold and smokeless, and that ought to make a difference. Forty-one firms have "locked out" their hands, and twenty-one thousand workpeople are obliged to be at play. Preston in full work is, we learn, different from many other manufacturing towns. It is surrounded by agriculture — a smoky island in the middle of an expansive cornfield. The consequence is, that it enjoys a great supply of labour, and has less competition than at other places.

By this time we find ourselves on a level plain of marshy ground, upon the banks of the Ribble, and below the town of Preston. This is called THE MARSH, and it is at once the Agora and the Academe of the place. Here, if report speaks truly, do the industrial Chloes of Preston listen to the amorous pleadings of their swains; here modern Arachnes (far excelling Minerva in their spinning, whatever may be said of their wisdom), cast skilful webs about the hearts of their devoted admirers; here, too, do the mob-orators appear in times of trouble and contention, to excite, with their highly spiced eloquence, the thoughtless crowd; over whom they exercise such pernicious sway. When we arrive, the place is covered with an immense multitude of children at play.

Children, indeed: the extreme youth of the majority is remarkable. Mere lads in barragon jackets, and lasses considerably under twenty, pattering about in their neat little clogs (a distinguishing mark of the factory lass), form an overpowering proportion of the operative population. At least two-thirds of the hands employed upon a factory are under age; the parents either stay at home and mind the house, while their sons and daughters are working; or perhaps the mother takes in washing, whilst the father follows some handicraft trade out of doors. To marry a widow with five or six grown-up daughters, instead of being regarded as a misfortune, is here looked upon as a slice of good luck; whilst, on the better side of the picture, it is no uncommon thing to ask a young girl what her father is doing, and to receive for reply: — "Oh! he joost stops at home. There's foive on us to keep un atween us." This strange revolution in the natural order of things has been effected by the mighty power of steam. It has its bright side, but it also has its dark side. When you enter one of these vast work-shops, you see a world of complex machinery alive and busy; every wheel illustrating the dominion of the human intellect; yet it is a mournful subject of reflection, but it is nevertheless an undoubted fact, that nine-tenths of the human beings tending and controlling the wondrous creature, are so ignorant they cannot read and write, while more than one-half are destitute of either accomplishment. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing

to find an overlooker, a man in authority, and exercising proportionate influence over his fellow workmen, who can neither read a newspaper, nor sign his own name. The Sunday schools teach some of them to read, but writing is not looked upon as a Christian accomplishment, and the "unco' righteous" set their faces against writing on Sunday. To appreciate the fearful significance of this fact, we must recollect the preponderating influence necessarily possessed by those who can read and write, and when we come to reflect upon the way in which authority works upon an uncultivated mind, we shall not wonder at the testimony of one of the clearest-headed masters in Preston, when he says that he has invariably found that the cleverest workman (that is to say, clever in every respect, his work, his reading, and his writing) is always the greatest agitator. Comparative ability and shrewdness on the one side, ignorance, youth, and ambition on the other: what must not be the inevitable result?

Play is going on upon the Marsh with a vengeance; "kiss in the ring" is being briskly carried on; the sterner sort of lads are engaged in leap-frog or football. There are few symptoms of care and contention here, and for all we can see the lads and lasses might have turned out for an hour's recreation, only to return with a sharpened appetite for labour. On one part of the marsh an old punt has stranded, and its deck forms a convenient rostrum for the hypæthral or open-air orators of Preston. A meeting is about to take place, over which John Gruntle is to preside, and at which Cowler, Swindle, and O'Brigger are expected to address the people. Presently, a small knot of persons get upon the deck of the punt, the crowd thickens round them, "kiss in the ring" is suspended, the foot-ball is at rest, a few reporters make their appearance upon the punt, note-books in hand; Gruntle is voted into the chair, and one of those meetings which thirty years ago would have been a criminal offence is formally opened.

Gruntle is not very prolix — he is an old stager, and used to these things. In a few words he states the object of the meeting, and announces to the audience that their friend Cowler will address them. At this name a shout rends the air. Cowler is evidently the chosen of the people; rightly or wrongly, they hold him in great regard. His appearance is very much in his favour, for he wears the look of a straightforward honest man; a smile plays round his mouth as he steps forward with the air of a man sure of his audience; but the feverish and anxious expression of the eyes tells of sleepless nights and of constant agitation. "Respected friends," he begins; and, in a trice, he has plunged into the middle of the question. He has been accused, he says, of fostering agitation, and gaining advan-

tage from the strike. Why, how can they say that, when his constant cry has been for the masters to open their mills, and give the operatives their just rights? Let them only do that, and he'll soon show them how glad he'll be to give over agitating. It's not such very pleasant work, either, is agitating. For example, he himself hasn't been to bed for these two nights. Last night they got the money that their good friends in the neighbouring towns had sent them; so he sat up to take care of it, for fear some one should come and borrow it from them. (Laughter.) The editor of the London *Thunderer* had been abusing him. Well! here was a thing! Twenty years ago such a thing was never thought of as that a working man should be noticed by a London paper. But the editor had not been very courteous; he had called him "a fool," because he said that it was a shame for the wives of the cotton lords to wear silks and satins, whilst the factory lasses were forced to be contented with plain cotton. Was he a fool for that? ("Noa! Noa!" Great excitement among the lasses, and exclamations of 'Eh! Lord!")

To Cowler succeeds Swindle, a lean and hungry Cassius, the very example of an agitator! a man who has lived by literary garbage, without fattening upon the unwholesome stuff. He seems half tipsy; his eyes roll, and his gesticulations are vehement. One more glass of whisky and he would be prepared to head an insurrection. He rants and raves for a quarter of an hour, and we are pleased to observe that his audience are too sensible to care much about him.

Then comes O'Brigger, oily-tongued, and with a brogue. He complains that it has been charged against 'um that he is an Irishman. So he is, faith! and he 's moighty proud av it. The manufacturers are all av them toirants. However this toime they will learrn that the people av England are not to be opprissed; for they will get such a flogging as never they had in the coorse av their lives. He is appy to inforrm his koind friends that their funds are upon the increase intirely. As the pockets av the masters becomes moore and moore empty, so will the pockets av the operatives grow fuller and fuller. Thus O'Brigger continues to pour into the ears of these poor people the delusive strains of hope, and leads them to believe that in the dire struggle between Capital and Hunger, the latter will prove victorious; and as he proceeds, each fallacious picture is welcomed with an exclamation of "Wo'ont thot be noice?"

When O'Brigger has concluded, it is the turn of a crowd of the delegates to have their say. There is the delegate from this town, and the delegate from that factory; all with marvellous stories about the tyranny of the masters, the woes of the operatives, and the determination of each particular district to stand by Preston to the last. They all end by fiercely denouncing the

manufacturers, whom they term "the miserable shoddyocracy," a term derived from "shoddy," the refuse of cotton stuff, and "κρατέω" to govern; being, in fact, the result of uniting the Pindaric and Tim Bobbin dialects.

We walk sadly from "the Marsh," and reach a locked-up and smokeless factory, at the gates of which a knot of young girls are singing and offering for sale some of the Ten Per Cent. Songs, taking their name from the origin of the strike. In eighteen hundred and forty-seven, when trade was very bad, the masters told their workpeople that they could no longer afford to pay them the wages they had been paying, and that they must take off ten per cent.; upon the understanding, as the workpeople allege, that when times got better they would give them the ten per cent. back again. Whether such a promise was, or was not, actually given, we cannot presume to determine, for the masters emphatically deny it; but it is quite certain that, at the beginning of the present year, the Stockport operatives combined successfully to force the ten per cent. from *their* masters, and the Preston operatives aided them with funds. They acted upon Napoleon's principle of combining forces upon single points in succession, and so reducing the enemy in detail. Then it was that the Preston masters, fearing that similar tactics would be turned against themselves, combined to oppose the attempt, and eventually "locked out" their operatives. The songs are not remarkable for much elegance and polish, but they possess some earnestness and fire, and are undoubtedly composed by the operatives themselves. We step forward, tender a penny to one of the singers, and receive the following song, composed by an operative at Bamber Bridge: —

## TEN PER CENT!

*A New Song, on the Preston Strike.*

Come all you men of freedom,
Wherever you may be,
I pray you give attention,
And listen unto me.
It 's of this strike in Preston town,
Their courage being good,
I do believe they will stand firm
Whilst they have life and blood.
*Chorus* — So now, my boys, don't daunted be,
But stand out to the fray;
We ne'er shall yield, nor quit the field,
Until we 've won the day.

In eighteen forty-seven, my boys,
I am sorry for to say,
They took from us the ten per cent.,
Without so much delay;
And now we want it back again,
Our masters, in a pout,
Said they would not grant it us,
So we 're every one locked out.
*Chorus* — So now, &c.

There's Blackburn and there 's Stockport, too,
As I have heard them say,
Are ready to support us now,
And cheer us on our way.
So all unite into one band,
And never do consent
To go into your mills again,
Without the ten per cent.
*Chorus* — So now, &c.

In Preston town I do believe,
The masters are our foes,
But some of them, before it's long,
Will wear some ragged clothes.

But we'll unite both one and all,
And never will lament,
When this great war is ceased,
About the ten per cent.
*Chorus* — So now, &c.

The winter it is coming on,
It will be very cold,
But we'll stand out for our demand,
Like warriors so bold.
But if the masters don't give way,
And firmly give consent,
We'll stand out till their mills do fall,
All for the ten per cent.
*Chorus* — So now, &c.

Now to conclude and make an end
Of this my simple song,
I hope the masters will give in,
And that before it's long.
Before the masters' tyranny
Shall rule our rights and laws,
We'll have another strike, my boys,
If ever we have cause.
*Chorus* — So now, &c.

These ballads vary constantly to meet the exigencies of passing events. A disgraceful riot at Blackburn, in which some inoffensive persons were attacked for cotton-spinners, is celebrated by the Prestonian operatives in the following epic strain: —

The Preston manufacturers,
To Blackburn they did go,
To the Black Bull in Darwen Street,
Their tyranny to show.
The gallant troops of Blackburn
Full soon did find it out,
They sent broken bones to Preston,
And the rest run up the spout.
Hurrah! my boys, hurrah!
I 'd have them be aware,
Or the cotton lords of Preston
Will be drove into a snare.

The tyrants of proud Preston
Have returned home with shame,
Beat out by bold Blackburn,
Who have won the laurel's fame.
To subdue the foes of Preston,
Their minds are firmly bent,
To throw off the yoke of bondage,
And restore the ten per cent.
Hurrah! my boys, &c.

Tyrtæus wakened not more enthusiasm in the breast of his auditors, than these simple doggrels do among the rude but earnest crowds which throng to hearken to them. In one of the committee rooms, the work of distributing the funds volunteered by the operatives of the neighbouring towns towards the support of their brethren is going on. These funds are collected by six committees, and are distributed for the relief of a little more than fourteen thousand of the hands. Since the commencement of the strike upwards of twenty-four thousand pounds have been contributed by the poor for the support of the poor. Each committee relieves its own hands. The Power-loom Weavers' Committee cares for the interests of the weavers, the winders, the warpers, the twisters, the dressers, the helpers, and the reachers; the Spinners' and Self-actors' Committee sees to the spinners, the minders, the piecers, and the bobbiners; the card-room hands have their committee, and the throstle spinners, the tape machine sizers, and the power-loom overlookers theirs; each collects and distributes its funds without in any way interfering with the others. The proceedings in the room we peep into are quiet, orderly, and business-like.

Again we sally out into the dingy streets, and find that the evening is closing in over them. More knots of "lads and lasses" idling about the corners, more bands of singers, solitary famine-

stricken faces, too, plead mutely for bread, and even worse expedients are evidently resorted to for the purpose of keeping body and soul together: in Preston, as elsewhere, the facilities for crime are too abundant, and we repeat to ourselves those lines of Coleridge: —

Oh I could weep to think, that there should be
Cold-bosomed lewd ones, who endure to place
Foul offerings on the shrine of misery,
And force from Famine the caress of Love.

Ignorance of the most deplorable kind is at the root of all this sort of strife and demoralizing misery. Every employer of labour should write up over his mill door, that Brains in the Operative's Head is Money in the Master's pocket.

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## MIASMA.

Near a cotter's back door, in a murky lane,
Beneath steaming dirt and stagnant rain,
Miasma lay in a festering drain.

A home of clay, cemented with slime,
He artfully built — for he hated lime —
'Midst slop, and rot, and want, and crime,
He lay securely, biding his time.

Though a voice cried, pointing out his lair,
"Run, run, for Miasma lies hidden there!"
It died unheeded away on the air.

Living and breathing the filth among,
Miasma's home was secure and strong,
And the cotter did nothing; for nothing went wrong.

And his children would play by the poisonous pool,
For they liked it much better than going to school.

Then Miasma arose from his reeking bed,
And around the children his mantle spread —
"To save them from harm," Miasma said.

But they sighed a last sigh. He had stolen their breath,
And had wrapped them in Cholera's cloak of death.

## TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE HUGUENOTS.

I have always been interested in the conversation of any one who could tell me anything about the Huguenots; and, little by little, I have picked up many fragments of information respecting them. I will just recur to the well-known fact that, five years after Henry the Fourth's formal abjuration of the Protestant faith, in fifteen hundred and ninety-three, he secured to the French Protestants their religious liberty by the Edict of Nantes. His unworthy son, however, Louis the Thirteenth, refused them the privileges which had been granted to them by this act; and, when reminded of the claims they had, if the promises of Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth were to be regarded, he answered that "the first-named monarch feared them, and the latter loved them; but he neither feared nor loved them." The extermination of the Huguenots was a favourite project with Cardinal Richelieu, and it was at his insti-

gation that the second siege of Rochelle was undertaken — known even to the most careless student of history for the horrors of famine which the besieged endured. Miserably disappointed as they were at the failure of the looked-for assistance from England, the mayor of the town, Guiton, rejected the conditions of peace which Cardinal Richelieu offered; namely, that they would raze their fortifications to the ground, and suffer the Catholics to enter. But there was a traitorous faction in the town; and, on Guiton's rejection of the terms, this faction collected in one night a crowd of women and children and aged persons, and drove them beyond the lines; they were useless, and yet they ate food. Driven out from the beloved city, tottering, faint, and weary, they were fired at by the enemy; and the survivors came pleading back to the walls of Rochelle, pleading for a quiet shelter to die in, even if their death were caused by hunger. When two-thirds of the inhabitants had perished; when the survivors were insufficient to bury their dead; when ghastly corpses out-numbered the living — miserable, glorious Rochelle, stronghold of the Huguenots, opened its gates to receive the Roman Catholic Cardinal, who celebrated mass in the church of St. Marguerite, once the beloved sanctuary of Protestant worship. As we cling to the memory of the dead, so did the Huguenots remember Rochelle. Years — long years of suffering — gone by, a village sprang up, not twenty miles from New York, and the name of that village was New Rochelle; and the old men told with tears of the sufferings their parents had undergone when they were little children, far away across the sea, in the "pleasant" land of France.

Richelieu was otherwise occupied after this second siege of Rochelle, and had to put his schemes for the extermination of the Huguenots on one side. So they lived in a kind of trembling uncertain peace during the remainder of the reign of Louis the Thirteenth. But they strove to avert persecution by untiring submission. It was not until sixteen hundred and eighty-three that the Huguenots of the south of France resolved to profess their religion, and refuse any longer to be registered among those of the Roman Catholic faith; to be martyrs, rather than apostates or hypocrites. On an appointed Sabbath, the old deserted Huguenot churches were re-opened; nay, those in ruins, of which but a few stones remained to tell the tale of having once been holy ground, were peopled with attentive hearers, listening to the word of God as preached by reformed ministers. Languedoc, Cevennes, Dauphigny, seemed alive with Huguenots — even as the Highlands were, at the chieftain's call, alive with armed men, whose tartans had been hidden but a moment before in the harmonious and blending colours of the heather.

Dragonnades took place, and cruelties were perpetrated, which it is as well, for the honour of human nature, should be forgotten. Twenty-four thousand conversions were announced to Le Grand Louis, who fully believed in them. The more far-seeing Madame de Maintenon hinted at her doubts in the famous speech, "Even if the fathers are hypocrites, the children will be Catholics."

And then came the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A multitude of weak reasons were alleged, as is generally the case where there is not one that is really good, or presentable; such as that the Edict was never meant to be perpetual; that (by the blessing of Heaven and the dragonnades) the Huguenots had returned to the true faith, therefore the Edict was useless — a mere matter of form, &c. &c.

As a "mere matter of form," some penalties were decreed against the professors of the extinct heresy. Every Huguenot place of worship was to be destroyed; every minister who refused to conform was to be sent to the Hôpitaux des Forçats at Marseilles and at Valence. If he had been noted for his zeal, he was to be considered "obstinate," and sent to slavery for life in such of the West Indian islands as belonged to the French. The children of Huguenot parents were to be taken from them by force, and educated by the Roman Catholic monks or nuns. These are but a few of the enactments contained in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

And now come in some of the traditions which I have heard and collected.

A friend of mine, a descendant from some of the Huguenots who succeeded in emigrating to England, has told me the following particulars of her great-great-grandmother's escape. This lady's father was a Norman farmer, or rather small landed proprietor. His name was Lefebvre; he had two sons, grown men, stout and true; able to protect themselves, and choose their own line of conduct. But he had also one little daughter, Magdalen, the child of his old age, and the darling of his house; keeping it alive and glad with her innocent prattle. His small estate was far away from any large town, with its corn fields and orchards surrounding the old ancestral house. There was plenty always in it; and though the wife was an invalid, there was always a sober cheerfulness present, to give a charm to the abundance.

The family Lefebvre lived almost entirely on the produce of the estate, and had little need for much communication with their nearest neighbours, with whom, however, as kindly well-meaning people, they were on good terms, although they differed in their religion. In those days coffee was scarcely known, even in large cities; honey supplied the place of sugar; and for the potage, the

*bouilli*, the vegetables, the salad, the fruit, the garden, farm and orchard of the Lefebvres was all-sufficient. The woollen cloth was spun by the men of the house on winters' evenings, standing by the great wheel, and carefully and slowly turning it to secure evenness of thread. The women took charge of the linen, gathering, and drying, and beating the bad smelling hemp, the ugliest crop that grew about the farm; and reserving the delicate blue-flowered flax for the fine thread needed for the daughter's *trousseau;* for as soon as a woman child was born, the mother, lying too faint to work, smiled as she planned the web of dainty linen, which was to be woven at Rouen, out of the flaxen thread of gossamer fineness, to be spun by no hand, as you may guess, but that mother's own. And the farm-maidens took pride in the store of sheets and table napery which they were to have a share in preparing for the future wedding of the little baby, sleeping serene in her warm cot, by her mother's side. Such being the self-sufficient habits of the Norman farmers, it was no wonder that in the eventful year of sixteen hundred and eighty-five, Lefebvre remained ignorant for many days of that Revocation which was stirring the whole souls of his co-religionists. But there was to be a cattle fair at Avranches, and he needed a barren cow to fatten up and salt for the winter's provision. Accordingly, the large-boned Norman horse was accoutred, summer as it was, with all its paraphernalia of high-peaked wooden saddle, blue sheep-skin, scarlet worsted fringe and tassels; and the farmer Lefebvre, slightly stiff in his limbs, after sixty winters, got on from the horse block by the stable wall, his little daughter Magdalen nobding and kissing her hand as he rode away. When he arrived at the fair, in the great place before the cathedral in Avranches, he was struck with the absence of many of those who were united to him by the bond of their common persecuted religion; and on the faces of the Huguenot farmers who were there, was an expression of gloom and sadness. In answer to his inquiries, he learnt for the first time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He and his sons could sacrifice anything — would be proud of martyrdom if need were — but the clause which cut him to the heart, was that which threatened that his pretty, innocent, sweet Magdalen might be taken from him and consigned to the teachings of a convent. A convent, to the Huguenots' excited prejudices, implied a place of dissolute morals, as well as of idolatrous doctrine.

Poor Farmer Lefebvre thought no more of the cow he went to purchase; the life and death — nay, the salvation or damnation — of his darling, seemed to him to depend on the speed with which he could reach his home, and take

measures for her safety. What these were to be he could not tell in this moment of bewildered terror; for, even while he watched the stable-boy at the inn arranging his horse's gear without daring to help him — for fear his early departure and undue haste might excite suspicion in the malignant faces he saw gathering about him — even while he trembled with impatience, his daughter might be carried away out of his sight, for ever and ever. He mounted and spurred the old horse; but the road was hilly, and the steed had not had his accustomed rest; and was poorly fed, according to the habit of the country; and, at last, he almost stood still at the foot of every piece of rising ground. Farmer Lefebvre dismounted, and ran by the horse's side up every hill, pulling him along, and encouraging his flagging speed by every conceivable noise, meant to be cheerful, though the tears were fast running down the old man's cheeks. He was almost sick with the revulsion of his fears, when he saw Magdalen sitting out in the sun, playing with the "fromages" of the mallow-plant, which are such a delight to Norman children. He got off his horse, which found its accustomed way into the stable. He kissed Magdalen over and over again, the tears coming down his cheeks like rain. And then he went in to tell his wife — his poor invalid wife. She received the news more tranquilly than he had done. Long illness had deadened the joys and fears of this world to her. She could even think and suggest. "That night a fishing-smack was to sail from Granville to the Channel Islands. Some of the people, who had called at the Lefebvre farm, on their way to Avranches, had told her of ventures they were making, in sending over apples and pears to be sold in Jersey, where the orchard crops had failed. The captain was a friend of one of her absent sons; for his sake —"

"But we must part from *her* — from Magdalen, the apple of our eyes. And she — she has never left her home before, never been away from us — who will take care of her? Marie, I say, who is to take care of the precious child?" And the old man was choked with his sobs. Then his wife made answer, and said, —

"God will take care of our precious child, and keep her safe from harm, till we two — or you at least, dear husband, can leave this accursed land. Or, if we cannot follow her, she will be safe for heaven; whereas, if she stays here to be taken to the terrible convent, hell will be her portion, and we shall never see her again — never!"

So they were stilled by their faith into sufficient composure to plan for the litte girl. The old horse was again to be harnessed and put into the cart; and if any spying Romanist looked into the cart, what would they see but straw, and a new mattrass rolled

up, and peeping out of a sack-cloth covering. The mother blessed her child, with a full conviction that she should never see her again. The father went with her to Granville. On the way the only relief he had was caring for her comfort in her strange imprisonment. He stroked her cheeks and smoothed her hair with his labour-hardened fingers, and coaxed her to eat the food her mother had prepared. In the evening her feet were cold; he took off his warm flannel jacket to wrap them in. Whether it was that chill coming on the heat of the excited day, or whether the fatigue and grief broke down the old man utterly, no one can say. The child Magdalen was safely extricated from her hiding-place at the Quai at Granville, and smuggled on board of the fishing-smack, with her great chest of clothes, and half-collected *trousseau;* the captain took her safe to Jersey, and willing friends received her eventually in London. But the father — moaning to himself, "if I am bereaved of my children I am bereaved," saying that pitiful sentence over and over again, as if the repetition could charm away the deep sense of woe — went home, and took to his bed, and died; nor did the mother remain long after him.

One of these Lefebvre sons was the grandfather of the Duke of Dantzic, one of Napoleon's marshals. The little daughter's descendants, though not very numerous, are scattered over England; and one of them, as I have said, is the lady who told me this, and many other particulars relating to the exiled Huguenots.

At first the rigorous decrees of the Revocation were principally enforced against the ministers of religion. They were all required to leave Paris at forty-eight hours' notice, under severe penalties for disobedience. Some of the most distinguished among them were ignominiously forced to leave the country; but the expulsion of these ministers was followed by the emigration of the more faithful among their people. In Languedoc this was especially the case; whole congregations followed their pastors; and France was being rapidly drained of the more thoughtful and intelligent of the Huguenots (who, as a people, had distinguished themselves in manufacture and commerce.) when the King's minister took the alarm, and prohibited emigration, under pain of imprisonment for life; imprisonment for life, including abandonment to the tender mercies of the priests. Here again I may relate an anecdote told me by my friend: — A husband and wife attempted to escape separately from some town in Brittany; the wife succeeded, and reached England, where she anxiously awaited her husband. The husband was arrested in the attempt, and imprisoned. The priest alone was allowed to visit him; and, after vainly using argument to endeavour to persuade him to

renounce his obnoxious religion, the priest, with cruel zeal, had recourse to physical torture. There was a room in the prison with an iron floor, and no seat, nor means of support or rest; into this room the poor Huguenot was introduced. The iron flooring was gradually heated (one remembers the gouty gentleman whose cure was effected by a similar process in "Sandford and Merton;" but there the heat was not carried up to torture, as it was in the Huguenot's case); still the brave man was faithful. The process was repeated; all in vain. The flesh on the soles of his feet was burnt off, and he was a cripple for life; but, cripple or sound, dead or alive, a Huguenot he remained. And by and bye, they grew weary of their useless cruelty, and the poor man was allowed to hobble about on crutches. How it was that he obtained his liberty at last, my informant could not tell. He only knew that, after years of imprisonment and torture, a poor grey cripple was seen wandering about the streets of London, making vain inquiries for his wife in his broken English, as little understood by most as the Moorish maiden's cry for "Gilbert, Gilbert." Some one at last directed him to a coffee-house near Soho Square, kept by an emigrant, who thrived upon the art, even then national, of making good coffee. It was the resort of the Huguenots, many of whom by this time had turned their intelligence to good account in busy commercial England.

To this coffee-house the poor cripple hied himself; but no one knew of his wife; she might be alive, or she might be dead; it seemed as if her name had vanished from the earth. In the corner sat a pedlar listening to everything, but saying nothing. He had come to London to lay in a stock of wares for his rounds. Now the three harbours of the French emigrants were Norwich, where they established the manufacture of Norwich crape; Spitalfields in London, where they embarked in the silk-trade; and Canterbury, where a colony of them carried on one or two delicate employments, such as jewellery, wax-bleaching, &c. The pedlar took Canterbury in his way, and sought among the French residents for a woman who might correspond to the missing wife. She was there, earning her livelihood as a milliner, and believing her husband to be either a galley-slave, or dead long since in some of the terrible prisons. But, on hearing the pedlar's tale, she set off at once to London, and found her poor crippled husband, who lived many years afterwards in Canterbury, supported by his wife's exertions.

Another Huguenot couple determined to emigrate. They could disguise themselves; but their baby? If they were seen passing through the gates of the town in which they lived with a child, they would instantly be arrested, suspected Huguenots as they were. Their expedient was to wrap the

baby into a formless bundle; to one end of which was attached a string; and then, taking advantage of the deep gutter which runs in the centre of so many old streets in French towns they placed the baby in this hollow, close to one of the gates, after dusk. The gend'arme came out to open the gate to them. They were suddenly summoned to see a sick relation, they said; they were known to have an infant child, which no Huguenot mother would willingly leave behind to be brought up by Papists. So the sentinel concluded that they were not going to emigrate, at least this time; and locking the great town gates behind them, he re-entered his little guard-room. "Now, quick! quick! the string under the gate! Catch it with your hook stick. There in the shadow. There! Thank God! the baby is safe; it has not cried! Pray God the sleeping-draught be not too strong!" It was not too strong: father, mother, and babe escaped to England, and their descendants may be reading this very paper.

England, Holland, and the Protestant states of Germany were the places of refuge for the Norman and Breton Protestants. From the south of France escape was more difficult. Algerine pirates infested the Mediterranean, and the small vessels in which many of the Huguenots embarked from the southern ports were an easy prey. There were Huguenot slaves in Algiers and Tripoli for years after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Most Catholic Spain caught some of the fugitives, who were welcomed by the Spanish Inquisition with a different kind of greeting from that which the wise, far-seeing William the Third of England bestowed on such of them as sought English shelter after his accession. We will return to the condition of the English Huguenots presently. First, let us follow the fortunes of those French Protestants who sent a letter to the State of Massachusetts (among whose historical papers it is still extant) giving an account of the persecutions to which they were exposed, and the distress they were undergoing, stating the wish of many of them to emigrate to America, and asking how far they might have privileges allowed them for following out their pursuit of agriculture. What answer was returned may be guessed from the fact that a tract of land comprising about eleven thousand acres at Oxford, near the present town of Worcester, Massachusetts, was granted to thirty Huguenots, who were invited to come over and settle there. The invitation came like a sudden summons to a land of hope across the Atlantic. There was no time for preparations; these might excite suspicion; they left the "pot boiling on the fire" (to use the expression of one of their descendants), and carried no clothes with them but what they wore. The New Englanders had too lately escaped from reli-

gious persecution themselves, not to welcome, and shelter and clothe these poor refugees when they once arrived at Boston. The little French colony at Oxford was called a plantation; and Gabriel Bernon, a descendant of a knightly name in Froissart, a Protestant merchant, of Rochelle, was appointed undertaker for this settlement. They sent for a French Protestant minister, and assigned to him a salary of forty pounds a year. They bent themselves assiduously to the task of cultivating the half-cleared land, on the borders of which lay the dark forest, among which the Indians prowled and lurked, ready to spring upon the unguarded households. To protect themselves from this creeping deadly enemy, the French built a fort, traces of which yet remain. But on the murder of the Johnson family, the French dared no longer remain on the bloody spot; although more than ten acres of ground were in garden cultivation around the fort; and long afterwards those who told in hushed, awe-struck voices of the Johnson murder, could point to the rose-bushes, the apple and pear trees yet standing in the Frenchmen's deserted gardens. Mrs. Johnson was a sister of Andrew Sigourney, one of the first Huguenots who came over. He saved his sister's life by dragging her by main force through a back door, while the Indians massacred her children, and shot down her husband at his own threshold. To preserve her life was but a cruel kindness.

Gabriel Bernon lived to a patriarchal age, in spite of his early sufferings in France and the wild Indian cries of revenge around his home in Massachusetts. He died rich and prosperous. He had kissed Queen Anne's hand, and become intimate with some of the English nobility, such as Lord Archdale, the Quaker Governor of Carolina, who had lands and governments in the American States. The descendants of the Huguenot refugees repaid in part their debt of gratitude to Massachusetts in various ways during the War of Independence; one, Gabriel Manigault, by advancing a large loan to further the objects of it. Indeed, three of the nine presidents of the old Congress, which conducted the United States through the Revolutionary War, were descendants of the French Protestant refugees. General Francis Marion, who fought bravely under Washington, was of Huguenot descent. In fact, both in England and France, the Huguenot refugees showed themselves temperate, industrious, thoughtful, and intelligent people, full of good principle and strength of character. But all this is implied in the one circumstance that they suffered and emigrated to secure the rights of conscience.

In the State of New York they fondly called their plantation or settlement, by the name of the precious city which had been their stronghold, and where they had

suffered so much. New Rochelle was built on the shore of Long Island Sound, twenty-three miles from New York. On the Saturday afternoons, the inhabitants of New Rochelle harnessed their horses to their carts, to convey the women and little ones; and the men in the prime of life walked all the distance to New York, camping out in their carts in the environs of the city, through the night, till the bell summoned them on Sunday morning to service, in the old Church du Saint Esprit. In the same way they returned on Sunday evening. The old longing for home recorded in Allan Cunningham's ballad —

"It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain would I be;
O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!" —

clung to the breasts, and caused singular melancholy in some of them. There was one old man who went every day down to the sea shore, to look and gaze his fill towards the beautiful cruel land where most of his life had been passed. With his face to the east — his eyes strained, as if by force of longing looks he could see the far distant France — he said his morning prayers, and sang one of Clément Marot's hymns. There had been an edition of the Psalms of David, put into French rhyme, ("Pseaumes de David, mis en Rime françoise, par Clément Marot et Théodore de Bèze"), published in as small a form as possible, in order that the book might be concealed in their bosoms, if the Huguenots were surprised in their worship while they lived in France.

Nor were Oxford and New Rochelle the only settlements of the Huguenots in the United States. Farther south again they were welcomed, and found resting-places in Virginia and South Carolina.

I now return to the Huguenots in England. Even during James the Second's reign, collections were made for the refugees; and, in the reign of his successor, fifteen thousand pounds were voted by Parliament "to be distributed among persons of quality, and all such as by age or infirmity were unable to support themselves." There are still, or were not many years ago, a few survivors of the old Huguenot stock, who go on quarter-day to claim their small benefit from this fund at the Treasury; and doubtless at the time it was granted there were many friendless and helpless to whom the little pensions were inestimable boons. But the greater part were active, strong men, full of good sense and practical talent; and they preferred taking advantage of the national good-will in a more independent form. Their descendants bear honoured names among us. Sir Samuel Romilly, Mrs. Austin, and Miss Harriet Martineau, are three of those that come most prominently before me as I write; but each of these names are suggestive of others in the same families worthy of note. Sir Samuel Romilly's an-

cestors came from the south of France, where the paternal estate fell to a distant relation rather than to the son, because the former was a Catholic, while the latter had preferred a foreign country with "freedom to worship God." In Sir Samuel Romilly's account of his father and grandfather, it is easy to detect the southern character predominating. Most affectionate, impulsive, generous, carried away by transports of anger and of grief, tender and true in all his relationships — the reader does not easily forget the father of Sir Samuel Romilly, with his fond adoption of Montaigne's idea, "playing on a flute by the side of his daughter's bed in order to waken her in the morning." No wonder he himself was so beloved! But there was much more demonstration of affection in all these French households, if what I have gathered from their descendants be correct, than we English should ever dare to manifest.

French was the language still spoken among themselves sixty and seventy years after their ancestors had quitted France. In the Romilly family, the father established it as a rule, that French should be always spoken on a Sunday. Forty years later, the lady to whom I have so often alluded was living, an orphan child, with two maiden aunts, in the heart of London city. They always spoke French. English was the foreign language; and a certain pride was cultivated in the little damsel's mind by the fact of her being reminded every now and then that she was a little French girl; bound to be polite, gentle, and attentive in manners; to stand till her elders gave her leave to sit down; to curtsey on entering or leaving a room. She attended her relations to the early market near Spitalfields; where many herbs not in general use in England, and some "weeds" were habitually brought by the market-women for the use of the French people. Burnet, chervil, dandelion were amongst the number, in order to form the salads which were a principal dish at meals. There were still hereditary schools in the neighbourhood, kept by descendants of the first refugees who established them, and to which the Huguenot families still sent their children. A kind of correspondence was occasionally kept up with the unseen and distant relations in France; third or fourth cousins it might be. As was to be expected, such correspondence languished and died by slow degrees. But tales of their ancestors' sufferings and escapes beguiled the long winter evenings. Though far away from France, though cast off by her a hundred years before, the gentle old ladies, who had lived all their lives in London, considered France as their country, and England as a strange land. Upstairs, too, was a great chest — the very chest Magdalen Lefebvre had had packed to accompany her in her flight, and escape in the mattrass. The stores her fond mother had

provided for her *trousseau* were not yet exhausted, though she slept in her grave; and out of them her little orphan descendant was dressed; and when the quaintness of the pattern made the child shrink from putting on so peculiar a dress, she was asked, "Are you not a little French girl? You ought to be proud of wearing a French print — there are none like it in England." In all this, her relations and their circle seem to have differed from the refugee friends of old Mr. Romilly, who, we are told, "desired nothing less than to preserve the memory of their origin; and their chapels were therefore ill-attended. A large uncouth room, the avenues to which were narrow courts and dirty alleys, . . . . with irregular unpainted pews, and dusty unplastered walls; a congregation consisting principally of strange-looking old women scattered here and there," &c. Probably these old ladies looked strange to the child, who recorded these early impressions in after life, because they clung with fond pride to the dress of their ancestors, and decked themselves out in the rich grotesque raiment which had formed part of their mother's *trousseau*. At any rate, there certainly was a little colony in the heart of the City, at the end of the last century, who took pride in their descent from the suffering Huguenots, who mustered up relics of the old homes and the old times in Normandy or Languedoc. A sword wielded by some great-grandfather in the wars of the League; a gold whistle, such as hung ever ready at the master's girdle, before bells were known in houses, or ready to summon out-of-doors labourers; some of the very ornaments sold at the famous curiosity-shop at Warwick for ladies to hang at their *châtelaines*, within this last ten years, were brought over by the flying Huguenots. And there were precious Bibles, secured by silver clasps and corners; strangely-wrought silver spoons, the handle of which enclosed the bowl; a travelling-case, containing a gold knife, spoon, and fork, and a crystal goblet, on which the coat-of-arms was engraved in gold; all these, and many other relics, tell of the affluence and refinement the refugees left behind for the sake of their religion.

There is yet an hospital (or rather great alms-house) for aged people of French descent somewhere near the City Road, which is supported by the proceeds of land bequeathed (I believe) by some of the first refugees, who were prosperous in trade after settling in England. But it has lost much of its distinctive national character. Fifty or sixty years ago, a visitor might have heard the inmates of this Hospital chattering away in antiquated French; now they speak English, for the majority of their ancestors in four generations have been English, and probably some of them do not know a word of French. Each inmate has a com-

fortable bedroom, a small annuity for clothes, &c., and sits and has meals in a public dining-room. As a little amusing mark of deference to the land of their founders, I may mention that a Mrs. Stephens, who was admitted within the last thirty years, became Madame St. Etienne as soon as she entered the hospital.

I have now told all I know about the Huguenots. I pass the mark to some one else.

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## CHIPS.

### THE HISTORY OF A COAL CELL.

A CELL, according to the prison disciplinarian, is a solitary chamber for the confinement of a guilty member of society: a cell, according to the galvanist, is a small receptacle for certain elements from which galvanic fluid is evolved: a cell, according to the botanist, is "a little closed vesicle, the basis of all the varied vegetation of the world." It is the history of this last cell that we wish to give.

Although wonderfully minute, this cell plays an important part in the life of both animal and vegetable creation. Not only do we and all other animals depend upon the workings of the cell for our nutrition, for the preparation of our daily food, and for the purification of the atmosphere which we breathe; but ourselves are made up of cells. As in the vegetable world — from the Arctic snow-plant lying in red patches for miles on the ground, and composed of one cell only, up to the oak which includes in its structure unnumbered millions of cells — so in the animal world, from the tiniest animalcule up to man himself, the whole chain of organism is built up by cells.

What we know of the growth of the plant-cell may be simply stated thus: — It is composed of a wall, tough though delicate and transparent, with a semi-fluid lining. This lining has the power of doubling internally; and, each of these interior divisions receiving a coating of cell-wall, becomes a perfect cell, bursting forth to renew the same process. This beautifully simple operation is carried on frequently with the most marvellous rapidity. In the Bovistia Gigantica, a rapidly growing fungus, it is calculated that twenty thousand new cells are formed every minute. The plant therefore is composed in its entire bulk of cells assuming various forms, according to external pressure or internal nutrition; and, upon the processes which go on within the cell, is dependent the very existence of the world as at present constituted. The structure of the cell-wall is such that, not being soluble, it permits the passage of fluids. The whole of the nourishment of the cell is obtained by the absorption of fluids from the earth in which are dissolved gases and salts; and upon this nourishment, and the manner in which it is performed, rests the whole framework of creation. The

materials retained by the cell undergo, in its interior, chemical changes which man can only admire; while, with the aid of the most complicated apparatus, he vainly attempts to imitate them.

Dissolved in water, the cell receives carbonic acid, ammonia, and certain salts and other matters; and from those materials it prepares not only all that is necessary to the life of the plant itself, but all that is necessary to the life of man. It produces starch, sugar, gum, oil; and, in addition, all those nutritious substances upon which depends the power of vegetable products to form animal tissue, and therefore their nutrient power in relation to man. Out of the few materials mentioned, the cell elaborates the whole of the substances upon which we feed and live; and not only these, but very many of the conveniences and comforts of like — caoutchouc and gutta percha, to wit; while our organic drugs are almost without exception derived from this source. We cannot stay to enumerate the thousand and one materials with which the cell itself supplies us independently of the secretions, some of which we have mentioned; although among these are included cotton, flax, wood and coal — four great sources of the prosperity of this country.

The operations of the cell in the formation of coal are so highly interesting and important that we must devote a minute to explaining the relation of the living cell to fossil coal. This is connected with the influence of light and heat on the cell — that is, the action of the sun upon the plant. Except under the influence of light and heat, the cell will not perform its great function of purifying the air we breathe, and rendering it fit for respiration by decomposing the carbonic acid, retaining the carbon and restoring the oxygen to the atmosphere. The manner in which light and heat act in the cell, is well explained by a theory supported by Dr. Edwin Lankester. He supposes that this important operation is effected by the combination of light and heat, with the carbon in the plant-cell; and that by this combination the plant is very slowly fossilised. Two thousand years after the commencement of that process it is dug up as coal and burnt. Now burning we know to be merely a process of oxidation. We oxidise the contents of the fossil cell; and what is the result? Our fires give off carbonic acid and give out light and heat; that is, by supplying the oxygen given off before, we have the old combination of carbon and oxygen. Can anything give us a higher idea of the marvellous beauty and simplicity of the operations of nature? Carbonic acid gas, which we give off in enormous quantities from our lungs in the process of respiration, and which, if allowed to accumulate in the atmosphere, would destroy human life, is absorbed by the coal-making plant, and becomes the chief

element of its nutrition: the oxygen of which it is partly composed, and which is necessary to human life, is restored to the atmosphere. The carbon, being retained, is converted, on the one hand, by the plant-cell into nourishment for the animal creation; and on the other, it is made into a fuel, which becomes the great civiliser of the universe. This fuel man raises from the bowels of the earth for his own comfort and convenience; and never dreams that in doing so he is doing anything more than availing himself of the wonderful power of the plant-cell to store up light and heat for his use. But here we may see a new relation of the cell to the great laws of the universe; it is necessary that, for the purpose of respiration, the atmosphere should be temporarily purified of that carbonic acid gas which is fatal to animal life; but if this gradual abstraction of carbon were to go on unbalanced by any returning source, the increase of animal and vegetable organism would be impossible, for the great bulk of both plants and animals is pure carbon; we ourselves are walking masses of carbon. Notwithstanding that fresh masses of carbon are supplied from volcanic and other sources, still these would be insufficient to counterbalance the quantity abstracted; and there can be no doubt that in digging up the coal, men are furnishing the means under a natural law, which they unconsciously obey, of the increase of their species. We cannot refuse to see in this an instance of the beautiful adaptation of the laws of nature to created beings; of the complete subservience to man of the great organic laws of the universe; of their instrumentality in promoting his comfort; and the necessity he is under of acting in accordance with and support of those laws.

We have but dipped into the great sea of wonders, which the history of this small vesicle, the cell, presents in its vegetable existence only. Hereafter we may speak of the further history of the cell.

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## THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN;

### AND THE PRINCE DE VENDOME.

At the beginning of the Turkish troubles a very singular personage arrived at the court of the Sultan to take part in them; for there is nothing your true knight-errant loves like troubled waters. He called himself Louis de Valois, Duke of Vendôme, and haughtily asserted that he descended from the last scion of an ancient race of French kings, and that he was in reality heir to the throne of France. He said indeed that he and His Sublimity the Sultan of Constantinople were the only two legitimate sovereigns in the world with whom he was acquainted.

His arrival created an immense sensation. Selim Pasha assured Hamed Bey, in a confidential whisper, that he came to entreat the protection of the Sultan of Constantinople against the attacks

of the Russians and Chinese — a race of barbarian infidels who lived near a place called London, of which he had often heard from a Christian dog of a merchant, who bought the figs and olives of his Pashalik. He assured the listening Hamed, with many wise wags of his venerable beard, that His Sublimity the Sultan had been graciously pleased to receive the royal envoy, who had been presented by the French ambassador on his hands and knees, with many marks of his august favour; that he had deigned to accept the suzerainty of France, which was henceforth, and for ever, to be held in fief of the Sultan of Constantinople, and to pay an annual tribute. Finally, the Pasha, opening the inmost recesses of his gifted and amiable mind to the faithful Hamed, proceeded to show him how he meant to undermine the favour of the subject monarch, in order that he himself might be named Prince or Waywode of France at some future date. This would be an easy thing, inasmuch as an infidel might always be safely accused of blaspheming the true faith, or of having stamped on the spot where the Sultan's shadow had rested while going to the mosque, or of being a Sheytan, or evil spirit. This virtuous man's aim being thus accomplished, he would lose no time in appointing the wondering Hamed as his kaimacam, or lieutenant.

The news flew from mouth to mouth as fast as breath could carry it. The men of Constantinople began to treat the French subjects in the place with unusual marks of kindness and protection, and all were eager in portioning out to their own profit the goods of the subject land which had just submitted itself so dutifully, and become annexed to their country. Hey! what fat pashaliks would be forthcoming by and bye.

Meantime, it soon became known that His Highness the Duke de Vendôme aspired to the command in chief of the armies of Constantinople, in the war which was then expected with the Russians. This seemed reasonable enough under such circumstances, thought his believers. He was a man, too, whose air and manners were admirably calculated to support pretensions, however extravagant. He had a plentiful stock of the gravity, assurance, and plausibility which succeed so well with Orientals. In person he was of gigantic stature, and though his face was not of the cast which pleases a physiognomist, he was handsome. His forehead was high, but narrow; the nose and mouth well cut; but the shifting and uncertain expression of the eye never could have belonged to an honest man. It seemed always to be mutely asking how much you believed of him, or trying to penetrate into your thoughts, and see if you had heard or suspected anything against him. For the rest, he wore his beard, already growing grey, after the fashion of the Orientals, and dressed in a manner rather

more imposing than is usual among French gentlemen of real rank and consideration; but, perhaps this was part of his tactics, and not ill judged if it were so.

He took up his quarters at the first hotel in Constantinople, and engaged a numerous suite; for the clever man, who seemed to have well studied his part, knew that nothing is more respected in the East than a splendid retinue. He had secretaries, aides-de-camp, grooms, and horses, all obtained on credit; and things at first went smoothly enough. Day after day he enacted the part of the courtly host to admiring pashas and beys, who went away full of his praises. His Highness and his Highness's wife — one of those pretty, quiet women who always fall in love with a lion — were an honour to the hotel at which they lived. They promised also to be a considerable profit, for they lived in the best rooms at a great expense, just at the very time when the *beau monde*, and travellers who came to Constantinople, were all too glad to run away into the country to escape the fierce heats of summer.

At length came the unlucky quarter of an hour, so pathetically mentioned by immortal Rabelais. One morning, the bowing landlord presented his bill. The Prince was all affability. He had not time to see his bankers just then, but would send to them to come to him immediately he could spare the time. Unluckily, he had no money but a thousand pound note by him. If, however, M. Bouffet had change, eh? — and the Prince, in his brocaded dressing-gown (got on credit over the way), rose from his honoured seat upon his august legs, and looked towards a splendid escritoire — which was quite empty, for it had only just been sent home — and His Highness twirled the golden key in his hand with an inquiring glance.

Mine host was all blushes and apologies. He was desolated at having deranged His Royal Highness. Might he be permitted to retire himself?

The Prince consented; and, shortly after, the Princess, His Highness's august consort, sent for Madame Bouffet, and made her the prettiest compliments possible upon the general arrangements and excellence of the hotel. Madame Bouffet received them curtseying to the ground. She was an Englishwoman, and had been "own maid to Her Excellency the British Ambassadress, but she never expected to have the honour of seeing a crowned 'ed under her 'umble reuf, but ryalty was scarce in these rumbustical" (she meant republican) "days, and so it wuss, yer Ryal Majesty's 'Ighness."

Her Ryal Majesty's 'Ighness complimented Madame Bouffet again on the excellence of her political opinions, and having learned all the scandal of the place and ascertained that Madame Bouffet had never expected to marry a Frenchman, "which her father was in the oil and Italian business, but had married her

mother-in-law, and sent her out to service, which she never was brought up to," with much other information of a similar nature; and having given Mrs. Bouffet a dress, worn by her royal self at the coronation (it was black satin), accordingly, the storm was lulled for a time. Mercy on us, what humbugs those quiet, gentle women are; what proficients in roguery a roguish husband can make them; what a very right arm of help they are in good or evil — true as steel in the darkest adversity!

The days rolled on, however, and all things must come to an end with time. Inquisitive persons began to remark, that His Highness's visitors were all men of Constantinople, and that neither his ambassador, or any other considerable person among the Franks, appeared to be aware of his existence, or called upon him — except the chargé d'affaires of Tombuctoo — and his character as a Lothario was so well known, and the Princess was so pretty, that Mrs. Bouffet thought his visits might as well have been dispensed with.

At last one of the French attachés came in from the country to lionise a party of his compatriots, who wished to see the wonders of the land, and this young gentleman having nothing better before him, when the fatigues of a long sight-seeing day were over, brought his whole party to the hotel to dinner. M. Bouffet who, like every one else in Constantinople, had formerly had something to do with one of the overgrown embassies, greeted the young official with that mixture of respect and familiarity which belongs peculiarly to the manner of foreign upper-servants. When, however, he mildly requested the attaché not to light a cigar, because they were then standing immediately under the windows of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Vendôme, it was very natural that the young gentleman should require "*ce bon Bouffet*" to explain himself more at length; which he did. The attaché laughed, and opined that he had been preciously taken in.

Bouffet persisted in vowing that his story of the Prince's arrival and pretensions was undeniable, for that he had trusted him to the amount of many thousands of francs. "But," resumed the puzzled Bouffet, "Monsieur the Count would have an opportunity of seeing the Prince in person at the table d'hôte, where His Highness was graciously pleased to dine."

Poor Bouffet said "Highness," and "graciously pleased" still, though terribly chapfallen. It is hard to give up a pleasant error, and little people are quite as fond of "booing" as great ones are of being "booed" to. Poor Bouffet, he had been bragging of his guest till the rival hotel (kept by two elderly Englishwomen who quarrelled with everybody) felt quite snubbed; and now, instead of seeing his doors thronged with

an admiring crowd waiting for the Prince to go out, he would become the ridicule of the whole Christian quarter of Constantinople, and be bitterly reproached by all who had trusted his illustrious guest upon his braggadocio representations.

The imposing presence and suite of the Duke, however, at first even staggered the attaché. He thought Bouffet might have mistaken, and that he really saw before him a man of royal rank. But, alas! on the left-hand of His Highness sat his secretary, and the moment that the eye of the attaché fell upon him doubt was at an end, for he recognised him as a rogue who had been convicted of all sorts of dishonesty, and to whom he had often given a few francs in contemptuous pity. Looking also more fearlessly now at the Princess, a smile broke over his face at the recognition of an old acquaintance. Her Royal Highness turned pale as she met the arch look of this young gentleman; the Prince bit his lips, and the bubble burst.

It was with a very different face that M. Bouffet rendered himself on the following day in the apartments of Monsieur. He came with a long bill in hand, with his wife conversing in audible whispers at the door; with the listening servants behind him on the stairs; — but who has not seen the admirable picture of "Waiting for a remittance?"

The Duke de Vendôme was not staggered. He did not quail even before the enraged eye of his enemy. The conversation was long between them; but Madame Bouffet at last stole into the room; the whispering waiters on the stairs were hushed; mine host's angry voice died away into a respectful murmur. The Prince would go to his bankers and pay the bill within an hour or two.

He went out into the street with towering crest and courteous bow; mine host thought that Monsieur the Count (the attaché) had "mocked himself with him," and that the things he had heard to the disadvantage of their Highnesses were a *mauvaise plaisanterie*.

It was a wet day; for there are wet days in Constantinople as well as in London. The unpaved streets were like a quagmire — all mud and slosh; but the erect and stately form of the adventurer strode on to the quarter where the merchants lived, and went at once to the principal bankers, and offered them a bill on Aldgate Pump for a considerable sum. He knew he could make no such mistake as to ask for a small one.

"Had His Highness a letter of credit on their house?"

"No. It had not yet reached him. The war might have retarded the post."

The banker looked grave.

"Had he a letter from the ambassador?"

The Prince smiled. "What French nobleman would know

M. de —, the Ambassador of the Republic!" said the Prince in his grand way.

The banker, who like most men who have made fortunes from very small beginnings, was a legitimist, and who also, like most of the Europeans in Constantinople, was at war with his ambassador, acknowledged internally that this excuse was a valid one. He was just on the point of desiring his cashier to pay the value of the draft, and then retiring into his gloomy little sanctum behind the counting-house with one of those respectful bows to fallen greatness a Frenchman knows so well how to make, when his visitor broke silence again and was lost.

One of the great secrets of successful negotiation is to know how to keep silence — never to speak one superfluous word. Our hero, however, like all his tribe was impulsive; and his way of life had given him an opinion of mankind which is the most perfectly wrong of all. He thought everybody on the look out to commit a robbery where they could do so with impunity.

It very often happens that a man looks most stern when he is really most disposed to yield. This was the case with the banker, and while the order to his cashier was just trembling on his lips, the adventurer thought he saw refusal there.

"I only want the money for a short time," he said incautiously, "and if you will advance me twenty thousand piastres I will give the bill for thirty."

The game was lost; the player had been too eager to win. "I never lend money upon such terms," said the banker, frozen straight-way into ice.

The rest of the day was spent in sickening anxiety, in the hopeless attempt of an unknown stranger to talk people, whom he had never seen before, out of that which they valued most on earth — their money. Everybody to whom the splendid gentleman applied on that rainy sloppy day, referred him at once to the great banker, and he went with wet boots from one sneering trader to another, mortified and humiliated. In vain he tried to stiffen his tell-tale under-lip, and to look his man in the face with those shifty dishonest eyes. He might indeed correct the huskiness of his voice from the contents of a little flask he carried about with him, and put on some of the usual charm of his manner; but more was too much for him, and the day closed with his utter defeat.

Wet through in spite of his umbrella, bedraggled, dispirited, feeling as if every hair of his head were made of wire which grew an inch a minute, he returned to his hotel. But he was no common Jerry Sneak. There was the same handsome winning smile for Madame Bouffet, who stood waiting for his return; the same pleasant good day for her husband; the same firm stride and gallant bearing, as if he had a

few loose thousands for present expenses in the little empty casket upstairs. To the inquiring looks of mine host, he said that his bankers were to send to him on the following day.

But his plans were deranged. He must hasten his movements during the brief time of consideration yet left him. Instead of carrying on a tardy negotiation with the Pashas to whom he was daily making presents bought on credit, he resolved to go in person to the Grand Vizier and offer his services to the cause of Constantinople.

That worthy received the French Prince with much distinction, and offered him pipes and coffee; the pipe-sticks were made of the rarest and lightest wood, and their mouth-pieces were of jewelled amber. The coffee was served in dainty cups of gold filagree, richly jewelled, for all the luxury of the East has taken refuge in pipe-sticks and coffee-cups. As the adventurer looked round the marble hall, with its long vistas opening on the costliest flowers, the silver tables, the mosaic pavement, and the smiling Vizier, his heart swelled within him.

But here he failed. He failed, because like all his class, he took too radical and summary views of political matters. It happened that in the famous quarrel between Constantinople and St. Petersburg, the governments of Great Britain and France had promised to assist the former power in the unequal struggle. It was, however, for a long time extremely doubtful of what this promised assistance was really to consist. Whether it was to be moral aid, or physical aid, or money, or advice, or reproaches, and mere meddling. The Grand Vizier perhaps knew as much about the matter as most people, but our hero knew nothing at all. He had therefore blindly adopted the popular opinion, which was, that the English and French fleets were merely waiting in the neighbourhood to seize on Constantinople during the tumult of the war, and divide the spoil between them; just as a brace of lawyers take advantage of the disputes of individual litigants, to fill their own pouches at the expense of both.

Big with this idea, our hero proposed to the Grand Vizier a notable plan for burning the two fleets as they lay at anchor, and thus getting rid of these troublesome and uncertain friends at once. The Vizier never moved a muscle while the soldier of fortune detailed his plan, though the French ambassador had just left him with the most cordial assurances of friendship and support, in which he fully believed.

All Orientals are fond of intrigue. He continued to listen to his visitor with the utmost politeness, and when he had concluded, begged him to put his proposal into writing, when it should be laid before His Sublimity the Sultan. The Vizier saw an excellent means of thus recommending

himself to the French and English ambassadors, and took leave of his guest with many warm expressions of thanks.

The Prince had no need to hang his beard now. He would soon be made a field-marshal at least, and the field-marshals of Constantinople were paid a thousand pounds a month. He had succeeded beyond his utmost hopes. He had no fear of duns or hotel-keepers. "After all," he said to the Princess, as he finished and sealed his proposal in the evening, "There is nothing like energy; and if a man has only the courage to pursue fortune boldly, he is sure to win her."

So the duns were put off by the most stately and wonderful excuses from day to day, and Bouffet and his wife retained in the same awe-struck respect. At the end of a week, the Prince called again upon the Grand Vizier.

His Excellency received his guest with the same pleasant smile as before, but there were no pipes and coffee. Perhaps the Grand Vizier had no time to attend to such trifles, and was going to despatch him at once on his errand of glory. The Vizier presented to him a paper. It was his own proposal, and His Excellency in returning it said, "That it was a most ingenious idea, but that unluckily it had not met with the approval of the French ambassador, to whom he, the Grand Vizier, had submitted it immediately it had reached him."

The hotel was crowded with duns when he returned to it. In his utter disappointment he had not given them a thought, till suddenly brought to bay in the midst of them; and there was something touching after all in seeing the lion thus surrounded and yelped at with his claws tied. So thought, at least, Monsieur and Madame Bouffet, who rescued him, and angrily cleared the house.

And here the secretary, who had first brought evil upon him, proved a valuable ally. That individual had made himself acquainted with every possible and impossible means of obtaining money in Constantinople; and, having been first rescued by stratagem from the close custody in which he had been for some time kept by his landlord, set himself heartily to work, and at last, by judicious puffing of his employer, persuaded one of the wise men of Constantinople to advance sufficient money to the Prince to pay his hotel bill, for so many thousands per cent., that the wise man of Constantinople thought he was dealing with an alchemist, who did not happen for the moment to have his crucibles with him.

But while the harassed adventurer was rejoicing in the prospect of recovered consideration at his hotel (for we may be sure he did not say how he got the money), he received a peremptory

notice to quit. Once paid, Monsieur and Madame Bouffet determined to have nothing more to do with him. People began to flock in from the country, who considered his presence a scandal to the house, and His Royal Highness must be turned out.

It was a bitter thing enough for the unmasked pretender to front the clamorous horde of dups, who waited in ambush for him now, and dogged his heels wherever he went. The irate Frenchwoman, who kept the nick-nack shop, and asked if he thought she called upon him for change of air; the savage horse-dealer, a drunken Hungarian, who menaced him, riding-whip in hand — what a palsy seized upon his limbs in the midst of his creditors, and his lips grew white, and his heart stopped. Yet, to tell with what inexhaustible resource of trick and evasion he quieted them again and again — with what wit and ingenuity he battled in the wrong cause, would fill a volume. Driven from one hotel to another, chased hither and thither — hunted, badgered, jeered at, he at last took to his bed, as the only temporary means of peace, and how he contrived to keep body and soul together there, was a mystery.

I never could ascertain the real history of the man who came to Constantinople, and called himself the Duke of Vendôme. It remained a mystery; but he was probably the illegitimate descendant of some branch of the Royal family of France. There is no smoke without fire; nor do the most unblushing men often assert a lie which has not some foundation, however shadowy and unsubstantial. Thus much also was certain: he was a brave and able soldier, but most thoroughly unprincipled. A man tutored in a bad school, who believed everything in life might be won by address and trick — who entertained from conviction the mistaken idea that the world is to be juggled out of its respect and consideration, or anything which is worth having. He must have been also ignorant, or he must have known that steam, and "that kind of thing," puts all the world now in such free and constant communication, that there was no place in the world in which his pretensions could possibly have escaped being unmasked by return of post. But many much wiser men than our adventurer know very little of Constantinople. It is the fashion to consider its inhabitants a race of sleepy barbarians; while, heart alive! they are quite as wide awake, and far more wily, than the wiliest in the West. However, after suffering every species of degradation and contumely, our knight-errant sunk into a *valet de place*, under the protection of the same *bon Bouffet*, who had once bowed to him so lowly; and the beautiful Princess opened a milliner's shop not unsuccessfully.

There may be a doubt, how-

ever, whether society is quite right in these cases; and, when the pretensions of the *soi-disant* Duke had dwindled down to a modest request for a subaltern's commission, whether it was wise to place him beyond the pale of hope and an honourable life. The man might have done good service, sword in hand, and the empire of Turkey have been altogether the better for his services. If society would give such men a place, they would often fill it worthily. If we would recognise their talents, their genius for invention, their inexhaustible resources, their valour, perseverance, and contempt of obstacles, we might often make them do us good service; and it would be kinder and wiser to look upon even a knight-errant with more discriminating and merciful eyes than we do. Let us indeed sedulously keep his hands out of our pockets, and close our hearts against his wheedling, but let us try if we cannot, among the many places and conditions in the world, find one that will suit him. Let us cease to attach suspicion to the name of adventurer openly worn, and we shall hear no more of Dukes of Vendôme perambulating the world.

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## A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

### CHAPTER XLIV.

I HAVE NOW arrived at the close of my little history. The events which succeeded the famous Revolution of one thousand six hundred and eighty-eight, would neither be easily related nor easily understood in such a book as this.

William and Mary reigned together, five years. After the death of his good wife, William occupied the throne, alone, for seven years longer. During his reign, on the sixteenth of September, one thousand seven hundred and one, the poor weak creature who had once been James the Second of England, died in France. In the meantime he had done his utmost (which was not much) to cause William to be assassinated, and to regain his lost dominions. James's son was declared, by the French King, the rightful King of England, and was called in France THE CHEVALIER SAINT GEORGE, and in England THE PRETENDER. Some infatuated people in England; and particularly in Scotland, took up the Pretender's cause from time to time — as if the country had not, to its cost, had Stuarts enough! — and many lives were sacrificed, and much misery occasioned. King William died on Sunday, the seventh of March, one thousand seven hundred and two, of the consequences of an accident occasioned by his horse stumbling with him. He was always a brave patriotic Prince, and a man of remarkable abilities. His manner was cold, and he made but few friends; but he had truly loved

his queen. When he was dead, a lock of her hair, in a ring, was found tied with a black ribbon round his left arm.

He was succeeded by the Princess ANNE, a popular Queen, who reigned twelve years. In her reign, in the month of May, one thousand seven hundred and seven, the Union between England and Scotland was effected, and the two countries were incorporated under the name of GREAT BRITAIN. Then, from the year one thousand seven hundred and fourteen to the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty, reigned the four GEORGES.

It was in the reign of George the Second, in the year one thousand seven hundred and forty-five, that the Pretender did his last mischief, and made his last appearance. Being an old man by that time, he and the Jacobites — as his friends were called — put forward his son, CHARLES EDWARD, known as the Young Chevalier. The Highlanders of Scotland, an extremely troublesome and wrong-headed race on the subject of the Stuarts, espoused his cause, and he joined them, and there was a Scottish rebellion to make him king, in which many gallant and devoted gentlemen lost their lives. It was a hard matter for Charles Edward to escape abroad again, with a high price on his head; but the Scottish people were extraordinarily faithful to him, and, after undergoing many romantic adventures, not unlike those of Charles the Second, he escaped to France. A number of charming stories and delightful songs arose out of the Jacobite feelings, and belong to the Jacobite times. Otherwise, I think the Stuarts were a public nuisance altogether.

It was in the reign of George the Third, that England lost North America, by persisting in taxing her without her own consent. That immense country, made independent under WASHINGTON, and left to itself, became the United States; one of the greatest nations of the earth. In these times in which I write, it is honourably remarkable for protecting its subjects, wherever they may travel, with a dignity and a determination which is a model for England. Between you and me, England has rather lost ground in this respect since the days of Oliver Cromwell.

The Union of Great Britain with Ireland — which had been getting on very badly by itself — took place in the reign of George the Third, on the second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight.

WILLIAM THE FOURTH succeeded George the Fourth in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty, and reigned seven years. QUEEN VICTORIA, his niece, the only child of the Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George the Third, came to the throne on the twentieth of June, one thousand eight hundred and

thirty-seven. She was married to PRINCE ALBERT of Saxe Gotha on the tenth of February, one thousand eight hundred and forty. She is very good, and much beloved. So I end, like the crier, with

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

## MY FRENCH MASTER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

MY father's house was in the country, seven miles away from the nearest town. He had been an officer in the navy; but, as he had met with some accident that would disable him from ever serving again, he gave up his commission and his half-pay. He had a small private fortune, and my mother had not been penniless; so he purchased a house and ten or twelve acres of land, and set himself up as an amateur farmer on a very small scale. My mother rejoiced over the very small scale of his operations; and when my father regretted, as he did very often, that no more land was to be purchased in the neighbourhood, I could see her setting herself a sum in her head, "If on twelve acres he manages to lose a hundred pounds a year, what would be our loss on a hundred and fifty?" But when my father was pushed hard on the subject of the money he spent in his sailor-like farming, he had one constant retreat:

"Think of the health and the pleasure we all of us take in the cultivation of the fields around us! It is something for us to do and to look forward to every day." And this was so true that as long as my father confined himself to these arguments, my mother left him unmolested: but to strangers he was still apt to enlarge on the returns his farm brought him in; and he had often to pull up in his statements when he caught the warning glance of my mother's eye, showing him that she was not so much absorbed in her own conversation as to be deaf to his voice. But as for the happiness that arose out of our mode of life — that was not to be calculated by tens or hundreds of pounds. There were only two of us, my sister and myself; and my mother undertook the greater part of our education. We helped her in her household cares during part of the morning; then came an old-fashioned routine of lessons, such as she herself had learnt when a girl: — Goldsmith's "History of England," Rollin's "Ancient History," Lindley Murray's Grammar, and plenty of sewing and stitching.

My mother used sometimes to sigh, and wish that she could buy us a piano, and teach us what little music she knew; but many of my dear father's habits were expensive — at least for a person possessed of no larger an income than he had. Besides the quiet and unsuspected drain of his agricultural pursuits, he was of a social turn; enjoying the dinners to

which he was invited by his more affluent neighbours; and especially delighted in returning them the compliment, and giving them choice little entertainments, which would have been yet more frequent in their recurrence than they were, if it had not been for my mother's prudence. But we never were able to purchase the piano; it required a greater outlay of ready money than we ever possessed. I dare say we should have grown up ignorant of any language but our own, if it had not been for my father's social habits, which led to our learning French in a very unexpected manner. He and my mother went to dine with General Ashburton, one of the forest-rangers; and there they met with an emigrant gentleman, a Monsieur de Chalabre, who had escaped in a wonderful manner, and at terrible peril to his life; and was, consequently, in our small forest-circle, a great lion, and a worthy cause of a series of dinner parties. His first entertainer, General Ashburton, had known him in France, under very different circumstances; and he was not prepared for the quiet and dignified request made by his guest, one afternoon after M. de Chalabre had been about a fortnight in the forest, that the General would recommend him as a French teacher, if he could conscientiously do so.

To the General's remonstrances M. de Chalabre smilingly replied, by an assurance that his assumption of his new occupation could only be for a short time; that the good cause would — *must* triumph. It was before the fatal January twenty-first, seventeen hundred and ninety-three; and then, still smiling, he strengthened his position by quoting innumerable instances out of the classics, of heroes and patriots, generals and commanders, who had been reduced by Fortune's frolics to adopt some occupation far below their original one. He closed his speech with informing the General that, relying upon his kindness in acting as referee, he had taken lodgings for a few months at a small farm which was in the centre of our forest circle of acquaintances. The General was too thoroughly a gentleman to say anything more than that he should be most happy to do whatever he could to forward M. de Chalabre's plans; and as my father was the first person whom he met with after this conversation, it was announced to us, on the very evening of the day on which it had taken place, that we were forthwith to learn French; and I verily believe that, if my father could have persuaded my mother to join him, we should have formed a French class of father, mother, and two head of daughters, so touched had my father been by the General's account of M. de Chalabre's present desires, as compared with the high estate from which he had fallen. Accordingly, we were installed in the dignity of his first French pupils. My father was anxious

that we should have a lesson every other day, ostensibly that we might get on all the more speedily, but really that he might have a larger quarterly bill to pay; at any rate until M. de Chalabre had more of his time occupied with instruction. But my mother gently interfered, and calmed her husband down into two lessons a week, which was, she said, as much as we could manage. Those happy lessons! I remember them now, at the distance of more than fifty years. Our house was situated on the edge of the forest; our fields were, in fact, cleared out of it. It was not good land for clover; but my father would always sow one particular field with clover-seed, because my mother was so fond of the fragrant scent in her evening walks, and through this a foot-path ran which led into the forest.

A quarter of a mile beyond — a walk on the soft fine springy turf, and under the long low branches of the beech trees, and we arrived at the old red-brick farm where M. de Chalabre was lodging. Not that we went there to take our lessons; that would have been an offence to his spirit of politeness; but as my father and mother were his nearest neighbours, there was a constant interchange of small messages and notes, which we little girls were only too happy to take to our dear M. de Chalabre. Moreover, if our lessons with my mother were ended pretty early, she would say — "You have been good girls; now you may run to the high point in the clover-field, and see if M. de Chalabre is coming; and if he is you may walk with him; but take care and give him the cleanest part of the path, for you know he does not like to dirty his boots."

This was all very well in theory; but, like many theories, the difficulty was to put it in practice. If we slipped to the side of the path where the water lay longest, he bowed and retreated behind us to a still wetter place, leaving the clean part for us; yet when we got home his polished boots would be without a speck, while our shoes were covered with mud.

Another little ceremony which we had to get accustomed to, was his habit of taking off his hat as we approached, and walking by us holding it in his hand. To be sure, he wore a wig, delicately powdered, frizzed, and tied in a queue behind; but we had always a feeling that he would catch cold, and that he was doing us too great an honour, and that he did not know how old, or rather how young we were, until one day we saw him (far away from our house) hand a countrywoman over a stile with the same kind of dainty courteous politeness, lifting her basket of eggs over first; and then, taking up the silk-lined lapel of his coat, he spread it on the palm of his hand for her to rest her fingers upon; instead of which, she took his small white hand in her plump vigorous gripe, and leant her full weight upon him. He carried her basket for her as far as their roads

lay together; and from that time we were less shy in receiving his courtesies, perceiving that he considered them as deference due to our sex, however old or young, or rich or poor. So, as I said, we came down from the clover field in rather a stately manner, and through the wicket gate that opened into our garden, which was as rich in its scents of varied kinds as the clover field had been in its one pure fragrance. My mother would meet us here; and somehow — our life was passed as much out of doors as in-doors, both winter and summer — we seemed to have our French lessons more frequently in the garden than in the house; for there was a sort of arbour on the lawn, near the drawing-room window to which we always found it easy to carry a table and chairs, and all the rest of the lesson paraphernalia, if my mother did not prohibit a lesson al fresco.

M. de Chalabre wore, as a sort of morning costume, a coat, waistcoat, and breeches all made of a kind of coarse grey cloth, which he had bought in the neighbourhood; his three-cornered hat was brushed to a nicety, his wig sat as no one else's did. (My father's was always awry.) And the only thing wanting to his costume when he came was a flower. Sometimes I fancied he purposely omitted gathering one of the roses that clustered up the farm-house in which he lodged, in order to afford my mother the pleasure of culling her choicest carnations and roses to make him up his nosegay, or "posy" as he liked to call it; he had picked up that pretty country word and adopted it as an especial favourite, dwelling on the first syllable with all the languid softness of an Italian accent. Many a time have Mary and I tried to say it like him; we did so admire his way of speaking.

Once seated round the table, whether in the house or out of it, we were bound to attend to our lessons; and somehow he made us perceive that it was a part of the same chivalrous code that made him so helpful to the helpless, to enforce the slightest claim of duty to the full. No half prepared lessons for him! The patience and the resource with which he illustrated and enforced every precept; the untiring gentleness with which he made our stubborn English tongues pronounce, and mispronounce, and repronounce certain words; above all, the sweetness of temper which never varied, were such as I have never seen equalled. If we wondered at these qualities when we were children, how much greater has been our surprise at their existence since we have been grown up, and have learnt that, until his emigration, he was a man of rapid and impulsive action, with the imperfect education implied in the circumstance that at fifteen he was a sous-lieutenant in the Queen's regiment, and must, consequently, have had to apply himself hard and conscientiously

to master the language which he had in after-life to teach.

Twice we had holidays to suit his sad convenience. Holidays with us were not at Christmas and Midsummer, Easter and Michaelmas. If my mother was unusually busy, we had what we called a holiday; though, in reality, it involved harder work than our regular lessons; but we fetched and carried, and ran errands, and became rosy and dusty, and sang merry songs in the gaiety of our hearts. If the day was remarkably fine, my dear father — whose spirits were rather apt to vary with the weather — would come bursting in with his bright, kind, bronzed face, and carry the day by storm with my mother. "It was a shame to coop such young things up in a house," he would say, "when every other young animal was frolicking in the air and sunshine. Grammar! — what was that but the art of arranging words? — and he never knew a woman but could do that fast enough. Geography! — he would undertake to teach us more geography in one winter evening, telling us of the countries where he had been, with just a map before him, than we could learn in ten years with that stupid book, all full of hard words. As for the French — why that must be learnt, for he should not like M. de Chalabre to think we slighted the lessons he took so much pains to give us; but surely, we could get up the earlier to learn our French." We promised by acclamation; and my mother — sometimes smilingly, sometimes reluctantly — was always compelled to yield. And these were the usual occasions for our holidays. But twice we had a fortnight's entire cessation of French lessons; once in January, and once in October. Nor did we even see our dear French master during those periods. We went several times to the top of the clover-field, to search the dark green outskirts of the forest with our busy eyes; and if we could have seen his figure in that shade, I am sure we should have scampered to him, forgetful of the prohibition which made the forest forbidden ground. But we did not see him.

It was the fashion in those days to keep children much less informed than they are now on the subjects which interest their parents. A sort of hieroglyphic or cypher talk was used, in order to conceal the meaning of much that was said, if children were present. My mother was a proficient in this way of talking, and took, we fancied, a certain pleasure in perplexing my father by inventing a new cypher, as it were, every day. For instance, for some time I was called Martia, because I was very tall of my age; and just as my father had begun to understand the name — and, it must be owned, a good while after I had learnt to prick up my ears whenever Martia was named — my mother suddenly changed me into "the buttress," from the habit I

had acquired of leaning my languid length against a wall. I saw my father's perplexity about this "buttress" for some days, and could have helped him out of it, but I durst not. And so, when the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth was executed, the news was too terrible to be put into plain English, and too terrible also to be made known to us children, nor could we at once find the clue to the cypher in which it was spoken about. We heard about "the Iris being blown down;" and saw my father's honest loyal excitement about it, and the quiet reserve which always betokened some secret grief on my mother's part.

We had no French lessons; and somehow the poor, battered, storm-torn Iris was to blame for this. It was many weeks after this before we knew the full reason of M. de Chalabre's deep depression when he again came amongst us: why he shook his head when my mother timidly offered him some snowdrops on that first morning on which we began lessons again: why he wore the deep mourning of that day, when all of the dress that could be black was black, and the white muslin frills and ruffles were unstarched and limp, as if to bespeak the very abandonment of grief. We knew well enough the meaning of the next hieroglyphic announcement — "The wicked cruel boys had broken off the White Lily's head!" That beautiful queen, whose portrait once had been shown to us, with her blue eyes, and her fair resolute look, her profusion of lightly powdered hair, her white neck, adorned with strings of pearls. We could have cried, if we had dared, when we heard the transparent mysterious words. We did cry at night, sitting up in bed, with our arms round each other's necks, and vowing, in our weak, passionate, childish way, that if we lived long enough, that lady's death avenged should be. No one who cannot remember that time can tell the shudder of horror that thrilled through the country at hearing of this last execution. At the moment, there was no time for any consideration of the silent horrors endured for centuries by the people, who at length rose in their madness against their rulers. This last blow changed our dear M. de Chalabre. I never saw him again in quite the same gaiety of heart as before this time. There seemed to be tears very close behind his smiles for ever after. My father went to see him when he had been about a week absent from us — no reason given, for did not we, did not every one know the horror the sun had looked upon! As soon as my father had gone, my mother gave it in charge to us to make the dressing-room belonging to our guest-chamber as much like a sitting room as possible. My father hoped to bring back M. de Chalabre for a visit to us; but he would probably like to be a good deal alone; and we might move any article of furniture we liked,

if we only thought it would make him comfortable.

I believe General Ashburton had been on a somewhat similar errand to my father's before; but he had failed. My father gained his point, as I afterwards learnt, in a very unconscious and characteristic manner. He had urged his invitation on M. de Chalabre, and received such a decided negative that he was hopeless, and quitted the subject. Then M. de Chalabre began to relieve his heart by telling him all the details; my father held his breath to listen — at last, his honest heart could contain itself no longer, and the tears ran down his face. His unaffected sympathy touched M. de Chalabre inexpressibly; and in an hour after we saw our dear French master coming down the clover-field slope, leaning on my father's arm, which he had involuntarily offered as a support to one in trouble — although he was slightly lame, and ten or fifteen years older than M. de Chalabre.

For a year after that time M. de Chalabre never wore any flowers; and after that, to the day of his death, no gay or coloured rose or carnation could tempt him. We secretly observed his taste, and always took care to bring him white flowers for his posy. I noticed, too, that on his left arm, under his coat sleeve (sleeves were made very open then), he always wore a small band of black crape. He lived to be eighty-one, but he had the black crape band on when he died.

M. de Chalabre was a favourite in all the forest circle. He was a great acquisition to the sociable dinner parties that were perpetually going on; and though some of the families piqued themselves on being aristocratic, and turned up their noses at any one who had been engaged in trade, however largely, M. de Chalabre, in right of his good blood, his loyalty, his daring "preux chevalier" actions, was ever an honoured guest. He took his poverty, and the simple habits it enforced, so naturally and gaily, as a mere trifling accident of his life, about which neither concealment nor shame could be necessary, that the very servants — often so much more pseudo-aristocratic than their masters — loved and respected the French gentleman, who perhaps came to teach in the mornings, and in the evenings made his appearance dressed with dainty neatness as a dinner guest. He came, lightly prancing through the forest mire; and, in our little hall, at any rate, he would pull out a neat minute case containing a blacking-brush and blacking, and re-polish his boots, speaking gaily, in his broken English, to the footman all the time. That blacking case was his own making; he had a genius for using his fingers. After our lessons were over, he relaxed into the familiar house friend — the merry play-fellow. We lived far from any carpenter or joiner; if a lock was out of order M. de Chalabre made it right for us. If

any box was wanted, his ingenious fingers had made it before our lesson day. He turned silk winders for my mother, made a set of chessmen for my father, carved an elegant watch-case out of a rough beef bone — dressed up little cork dolls for us — in short, as he said, his heart would have been broken but for his joiner's tools. Nor were his ingenious gifts employed for us alone. The farmer's wife where he lodged had numerous contrivances in her house which he had made. One particularly which I remember was a paste-board, made after a French pattern, which would not slip about on a dresser, as he had observed her English paste-board do. Susan, the farmer's ruddy daughter, had her work-box, too, to show us; and her cousin-lover had a wonderful stick, with an extraordinary demon head carved upon it; — all by M. de Chalabre. Farmer, farmer's wife, Susan, Robert, and all were full of his praises

We grew from children into girls — from girls into women; and still M. de Chalabre taught on in the forest; still he was beloved and honoured; still no dinner-party within five miles was thought complete without him, and ten miles' distance strove to offer him a bed sooner than miss his company. The pretty merry Susan of sixteen had been jilted by the faithless Robert; and was now a comely demure damsel of thirty-one or two; still waiting upon M. de Chalabre, and still constant in respectfully singing his praises. My own poor mother was dead; my sister was engaged to be married to a young lieutenant, who was with his ship in the Mediterranean. My father was as youthful as ever in heart, and indeed in many of his ways; only his hair was quite white, and the old lameness was more frequently troublesome than it had been. An uncle of his had left him a considerable fortune, so he farmed away to his heart's content, and lost an annual sum of money with the best grace and the lightest heart in the world. There were not even the gentle reproaches of my mother's eyes to be dreaded now.

Things were in this state when the peace of eighteen hundred and fourteen was declared. We had heard so many and such contradictory rumours that we were inclined to doubt even the "Gazette" at last, and were discussing probabilities with some vehemence, when M. de Chalabre entered the room, unannounced and breathless:

"My friends, give me joy!" he said. "The Bourbons" — he could not go on; his features, nay his very fingers, worked with agitation but he could not speak. My father hastened to relieve him:

"We have heard the good news (you see, girls, it is quite true this time). I do congratulate you, my dear friend. I *am* glad." And he seized M. de Chalabre's hand in his own hearty gripe, and brought the nervous agitation of

the latter to a close by unconsciously administering a pretty severe dose of wholesome pain.

"I go to London. I go straight this afternoon to see my sovereign. My sovereign holds a court to-morrow at Grillon's Hotel; I go to pay him my devoirs. I put on my uniform of Gardes du Corps, which have laid by these many years; a little old, a little worm-eaten; but never mind; they have been seen by Marie Antoinette, which gives them a grace for ever." He walked about the room in a nervous, hurried way. There was something on his mind, and we signed to my father to be silent for a moment or two, and let it come out. "No!" said M. de Chalabre, after a moment's pause. "I cannot say adieu; for I shall return to say, dear friends, my adieux. I did come a poor emigrant; noble Englishmen took me for their friend, and welcomed me to their houses. Chalabre is one large mansion, and my English friends will not forsake me; they will come and see me in my own country; and, for their sakes, not an English beggar shall pass the doors of Chalabre without being warmed, and clothed, and fed. I will not say adieu. I go now but for two days."

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## BY DAWK TO DELHI.

Business summoned me recently from the modern to the ancient capital of India. From Calcutta to Delhi runs the Grand Trunk Road, nine hundred miles long; one of the few good, though late, results of the East India Company's rule. This journey I was to get over by Dawk travelling, and my purpose now is to explain what manner of travelling that is.

Dawk travelling is no more like railway travelling, than a donkey race is like the Newmarket St. Leger. It is more suggestive of the progress of Indian railways. They have a line at Bombay something longer than its own name when it is printed in large capitals; Bengal can show a very few miles of embankment that have for the last two or three years been nearly finished, and some cuttings which sanguine people say will be available in about a year; Madras talks languidly about railways, and the North-West Provinces have got as far as thinking of them. India has not yet even come up to the advancement of our old pair-horse or four-horse coach. Of Indian roads in their customary badness I say nothing: of the Grand Trunk Road between Calcutta and Delhi, and of the improved system of travelling thereupon — the best kind of travelling to which India has attained, and that but very recently — I shall say much, if I may be allowed to say it in my own leisurely way. I am an old Indian; and we old Indians like to do things quietly — we are not to be hurried.

A contract was first entered into between myself, on the one hand, and the North-Western

Dawk Company, on the other; whereby, for the sum of one hundred and thirty-eight rupees (equivalent to thirteen pounds, sixteen shillings), the said Company agreed to convey me from Calcutta to Delhi. In consequence of this contract, a Dawk was driven to my door one evening, that it might be packed by me and my household overnight, ready for starting early in the morning. A Dawk may be described roughly as a large palanquin running on four high wheels, and drawn by a single horse. It is strong but not elegant; and is not decorated in accordance with the highest principles of art; being painted light green above and black below. To appear publicly in such a vehicle in England, would occasion the conviction that the occupant had gone into the travelling show line, and was on his way to the next country fair. The wheels of the Dawk are stout, for they have heavy work to do, and the body is hung high between them: for the Dawk has streams to ford. Round the roof a railing runs, for the more secure accommodation of such heavy luggage as can be packed outside. The carriage has a sliding door on each side, and windows like port-holes. The roomy interior is lined with a strong woollen stuff of green and black; it is of considerable length, and there is space in it for a great many odds and ends. There is a handy little shelf in front, there are two ample pockets, there are straps by which a hat (or two may be slung, and there is a strong net suspended from the roof by its four corners. Level with the door-sill is a flooring of reasonably elastic cushion, covered to match the lining of the carriage; this extends over the whole length and breadth of the Dawk. The cushion is in four parts, one serving as lid to a well in which the traveller may put some of his luggage, or, if he should wish to sit, may put his legs. In short, the Dawk, is a snug little house upon wheels.

In family council, we agreed that, as my luggage was not very heavy, it might all be packed next morning, and next morning many hands and sundry little fingers were at work about the vehicle; which swallowed up my luggage as though it were but a mouthful, much as it had seemed to be when we were putting it together. We made but a solemn business of our good-bye; and when the horse — which, like the vehicle, was rather strong than elegant — was quite ready to drag me from the sight of household faces, I ascended to my lair upon the cushions, over which some kind packer had thrown a *royai* or coloured quilt, and which was further furnished with a set of carefully adjusted pillows. More last words and the horse had started; but there was a brief stoppage — a little mouth, that never kept a secret, rose above a port-hole, to announce to me the name of the maker of a mysterious and magnificent crotchet

nightcap, that was spread out in all its glory on the shelf. It was too splendid to be worn — as somebody perhaps thought, when he stole it near the journey's end.

Really off; out of sight of the old house, and traversing familiar streets. Down the broad, busy thoroughfare that traverses the native town, over the iron bridge, out of Calcutta, and upon the Barrackpore road, with its fifteen miles of noble avenue. The first milestone; — and the calculation was exceedingly comforting that I had got over a thousandth part of my journey; at the second milestone I had finished a five-hundredth, and that sounded like progress: almost like having got half-way. At the fifth milestone we had turned the thousandth into a two-hundredth part of the whole distance. My courage rose. Here was quick progress — we should soon be at the journey's end.

It was needful that my courage should rise rapidly, for I had work to do that called for all my energies. Calcutta streets I had heard much abused, and of the Barrackpore Road there were incessant laudations in the town. Now, I began to prefer a bad street to a good road. All had gone smoothly with me in the city; but, upon the road, affairs within the Dawk assumed a troubled aspect. Bottles began to clash together, a violent assault was made upon the tea-things by a heavy canister of biscuits, and I felt in my domain like an Emperor within whose realms a revolution had sprung up. There was need that I should devote my whole mind, and my whole physical force, to its suppression. I re-adjusted, re-arranged, marshalled, imprisoned, and bound the elements of all the strife, and restored order by giving a new constitution to the rebels, carefully removing any articles that were a cause of strife, and substituting others. The refractory biscuit could be subjugated only by keeping it firm under foot, and I found it requisite to lay a heavy hand upon other causes of contention; until, by the course of time and the decrease of disturbing cause, as the road proved better than its early promise, there was an end put to the jarring and confusion. The first horse completed his stage of six miles and a fraction very conscientiously; but then he was the show-horse of the hundred and fifty I was yet destined to be drawn by. He was the horse upon whom the Dawk Company relied for the maintenance of its respectability before the eyes of the Calcutta public. Horse number two was a very different looking quadruped. He made considerable difficulty about starting, but once off, he went well. I recorded him in my note book as slow and sure; but his pace was six miles an hour, and before my journey was at an end, I learnt to put down the same rate of travel as in the highest degree rapid and satisfactory.

So we trotted along the Bar-

rackpore Road against a pretty steady stream of men, cattle, and carriages setting in towards Calcutta. We also passed a few stragglers outward-bound; — some making for the cantonments, others with forage elephants so laden with leafy boughs that they looked like sublime Jacks in the Green. A third horse brought us to the bank of the Hooghly, which we crossed upon a clumsy ferry-boat. That was a work of time. The first four or five rivers which intersect the path of the Grand Trunk Road have not yet been bridged.

My journey was made at the beginning of the rainy season, and my clothes were on the roof of the Dawk, duly protected in a couple of pitarrahs. A pitarrah is a deep, square, tin box, commonly painted green, with a pyramidal lid, from which rain runs off instantly; and standing like a haystack on a wooden frame, with wooden legs. No conscientious artist will make a pittarrah of any other than the shape and pattern sanctioned by long custom. The tin box is jacketed in yellow wax cloth. Changes of clothes, to suit all changes of weather, I had ready within the Dawk, with a variety of hats and caps varying between a Fez night-cap or a wide-awake, and the best beaver which was to be worn on state occasions when I got to Delhi. There were also Delhi boots, old road shoes, and Dawk slippers. There were, within my dominions, books, pens, ink, sketch books, a note book, sardines, biscuits, brandy, ginger-bread nuts, tea, sugar, water bottles, lozenges, lucifers, pistols (presented by a nervous friend), a telescope, a lamp, a knife, a hammer, a riding-whip, and a bag of coin forming a help yet more likely to make the mare to go.

Over the Hooghly, and for several stages on. We crossed the creek of the Muggra by means of a ricketty wooden bridge, a disgrace to the Government. My attention was particularly called to it by the fact that I paid there a toll of one rupee, the only toll upon the line.

I had expected rain according to the season, though the day was glorious; and, having spent some time in the fortification of my ark, looked forward as anxiously to the first downpour, as a young mariner who has read up his law of storms looks for a trial of his skill in predicting from the barometer the first hurricane. The storm came just as I had put the finishing touch to my preparations. The carriage was too much warped by the fierce sun to be entirely water-tight; but I pressed down the front window with my feet, holding the side ports with my hands, and by such exertions weathered the storm nobly.

We travelled night and day; the cushioned floor of the Dawk formed a very good bed, and I could sleep well, subject of course to the interruption incident to a periodical clamour caused by the starting of a horse. The horses

were throughout the line bad, and the contractors, I suspect, too often dishonest. There were frequent difficulties raised over the getting of a horse at all; in a stable that contained three, two might be sick, and one weary from over-work. There was no rest for the weary; he must in that case walk his stage. The best horses were in bad condition. To persuade an animal to start was often the work of five or six men aiding the whip of the driver on the box, some beating the poor beast, one pulling at his head, one perhaps at his leg, another pushing at a wheel, and all pouring out benediction and malediction, persuasion, entreaty and command with vast volubility. He was their child, their son, their brother, their good uncle, their esteemed brother-in-law. He was a gentleman; he was a pig, a prince: he was a something unutterably bad, and so were all his ancestors for several generations, and relations ever so many degrees removed. Would his highness be pleased to budge? When he did move, it was sometimes to run away. On such occasions we could complete a stage at the rate of ten miles an hour. Sometimes he walked his distance, but he rarely stopped, unless he thoroughly broke down upon the road. Bad as the horses are, they are perhaps as good as can be furnished for the money; better cattle would be very costly on so long a line, and perhaps good horses would be used up quite as soon as the sorry animals now furnished. As it is, we are justified in regarding this kind of travel on the Grand Trunk Road as wonderful for India; the rate being a trifle over a hundred miles a day (of twenty-four hours), and the cost not great — about threepence halfpenny a mile. There are also good rest houses, or Dawk Bungalows, provided at not infrequent intervals.

At midnight, after my first day of journeying, I was pacing under the moon before an inhospitable door at Burdwan, waiting until some sleep-bewildered agent had regained activity enough to read and to write entries in the *bokhara* or waybill. He kept me at his door for an hour; and, afterwards, I always knew where there was an agent of the Transit Company by the detention to which I was subjected. These gentlemen were a kind of road bogies: I felt their malign influence, but never saw them.

Again in the same night I awoke suddenly, and found all still and quiet. "Coachman," I cried, "what is the matter now? Why are we not moving?" No answer. No coachman. No sound even of the horse. I opened one side-door and looked out. I perceived only darkness, drizzle, and a wide gleam of water. I looked out on the other side: darkness, drizzle, and a wider gleam of water. Coachman and syce (groom) gone; horse gone; traveller left to wake up in the middle of a flood, swamp, lake, river, I knew not what. After a time, however,

I heard voices and the splash of an approaching horse. Coachman and syce had been far away to get him from a distant stable, and perhaps to have a nap and pipe at the same time.

Again in that night I awoke. We seemed to be grinding our way slowly through sand and shingle, in the bed of a shallow river, under a dark tunnel that hung close over our heads. There was much noise and shouting. When I was thoroughly aroused by it, I found that we were working, with the aid of coolies, over a piece of newly repaired road. The sand and shingle I found to be *kunkur*, or the concrete used for metalling. The tunnel was the darkness of the night under a leaden sky. At sunrise we were still working along, by the aid of coolies, at the rate of a mile and a half an hour, over the newly repaired road.

At the end of the first twenty-four hours I had advanced ninety miles upon my journey; and, happening then to arrive near a Dawk bungalow, or, as it is called officially, a staging bungalow, I considered that I had leisure to put in and refresh. These bungalows are built by Government for the accommodation, at fixed rates, of the higher grades of travellers. One of them generally contains two separate suites of apartments, a dining, sitting and bedroom, and a dressing and bath room; — the last being the most essential. The furniture is not more than a bed, a table, two or three chairs, and the bathing-room apparatus. There is an establishment of servants, a khansuman or steward, a bearer, cook and sweeper.

On driving up to the door of the building, I was met in due form by the steward; who, with a respectful introductory salaam, desired to know what he should prepare for my refreshment. I had often heard jokes on the subject of Dawk bungalow refreshment, respecting, especially, the assurances of the steward that he has anything and everything, and his final production of a tough hen eaten twenty minutes after her last cluck. Those jokes refer perhaps to a past time. The stewards of to-day profess only to have fowl, and are surprised if any other article is mentioned. The question "What shall I prepare?" means simply, "How shall I prepare it? Shall the bird of the bungalow be roasted, boiled, grilled, stewed or curried?" I changed the mode of cooking at each resting place, and had no sameness to complain of.

While Mrs. Partlet was in preparation, and a kettle of water getting its steam up for a cup of tea to succeed, I could secure to myself the morning comfort of a shave, a bath, and a complete change of clothes. I did not stop at that, or any, bungalow ten minutes longer than was necessary for my reasonable comfort; and, having paid the stipulated rupee for a day's hire for the apartment, and another for the refreshment and backsheesh or

gratuity, signed the bungalow book before noon, noting in the column for remarks, "Everything satisfactory," and went on.

Our progress was much as before. The road all the way, except where its wounds were being healed with a plaster of *kunkur*, was in a sound condition, the worst of it being the Barrackpore road, just outside Calcutta. We had an event with a horse that was brought to the door to excite my pity, and I did pity it; but, as there was no other, it was harnessed; and, being harnessed, ran away with us and came to the end of its stage in an incredibly short time.

At about the hundred and third milestone I saw rising ground ahead. As I had resided for sixteen years on flats, it was the first undulating country I had seen during that time; and, perhaps partly for that reason, as we ascended the ridge of Khairasole, the scenery reminded me of moorland prospects in the north country at home. In descending the ridge on the other side, I was moved almost to tears by the English look of the Dermoodah valley, with a river winding into the remote distance, and the smoky chimneys of the coal-mines that completed the resemblance to those unforgotten scenes familiar to my youth. Mountains presently began to loom on the horizon till they crowded on my sight. My heart bounded in their presence.

I found that the beggars, which abound along the whole road, scorned some of the pice which would pass current in Calcutta; and that a telescope was good, not only to bring far objects near, but also to remove near objects to a distance. If the crowd of beggars became troublesome I levelled my telescope with a bang, and away they all scampered, apparently considering it to be some near relation to a loaded cannon.

In the middle of a fine night we reached the river Barackur, and crossed it after much hallooing, by the help of a ferry-boat and coolies. Then on, in a drizzly morning over a wild moorland. Then through more cheerful country, while I hung over my map and gazed at the clear sky ahead for a first sight of the majestic and sacred mountain Parisnauth. We came upon it in a disappointing way; but, after we had passed it for a long time, it remained the grandest feature of the scene behind our backs, with clouds at its summit and fine grey crags projecting here and there out of the forest of green trees which reaches to its very top. At one station, soon after passing Parisnauth, there were two horses so obviously unfit for service, that the next stage was performed without a horse, by help of nine coolies. I should have said eight and a boy; but, among coolies, boys are the best men always. These rattled us on merrily through the twilight, achieving seven miles of hilly country in an hour and twenty-seven minutes;

Threepence halfpenny per man, and man's pay to the boy, sent them home shouting and singing with the fullest satisfaction.

After three days of this life I had fallen into the travelling habit, and adopted my carriage as a home. On awaking early in the morning I threw open the doors and windows of my little room, and sat in the doorway with my feet upon the step, enjoying the fresh air. Then I took a light breakfast of biscuit and water, made my room tidy for the day; and, at about nine or ten o'clock, halted at a Dawk bungalow for more complete refreshment of the inner and the outer man, after the manner already detailed. Then on I went again, amusing myself with small things; recording the rate of progress in my note-book by help of my watch and the mile-stones, looking about me, jumping out to help on a weak or lazy horse, and doing anything but read. I had plenty of books with me, but could not fix my mind on their contents. When evening came, I sat in the doorway again, or stood on the step, till the night chill drove me into my lair; then I put on a flannel coat, supped upon biscuit and weak brandy and water, and went easily to sleep. When stoppages, or other night disturbances aroused me, I looked at the time by help of a lucifer match, inquired of the coachman as to place, and resumed my slumbers.

On the fourth day of the journey I again crossed the Barackur, on that occasion by a handsome stone bridge of nine arches. Towards evening we crossed a still larger bridge of, I think, sixteen grand arches crossing the Leeláján. These were indeed noble bits of road-making, though I should say that a detachment of three arches over a side stream had broken down not many days previous to our arrival at it The event of the fourth day's travel was the ride through the Dunwah Pass. At the previous stage a smart-looking Mussulman — the horse-contractor I suppose — civilly announced his intention of accompanying me to Dunwah, and found accommodation for himself behind. The road was much the same as usual, and there was no particular sign of mountain, until presently I found that we were going down hill by a winding road most rapidly. My Mussulman friend ran alongside, holding on by the front of the carriage. Down we went at an increasing rate, up a small slope and then down again, precipitous descent on either hand, and a thick rocky jungle at the bottom. The Mussulman looked back at me once or twice; and, seeing that I did not flinch, we shot down without any interruption, till we found our way into a picturesque ravine, from which a short ascent led to the open plain beyond. We had, for some stages, been rising imperceptibly to the edge of a mountain ridge upon a sort of table land, and had thus descended to the plains again, leaving a

highly respectable range of hills, suddenly discovered, at our backs.

At twilight we crossed the sandy bed of the Booregha, one of the river arms that forms the island of Sherghatty, at which I proposed to rest. The coolies who helped us across, having completed that business, requested to be paid off, as they had nothing to do with the other river. They were, however, so well pleased with what I gave them, that they agreed by acclamation to run me across the island and over the stream on the other side, the Moorhur. In the town on the island I stopped at the bungalow, and sent home tidings through the post office. When we had crossed the Moorhur I paid off the coolies again, and dismissed them with a salaam. "No," they cried; "you will want us yet." I was to have a new coachman at that stage of my journey — the fourth driver since I had left Calcutta — but coachman and horse were nowhere to be seen. The coachman's horn was on the vehicle, and the coolies, finding it, began to perform bugle calls, which really did fetch in the missing cavalry. It proved a sorry horse; and, being harnessed to the shafts, lay down and determined that it would not rise again. We did indeed find the help of the coolies useful.

The great event of the road next day was a meeting with an English dog, upon its travels like myself, and evidently glad to look upon a face that was not black. He at once came up to me, and offered me the nose of friendship, in return for which I tickled his ears with familiar English words, and his palate with some biscuits. His companion, who looked like a Pariah, stood stolidly by, and I threw biscuit to him also, which he had not expected, and ate ravenously without any sign of thanks. Two or three miles farther on, after fording a shallow river, I met an old Calcutta friend on his way back to the metropolis, and exchanged with him some information useful on the road. Next morning we reached the river Soane, where there is not a bridge, and found it full from bank to bank. While waiting for a ferry, I was accosted by something better than an English dog — a countryman there stationed as surveyor of the roads. We were at once friends: I received his hospitality, and acknowledged my sense of it by a present of some of the books that I had not read. He was a great reader, but I left him print enough to last him for a month.

We spent two hours in the crossing of the Soane. Had the water been low, we should have been three times as long, because we should have been dragged over by a team of bullocks who would have sunk occasionally in the sands. I had time to sketch the romantic fortress of Rhotasghur during the passage. Then on we went, passing the huge fantastic mausoleum of Shere Shah, and passing what I thought more interesting still, the bullock wag-

gons of a wealthy Hindoo family on the way to the holy city of Benares. I admired the magnificent oxen, and the thick peopling of the waggons, the pretty children peeping at the foreigner through loopholes, and from under screens. As for the fine old chief, their father, he did not appear to be well pleased at my manifest admiration of his little ones. Fatherly pride gave place to his dread of "the evil eye."

By this time I had begun to observe a change in the costume and manners of the people, so great that I considered myself to be already virtually in the North-West Provinces. In place of the dirty whitey-brown rags of the low country there were coloured garments gracefully adjusted; the women had no longer a subdued look, and were comely, although very black indeed. Reflection upon such matters, and upon any matter, was soon made impossible; for we arrived at a certain stretch of road that has been under repair since its first formation. It was at first too low, and suffered flooding, so it is now being raised bodily for many miles. Little of that road was fairly to be considered practicable; and, some parts of it that were too stiff for the strongest travelling machine, obliged us to turn out into the fields and to drive across country as best we could, all our efforts being furthered, and made successful, by the constant help of coolies.

This trouble surmounted, we rattled along over the handsome stone bridge spanning the Karumnassa. We were really at last in the North-West Provinces. After a time we reached the banks of the Ganges, opposite Benares. There again we had a weary ferrying, poling up, pulling up, and running down the stream before we could get properly across; but a better opportunity of examining carefully the fantastic architecture of the temples which crowned the city on its river front, could not have been afforded in another way. At Benares I ended that day; and began the next in charge of a kind friend, who showed me all the lions, and much wondered at the faculty for dropping suddenly asleep engendered by a course of Dawk travelling.

On again through the finest country I had yet seen, sloping in long undulations to the Ganges. Our pace at one stage now attained fourteen miles an hour. At midnight I was again crossing the Ganges to reach Allahabad; whose fort rose black and rugged in the distance. The boatmen, as they rowed, set up a chant, in which I detected notice of a coming storm, and of the backsheesh they would all deserve for bringing me safely through it. The storm came suddenly upon us; we crossed safely, not without some risk; and backsheesh followed. At Allahabad an agent kept us waiting in the rain, I fretted myself to sleep, and awoke next morning fourteen miles nearer my journey's end. In the evening I reached Futtehpore, where there

were friends ready to cheer the traveller with a boisterous welcome. Greatly refreshed both in flesh and spirit, and most lavishly provisioned, I set off again after a day's delay, and early the next morning at Cawnpore I for the first time saw an agent. He, being an old Calcutta acquaintance, gave me a cup of tea and ten minutes of cheerful talk. That helped me on again. The horses too had latterly improved, though there were still some who required the combined powers of cajolery and cudgelry to set them going.

The next day troubled us with heavy rains and roads under repair. We frequently stuck fast in the moist *kunkur*, when the syce and coachman impressed all passers by into the service necessary for our extrication. I was sorry to find that the poor people whom I paid for such services, generally seemed astonished at my liberality — or honesty; I gave never more than what was just. The traffic all the way from Allahabad had been immense. The road was in some places almost blocked up with trains of waggons, strings of camels, carriages, and cattle of all kinds.

As the day ended the roads improved, and I turned in that evening for the last time at a [illegible]-bungalow. I was only fifty [illegible] from Delhi. In the night I [illegible] conscious of a sharp turn in the road, and of crossing a very long suspension bridge, which I endeavoured drowsily to examine by the light of a lucifer match. It was that of the Hindum. At five o'clock next morning I was afoot with my best hat on, and my carriage jolting by my side, upon the bridge of boats over the Jumna. We were making our triumphal entry into Delhi. Not reckoning the stoppages at Benares and Futtehpore, we had traversed the nine hundred miles in about eight days and a half; excellent work for India and the rains. The rains, however, had, luckily for me, been less troublesome than usual.

Although "the Company" have had possession of British India for centuries the Grand Trunk Road, of which I have here attempted to give an idea, is no more than about fifteen years old; Dawk travelling, however, is a thing of yesterday. The vehicle has been brought into existence by the ingenuity of the competing transit companies, and is, in its way, now almost perfect. If it were watertight, I think it would be absolutely perfect. The road, which is really second in importance to the vehicle, is equal to the best Macadamised roads in England, barring some very bad bits here and there and the extensive repairs always going on in sundry places, always performed with the utmost deliberation. There is a want of bridges too, that will in time be remedied. Five streams have to be ferried or forded between the Hooghly and the Soane, to say nothing of the passage by ferry of those two very formidable rivers; and of the Ganges in two places — at Benares and Alla-

habad. I think that the road, when it is good, is of better quality in Bengal than in the Upper Provinces, either because the material is harder, the shape more convex, or the traffic less. The whole line extends, I should observe, to Peshawur, but of the upper part I know nothing from experience, and am told that it is not yet worthy of praise.

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## THE LADY OF THE FEN.

GLORIOUS and grand is this our time;
A great prose epic, rich with food
For many an after poet's rhyme
When matter shall be soul-subdued:
Yet often, when the heart grows faint
With glare of gas, and clang of steam,
It freshens at the aspect quaint
Of some beloved old-world dream;
Some fable where we see the earth
Bloom roughly-sweet with wild wood-flowers,
And marvels of continual birth
Show Heaven more manifestly ours.
And, as such tales are cherish'd most
When Winter comes with rainy flaw,
And Night, dilating like a ghost,
Touches familiar things with awe —
The story which I tell shall be
Of old enchantment, dark and drear,
Yet still preserving, like the sea,
Some reflex of the skyey sphere.

Why rides Sir Cradock mournfully
From morn to eve with downcast eye?
Why droops Sir Cradock day by day?
Why turns his hair from black to grey?
He is a Knight of whom report
Speaks nobly — one of Arthur's court —
And in the freshness of his age;
Yet grief, which nothing can assuage,
Has driven him to the bearded woods
And mountainous dumb solitudes;
Where, like an iron statue, still
He holds on with an iron will.

A twelvemonth since, Sir Cradock's pleasure
Knew neither bounds, nor change, nor measure;
A newly-married man, and blest
With one in whom his soul found rest.
In azure calm the Future lay,
Like hills in heaven. But, on a day,
As home he wended from the chase,
A servant with a pallid face
Met him, and told how armed men
Had forced his castle gates, and then
From out his lady's bower had dragg'd
Her barbarously, tied and gagg'd,
And bound her on a wild black horse,
And swiftly over heath and gorse
Into the forest fled like wind.

Sir Cradock fared as one struck blind
With sudden night. Awhile he stood
Moveless; then dash'd into the wood,
And wildly gallop'd round about,
And, with continual cry and shout,
Went crashing through great leafy spaces,
Or into dusky inward places,
Smiting through shatter'd boughs strange light
And tempest; till the broad, blank night
Stared from the sky — a huge Despair,
Starless, and black, and cold, and bare.

For many months Sir Cradock sought
His lady; but he found her not:
And now, even hope itself had fled,
And the sweet world seem'd dumb and dead,
And like a body without a soul.
Yet, that his life might have some goal,
Some healthy purpose that might keep
Its spirit from a stagnant sleep,
Sir Cradock vow'd to spend his days
In seeking hard and perilous ways —
Fierce battles with enchantments grim
On misty moorlands wide and dim
In woods or ghostly houses, near
The rotting of a grey flat mere.
And so with stedfast heart he rides
Through valleys, or on cold hill-sides,
Or far into the deep recesses
Of the waste lands and wildernesses;
But nothing he sees, of bliss or bale.

The old year had now wax'd thin and pale;
The winter had come; the trees were bare;
The weary clouds in the dark still air
Slept ever, and threw a great shadow round
Under the heavens and over the ground.
The Christmas season drew nigh and nigher:
Merry it was by the red log-fire,

Merry for old man, woman, and child.
But Cradock abode in the deserts wild,
With lonely musings and thoughts devout
Warming the coldness round about,
And praying for some adventure soon.

And so it befel in an afternoon
That through a forest he rode, and saw
The shadows closer and closer draw.
The trees were old, and jagg'd, and dark;
With dying moss and knarry bark;
Above, the branches and lighter spray
Like a low and black cloud lay.
From gloomy depths, suspicious faces
Seem'd glancing with grotesque grimaces;
And, out of the wet and miry nooks,
Peer'd the efts with ominous looks.
The leaping frog, the crawling toad
Leap'd and crawl'd from the beaten road,
And hid themselves in the languid sloth
Of the fat and noiseless undergrowth.
The very silence seem'd to sing
And mutter of some marvellous thing.
Suddenly Sir Cradock was aware
Of a she-wolf that ran by there,
Nimble of foot and eager-eyed.
Sir Cradock wounded her in the side,
And, as between the trunks she sped,
She left a track of glimmering red,
Made visible by the fading light
In the West; and, on this track, the knight
Rode forward through the old grim wood,
And past it; and the drops of blood
Over a marsh went steadily on.
The western light grew faint and wan;
And under the hugely-hanging dark
The black fen lay without a mark —
A night above, a night below.
The staggering ground slid to and fro
At touch of foot; and, round the edge
Of closely-hidden pools, the sedge
Shook always in the moaning breeze.
Lightly Sir Cradock rode by these,
And in the hazy moonrise drew
Towards a lonely house; and through
The rusty gates, decay'd and bent,
In at the door the she-wolf went.

It was a drooping mansion, cold
And desolate as the fenny wold.
Green damp, in figures many and grim,
Writhed on the walls with outline dim,
And in the dusk look'd drearily.
With weeds, and grasses thick and high,
The garden walks were choked: the wet
Hung in their leaves as in a net.
A mournful silence shudder'd round;
But Cradock quickly leapt to ground,
And through the open portal stept:
Darkling, across the hall he kept,
And up the stairs in winding gloom,
And so into a lofty room
Lit by a torch's wavering flare,
Which show'd the bloody track was there.
And something else was there beside: —
No wolf, with red jaws staring wide,
But a fair lady, pale and faint,
With sad, calm features like a saint,
And piteous wound, from which the knight
Saw heavy blood-drops, large and bright,
Fall lingering downward to the floor.
Wondering he stood beside the door.

"Lady," he said, "I pray you tell
What dread misfortune makes you dwell
In this deserted house alone,
Hearing the marsh-winds creep and moan." —
"Ah, woeful me!" she made reply;
"Better it were that I should die,
And fade beneath a grassy mound! —
O, pleasant gloom! O, quiet ground!
My heart is weary, and I would sleep
In a grave-bed soft and deep,
With earthy blankets drawn about,
And the sighing air without!
I fear myself. My own heart-blood
Is dreadful, and a tainted flood.
I am the wolf you found within
That fiendish wood; not changed for sin,
But by a fierce enchanter's power.
He sought my love in evil hour,
And found it not. Then wroth he grew,
And my father and my mother slew,
And all our household smote with death,
Poisoning the land with baleful breath.
And ever since that murderous day
I have been doom'd to deserts grey,
A wild wood thing of grief and fear,
Herding with savage shapes undear
In murky heaths, in moss-cold dens,
Or dabbling in the rainy fens,
Wretched, and stiff with icy dew
And cold. — But from the first I knew
That, if my blood were made to run
By human hand, and I could shun
Men's sight, and gain my father's hall,
That ghastly shape would straightway fall
From off me like a robe; and, lo!
This evening it has happen'd so."

Sir Cradock said, "Lady, I swear
To seek that foul enchanter's lair
By dawn of day. Be comforted;
For either I will make his head
Leap earthward, or will lose my own."·
She thank'd him with a cordial tone:
And, after many friendly words,
He lay upon the cold, hard boards,
And slept away the lingering night.

Tardily dawned the morning light,
And cheerfully Sir Cradock rose.
The chilly breath of morning froze
Flower and grass and yellow weed.
Up clomb the good Knight on his steed;
Up went the sun, in smears of red
And coppery cloud enveloped;
Up went the smoke from distant town;
Up went the smoky marsh-mists brown;
And Cradock, turning for a space,
Beheld that lovely lady's face
Smiling a sweet yet sad Farewell!

His heart was throbbing like a bell,
As over moss and moor he pass'd
Into a glen where high rocks cast
Strange darkness: a black, ominous land,
With dismal crags on either hand,
And down each drear, precipitous wall
Black waters fell with snake-like crawl.
Portentous shapes, with face all spasms,
Lay snarling in the rocky chasms,
Dog-like, with frequent moan and yelp,
And sometimes calling out for help:
But Cradock mark'd how human bones
Were whitening beside fallen stones;
And swerv'd not, nor to right nor left.
At length he clear'd that perilous cleft,
And saw the enchanted palace rise,
Gorgeous and vast, before his eyes,
Far off upon a pleasant plain,
With walls that shone like glistening rain.
Tow'rds it he gallop'd, glad at heart,
And safely reach'd the outer part
Just as the night came glooming down
Over mountain, valley, and town.

He stopp'd; and, scarcely knowing why,
Sat gazing round, when, suddenly,
He saw an old fantastic crone
Crouching beneath the wall alone,
And muttering at the gathering night,
With legs across and fingers tight.
Up leap'd the hag in ugly glee,
And cried, "Sir Knight, I joy to see
Thy noble face! — The time has come;
The heavens are dark, the world is dumb,
The grave is dug, the screech-owls shriek:
Hearken, Sir Knight, to what I speak!
The sorcerer thou hast come to slay;
But I alone can show the way
Of severing his enchanted life.
Without some charmed sword, all strife
Is vain; though nothing can withstand
The lightning of this fatal brand
Of magic steel which I will give
To thee; but thou must thenceforth live
With me for ever, and remain
My bondsman through all joy and pain."

O, hard condition for a knight!
No more to mix in court or fight;
No more to see the glad swords leap
Like sudden brooks from winter sleep;
No more to hear the horse's neigh
And iron clangour of the fray,
With dusty tempests rolling past;
No more to feel the shivering blast
Of trumpets smite the air, and make
His beard within his visor shake!
Yet never will he break his vow
To that fair lady, whose white brow
Lights him in darkness like a moon.
He takes the sword, and swears that soon
He will return, with victory rich,
And bind him to the dreary witch,
Beneath an old and cavernous oak.

Straightway he pass'd through fire and smoke
Into the bright enchanted hall,
And saw a sudden dimness fall
On all the lightsome splendours there;
Which sicken'd to a deadly glare,
As though a ghost had risen, and brought
The darkness of some strange, new thought.
The sorcerer, feasting at the board,
Beheld Sir Cradock's dreadful sword,
And leaped up with a serpent hiss;
While, through the diamond galleries
And golden glooms, a swooning sigh
From point to point ran shudderingly.
A moment, and the swords are out:
A flashing fire flames about;
The champions clash, and clang, and trace,
And hurtle round the darkening place,
And lose, and gain, and lose their ground.
Loud thunder laughs and leaps around,

And, from their weapons, rudely kiss'd,
There rolls a grey and creeping mist,
Which hangs and droops apart. At length
A faintness drowe'd the sorcerer's strength.
Sir Cradock clove his skull in twain:
His blood dash'd into the air like rain:
The hall was rent from base to height,
And through the rifts down rush'd the night.

The great enchantment had all fled.
Sir Cradock saw the stars o'erhead,
And felt the outer air benign;
Then woke, as from some dreamy wine,
And walk'd towards the old oak tree:
A sad man at the heart was he.

The tree was rough, and broad, and bare,
And hollow'd like some wild beast's lair.
He sees that he has reach'd the spot
Assign'd; yet there the crone is not.
No human soul appears; no sound
To stir the silence aching round.

Is he asleep, or is he mad?
He knows not whether to be glad
Or grave; when, from the other side
Of the trunk, he sees a fair face glide —
Ah, Heaven! the face which they had torn
From him, and through the wild woods borne;
Her face of sweetness, sadness, mirth,
Rising as from a second birth,
With patient cheek and tender bloom,
Making a glory in the gloom,
Like something snatch'd from wormy death —
No ghost, but living pulse and breath,
Warm lips, soft arms, and beating heart.
"Oh, Cradock, we shall no more part!
Oh, husband! me you vow'd to serve
For ever; and you will not swerve."
He holds her with a strong caress,
And almost fears his happiness;
And, greatly weeping in his joy,
Cries wildly for some sharp alloy
To make it seem more natural.

After a while she tells him all.
The sorcerer, now lying dead,
Had dragg'd her from her home, and fled
Into his bright, enchanted land;
Where patiently and long he plann'd
To bring her to his sovereign will.
But she, love-strong, resisted still.
Then, mad to be thus overthrown,
He changed her to a hideous crone,
And cursed her; but she bore away
The sword which had been forced to slay
Its former master, and make clear
The light of Heaven's eternal year.
During the fray she watch'd apart;
And when, with dreadful reel and start,
She saw the enchanted towers wane,
Her natural shape appear'd again,
And instantly that phantom shade
In which her limbs had been array'd,
And clasp'd as in a hideous ring,
Fled, trembling like a frighted thing.

'Twas sweet to hear the shout of joy
From man and woman, girl and boy,
When homeward brought Sir Cradock, then,
His wife, the Lady of the Fen.
Christmas had come. Upon the hearth
The Yule-log sang and laugh'd for mirth.
Merry it was in the loud, light hall,
Where roar'd and glow'd the festival,
And the feasters drank, in wine red-bright,
"Health to the Lady and her Knight!"

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## VARNA.

A WAR, a murder, or a railway, has the effect of promoting very insignificant places into the widest notoriety. The present north-eastern warfare, for example, is causing the most diligent consultation of the atlas and the gazetteer to find the position on the map of proper names which make their first appearance in newspapers as the scenes of important events. Varna is the latest debût. Extreme significance is given to a report that "a Russian frigate has been seen reconnoitring Varna;" to the fact that "the British consul has left Varna;" or to the circumstance that "consternation had seized the merchants of Varna." The effect of such bewildering in-

telligence would be much more breathless if ninety readers in a hundred had ever before heard of Varna, or knew where Varna is situated.

Their ignorance is the less pardonable because it is not unlikely that the roll they ate for breakfast was made from corn exported from Varna. Varna, the port of Bulgaria — the present seat of war — like many other towns along the shores of the Black Sea and of the inner basin of the Mediterranean, was, fifty years ago, a mere collection of huts. It is now important enough to be governed by a Turkish *Mirmidar*, or Pasha of three tails. The population consisted, even as long ago as eighteen hundred and twenty-eight, when it was captured by the Russians, of about sixteen thousand souls, of which eight thousand two hundred are Moslems; the rest being Greeks, Armenians, Ionians, and a few Jews. The city contains more than three thousand houses, a good many of which are new or in course of construction. There are four mosques, three Greek churches (one of which, that of St. Athanasius, is the metropolitan), and one Armenian church. The principal Greek place of worship was rebuilt in one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight. It contains three naves, and space enough for a congregation of above two thousand. At Christmas and on Easter day the other churches are shut up, and all the Greeks collect in or around their cathedral; the gyneceum or women's gallery of which is completely filled, and yet more than half of the fairer portion of the congregation are compelled to remain in the court-yard.

Before the taking of Varna by the Russians, with the exception of the clergy few persons spoke Greek. The use of the Turkish was general, so that the priests were obliged to preach and hear confessions in that language. The Varniote Greeks were assimilated to the Bulgarians, and although they were not forced to learn the Turkish, they found it necessary to do so in order to carry on daily intercourse. They were kept severely within bounds, and forbidden to communicate with foreign traders. They were not even allowed to have windows in their wooden houses towards the street. Daylight entered by a few little holes.

In those time, however, Varna was a garrison town, and there was constant danger of spies. After Varna was restored to the Turks the Varniotes, who for a time emigrated, returned; and, by the assistance of their archbishop, Joseph de Serres, rapidly advanced in social improvement. Schools were established on the Lancastrian principle, and the Greek language was studied with assiduity. Most young men now speak Greek. A little library has been founded, and there is a school for girls, directed by a lady from Constantinople, who teaches reading, writing, the first rules of

arithmetic, and needlework. It is curious to notice these revivals of civilisation in places of which, until lately, Europe never heard speak. The commerce of Varna has advanced even more rapidly.

The return of material prosperity to Varna was subsequent to the return of intellectual life. Fifteen years ago everything was curiously cheap there. Three eggs were bought for one parah, and a fowl sometimes for five farthings. At present an egg costs five parahs, and a fowl two piastres, or fivepence. Then, the bread was very bad, none of the Varniotes being learned in the science of making it; but now, not only does the Greek baker, Mr. Agabides, furnish excellent loaves; but an export trade has been established during the last two years from Varna, which is only second to that from Odessa. Very recently the inhabitants were actually not aware that the chicory, the asparagus, and the strawberries which nature produced spontaneously in their fields, were good to eat. At present they sell them at high prices to the strangers, who have taught them their value. Every requisite for a good kitchen, and the other necessaries of European life, except handy servants, are now to be had at Varna. The tone of manners has consequently much changed. Formerly, if a lady in European dress ventured to go out of her house, even accompanied by her husband, she was hooted by crowds of idle children. Now, she may go out alone without danger. The public promenade since eighteen hundred and fifty has been crowded with ladies, dressed in the last fashions procured from the well-assorted bazaars of Pera. Even the men begin to dress in the European style; and, in eighteen hundred and fifty-one four European tailors established themselves. European furniture now finds its way into the houses of the rich Varniotes, which were formerly fitted up quite in the Turkish style, having, for example, in the reception-room, or *moussafir-ouda*, nothing but low divans and a Schumla carpet, or a plain mat. Many of the houses within the walls of the city have now a little garden or *boxè*, where are raised numbers of flowers, principally the rose and the jasmine. These intramural gardens are often shaded by willow, linden, and lilac trees, clumps of which are seen also in the country around. Vegetation begins towards the end of April, and finishes in September. During the intervening period, Varna is a most agreeable place of residence; and, as it is only fourteen hours distance, even by a sailing vessel with a good wind, from Constantinople, or the Queen City as the Byzantines call it, many persons spend the summer there; returning occasionally for a short time to the capital to transact business.

As in all the other cities of Turkey, the streets of Varna are narrow, winding, irregular, dirty, and generally without pavement.

It is, consequently, difficult to cross them in the winter without sticking in the mud; which is at least half a foot deep in front of the grain stores and near the Land Gate, by which all waggons enter. The climate in general is good, and the waters for drinking are of excellent quality. They flow abundantly from the fountains with which the Armenian, Greek, and Turkish quarters are provided.

The common articles of food are *pastruma*, that is to say, the meat of oxen or buffaloes salted and dried in the sun, or *sutjoukia*, sausages made of the same meat, together with cabbages kept till half decayed in cellars, and beans. The *pastruma* and *sutjoukia* are prepared towards the end of the month of September, at which period each family, in accordance with ancient usage, kills before the door or in the court of its house the oldest of its buffaloes, which has supplied throughout the year abundance of milk for the preparation called *giaourt*, or sour curds. These buffaloes are so tame, that during the summer they leave the stables alone in the morning to go and seek pasture in the country, and return at night-fall of their own accord.

In the East, every family is obliged to attend to the march of the seasons, and lay in provisions accordingly. During the month of September, whilst the public slaughtering is going on, every family provides itself with fire-wood, coals, and vegetables, for the long winter of five months; during which, on those stormy shores of the Black Sea, the kitchen gardens are covered with snow, or bound by frost, or drenched by rain. At that season few peasants will come into the town; or, if they do, consider themselves entitled to ask extravagant prices. The vegetables, of which store is made, are leeks, parsley, celery, parsnips, carrots, beet-root, and turnips, the roots of which are buried in the earth in the corner of the house-court. Common cabbages and curled colewort are preserved either by being hung on strings in the cellar, which is the best manner, or in little barrels filled with salt-water. Cauliflowers, cucumbers, turnip cabbages, young onions, and other vegetables are kept in vinegar. What takes place in the Varniote families in detail, is repeated on a large scale by the trade.

Every year, from the middle of the month of August to the end of September, are killed in the slaughter-house placed opposite the fortress, in the direction of Cape Soganlik, six or eight thousand oxen or cows, which are past work, to make *pastruma*, and to furnish tallow for the candles used in the country, or exported to Constantinople, where they are in great demand. They are known by a red tip which is given them at the manufactory. Great quantities of tongues also are prepared for exportation, and the horns are sent fastened to the skins, which are dried in the open air.

This period of slaughtering, called *tarkhem*, is a kind of festival for the town. During forty days that it lasts, one of the gates closed all the rest of the year is thrown open for the ingress and egress of the inhabitants. In all there are five gates, three of which — two on the land side, and one towards the sea — are open daily: the former until night-fall, and the latter half an hour after, for the convenience of the merchants and the crews of the ships dispersed about the town. The keys of these gates are kept at night by the Kavass Bashi or chief of the police of the Pacha, who, on being forewarned, orders the Land Gate — leading to the public walk, and to the two neighbouring monasteries of Saint Demitri and Saint Constantine — to remain open until the return of such and such a consul, who may have gone out to amuse himself with his family and friends. The fifth gate, of which we have not yet spoken, is opened only on Twelfth day, when the Archbishop goes down at the head of his clergy, according to the custom of all Christian maritime towns in the East, to throw into the waters a cross, which the devout sailors dive for and are happy to procure.

It is only during the two months of August and September that carnivorous Europeans can be certain of finding beef in the butchers' shops; but throughout the year excellent mutton and lamb may be obtained. Fresh pork, which infidels will persist in eating, can only be got in the last days of carnival. In spring and summer, the market of vegetables and herbs is well supplied, as is also the fish market. Great quantities of turbot are caught along the coast, together with some mullets, soles, haddocks, and other fish. Sea hedgehogs are common, but gourmands are obliged to get oysters from Constantinople by the steamers. Considerable development might be given to the fisheries, which are at present pursued rather as an amusement than an occupation.

In the neighbourhood of Varna, amateur sportsmen find some roebucks, and great quantities of hares. Wild ducks and geese are found in the lakes and ponds; and buzzards and blackbirds are not uncommon in the woods. Snipe, and partridge, and quail are rare. The environs of Varna, which the sportsmen constantly visit, are picturesque. Along the road that leads to Balzick, vineyards producing excellent grapes are met with. The wines, however, though excellent to drink, will not keep. In the month of July they begin to turn sour. The Varniotes, in fact, though potent drinkers, have made little progress in the art of manufacturing wine. Most persons are possessors of a small orchard, in which are grown cherries, quinces, pears, prunes, peaches, pomegranates, nuts, and walnuts. Black and white mulberry trees grow well, but their fruit is worth nothing. In the orchards which possess a spring of water, a

portion is generally laid out as a kitchen garden, where are cultivated dark-green water-melons, common melons, pumpkins, cucumbers, beans, peas, onions, garlic, rosemary, marjoram, spinnach, artichokes, and most of the vegetables known in Europe. In their midst rose-trees and wall-flowers often show themselves. Along the fortifications, and in the fields near the town, abundance of the camomile plant, of poppies, of marshmallows, and wild violets grow; and here and there great expanses of thistles cover tracts that were formerly cultivated.

As a seaport Varna might soon rival Odessa if it had fair play. Placed on one of the bays that indent the western shore of the Black Sea, near the point at which the Balkan range terminates in a promontory, the port, or rather the road, although not protected from the east and south-east winds, is amply sheltered from north and north-east winds, the most dangerous that prevail in the Black Sea. The entrance of the bay is picturesque, for the two capes that form it and leave a passage of four miles and a half wide, are steep and rocky. Further in, the shores sink, and become quite level in the neighbourhood of the city. It has been proposed to make a cutting, in order to connect the port with the lake of Denna, in which case it would become the safest refuge for vessels, and the most important point in the Black Sea. When the present Sultan visited Varna in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, the plan was laid before him; but he seems to have been discouraged by the enormous estimates of some Turkish engineers. The cutting would only be a mile long, and there already exists a little stream called by the natives *Derse*, which turns several mills. Occasionally boats are taken up from the sea for a pleasure party on the lake. Along the banks of the Derse groups of women are constantly seen washing wool and carpets in the running water. It would only be necessary to deepen the channel that already exists, and an enormous fleet might find refuge, in all weathers, in an inner basin completely protected.

Even as it is, the port of Varna is visited by a great number of vessels. Two years ago there were four hundred and thirty, one only of which was English. The year after there were only two hundred and seventy-two, of which eight were English; but last year there was a great increase. The Austrian steamers put in at Varna twice a week, on their way to and fro between Constantinople and Galatz. They carry all kinds of merchandise, even cages of poultry, which cover the deck from end to end, to the great inconvenience of passengers. It is calculated that two hundred thousand fowls, and fifty million eggs are annually exported. In the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven, in which commerce was remarkably active, the value of the articles exported from Varna was about six hundred thousand pounds; two-thirds of

which sum were employed in the purchase of wheat and barley. The import trade, moreover, is by no means insignificant.

From these facts it is evident that Varna is a most important point. It is the maritime capital of Bulgaria, just as Routchuk is the Danubian capital. There has long existed a project for uniting these two cities by a railway; and it is possible that in better times this project may effectually be carried out, especially as between the months of November and April the navigation of the Danube ceases altogether. Many foreign consuls have recently been established at Varna. In eighteen hundred and forty-seven, for the first time, a representative for English commercial and political interests was sent there in the person of Mr. Neale, the gentleman whose recent departure has introduced Varna into the foreign news of the English journals. Lately, as in most other important towns of the Levant, almost the first object that strikes the eye when one approaches the place is a series of flagstaffs, indicating that all Europe is present there by its agents.

The corn trade is destined to make the fortune of Varna. It is only recently that the Bulgarians have obtained permission to export corn direct to foreign countries. Within a dozen years, a great many fortunes have been made by Greeks and Ionians sent there as agents for commercial houses at Constantinople. M. Vréto, the last Greek consul at Varna, informs us that the greater number have made fortunes by taking advantage of the ignorance of the poor Bulgarian peasantry, who come down with their caravans to Varna to sell wheat. His account is a curious illustration of the state of the country. These simple and timid corn-traders, all Moslems, are met on the road by brokers employed by the commercial agents, who examine the quality of the grain during some halt in the mountains, agree upon the price, and give the name of the merchant for whom the bargain is made. But when the train of twenty, thirty, or forty waggons arrives in front of the stores, the false merchant affects to examine the lot anew, and often refuses to receive it, telling the waggoners that too high a price has been promised on an erroneous estimation of the quality.

Then these poor Bulgarians knowing, perhaps, that there is no great demand in the market, or not being able, on account of the lateness of the hour, to go in search of another customer, in their simplicity accept whatever is offered. But this is not the end of their losses, for almost invariably a false measure is used. This measure, called *sinik*, is of wood, and made of thick planks. It is first submitted to be examined and stamped by the authorities, and then planed away inside so as to contain two, or three *okes* additional. Not content with this deception, it is rare that, whilst the

measuring is going on, a quarrel does not arise between the merchant and the Bulgarian; the latter maintaining, for example, that nine *siniks*, and not eight, have been emptied out; but the measurer always takes part with the merchant, and fiercely tells the Bulgarian to be silent. There is no means of ascertaining the truth, because the newly brought wheat is emptied directly into the store upon piles already commenced. After all this, the poor fellows may consider themselves fortunate if they are not paid in old Turkish gold pieces, which are no longer current, or have been worn almost to nothing, and which are passed at a nominal value above that which they would bear if new. It often happens that these peasants are afterwards informed that the money they have received is of no value, and return to the merchants to have it changed, but they are always repulsed with contumely. "We have often," says M. Vréto, "observed these unhappy men complaining with tears in their eyes of the fraud that has been practised on them. In their despair they sometimes go and lay their case before the Pacha governor, who begins by making them pay five per cent. as a tax, called, in Turkish *Res-imo*, exacted upon every sum claimed through the medium of the Pacha or the Kadi. It is the fear of being obliged to make this outlay with no certainty of redress that in general makes the timid Bulgarian put up in silence with all the oppression of the corn-agents." Many attempts have been made to remedy this state of things, but without success.

However, the Bulgarian peasants who come to Varna appear still to make a considerable profit, although not sufficient to bring about that amelioration in the general state of the country which fair commerce would produce. They also gain a good deal by the sale of excellent butter, which they bring down in earthenware jars concealed amidst their waggon-loads of wheat. It is not explained why only Moslems carry on this trade between the interior and the port. Probably, as it is mentioned that they are owners of the grain they bring down, they purchase it in part from the Christian peasants, who might not think it so safe for them to undertake a long journey. At any rate, it appears that, Moslems or not, the attendants of the caravans are good quiet people, who are no match for the cunning of semi-civilisation. We happen to know that frauds of a very similar kind are practised by the corn-dealers of Alexandria, who bring down grain from the upper country by the river and canal. They are met by speculating brokers, who purchase their cargoes at the regular market price; but, instead of cash, passing between the buyer and seller, written agreements are exchanged. If prices rise, well and good; but if not, the unfortunate fellahs find out that their papers are of no value, because they are

without the government stamp; and, if they endeavoured to enforce the bargain made, they expose themselves to severe punishment.

These intimate details of how commerce is in carried on in the East cannot be without interest to us, for this is the way in which perhaps the materials of the bread we have eaten this day have been obtained. It is scarcely necessary to add, that at no distant day the plains and valleys of Bulgaria, which are in great part now uncultivated, may prove to be among the most important granaries of Europe. Of course the time will come when prices will rise with the advance of civilisation; so as to make it worth the while of native cultivators to bring their ground under tillage. Unless checked by war, facilities of communication will also create new markets for English goods on both banks of the Danube, and on the shores of the Black Sea.

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## MANCHESTER MEN AT THEIR BOOKS.

THE Manchester Free Library, of which, in its first stages, we have treated more than once, has just issued a report upon the subject of its first year's doings. Its managing librarian, Mr. Edward Edwards — who has spared no pains in watching the results that have come out of the actual working of the institution — has carefully set down all that was worth noting. Manchester now has experience to tell about, and by its experience the other towns at present following the lead of Manchester and Salford, of Liverpool, of Bolton, Oxford, Sheffield, and Winchester, may be considerably aided in their efforts.

In the first place, it is well worth while for us all clearly to understand that a Free Public Library never can become anything much better than a large literary scrap cupboard, if it is to depend for its books upon chance donations. If no mind presides over its formation, if no money is placed regularly at the disposal of a committee, for the direct purpose of buying books upon a well-considered system, the thing formed is not a library, but a bookstall, in which all the chance-collected volumes are to be read instead of bought, by droppers-in. Now, it is provided by the Public Libraries Act of eighteen hundred and fifty, as most people know, that a town corporation may apply a halfpenny rate to the establishment of a free library if, upon a poll, two-thirds of the voting burgesses consent. But it is provided that this money shall be spent on library buildings, salaries, coals, candles, anything and everything except the one thing needful — books. The Act gives no authority to purchase books with borough funds, a curious error of omission, which we all must wish to see corrected in the next sessions of Parliament. Liverpool has for its library a

special act, and Manchester, by a special clause, is able to spend town money on books as well as upon bookshelves, but Bolton has been driven by this blunder to the necessity of adopting troublesome machinery for the supply of the town wants, and other towns are likely to be seriously trammelled in their efforts for self-education.

Donations to the Manchester Free Library have been extremely liberal, but books presented have, nevertheless, borne no sensible proportion to the books required. The library is, at the end of the first year, in efficient working order — a library with sense and light in it, not a dead lump of volumes, but its efficiency is mainly the result of a judicious use of money in the purchase of those books that were of the most sterling character, those that secured the fair supply of right material in each kind of study, or that were in other ways peculiarly suited to the exigencies of the town. Thus in Manchester one of the most popular novels Scott's Kenilworth. That work in the lending library had thirty-four readers in six months; but Mr. Sewell's Rudolph the Voyager had in the same period two readers more. Of all histories, Macaulay's History of England is in most request — except Whitaker's History of Manchester. Then again there is a taste in Manchester for works upon the steam-engine, and upon chemistry, which must be met by books of a class that would be little sought at present in some other towns. There is a solidity of taste about the mass of Manchester readers, to which this report bears curious testimony. Let us note a fact or two concerning it: —

The library, as all the country knows, consists of a reference department, or reading-room, containing books that are not to go out of doors, and a lending library. In the former more than sixty thousand, and in the latter nearly eighty thousand volumes were consulted during the past year. The reference library is used by persons of all classes, the lending library also by all classes, but chiefly by working-men and women. Of two thousand active borrowers of books, we are told that about one thousand are warehousemen, packers, and others employed in warehouses, artisans, mechanics, and machinists, or mill hands, being men; ninety are mill hands of the other sex; two hundred and thirty are shop assistants, male or female, dressmakers, &c.; a hundred are clerks; sixty are shopkeepers; three hundred and fifty are boys at home, at school, or employed in shops, including pupil teachers; there are twenty female pupil teachers; and the rest are persons of superior station or whose position was not ascertained.

What now is the kind of reading favoured by these people? My Lord Tomnoddy, lounging on his club sofa, refuses to believe it, when he is told that these brave

people, meaning to work with their heads as well as with their hands, use books that are taken by them from the Manchester Free Lending Library in the proportion following: — In literature — including poetry and fiction, essays, literary history, and encyclopædias — each volume is read, on an average, fifteen times a year. Works upon theology and philosophy are next in request; in that class each work has been read, on an average, nine times. In history and biography every work has had an average of eight readers; the scientific works have had an average of seven readings a piece; and each work on law, politics, or commerce may, in the same way, be said to have been borrowed twice. Scientific and other books borrowed by working men, that bear upon their trades, are studied carefully; epitomes are sometimes made by them at home; and one or two have been, or are being, bodily copied into household manuscript!

There is a fine earnestness about all this. Then there is something very natural and amusing in the results of the librarian's notes as to the books most in request in each department. The reference library is crowded in the evening by working men; and their great delight and refreshment appears to consist in an escape from routine life to dreams of romance or peril, in relieving the monotony of toil with tales of battle, shipwreck, or adventure. In a word, the imagination, even in Manchester, refuses to be crushed. The pleasure book most read, during the first six months after the library opened, was — the Arabian Nights. The weary warehousemen, mill-hands, and shopkeepers spent their evenings with Haroun al Raschid. The next best books for them, after the Arabian Nights, appear to have been Ivanhoe, Robinson Crusoe, and the Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders.

The historical works most favoured have been those most dealing in adventure and excitement. Histories of Napoleon have been somewhat more in demand than even the Arabian Nights. Lives of Wellington and Nelson were, respectively, about half as much in request, but very popular, slightly more popular indeed than that very well read book of amusement, "Gulliver's Travels." Narratives of the Battle of Waterloo were in yet greater demand, though still in less request than accounts of Napoleon. Next in popularity to the lives of Napoleon — and there is one man in Manchester who has even read Alison's history straight through — is a volume entitled "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea." That volume was issued two hundred and fifteen times in six months. Almost equally popular was Mr. Cumming's account of his hunting adventures among lions and hippopotamuses in South Africa. Less in request, but much demanded — next, in fact, in the order of popularity among books

of this class — have been Macaulay's History, Layard's Nineveh, and Dana's Two Years before the Mast.

Mr. Edwards has framed tables showing for each month in the past year, the amount of the demand for books in each section of the library; such tables, when they extend over many years, will yield curious results, but the fluctuations in the attendance on a Free Library, among a somewhat mobile population, would of course mislead us, if, without taking them into account, we speculated on the tables of a single year. Perhaps we may safely infer the experience of the first year to be true of all in these respects. That more books are borrowed in winter than in summer, in in-door than in out-of-door weather; and most in October and November, when the weather makes men least inclined to go abroad. That the disposition to read philosophy is greatest in November, least in May; and that there is a revived demand for it in the dog-days, when the heat also begets a disposition for metaphysics, which otherwise is in most favour through the foggy months. That tales of battle, shipwreck, and adventure are demanded most when there are fire-sides to read them by, and that the decrease of demand for them in the summer, is more rapid than the decrease of demand for poetry and fiction. That the summer want of scientific books falls to one half of what it was in winter, while the want of pleasure books diminishes only by a fourth. The diminution of demand for books in summer receives some check in July. The weather out of doors is, in that month, often hotter than we like; and it is for this reason, perhaps, that July appears to be, of all summer months, very decidedly the one in which most books are read. Some of these generalisations may be justified by future tables.

We dwell now upon one or two more practical facts before quitting the subject. One of them is, that establishers of lending libraries must calculate upon the spending of a portion of their yearly means, not in the buying of new books, but in the replacing of books that are worn out. Manchester experience has proved that proper care is taken by the people of the works freely entrusted to their hands.

Here we interpolate the very noticeable fact, that out of more than seventy-seven thousand volumes which have been issued during the last year from the Manchester Lending Library, only three have been lost. Another proof of the trustworthiness of English working men. But, with the best usage, a work cannot be read successively by fifty people, without needing to be rebound; and after it has been rebound, fifty more readers fairly wear it out. Of books in much request, therefore, new copies will have to be put into circulation once in about every two years. This ne-

cessity further shows the importance of securing to a free library, by rate or otherwise, the support of a fixed annual income.

There remains only one small matter of detail to which, for the sake of others who are forming libraries of the same character, we wish to call attention. For the working of the Manchester Free Library, it is arranged that every reader having been recommended by two burgesses who become surety for his right use of the books, is admitted, and that he needs no re-admission until he shall have allowed six months to elapse without availing himself of his privilege. The last clause of this regulation is found inconvenient in practice. It is thought that it would be better if those who have taken the trouble to obtain the right of reading, were to report themselves as attached still to the Institution, by applying every half year for a renewal of their privilege. There would be no need of fresh vouchers; the trouble to each reader would be insignificant; and a real working list of the reading part of the population would then be always in existence.

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## BLANK BABIES IN PARIS.

HAVING already described the Foundling Hospital of London,* it may be useful, for comparison, to describe the sister establishment in Paris.

* "Received a Blank Child." Vol. XIX. p. 1.

The Foundlings of Paris are an ancient community. For upwards of four hundred years, they have been the object of legislative enactments. Their earliest protectors were the clergy; and it was to the Bishop of Paris and the Chapter of Notre Dame that they were indebted for their first asylum. As an hospital for their reception a building was assigned them at the Port l'Evêque, which was called Maison de la Crêche; the word *crêche* originally signifying crib or manger only, but now employed to designate the general reception-room in the present hospital. That the newly-born children who were deserted by their parents might not perish from exposure in the public streets, a large cradle was established within the Cathedral of Notre Dame, accessible at all hours of the day or night, in which infants were placed, there to attract the attention of the pious. This cradle was in existence as early as fourteen hundred and thirty-one, for in that year died Isabella of Bavaria, the queen of Charles the Sixth of France — one of the most unnatural mothers and one of the worst of wives — who bequeathed to the Foundlings the enormous legacy of eight francs.

Besides being the recipients of casual charity, the Foundlings of Paris had a claim upon the High Justiciaries of the capital, all of them ecclesiastics; who, according to old usage, were bound to contribute towards their maintenance. These spiritual

nobles were, however, too much under the influence of earthly considerations to perform their duties faithfully; and, gradually stinting their donations, finally withheld them altogether. This was the occasion of much litigation; which was finally compromised by annual payments being compounded for by the making over two houses on the Port Saint Landry, within a stone's throw of the Cathedral.

Poorly paid, and having no sympathy for their charge, the servants of the establishment of the Port Saint Landry turned the miserable little orphans to their own profit. Street beggars wanting a new-born child wherewith to move the sensibility of the public, procured one at the Port Saint Landry. If a nurse required a child to replace one that through her negligence might have died, the substitute was ready at the Port Saint Landry. If a witch needed an infant for sacrifice, she obtained one at the Port Saint Landry. The price of a child in that establishment was just twenty *sous!*

This revolting traffic became a crying scandal, even in the city of cut-purse nobles and cut-throat abbés; and it attracted the attention of the celebrated philanthropist Vincent de Paul. His first attempt to provide the Foundlings with a better home consisted in his procuring for them a new hospital near the gate of Saint Victor. This was in the year sixteen hundred and thirty-eight. He placed the new establishment under the care of the Sisters of Charity; who, moved by an appeal which he made to them, lent themselves to the good work: not very effectually, however, at first; for the funds for the maintenance of the children — whose numbers fast increased — proving wholly insufficient, the administrators had recourse to a detestable expedient; they chose by lot the children that were to be provided for, and the residue were allowed to die for want of food! When Vincent de Paul learnt this, he assembled the ladies who had placed themselves at the head of the establishment, and earnestly besought them to consider the poor Foundlings in the light of their own children. His eloquent pleading prevailed. But he did not stop here; he addressed himself to the King; and eventually, the Parliament of Paris issued a decree, by which the High Justiciaries were compelled to pay an annual sum of fifteen thousand francs towards the maintenance of the Foundlings; and a house in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, with a large quantity of ground attached to it, was bought to serve as a permanent place of asylum for the unfortunate children.

Before this last settlement was made, Vincent de Paul died. But the impulse which he had originated never afterwards flagged. In the midst of his magnificence, Louis the Fourteenth issued an edict, dated June, sixteen hundred and seventy, in which was recog-

nised the truth that "there is no duty more natural, nor more conformable to Christian piety, than to take care of poor children who are abandoned, and whose weakness and misfortune alike render them worthy of compassion;" and six years later, Maria Theresa of Austria, the wife of the magnificent monarch, laid the first stone of a new and spacious edifice for the Foundlings in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, to which a church was attached. This example having been set, there was no lack, in that courtly age, of noble imitators, and large endowments were made by chancellors and presidents, and others high in authority. It was quite time; for, in a ratio that far exceeded the increase of population of Paris, the number of *enfants trouvés* was augmented. When Vincent de Paul first took up their cause in sixteen hundred and thirty-eight, the Foundlings numbered three hundred and twelve; but, at the close of the seventeenth century, they had multiplied to the extent of seventeen hundred and thirty-eight. Monsieur Dulaure took considerable pains to show (in his well-known History of Paris) that, during monarchical periods, the Foundling Hospital received the greatest number of inmates.

During the Republic, in consequence of the vast disproportion between the children who were deposited and those who survived, several stringent laws were enacted. One of these, dated the thirtieth Ventose, year five (March twenty-second, seventeen hundred and ninety-seven), contained, amongst other articles, a decree obliging all nurses who had the care of Foundlings to appear every three months before the agent of their commune, and certify that the children confided to them had been treated with humanity. Those who succeeded in bringing up foundlings till they reached the age of twelve years were rewarded with a present of fifty francs.

Amongst the sights of Paris at the present day, the Foundling Hospital is not the least attractive. But to look for the building, where we last left it, in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, would be lost labour; neither does a subsidiary asylum which was established at the corner of the square (called the Parvis) of the cathedral of Notre Dame still exist. Both, in fact, were combined into one, and their inmates transferred in the year eighteen hundred to the premises in the Rue d'Enfer, originally occupied by the Oratory where the priests of that congregation performed their noviciate. This "Street of the Infernal Regions" owes its present designation to this simple cause: the street of Saint Jacques, which runs parallel to it and occupies higher ground, was formerly called the Via Superior (upper road), and the Rue d'Enfer, its lower neighbour, Via Inferior; a poetical imagination soon made the corruption.

We are not at all indebted, for our knowledge of the preceding

facts, to the very excellent Sister of Charity who accompanied us over the Hospice des Enfants Trouvés when last we paid a visit to that establishment; but what she did relate may serve in some measure to show what is its present condition. When the moment comes we shall let her speak for herself; but our own impressions must first of all be recorded.

Before we reached the Hospital we had passed the previous half-hour in the gardens of the Luxembourg; and, although the flowers are not so fine nor the company so gay, as are to be seen in the rival parterres and avenues of the Tuileries, both were brilliant enough to form a striking contrast to the dull, deserted, flowerless street which bears the redoubtable name already mentioned. It lay before us, grey, blank, and dreary, with nothing to relieve the monotony of its general aspect but an inscription over the gateway of a building on the right hand side, informing us that there stood the "Hospice des Enfants Trouvés." If the site had been selected expressly for the purpose of being out of the way, where no witnesses might see the trembling mother deposit her new-born child, it could not have been managed better. As we drew near the entrance a further indication of the purposes of the building was visible in the words "Panier des Enfants," very legibly inscribed on what seemed to be the lid of a letter-box let into the wall, but which, on being raised — for it is never fastened — proved to be the children's basket, the *tour* or turning-box of the establishment. In obedience to a heavy single knock — there is a bell-handle beside the turning-box, but that was not for our use, having no infant to deposit — the wicket-door opened with the customary squeak of the *cordon*, and we were admitted. Could we see the Hospital? Willingly; would we oblige the portress by walking into the little office on the left hand, by putting down our names in a register there, and by depositing one franc apiece towards the general funds of the asylum? All these things we did with great pleasure, and the portress then rang a bell, in obedience to which summons a Sister of Charity made her appearance from a door in the quadrangle, and we were consigned to her care to be conducted over the building.

She was a quiet, grave, motherly woman, with evidently only one object in her thoughts — the duties of her profession. The Sisters of Charity soon learn what those duties are, and never fail in the performance of them. Sister Petronille — *that*, she said, was her name — conducted us across the courtyard to the door from whence she had issued, and together we ascended a lofty staircase, and passed into a tolerably large room. This was the *salle à manger*, but it was empty just then; so we proceeded to the next apartment, the "day-room" of the establishment, where we found

about twelve or thirteen children, all, we were told, under two years of age, some of whom were in cradles, and the rest in the arms of nurses.

"These are the little sick ones," said Sister Petronille, "who are not kept in the infirmaries, but, for all that, require constant attendance. Those who suffer from graver maladies are in separate wards under the care of the doctors, who come constantly to see them."

"And the healthy children, where are they?" we inquired.

A faint smile passed over Sister Petronille's pale features.

"God be thanked!" she replied; "they are all safe in the country. It was only yesterday that we sent away the last batch, all strong and hearty, and likely to live, if God permits them."

"And these little ones?"

"Ah!" she sighed, "some of these too may go one day into the country, we hope. But it is not probable that all will; for they are very tender, and require careful nursing."

"Then, are there none but the sick left here in Paris?"

"On the contrary; downstairs there are plenty; but they are the youngest: you will see them presently."

From the "day-room" we retraced our steps to the landing-place at the head of the staircase, and entered a long corridor which communicated with four general wards or infirmaries devoted to such of the children as were under medical or surgical treatment, or were affected by ophthalmia or measles. It was not possible that anything could be more neatly arranged than the white-curtained cots which held the little sufferers, nor was there a token of pain or restlessness that escaped the nursing sisters who remained in the rooms to watch over them.

"And do many of these die?" we asked.

"Alas, yes!" answered our guide sorrowfully; "you see, they are principally the children of people who are the victims of poverty and sickness; and a great number bring with them the seeds of the disease of which they afterwards die. The doctors study the cases closely, and give to them all their attention; but the hereditary malady is too often stronger than their skill."

"Do you know the proportion between the numbers lost and saved?"

"It varies of course: for there are maladies belonging to children which are more severe at some times than at others; but the general average throughout the Hospital is very nearly one death in four."

"And how many are admitted in the course of the year?"

This varied also, our informant said; during the time she had been attached to the Hospital, she had witnessed a great change in that respect. The first year of her service there were upwards of five thousand taken in, and, gradually

declining, they fell in the course of ten years to a little more than three thousand. Since that time there had been an increase; and in the last year, for example, she remembered that the newcomers were exactly four thousand and ninety-five. They were received, she said, in different ways; the lying-in hospital for the poor in the adjoining street, the Rue de la Bourbe, ("Mud Street" and it well deserved the name when it was christened) sent in a great number; some were brought from the Prefecture of Police, the children of parents in the hands of justice; some came from the hospitals of Paris; but by far the greater part were abandoned by their mothers.

"But," said Sister Petronille, anxious to soften the meaning of the word, "these poor things are not entirely abandoned, that is to say, exposed, without any further thought being given to them. Such might have been the case formerly, when no certificate of birth was necessary; but whoever is desirous now, from want of means, of sending an infant to this hospital, must apply to the Commissary of the quarter for a certificate of abandonment, so that it is known to the authorities who they are that send; and the mothers also, acting openly, are more at ease with respect to their children. We find, too, that besides the certificate of the infant's birth which accompanies every deposit, mothers are careful now to add some particulars — either of name or personal description — by which, if circumstances should permit them, they may hereafter more certainly recognise their offspring."

"And are there any exceptions to this latter practice?"

"Seldom or ever, in Paris itself; but of the number born outside the walls, perhaps a hundred in the year, and these — we judge from various circumstances, but chiefly from the linen in which they are enveloped — belong to a better class than the rest. It is not for the want of the means to support them that such children are abandoned. It is the dread of their existence being known that causes it."

"Have you any means of knowing how many out of the whole amount are born in wedlock?"

The answer — given with some natural hesitation — was to the effect, that amongst four thousand foundlings, it was presumed only two hundred had "civil rights." During this conversation, Sister Petronille had led us through the wards, and conducted us by another staircase to the ground floor.

"Now," she said, opening another door, "you will see the most interesting part of the establishment."

This was the "*Crêche*," or general reception room. It was filled, or seemed to be full of infants of the tenderest age; there were between seventy and eighty altogether. They wore a kind of uniform — that is to say, there

was a sort of uniformity in their costume — all being clothed in pink check nightgowns, and swathed with linen bands, like mummies on a very small scale; unlike mummies, however, their little tongues were not tied. To soothe their pains and calm their heavy troubles, the nurses were assiduously engaged, some in rocking them to sleep in their cradles; others, in administering to such as were strong enough to sit upright that beverage which is, in France, the universal remedy, whether in old age or infancy. It was neither the wine nor the garlic which helped to make a man of Henri Quatre, nor the symbolical "tyrelarigot" which was given to the great Gargantua immediately after his birth — as Rabelais relates — but simply *eau sucrée*, poured out of the long spout of a china tea-pot. We know that "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined;" so, in all probability, it is on account of their early introduction to sugar and water, that Frenchmen manifest, throughout their lives, so marked a propensity for the drink that neither cheers nor inebriates.

But the most attractive feature of the *Créche* was in the centre of the room, where, directly in front of a blazing fire, on an inclined plane, covered with a mattrass about the size of the stage of Mr. Simpson's Marionette Theatre, lay seven or eight little objects all in a row, who might have passed for the Marionnettes themselves only they were much smaller, were anything but gaily attired, and were a great deal too tightly swathed to stir a single peg, whereas the amusing puppets of the Lowther Arcade — but all the world is familiar with the flexibility and grace of their movements. But whatever they looked like, those infants, who were the latest arrivals, were certainly the most comfortable lot in the apartment, and, contrasting their passive enjoyment of the fire whose influence they felt with the screams of the victims of *eau sucrée*,

"—the philosophical beholder
Sighed for their sakes that they should ever grow older."

Young as they were, however, it would have been a difficult matter to say which was the youngest, for every second hour throughout the four-and-twenty brought a new comer. One of these arrivals happened while we were on the spot. We heard a bell ring, and at the same time saw a Sister of Charity leave the apartment. In a few minutes she returned, carrying something in a flannel bag, from which issued the semblance of a small Swedish turnip of a pinkish-yellowish hue. This was the head of a child, and when the contents of the bag were gently turned out on a blanket, they proved to be the remainder of a male infant just deposited. It was immediately submitted to the process of weighing, the test which generally decides the infant's chance of life. The arbiter of its destiny was a six pound weight, and we were very sorry to see that the Found-

ling kicked the beam. But though the odds were against it, the nurse to whose care it was confided omitted no precaution that might prolong its existence. It was clothed and swathed like the rest, and was assigned the warmest place on the mattrass; and as we left the *Crêche*, Sister Petronille, whose organ of hope was very strongly developed, expressed her belief that it would survive, for she had seen smaller children than that who had turned out something quite astonishing both as to size and strength.

We now took leave of our guide, who with some difficulty was made to accept a small gratuity, and returned to the gate of the Hospital. But before we were let out the portress suggested that we might be curious to see the registry of arrivals in the office, the blank baby having just been entered. We did so, and read the following personal description *(signalement)*: — "October 4, 185—. No. 9. A male child; newly born; weakly and very small; ticket round the neck with the name of Gustave; coarse linen; red stain on the left shoulder; no other mark."

These are all the credentials necessary for the candidates for admission to the Paris Foundling Hospital.

## "THE CORNER."

FEW people are so serious in their amusements and so easy in their business transactions as the English. A Frenchman buys or sells stock or merchandise in gross with the air of being engaged in a deadly duel; while Capel, who concludes an affair of ten thousand pounds with apparent indifference and perfect good humour, is only to be found truly grave and unhappy at a ball or concert.

Even the Germans, the most industrious and penetrating of foreign travellers, who dive into cellars, study life in temperance coffee houses, coal-heavers' taps, and other resorts still less known but not less worth studying by the common race of travellers generally, miss an exchange or mart, which combines to a large class of Englishmen all the charms of gambling on the Bourse, of lounging on the Boulevards of Paris, the casinos and gardens of Hamburgh and Baden-Baden — at once a place of business and of speculation to the extent of hundreds of thousands; while to an unlimited number who neither buy nor bet, it is a regular promenade and lounge at least twice a week.

This place, hitherto overlooked by book making visitors from abroad, is Tattersall's — the Garraway's of horses, and the Stock Exchange of racing men; where the supporters of two leading national institutions, fox-hunting and horse-racing, most do congregate.

Piccadilly has been widened and beautified, the Green Park drained, levelled, and cleared o

encroaching houses and gardens, St. George's Hospital has risen to keep the monuments of our victories in countenance, and the mean suburb of Knightsbridge and the dingy houses of Grosvenor Place are rapidly giving way to palaces as gorgeous as stone and stucco, with much money and little taste, can make them. But one cluster of desultory buildings, stretching their vast length many a rood between Belgravia and Constitution Hill, remains unchanged. Take an omnibus from any part of London that will pass Hyde Park Corner. If it be Saturday, Sunday, or Monday in the season, at any hour between one and four P. M., a collection of the redwaistcoated equestrian genii, who are to be found at the corner of every fashionable street in the London season, will direct your attention to the narrow and sombre avenue which otherwise it would be as easy to pass as any mews entrance, and which is technically designated "The Corner." Suppose that it is Monday, the day of the sale of the stud of young Lord Crashington (going abroad), consisting of some forty horses, including everything perfect, from the pony hack to the dozen of thorough-bred hunters, beside two or three worn-out screws, are to be offered to competition. There is also a celebrated racehorse, sold in consequence of a dispute; a lot of well-bred yearlings, whose owner, having prepared his mind by twenty years of jockeying on the turf, the House of Commons, and the fashionable world, is about to take the military command of a province rather larger than France; and the usual miscellaneous lots of animals for all uses, fit for park, field, or state carriage, brougham, tandem, fly, to breed from or feed hounds. Sunday is a great day at Tattersall's. The sporting aristocracy are so oppressively hampered for time during the rest of the week, that Sunday is the only day they can find to buy horses and to make bets. Their Sabbath desecration we fully recommend to those advocates of Sabbath observance whose attention has been hitherto confined to tea-drinkings and country excursions of pent-up artisans and their stifled families. The aristocracy may have its Sunday Tattersall's unquestioned; but the labourocracy must not have its Sunday Crystal Palace on any terms whatever.

Tattersall's yard — a square ill-paved court, adorned in its centre with a painted cupola, crowned with a painted bust of George the Regent, over a painted fox — is crowded on Sunday with gentle and simple. There is Lord Bullfinch determined to buy Brookjumper, and so is Ginger the horsedealer, who will run him very hard; Tomkins in search of a pony for his little boy; the Earl of Flower-de-Luce, with his eye on a pair of greys for the Countess's chariot; Mr. Bullion, ready to secure Mr. Welter's cob, although it cost him a check in three large figures; and Nobbler,

the gaming-house-keeper, who is on the look out for a good-looking bit of blood, that he may make useful either to win or lose. There they are, crowded together — the learned and unlearned, high-born and low-born, the capitalist and the adventurer, the new fledged man of fashion, and the broken-down gentleman — beside a host of idlers, examining each horse as he is brought out, with an affectation of acuteness that is truly national. Although there are horse buyers of all grades, the well-dressed are the majority. The slang style of attire has gone out. The green coat and top boots in which Thurtell and other murderers swaggered on the race-course and the betting-ring is out of fashion; and, if seen, generally covers some decent north country farmer. Black is the favourite wear. The neat-looking quietly dressed man in patent leather boots and closely-cropped whiskers, whom your country cousin takes for a peer, is a horsedealer. The bearded gentleman, ringed and chained, magnificent in waistcoats and solid jewellery, is an ex-quaker capitalist, and arm-in-arm with the son of a Clapham dissenter; while sporting publicans and keepers of betting-lists affect a sobriety of dress and demeanour which, five-and-twenty years ago, would have been considered the mark of what in that day was known as "A Methodist."

On Monday the auctioneer might, as he passes through the crowd to the forum, be taken for a barrister or a physician, or even for a clergyman. "The Pride of Leicestershire" is brought out; a big horse, with a scanty mane, and no magnificence of tail, with several marks of scars and bangs on all legs. The Count de Volage, who is intent on carrying back something to out-rival his friends in the Champs Elysées, is astonished to hear an animal of such unprepossessing appearance introduced to the audience in a very few words, and in a very few minutes, with very little fuss, knocked down for upwards of five thousand francs. The sale goes on; no noise, no fuss, no wrangling; the auctioneer an autocrat, before whom all give way. To horses of priceless value, succeed others within the reach of all pockets — some good, some good for nothing; Volage secures a grey pony, with a flowing mane and tail, that steps along in a perpetual prance, at a tenth part of the price of the *grand bête de chasse de reynard*, and makes an oration to surrounding cads and grooms, which they don't understand and much despise.

Seven or eight thousand pounds' worth of horseflesh is disposed of with as much sober seriousness, and not more unseemly excitement than if it had been a sale of old China or autographs. There are no disputes; the rules prevent them; the fashion of the place is to be respectable. The English admiration for and imitation of lords comes out in the uni-

versal mutation; when lords in top-boots attended fights, drank deep at taverns, and boxed in the streets, their humble followers did the like. Now black-coats and eyeglasses curiously fixed, are considered the correct thing. How can any cad venture to begin a stormy dispute when he goes into Tattersall's gloomy office to pay his money, when, perhaps, a cabinet minister is warming his back at the fire? If any excesses of language are ever permitted, it is in the very ancient tavern that stands within the premises opposite the gates of the sale yard; — a tavern, the like of which for thorough unchangeability of character, is not to be met with even in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar. One-storied, with latticed small-paned windows; an ancient bench on each side the narrow portal to accommodate the footsore groom or helper out of place, when not occupied by washing tubs or cooking-pots. No gin-palatial style has been permitted to deface either the interior or exterior of this primitive tavern; where perhaps the possessor of Highflyer and founder of Hyde Park Corner, formerly smoked the pipe of peace. The counter — guiltless of brass, and dark with the beer of three generations — bears the hieroglyphic carvings of feather weights, who have since grown into state coachmen of state dimensions. All is dark, dusky, cobwebby, except the beer, which enjoys the excellence incident to a quick draught, and critical customers. There is an ordinary, laid out in a supplemental apartment adorned with sporting prints, on sale days, but into the refectory I have not ventured to penetrate.

Truly the English love of ancient ways is to be seen in perfection at "the Corner." Had the same amount of business been transacted in any other capital, what an architectural pile, what fountains, what statues, what friezes would have adorned it! What numerous government regulations would have impeded its business. How many infantry, cavalry, and artillery would have guarded it; and, above all, what an elegant *café* would have replaced the dingy alehouse; and what a magnificent lady in silk and lace would have presided over piles of flinty sugar and caraffes of liquors ranged on each side her throne!

To return to the peculiar aspect of Tattersall's which is, in this eminently pious country (where cries of horror meet the proposition for opening gardens and museums on Sunday), both curious and discreditable. On some week days, when sales are not about to take place, solitude reigns in this wilderness of stables, and on others dainty ladies of the highest rank pass in review, without fear of soiling their kid boots, park hacks and phaeton ponies. But on certain special Sundays the yard and avenues are crammed with a multitude on anything but pious thoughts intent. On the

day before the Derby or St. Leger races a long line of vehicles and led horses crowd Grosvenor Place. A long line of anxious peers and plebeians, butchers, brokers, betting-list keepers and all their parasites, and all their victims; usurers; guardsmen and prizefighters; costermongers and sporting parsons; Manchester manufacturers, Yorkshire farmers, sham captains, ci-devant gentlemen, beardless boys, and grey-haired but not venerable grandfathers fill the narrow descent, crowd the yards and the stables, and especially congregate around a plain brick barn-like building, which might, in any other situation, pass for a Latter Day Saints' chapel.

This is the great temple of Mercury or Plutus, the *bourse* of betting men — the Exchange where millions change hands in the course of the year. On great days a Cerberus of triple-headed acuteness, assisted by a couple of policemen, guards the entrance, and rebuffs the uninitiated. The presence of policemen gives an official sanction to this genuine Sabbath desecration, which renders it complete. At one side, divided off by iron gates, is the ring, where, at times, high-bred horses are exercised, and where now, under the shade of the trees, on a green lawn, the aristocracy of the betting world sit and balance their books.

To be admitted within the subscription-room, and the green ring which is its appurtenance, two qualifications only are necessary — to bet and to pay. Politics, religion, manners, calling, are questions of no moment. The vilest and the proudest meet on equal terms. Equality and fraternity can only exist in and be created by the spirit of gambling. The man on your right was boots to an inn; the man on your left is a peer; the man opposite to you keeps a gambling house; the man behind you talking to an M.P. has been tried, convicted, and sent to Newgate for fraud. Every crime and every grade has here its representative; but they all pay honourably. The greater the scamp the safer the bet. It is young sprigs of fashion and credit who make the worst books and the most lamentable failures. Bill Jones has nothing to hope if he makes a mistake, while the Honorable Tom Flashley has hopes of his father or his aunt. Lord Centlivre, who claims Norman descent and is heir to forty thousand a year, makes up his book with these ruffians; he associates with them in the ring; he accepts their congratulations when his horse wins. Out of the ring he will not speak, he will not look at them, he will not allow them on any occasion to sit down in his presence; but he takes their money when he can get it.

The church bells are ringing, the public-houses are closed, the betting men are shutting up their little books, and prepare for the park drive and Richmond dinners. The leviathan of the ring, an ex-carpenter, whose word is good for

fifty thousand pounds, takes his last ostrich-like stride round the flock, who look on him with envious admiration, and snubs a viscount, who wants less than the current odds against the favourite. A miserable shrunk man, who inherited an estate of ten thousand a year, finds a butcher's stake preferred to his own. Languid offers to bet meet with equally languid answers. The field is exhausted, the ring is cleared, and Sunday at the Corner closes.

This is a Sunday in London foreigners do not see, and to which the loudest denouncers of Sabbath desecration among their humbler brethren have been, hitherto, equally blind.

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## BEEF.

I HAVE a tenderness for beef — for beef, I mean to say, that does not fling defiance in my teeth. When the beef that I love and take to my fireside has also a tenderness for me, my happiness in it is perfect. There is one day in the year when hearts and homes are open: when every man goes through the chambers of his heart and stirs the fires that keep it warm: when he goes through the chambers of his house, and sees that the fires burn cheerily — here in a bed-room for the cousins coming to him through the cold, there in a drawing-room, to make the laughing faces of the children ruddy as they sit about it; in the dining-room he stokes tremendously, for grandfather is chilly, and the snow lies on the window-sills, but the hottest fire in the house is made, of course, in order to do proper justice to his beef. Even the churl who would shut a house-door in the face of his brother, upon Christmas Day opens it gladly to his beef. May all kine be hard to him who, on such a day, thinks hardly of his kin; may his beef come to his table as an enemy by day, and lie heavily as a bad conscience on his breast at night. Let him be kept awake by it, and have abundant time for midnight thoughts, that they may conduce to his repentance. The malediction is not very terrible, but in what maledictions can he deal who is discussing Christmas Beef? Let all animosities be drowned for ever in its gravy!

At this season of the year I regard oxen as beeves; an ox is no longer an ox to me. If the Royal Academy were open now, the works of the cattle-painters would be seen from a new point of view. The main figures in the fresh landscapes of Messrs. Lee and Cooper would be spoken of, were I a fine arts critic, with distincter reference to the character of their joints than would at any other time be usual. I should admire in them richness, delicacy; should object to wiry or dry-looking cattle, or to those which might suggest a want of tenderness and flavour. The Exhibition in Trafalgar Square not being open, and its oily cattle not being on view,

I always go at this season of the year to the Baker Street Exhibition, where I see the works of farming artists, cattle executed in real flesh and blood that has been laid on most artistically by the exhibitors. The works of agricultural masters annually shown by the Smithfield Club have been occasionally laughed at by irreverent spectators. In their earlier productions there was no doubt a tendency to exaggeration of outline, and much coarseness in the filling up. Years, however, have been ripening experience, and our artists in beef now turn out specimens of their art that are perfect pictures, and which command accordingly our admiration and respect. There are no pre-Bakewellites among the farmers; Bakewell, it should be understood, and Collins, having been the Raffaelle and Michael Angelo of cattle farming.

No doubt I have approached beef with a relish and a heartiness common at all times among Englishmen, and commonest at this season; nevertheless, I am sure that I speak not in the weakness of partiality, or with the lightness of a festive man; when I declare the Christmas Cattle Show in Baker Street to be a spectacle for nations to admire, and something that has vastly more in it of the sublime than of the ridiculous. The case is stated. Evidence shall now be called, and let a jury of two hundred thousand dining men decide unanimously for the beef we get against the beef we might have got, for the meat of to-day against — let me say it boldly out — against the Roast Beef of Old England.

Surely we may give a satiric touch to the O! that begins our national beef melody. We have national songs for the three things in which, as Englishmen, we take delight: our Queen, our naval eminence, and our roast beef. Now, if we except a few joints for a few people produced only here and there, the beef-eating of our forefathers certainly consisted in the mastication of old cow. It may be worse for us if we have weaker stomachs, but I confess, for my part, that I should look with dismay upon a sirloin of the genuine Roast Beef of Old England. Less than a hundred years ago, agriculture was no better than it had been in the days of Virgil, and although Solomon had known the difference between a stalled ox and oxen out of the pastures — keeping the stalled for his own table — our forefathers, who were no Solomons, trusted entirely for the quality of their cattle to the quality of their grass. Except the bulls and plough oxen, all the male kine born was converted, while still in the tenderest period of infancy, into bad veal, the cows calved and supplied the dairy; when they had served those purposes sufficiently, they became that Roast Beef of Old England, whereat, who is there now among us who would not say, O? The cows that were not found to suit well for dairy purposes were

fed upon the best pastures in their neighbourhood, and became the best beef that was supplied to the luxurious who dwelt in towns.

But that is not the worst about Old England and its beef. As a natural consequence of the prevailing mode of pasture feeding, beef was only fit for killing when the pastures had provided plenty of fresh food. The supply of beef was good from August to November; by help of after-grass and hay, cattle were kept in fair condition till the cold weather set in; then they were slaughtered before they fell into unprofitable leanness, pickled, dry-salted, and hung, to furnish beef for winter and the spring. At Christmas, therefore, when we have it in perfection, beef with our forefathers was not more seasonable than oysters in May; and, if they would eat beef on Christmas Day, they had to choose between the lean, the pickled, and the dry.

The Christmas show of fat cattle in Baker Street is the result of an entirely new order of things. The only fair way of regarding beef is to consider it — as it is really — a manufactured article. We have been developing our resources and greatly increasing the supply, while bettering the quality of beef, cotton, and other articles. And, as in other manufactured goods — so also in beef — it is produced in various forms, differing in quality. Beef is only beef, as sugar is sugar; you may have the raw or the refined, and in each class there are varieties.

Stall-feeding began in England as a matter of necessity. At no very remote time there were not more people in England and Wales than could be lodged in London and its suburbs, as they now exist. As mouths multiplied, grazing land became scarce; and, although farmers commonly considered stall-feeding to be one of the thousand exigencies that would work their ruin, they were forced into it by necessity. Thus they were driven to results that caused only the ruin of those graziers who shut their eyes to change, and thought to get a living as their fathers did before them. Many of these saw their whole substance waste, while they were spending capital and labour on an occupation that was gone. Land that sent to market in the course of a year, thirty years ago, some twenty beasts, each weighing under seventy stone, and sixty or seventy sheep, may now be found fattening for the market a yearly supply of two hundred and fifty beasts, each averaging the weight of a hundred stone, and a still greater number of fat sheep. That is the sort of progress indicated by the Christmas Cattle Show. Is that ridiculous?

Now, let me go into the Cattle Show, and meditate among the beeves: I may consider myself meditating also among the tombs, for, by the bulk of the great body of the gentlemen among whom I have to work my way, it is obvious that much beef has been entombed within them. I have

buried a good deal myself under my waistcoat. To the ox we are all sepulchres, but we have no sepulchral look. We attend a meeting of the friends of beef, to take into consideration the provision requisite for Christmas. The occasion is a cheerful one, and we are not afraid to look our oxen in the face. Why should we? They are not less indebted for good cheer to us, than we for a like help to them.

Let me relieve the mind of any one who thinks that if he were an ox he would not like to be made into beef. If he were an ox learned in the annals of his world, he would like it; he would accept the farmer's care as a great source of comfort to him, and would be proud of that love of beef which brings civilised man into subjection to the bovine race. We toil for them, we think for them, we build them houses and select for them the choicest food; we cause them to increase and multiply, tend upon and preserve their young; maintain a multitude of animals in full enjoyment of the brute pleasures belonging to their days of youth and strength; abolish from among them sickness and the pains of age. For one animal that lives to waste away painfully after a life of vicissitude, we say that, by our aid, there shall be ten enjoying youth, and ignorant of want: all that we ask in return for our care is, that each of the ten shall close his comfortable life, by dying before aches and pains can come, and before sickness touches him. For ten years of animal life in one creature, who must during those years suffer much, we put thirty or forty years of life among ten animals who enjoy much, want nothing, and have the brains of clever men spent in their service. There are cruelties connected with the driving and the marketing of oxen, and some other details, which are wanton and unnecessary; against which right-thinking men have to exclaim loudly. They are accidents, however, not essential or fit portions of a system that in its own integrity is, like all natural systems, wholly faultless. If we neither ate beef nor drank milk we should have little room for oxen in this country: all the herds that have grazed upon our pastures — oxen and cows that have reposed so tranquilly and looked so much at home upon our fields — all those creatures, and the whole sum of happiness they have enjoyed, would never have been called into existence. Compare the ox and fox community. Truly it is a good thing for the cattle that man was created with a taste for milk and beef. Nothing can be shallower than the appeal made to humanity by Vegetarians. It is a fine thing for the ox that man is glad to eat him.

Meditating in that way I could venture to look oxen in the face at the Great Smithfield Cattle Show, in Baker Street, London. There were a good many there to be encountered. There was a sort of gauntlet to be run between

double rows of Devons, Herefords, and short-horns; but they had no reason to be vicious, and they were not. There were files of Devons — beautiful animals — all alike in colour, and of one colour throughout — tawny all over; of Herefords also all alike, but not of one colour throughout, all having tawny bodies and white faces; of fat short-horns, ready to mount any colour, showing little uniformity in that respect; and finally of the Scotch mountain cattle, each of the one dark colour proper to his clan; these last all full of animation, spirit and intelligence, carrying their flesh like chiefs, as they are, the aristocracy of beef. There were a few long-horns at the end of a file, and some Welsh; but the classes before named constitute by far the most important of the many kinds of manufactured beef.

The main division of our domestic cattle is into the pure races of the cross breeds. Cattle of a pure race maintain for centuries the same general form and colour, and they are generally of one uniform hue. In Caffraria they are all black. The ancient British wild cattle were of a dingy white, with tawny ears; and some of their race still may be seen in parks at Chillingham, Lyme and elsewhere. Cattle of the Ukraine breed have tawny bodies, white faces, and upward horns. They are of the same pure race that we call at home the Herefords. The bull that bore Europa over sea from Crete, as described by Bion, was a Hereford bull. It is our way to ascribe to Hereford a race as old as literature, whose white faces and tawny bodies were as well known to ancient Greeks and Romans as they are to us. The cattle counted by us as belonging to an old Devonshire family, and called the Devons — tawny all over, and somewhat more beautiful as to form than the Herefords — constitute another pure race. These two races are to be respected greatly by all lovers of good beef. They are not the most profitable dairy cattle; but they yield a high class beef. They yielded, it must be confessed, much of the Roast Beef of Old England; but they were in those days less tenderly bred, and they were, as before said, chiefly the old cows that sustained the nation. Now, by care and cultivation they have been developed into beef worth singing over. There is a deep cut of lean meat well covered with fat over their whole top and sides, and they yield famous steaks, for whenever they fail of symmetry the falling off is in the fore quarters, not where the choicest of their meat is situated. Cattle of this kind should be bred chiefly with a view to the beef market, and will command a good price always in towns where men abide who have become sensible of the difference between good meat and better.

There is yet a best beef, which it is the lot only of some of us to eat. It is supplied by west-end butchers to customers who can

afford to pay a penny or twopence a pound more than their neighbours. This meat is yielded by the Scots cattle, Highlanders or Galloways, a dashing set of oxen, quarter-wild, that are brought down to Falkirk, bought for stall-feeding, and after undergoing in Norfolk a few months of creature comfort, come to Smithfield with the best beef in the world upon their bones.

For a great proportion of the good roast beef that we shall eat this Christmas, we are under obligation to a new breed called the improved short-horns. This has been called into existence by the dexterous combination of different races into a cross, that should unite in itself the leading qualities of each. The breed of improved short-horns does not quite do that, and it is liable, like all cross breeds, to degenerate in course of time, if great care be not taken. Of these animals, the young are also liable to more mishaps than belong to the calves of a pure breed; they differ also very much from one another in appearance, having various, and often particoloured skins. They prove however, a stock of great value to the country. They give us admirable milch cows, and supply much of the milk that is consumed among us; they are also more ready to grow fat than any other kind of cattle. They have slack loins, and are defective where their meat ought to be best; but, for a given outlay in food and time, they yield more beef than animals of any one of the established races. They are the chief contributors to Christmas cheer. In manufacturing districts — particularly at Birmingham — there is a large class of working people, with good appetites, who are more concerned to get plenty of good beef, than to be nice about the comparative delicacy of beef flavours. These consumers eat the well-conditioned cows that have done duty in the dairy districts. Short-horned oxen, bred for market, meet the wants of customers whose palates are more curious. Irish and foreign cattle help to fill up any deficiency; for though the manufacture of beef in this country has kept pace, to a remarkable degree, with the increasing demand for dinners, yet the demand is still greater than the home supply. So far then, it is made evident that there are sundry kinds and qualities of beef, and that each producer, if he be wise, will manufacture only that kind of meat in which it is most probable that he can establish a successful trade. It is with farmers as with the butchers: which they shall sell depends upon the kind of custom they expect.

Over each beast in the Christmas Cattle Show there are inscribed the articles on which it has been fed. I shall not enter here into any details upon oil-cake, linseed, mangold-wurzel, swedes, parsnips, carrots, cabbage, barley, malt, grains, pea-meal, gorse, chopped straw, and other dainties, from which each feeder selects a

fixed combination of two, three, or four, as the best means of developing his cattle speedily and well. The object of the feeder is quite simple; to produce the healthiest, heaviest, and best conditioned animal in the cheapest way, and in the shortest time. If one farmer can fatten a beast in five years, at sixpence a day, and his neighbour by spending a shilling a day can bring him to the same point of excellence in two years, it is cheaper, of course, to spend the shilling than the sixpence. There is added, for that reason, to the list of articles of food given to it, as written over each ox in the Show, a statement of the time that has been spent on its production. To these considerations of food and time must be added, of course, a consideration not only of the size and weight, but of the texture and quality of the animal itself. His fat must not be oily, and his lean must not be coarse of grain. There is a short-horned ox here a foot and a half taller than any of his neighbours, but his rearing has been costly, spread over five or six years instead of two or three; and he is an animal with coarse flesh after all. Big as he is, the judges pass him over with contempt.

The study of all these things is promoted greatly by the Christmas Cattle Show. Baker Street opens to all farmers a yearly practical display of the results obtained by all the systems that are tried among them. The best method is thus gradually reached. We have already learnt greatly to improve the character of cattle, and to multiply their number. We have discovered, also, how to put good beef upon ox bones in about half the time that was spent thirty years ago on that important business.

We now, therefore, get better beef and younger, and more of it. The practice of stall-feeding has, in another way, increased the food-producing power of the land. The increase of the number of beasts fattened by an acre, now that we use green food in aid of grass, is so considerable, that we may regard it as equivalent to the addition of a few counties to the English soil. But it is most to our present purpose to reflect how, as before said, the new system has inverted the old order of things, and having made hung beef a legend, lays the primest joints upon our dishes just when we are prepared most heartily to welcome them — on Christmas Day. It is good for us, ox beef,

> "To meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
> When such are wanted."

To the happy thou increasest joy, and even the sad and lowly diner, who shall have ordered but a Christmas steak of the waiter at his dingy chop-house, who can hang his hat up but for an hour in the decorated coffee-room,

> "Near the green holly,
> And wearily at length should fare;
> He needs but look about, and there
> Thou art! — a friend at hand, to scare
> His melancholy!"

## MY FRENCH MASTER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER II.

My father insisted upon driving M. de Chalabre in his gig to the nearest town through which the London mail passed; and, during the short time that elapsed before my father was ready, he told us something more about Chalabre. He had never spoken of his ancestral home to any of us before: we knew little of his station in his own country. General Ashburton had met with him in Paris, in a set where a man was judged of by his wit, and talent for society, and general brilliance of character, rather than by his wealth and hereditary position. Now we learned for the first time that he was heir to considerable estates in Normandy; to an old Château Chalabre; all of which he had forfeited by his emigration, it was true, but that was under another régime.

"Ah! if my dear friend — your poor mother — were alive now, I could send her such slips of rare and splendid roses from Chalabre. Often when I did see her nursing up some poor little specimen, I longed in secret for my rose garden at Chalabre. And the orangerie! Ah! Miss Fanny, the bride must come to Chalabre who wishes for a beautiful wreath." This was an allusion to my sister's engagement — a fact well known to him, as the faithful family friend.

My father came back in high spirits; and began to plan that very evening how to arrange his crops for the ensuing year so as best to spare time for a visit to Château Chalabre; and, as for us, I think we believed that there was no need to delay our French journey beyond the autumn of the present year.

M. de Chalabre came back in a couple of days; a little damped, we girls fancied, though we hardly liked to speak about it to my father. However, M. de Chalabre explained it to us by saying, that he had found London more crowded and busy than he had expected: that it was smoky and dismal after leaving the country, where the trees were already coming into leaf; and, when we pressed him a little more respecting the reception at Grillon's, he laughed at himself for having forgotten the tendency of the Count de Provence in former days to become stout, and so being dismayed at the mass of corpulence which Louis the Eighteenth presented, as he toiled up the long drawing-room of the hotel.

"But what did he say to you?" Fanny asked. "How did he receive you when you were presented?"

A flash of pain passed over his face, but it was gone directly.

"Oh! his majesty did not recognise my name. It was hardly to be expected he would; though it is a name of note in Normandy; and I have — well! that is worth nothing. The Duc de Duras reminded him of a circumstance or

two, which I had almost hoped his majesty would not have forgotten; but I myself forgot the pressure of long years of exile; it was no wonder he did not remember me. He said he hoped to see me at the Tuileries. His hopes are my laws. I go to prepare for my departure. If his majesty does not need my sword, I turn it into a ploughshare at Chalabre. Ah! my friend, I will not forget there all the agricultural science I have learned from you!"

A gift of a hundred pounds would not have pleased my father so much as this last speech. He began forthwith to inquire about the nature of the soil, &c., in a way which made our poor M. de Chalabre shrug his shoulders in despairing ignorance.

"Never mind!" said my father. "Rome was not built in a day. It was a long time before I learnt all that I know now. I was afraid I could not leave home this autumn, but I perceive you'll need some one to advise you about laying out the ground for next year's crops."

So M. de Chalabre left our neighbourhood, with the full understanding that we were to pay him a visit in his Norman château in the following September; nor was he content until he had persuaded every one who had shown him kindness to promise him a visit at some appointed time. As for his old landlord at the farm, the comely dame, and buxom Susan — they, we found, were to be franked there and back, under the pretence that the French dairy-maids had no notion of cleanliness, any more than that the French farming men were judges of stock; so it was absolutely necessary to bring over some one from England to put the affairs of the Château Chalabre in order; and Farmer Dobson and his wife considered the favour quite reciprocal.

For some time we did not hear from our friend. The war had made the post between France and England very uncertain; so we were obliged to wait, and we tried to be patient; but, somehow, our autumn visit to France was silently given up; and my father gave us long expositions of the disordered state of affairs in a country which had suffered so much as France, and lectured us severely on the folly of having expected to hear so soon. We knew, all the while, that the exposition was repeated to soothe his own impatience, and that the admonition to patience was what he felt that he himself was needing.

At last the letter came. There was a brave attempt at cheerfulness in it, which nearly made me cry, more than any complaints would have done. M. de Chalabre had hoped to retain his commission as Sous-Lieutenant in the Garde du Corps — a commission signed by Louis the Sixteenth himself, in seventeen hundred and ninety-one. But the regiment was to be remodelled or reformed, I forget which; and M. de Chalabre assured us that his was not the only case where applicants had

been refused. He had then tried for a commission in the Cent Suisses, the Gardes du Porte, the Mousquetaires, but all were full. "Was it not a glorious thing for France to have so many brave sons ready to fight on the side of honour and loyalty?" To which question Fanny replied, "that it was a shame;" and my father, after a grunt or two, comforted himself by saying, "that M. de Chalabre would have the more time to attend to his neglected estate."

That winter was full of incidents in our home. As it often happens when a family has seemed stationary, and secure from change for years, and then at last one important event happens, another is sure to follow. Fanny's lover returned, and they were married, and left us alone — my father and I. Her husband's ship was stationed in the Mediterranean, and she was to go and live at Malta, with some of his relations there. I know not if it was the agitation of parting with her, but my father was stricken down from health into confirmed invalidism, by a paralytic stroke, soon after her departure; and my interests were confined to the fluctuating reports of a sick-room. I did not care for the foreign intelligence which was shaking Europe with an universal tremor. My hopes, my fears were centred in one frail human body — my dearly beloved, my most loving father. I kept a letter in my pocket for days from M. de Chalabre, unable to find the time to decipher his French hieroglyphics; at last I read it aloud to my poor father, rather as a test of his power of enduring interest, than because I was impatient to know what it contained. The news in it was depressing enough, as everything else seemed to be that gloomy winter. A rich manufacturer of Rouen had bought the Château Chalabre; forfeited to the nation by its former possessor's emigration. His son, M. du Fay, was well-affected towards Louis the Eighteenth — at least as long as his government was secure, and promised to be stable, so as not to affect the dyeing and selling of Turkey-red wools; and so the natural legal consequence was, that M. du Fay, Fils, was not to be disturbed in his purchased and paid-for property. My father cared to hear of this disappointment to our poor friend — cared just for one day, and forgot all about it the next. Then came the return from Elba — the hurrying events of that spring — the battle of Waterloo; and to my poor father, in his second childhood, the choice of a daily pudding was far more important than all.

One Sunday, in that August of eighteen hundred and fifteen, I went to church. It was many weeks since I had been able to leave my father for so long a time before. Since I had been last there to worship, it seemed as if my youth had passed away; gone without a warning; leaving no trace behind. After service, I went through the long grass to

the unfrequented part of the churchyard where my dear mother lay buried. A garland of brilliant yellow immortelles lay on her grave; and the unwonted offering took me by surprise. I knew of the foreign custom, although I had never seen the kind of wreath before. I took it up, and read one word in the black floral letters; it was simply "Adieu." I knew, from the first moment I saw it, that M. de Chalabre must have returned to England. Such a token of regard was like him, and could spring from no one else. But I wondered a little that we had never heard or seen anything of him: nothing, in fact, since Lady Ashburton had told me that her husband had met with him in Belgium, hurrying to offer himself as a volunteer to one of the eleven generals appointed by the Duc de Feltre to receive such applications. General Ashburton himself had since this died at Brussels, in consequence of wounds received at Waterloo. As the recollection of all these circumstances gathered in my mind, I found I was drawing near the field-path which led out of the direct road home, to farmer Dobson's; and thither I suddenly determined to go, and hear if they had learnt anything respecting their former lodger. As I went up the garden-walk leading to the house, I caught M. de Chalabre's eye; he was gazing abstractedly out of the window of what used to be his sitting-room. In an instant he had joined me in the garden. If my youth had flown, his youth and middle-age as well had vanished altogether. He looked older by at least twenty years than when he had left us twelve months ago. How much of this was owing to the change in the arrangement of his dress, I cannot tell. He had formerly been remarkably dainty in all these things; now he was careless, even to the verge of slovenliness. He asked after my sister, after my father, in a manner which evinced the deepest, most respectful, interest; but, somehow, it appeared to me as if he hurried question after question rather to stop any inquiries which I, in my turn, might wish to make.

"I return here to my duties; to my only duties. The good God has not seen me fit to undertake any higher. Henceforth I am the faithful French teacher; the diligent, punctual French teacher, nothing more. But I do hope to teach the French language as becomes a gentleman and a Christian; to do my best. Henceforth the grammar and the syntax are my estate, my coat of arms." He said this with a proud humility which prevented any reply. I could only change the subject, and urge him to come and see my poor sick father. He replied:

"To visit the sick, that is my duty as well as my pleasure. For the mere society — I renounce all that. That is now beyond my position, to which I accommodate myself with all my strength."

Accordingly, when he came to spend an hour with my father, he brought a small bundle of printed

papers, announcing the terms on which M. Chalabre (the "de" was dropped now and for evermore) was desirous of teaching French, and a little paragraph at the bottom of the page solicited the patronage of schools. Now this was a great coming-down. In former days, non-teaching at schools had been the line which marked that M. de Chalabre had taken up teaching rather as an amateur profession, than with any intention of devoting his life to it. He respectfully asked me to distribute these papers where I thought fit. I say "respectfully" advisedly; there was none of the old deferential gallantry, as offered by a gentleman to a lady, his equal in birth and fortune — instead, there was the matter-of-fact request and statement which a workman offers to his employer. Only in my father's room, he was the former M. de Chalabre; he seemed to understand how vain would be all attempts to recount or explain the circumstances which had led him so decidedly to take a lower level in society. To my father, to the day of his death, M. de Chalabre maintained the old easy footing; assumed a gaiety which he never even pretended to feel anywhere else; listened to my father's childish interests with a true and kindly sympathy for which I ever felt grateful, although he purposely put a deferential reserve between him and me, as a barrier to any expression of such feeling on my part.

His former lessons had been held in such high esteem by those who were privileged to receive them, that he was soon sought after on all sides. The schools of the two principal county towns put forward their claims, and considered it a favour to receive his instructions. Morning, noon, and night he was engaged; even if he had not proudly withdrawn himself from all merely society engagements, he would have had no leisure for them. His only visits were paid to my father, who looked for them with a kind of childish longing. One day, to my surprise, he asked to be allowed to speak to me for an instant alone. He stood silent for a moment, turning his hat in his hand.

"You have a right to know — you, my first pupil; next Tuesday I marry myself to Miss Susan Dobson — good, respectable woman, to whose happiness I mean to devote my life, or as much of it as is not occupied with the duties of instruction." He looked up at me, expecting congratulations perhaps; but I was too much stunned with my surprise. The buxom, red-armed, apple-cheeked Susan who, when she blushed, blushed the colour of beet-root; who did not know a word of French; who regarded the nation (always excepting the gentleman before me) as frog-eating Mounseers, the national enemies of England! I afterwards thought, that perhaps this very ignorace constituted one of her charms. No word, nor allusion, nor expressive silence, nor regretful sympathetic sighs, could

remind M. de Chalabre of the bitter past, which he was evidently striving to forget. And, most assuredly, never man had a more devoted and admiring wife than poor Susan made M. de Chalabre. She was a little awed by him, to be sure; never quite at her ease before him; but I imagine husbands do not dislike such a tribute to their Jupiter-ship. Madame Chalabre received my call, after their marriage, with a degree of sober, rustic, happy dignity, which I could not have foreseen in Susan Dobson. They had taken a small cottage on the borders of the forest; it had a garden round it, and the cow, pigs, and poultry, which were to be her charge, found their keep in the forest. She had a rough country servant to assist her in looking after them; and in what scanty leisure he had, her husband attended to the garden and the bees. Madame Chalabre took me over the neatly furnished cottage with evident pride. "Moussire," as she called him, had done this; Moussire had fitted up that. Moussire was evidently a man of resource. In a little closet of a dressing-room belonging to Moussire, there hung a pencil drawing, elaborately finished to the condition of a bad pocket-book engraving. It caught my eye, and I lingered to look at it. It represented a high narrow house of considerable size, with four pepper-box turrets at each corner; and a stiff avenue formed the foreground.

"Château Chalabre?" said I, inquisitively.

"I never asked," my companion replied. "Moussire does not always like to be asked questions. It is the picture of some place he is very fond of, for he won't let me dust it for fear I should smear it."

M. de Chalabre's marriage did not diminish the number of his visits to my father. Until that beloved parent's death, he was faithful in doing all he could to lighten the gloom of the sick room. But a chasm, which he had opened, separated any present intercourse with him from the free unreserved friendship that had existed formerly. And yet for his sake I used to go and see his wife. I could not forget early days, nor the walks to the top of the clover field, nor the daily posies, nor my mother's dear regard for the emigrant gentleman; nor a thousand little kindnesses which he had shown to my absent sister and myself. He did not forget either in the closed and sealed chambers of his heart. So, for his sake, I tried to become a friend to his wife; and she learned to look upon me as such. It was my employment in the sick chamber to make clothes for the little expected Chalabre baby; and its mother would fain (as she told me) have asked me to carry the little infant to the font, but that her husband somewhat austerely reminded her that they ought to seek a *marraine* among those of their own station

They were her companions, her comforts in the pleasant household labours; most practical, useful young women. But in a privacy not the less sacred, because it was understood rather than prescribed, they kept all the enthusiasm, all the romance of their nature for their father. They were the confidantes of that poor exile's yearnings for France; the eager listeners for what he chose to tell them of his early days. His words wrought up Susan to make the resolution that, if ever she felt herself free from home duties and responsibilities, she would become a Sister of Charity, like Anne-Marguerite de Chalabre, her father's great-aunt, and model of woman's sanctity. As for Aimée, come what might, she never would leave her father; and that was all she was clear about in picturing her future.

Three years ago I was in Paris. An English friend of mine who lives there — English by birth, but married to a German professor, and very French in manners and ways — asked me to come to her house one evening. I was far from well, and disinclined to stir out.

"Oh, but come!" said she. "I have a good reason; really a tempting reason. Perhaps this very evening a piece of poetical justice will be done in my *salon*. A living romance! Now, can you resist?"

"What is it?" said I; for she was rather in the habit of exaggerating trifles into romances.

"A young lady is coming; not in the first youth, but still young, very pretty; daughter of a French *emigré*, whom my husband knew in Belgium, and who has lived in England ever since."

"I beg your pardon, but what is her name?" interrupted I, roused to interest.

"De Chalabre. Do you know her?"

"Yes; I am much interested in her. I will gladly come to meet her. How long has she been in Paris? Is it Susan or Aimée?"

"Now I am not to be baulked of the pleasure of telling you my romance; my hoped-for bit of poetical justice. You must be patient, and you will have answers to all your questions."

I sank back in my easy chair. Some of my friends are rather long-winded, and it is as well to be settled in a comfortable position before they begin to talk.

"I told you a minute ago, that my husband had become acquainted with M. de Chalabre in Belgium, in eighteen hundred and fifteen. They have kept up a correspondence ever since; not a very brisk one, it is true, for M. de Chalabre was a French master in England, and my husband a professor in Paris; but still they managed to let each other know how they were going on, and what they were doing, once, if not twice every year. For myself, I never saw M. de Chalabre."

"I know him well," said I. "I have known him all my life."

"A year ago his wife died (she

was an Englishwoman); she had had a long and suffering illness; and his eldest daughter had devoted herself to her with the patient sweetness of an angel, as he told us, and I can well believe. But after her mother's death, the world, it seems, became distasteful to her: she had been inured to the half-lights, the hushed voices, the constant thought for others required in a sick room, and the noise and rough bustle of healthy people jarred upon her. So she pleaded with her father to allow her to become a Sister of Charity. She told him that he would have given a welcome to any suitor who came to offer to marry her, and bear her away from her home, and her father and sister; and now, when she was called by Religion, would he grudge to part with her? He gave his consent, if not his full approbation; and he wrote to my husband to beg me to receive her here, while we sought out a convent into which she could be received. She has been with me two months, and endeared herself to me unspeakably; she goes home next week, unless" —

"But, I beg your pardon; did you not say she wished to become a Sister of Charity?"

"It is true; but she was too old to be admitted into their order. She is eight-and-twenty. It has been a grievous disappointment to her; she has borne it very patiently and meekly, but I can see how deeply she has felt it. And now for my romance. My husband had a pupil some ten years ago, a M. du Fay, a clever, scientific young man, one of the first merchants of Rouen. His grandfather purchased M. de Chalabre's ancestral estate. The present M. du Fay came on business to Paris two or three days ago, and invited my husband to a little dinner; and somehow this story of Suzette Chalabre came out, in consequence of inquiries my husband was making for an escort to take her to England. M. du Fay seemed interested with the story; and asked my husband if he might pay his respects to me, some evening when Suzette should be in, — and so is coming to-night, he, and a friend of his, who was at the dinner party the other day; will you come?"

I went, more in the hope of seeing Susan Chalabre, and hearing some news about my early home, than with any expectation of "poetical justice." And in that I was right; and yet I was wrong. Susan Chalabre was a grave, gentle woman, of an enthusiastic and devoted appearance, not unlike that portrait of his daughter which arrests every eye in Ary Scheffer's sacred pictures. She was silent and sad; her cherished plan of life was uprooted. She talked to me a little in a soft and friendly manner, answering any questions I asked; but, as for the gentlemen, her indifference and reserve made it impossible for them to enter into any conversation with her; and the meeting was indisputably "flat."

"Oh! my romance! my poetical justice! Before the evening was half over, I would have given up all my castles in the air for one well-sustained conversation of ten minutes long. Now don't laugh at me, for I can't bear it to-night." Such was my friend's parting speech. I did not see her again for two days. The third she came in glowing with excitement.

"You may congratulate me after all; if it was not poetical justice, it is prosaic justice; and, except for the empty romance, that is a better thing!"

"What do you mean?" said I. "Surely M. du Fay has not proposed for Susan?"

"No! but that charming M. de Frez, his friend, has; that is to say, not proposed but spoken; no, not spoken, but it seems he asked M. du Fay — whose confidant he was — if he was intending to proceed in his idea of marrying Suzette; and on hearing that he was not, M. de Frez said that he should come to us, and ask us to put him in the way of prosecuting the acquaintance, for that he had been charmed with her; looks, voice, silence, he admires them all; and we have arranged that he is to be the escort to England; he has business there, he says; and as for Suzette, (she knows nothing of all this, of course, for who dared tell her?) all her anxiety is to return home, and the first person travelling to England will satisfy her, if it does us. And, after all, M. de Frez lives within five leagues of the Château Chalabre, so she can go and see the old place whenever she will."

When I went to bid Susan good-bye, she looked as unconscious and dignified as ever. No idea of a lover had ever crossed her mind. She considered M. de Frez as a kind of necessary incumbrance for the journey. I had not much hopes for him; and yet he was an agreeable man enough, and my friends told me that his character stood firm and high.

In three months, I was settled for the winter in Rome. In four, I heard that the marriage of Susan Chalabre had taken place. What were the intermediate steps between the cold, civil indifference with which I had last seen her regarding her travelling companion, and the full love with which such a woman as Suzette Chalabre must love a man before she could call him husband, I never learnt. I wrote to my old French master to congratulate him, as I believed I honestly might, on his daughter's marriage. It was some months before I received his answer. It was: —

"Dear friend, dear old pupil, dear child of the beloved dead, I am an old man of eighty, and I tremble towards the grave. I cannot write many words; but my own hand shall bid you come to the home of Aimée and her husband. They tell me to ask you to come and see the old father's birthplace, while he is yet alive, to show it to you. I have the very apartment in Château Chalabre that was mine

when I was a boy, and my mother came in to bless me every night. Susan lives near us. The good God bless my sons-in-law, Bertrand de Frez and Alphonse du Fay, as He has blessed me all my life long. I think of your father and mother, my dear; and you must think no harm when I tell you I have had masses said for the repose of their souls. If I make a mistake, God will forgive."

My heart could have interpreted this letter even without the pretty letter of Aimée and her husband which accompanied it; and which told how, when M. du Fay came over to his friend's wedding, he had seen the younger sister, and in her seen his fate. The soft, caressing, timid Aimée was more to his taste than the grave and stately Susan. Yet little Aimée managed to rule imperiously at Château Chalabre; or rather, her husband was delighted to indulge her every wish: while Susan, in her grand way, made rather a pomp of her conjugal obedience. But they were both good wives, good daughters.

This last summer, you might have seen an old, old man, dressed in grey, with white flowers in his button-hole (gathered by a grandchild as fair as they), leading an elderly lady about the grounds of Château Chalabre, with tottering, unsteady eagerness of gait.

"Here!" said he to me, "just here my mother bade me adieu when first I went to join my regiment. I was impatient to go; I mounted—I rode to yonder great chestnut, and then, looking back, I saw my mother's sorrowful countenance. I sprang off, threw the reins to the groom, and ran back for one more embrace. "My brave boy!" she said; "my own! Be faithful to God and your king!" I never saw her more; but I shall see her soon; and I think I may tell her I have been faithful both to my God and my king."

Before now, he has told his mother all.

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## THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

### A GREEK FEAST.

I AM in Mytilene; on storied ground, for Mytilene is the ancient Lesbos, and one of the largest and most beautiful islands of the Ægean Sea. It is situated on the coast of Asia, between Tenedos on the north, and Chios on the south. Its first inhabitants were the Pelasgii. It then became an Eolian colony, and attained great prosperity, numbering as many as nine considerable towns. It was subjugated by the Athenians; but revolted during the Peloponnesian war, and again during the Social war. The ancient Lesbos was celebrated for its wines; and its inhabitants were renowned for their beauty and musical talents; but they were very corrupt. Mytilene was the birth-place of Arion, Terpander, Sappho, Erinne, Alcæus, Pittacus, and the philosopher Theophrastus, whom I cannot help considering as one

of the most remarkable men of antiquity. St. Paul also "sailed thither from Assos." Among its more modern celebrities it numbers the famous brothers Barbarossa, who, together with Doria, shared the reputation of being the greatest navigators of their age; and who seized upon Algiers, and braved the power of the Emperor Charles the Fifth for a long time with impunity. The younger of them, surnamed Hariadim, finally acknowledged the suzerainty of the Sultan, and added the rich possessions of Algiers, Tunis and Biserte to the dominions of the Porte.

So much for the antecedents of Mytilene, which I have given that the reader may have some interest in it and contrast the past with the present, as he will have an opportunity of doing from the following sketch of the Feast of St. Demetrius.

It is the seventh of November, the feast of St. Demetrius. It is, therefore, with a feeling of very considerable satisfaction that I open my eyes in the morning upon a cloudless sky and a most coquettish streak of sunshine just rising above the sea, which lies glittering so beautifully beneath my open windows. I propose to pass an idle day, and the weather is of consequence to me. I am going for a ramble, and I do not like wet boots, or wind, or clouds, or anything but sunshine. I love to see the shadows lie still upon the valleys; and the tops of the hills stand out clear against the sky of blue and gold to which I am growing accustomed.

The difference between a fine day and a dull one is often that between light spirits and a heavy heart. If we are busily employed we can overcome the influence of the weather; but when we are idle we feel it.

There is a breakfast of new bread, and of goat's milk, of fragrant honey from Mount Hymettus, and of kid chops, fresh mullet, and anchovies, awaiting me in the next room. I hear the cheerful clatter of the plates as I am shaving, and the stealthy step of the Greek — who is to be my companion — as he comes creeping up the stairs. I hear, too, the loud neighing of our horses as they come down our mysterious street, with its lattices all closed and barred by jealous trellis work. In five minutes I shall be doing my duty as a trencherman; and then up and away for the pretty village of Moria, which lies yonder on the brow of the hill. In that village — and there only — is the festival of St. Demetrius to be celebrated; for the festivals of the Greek Church are so numerous that the countries where it is supreme would be constantly in a ferment were it not for this arrangement, and that one feast is seldom celebrated in more than one place at a time. To be sure these feasts put a complete stop to business everywhere; but with this question we have nothing to do just now.

Breakfast is over, and while we

are lighting our cigars the girths are tightening and the servants shouting below. It is impossible to start in the East without a large allowance of shouting; and the Greeks have the strongest lungs I ever heard exercised. Then there is one horse short, a dogged mule supplies his place; we shall have a discussion on this subject which will last an hour. I do not love discussions. I will cut it short, and take the dogged mule myself; perchance I may have learned from Doctor Keith, in my youth, that there is a remedy for doggedness. So, Abdallah, reach me a stout stick — and away.

The road is narrow, and I give place to my companion. He is a small, thin, angular man, with undecided eyes and an anxious unpleasant smile always upon his face. He is stealthy and catlike in his movements. He seems to walk with muffled feet. In dress he is something like a farce idea of an elderly Frenchman of the old school; except that he wears the red cap, or fez, which is worn by all Turkish subjects as a mark of their nationality. He has a long straight frock coat of an undecided, colour, trowsers, and delicate grey jean boots with varnished tips. He has also a superfluity of watch chain. Upon the whole he is a very frequent specimen of the modern Greek. He is not of the race of Polychronopolos, who scudded before us on his wiry horse, over the plains of Corinth. He is not the Greek of the loud voice and ready hand; of the brave apparel and the twirled moustache. He is unhappily of another school far more common. He is of the race which assassinated Capo D'Istrias, and would have broken Byron's heart if he had lived. Who have no sympathy with the learning and honesty of Wyse, or gratitude for the services of the brave and gentle Church. He is of the Greeks who are so proud of the ancient glories of the land they are bringing daily and hourly to shame. He is of that plausible and clever race who have by turns won every statesman in Europe to what is called the Greek cause, only that he might add another to those who have abandoned it with deep disgust. Of the race who would rather live despised on a pittance obtained by intrigue and roguery, than make one single effort for honourable independence. They are the sons of men who were oppressed for many generations, of Turkish Rayahs, of slaves. What need is there to say more or wonder why they are so fallen?

On I ride with my uncongenial companion, while these thoughts are passing through my mind. On, over the unequal paving of ancient roads, which may have been trodden by St. Paul; on, through shady lanes where the wild flowers cluster, and where the briar tree and the olive grow entwined together in dark luxuriance; on, through whole forests of olive trees, some in all the vigour of their foliage, others withered to dry stumps by the terrible winter

of eighteen hundred and fifty, which destroyed half the wealth of the island. We pass merry parties of pleasure-hunters, bound to the same place as ourselves. The peasantry are dressed in their own national costume, and sing gaily on the way; but those who aspire to a higher rank of course deform themselves with Smyrna coats which do not fit them; and all who are under the protection of any foreign consulate assert their superiority to the law by a European hat, and make themselves ridiculous accordingly.

At length a sound of fiddling comes briskly through the pleasant noonday air; and the frequent appearance of little white houses tells us we are near the village. After scrambling up one ravine and down another and crossing a dangerous gutter, which had once been part of an ancient theatre, we find ourselves among a group of men seated on the ground and smoking nargillys. We are at Moria.

Leaving our horses to the care of our guides, who speedily left them to their own, I put myself under the protection of my acquaintance and begin to partake of the pleasures of the day.

Now a Greek feast is a feast indeed. It is the only festival I know of which is really worthy of the name. A Yorkshire Christmas or New Year in Norway is nothing to it. A Greek feast is one continual round of eating and drinking delicacies, from the beginning to the end of it. From eight o'clock in the morning, when the holiday makers are ready dressed for business, till twelve o'clock at night, when their palates must be fairly wearied out, they never rest for five minutes. They go from house to house, from café to café, and strut and swagger and talk — (heaven and earth, how they do talk!) — and eat and drink, and sing and dance together, till human nature can hold out no longer. As the night deepens, many an old score is paid off with the ready knife which the revellers carry in their girdles.

The first house we entered was that of mine host of the solitary locanda at Mytilene. He and his family, comprising a good stout serviceable set of children, were passing a few days at Moria during the gathering of the olives on their estate, and they received us very kindly. We found a large party of men seated in a circle round the room, and three musicians very busy in one corner of it. All rose as we entered; for there is no nation in the world so naturally polite as the Greeks. We took our places, after some ceremony, among the rest; the paper cigarettes of the smokers were restored again to the mouths from which they had been withdrawn; a chibouque was handed to each of us, and the musicians again struck up the airs which our coming had interrupted. Their instruments were a lute of very antique shape, a fiddle and a flageolet. Every now and then the players stopped to sing a few bars of an air; and

then went on with their playing. Sometimes they played and sang together.

I am bound, however, to acknowledge that the music was very bad. There was nothing even interesting or original in it to a musical student. The best of the airs were filched from second-rate Italian operas, and spoilt by the most abominable variations. In one, I plainly detected the "Last Rose of Summer," faded and gone indeed. Even the words of the songs — which I took great pains to catch accurately — were worth nothing as poetry or traits of manners. They had nothing national about them. The groan of the patriot, and the sigh of the lover, were alike but an echo. The songs were very bad translations. In fact, modern Greeks are all mere imitators; and, as far as I know, they have not original talent of any kind. They are alike in all things, and in all mere plagiarists and pretenders.

It is due to the company assembled at mine host's, to say that they seemed to have a poor opinion of the musical part of the entertainment themselves; and on a loud clock in the next room striking twelve, the whole circle gravely marched off to dinner, without a word; leaving their musicians in the midst of as unmusical a yowl, as ever was called by courtesy a song.

We were going to follow, when we were stopped by the hostess bearing in the glyco, or preserved fruit jelly and water, which it is customary always to present to guests in a Greek house. We knew it would be considered discourteous to refuse it and so stayed. After this, came sugar plums: — a delicate sweetmeat, in the confection of which isinglass must play a notable part, a saucer full of the small white fruit of the bread tree, and some ornamental glasses of a very strong, pure spirit, called rakee. Having disposed of this second course also, it was followed by a third of coffee, made very strong and unstrained. We were then suffered to depart for this once. And so we went visiting, according to the custom of the country, from house to house, feasting at each. The Greeks are very hospitable, though they do not ask you to dinner; and I found on my return home, by an aching head, that I had partaken, during the day, of no less than twenty-one cups of coffee, the same number of small glasses of rakee, with sweetmeats and so on to match. Indeed, the thing at last grew rather beyond a joke; for, at one house, they brought me in an immense English pint pot, insisting on my drinking coffee, as they said, after the fashion of my compatriots. I could only escape it by a compliment to their national manners; which — I need not say — I paid very readily. People even stopped us in the street to insist on our drinking with them.

Let me smile over my indigestion as I will, however, I confess that there was something posi-

tively enchanting in being seated on the spotless sofas of those summery houses, with their open windows, through which might be seen the cloudless sky and the distant olive woods; while the west wind came in laden with freshness and the happy hum of the holiday-makers below. It was poetical and touching too, to see the beautiful Lesbian women with their large down-cast eyes and faultless features; bringing in their trays of sweetmeats and offering the wine; and when they put down the glasses, they always said. "Your health, Lord," (εἰς γείαν σάς) in voices which were music indeed.

The Greek is naturally clean in his dress, his person, and his house. We never went anywhere, but that it was plain good healthy soap and water had preceded us. The straw matting of the floors was quite dazzling from its cleanliness, and not a spot marred the snowy whiteness of the walls. Everywhere, too, we were received with the same graceful and innate courtesy. Our pipes were lit by the master of the house in the oriental fashion, carrying first the amber mouthpiece to his own lips; and were always replaced, before they were half-smoked, by fresh ones. Everywhere, the mistress of the house herself presented the glyco, and the pure bright water, which glittered like dissolved diamonds. I never tasted water so sweet and delicious.

The houses, in general, here and throughout the East, are small and confined—mere little wooden boxes whitewashed; but those we entered did not lack some rude attempt at internal ornament. In most of them, there were poor, but gaudy prints on national subjects, and the ceilings were generally adorned with gaily painted flowers. In one house, I noticed a picture of Anastathius, the hero of Thessaly, who was cooked over a slow fire by the Turks, during the Greek war of independence. He was represented as struggling with three gigantic Turks, and as I marked the strained and glowing eyes which even children fixed upon this picture, I thought how well calculated it was to perpetuate animosity between the two races. The tables and window sills were usually strewed with fragrant herbs and sometimes a room looked like a fairy bower from the tasteful adornment of the mirrors on the walls.

One thing struck me, especially, and that was, that none of the women took any part in the pleasures of the day. The Greek, like the Jew, to whom I often fancy he bears a marked resemblance, is fond of decking his womankind with jewellery, and often sinks half his fortune in this portable form. But he adorns them for his own eyes only, they stay in state at home. They are beautiful dolls, without mind, or heart, indeed, but still beautiful as pictures are, or statues of stone. Greek women have nearly all the same dark, stag-like eyes and brilliant complexions, the same delicate hands

and feet, and the luxuriant raven hair. In figure, however, they are the same size all the way down, with no more symmetry than sacks of wheat.

In staying at home, and showing themselves rarely in public, the modern Greek women appear to have imitated the manners of the Turks; and indeed, let them hate each other ever so cordially, a conquered people will always adopt something from the manners of the conquerors, and women are all aristocrats, from the Archipelago to the Bay of Dublin. Another thing also struck me as remarkable; namely, the total abstinence from any rough or manly sports. The men danced together the same Bacchanalian dances which their forefathers footed three thousand years ago, if there be truth in ancient urns and vases; but there was no throwing the quoit, no wrestling, no foot race, and perhaps not half-a-dozen men present had backed a horse three times in his life.

As for the dances, I regret to be obliged to assure the antiquaries that they are very awkward, clumsy hops, when actually performed. Let him fancy half-a-dozen heavy louts, aged between twenty-five and fifty-eight, hopping about and bumping against each other with senseless gestures, while the last man endeavours to win some burly bystander, aged forty-two, to make a goose of himself in the same way. I say, let him fancy this, and the burly bystander blushing and sniggering like a schoolboy caught by his sister's playfellows, and then judge for himself.

But the evening is drawing on; already the sun sheds a mellower light over the sea and woodland, and the distant horizon grows golden. We have had enough of the feast. Our guide has disappeared drunk, as all guides do when wanted; but I have tightened my own girths, and bitted a ragged pony or two before to-day. I can do so again, and then lighting our cigars, we go gossipping homewards.

I do not know whether such little sketches of far away life and manners as I paint so poorly may please you; but at any rate they are fresh from nature, and I hope no word ever creeps into them to make any man the worse. If, therefore, in passing an idle half hour with the Roving Englishman, you should now and then acquire a better knowledge of other nations than you had before, it will not be time misspent; for I honestly believe that most of the wars and ill feeling between nations, arise from not knowing each other better.

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## HOLIDAYS.

THEY come to us but once in life,
The holidays of Yule;
When, wild as captives from the cage,
We bounded home from school.
Unshackled by the dreary task —
All lessons put away;
The world a bright revolving mask
Of pantomime and play.

What welcome shall we ever have
Till this long journey ends,
Like that which marked the merry time
From sisters and from friends?
When presents given and received,
Brought heart to heart in view,
And every day was golden-leaved,
With wonders rich and new!

The Christmas sights, the Christmas lights,
The Christmas nights, how grand
To us who walked the glittering lanes
Of boyhood's fairyland!
Remote among its spangled bowers
Old memories parade,
And watch the gorgeous bubbling hours
All rise, and burst, and fade.

We will not sigh to see them pass —
To know them was enough;
Nay, Father, let us joy that we
Were made of sterner stuff.
Who then enjoyed the Yule Log's blaze
In retrospect enjoys:
So, welcome to your holidays,
My merry girls and boys!

Be blissful in the time of bliss,
Unloosed from toil and school;
They come to you but once in life,
These holidays of Yule.
For us, among the world's dark ways,
Our eyes are on one star,
Beyond which shine our holidays,
Though dim, and distant far.

## GHOSTLY PANTOMIMES.

We take it for granted that every reader of Household Words has a due respect for Pantomimes. Whether Pantomime be of Greek or Italian origin; whether it be a mere exuberance of animal spirits, or whether it possess a psychological meaning beneath its grotesque exterior; are questions into which we shall not enter. We do not (like Chaucer's Wife of Bath) "speak of many hundred years ago," but only of one hundred; simply proposing to show the sort of Christmas entertainment which beguiled the holidays of our great grandmothers and great grandfathers, in the reign of George the Second. We will enter, in the spirit, a theatre of those days, and see it, as Dr. Johnson and Hogarth might have seen it. We will behold the oil-lamps, and the candles that required snuffing; the beaux with their periwigs and swords, and the belles with their hoops and powder. We will hear the laughter of lips that have become mere earth in unnumbered graves, and the whispering of silks; we will see the fluttering of the fans, like butterflies in summer air. And we will see the actors and the scenery which our forefathers and foremothers saw, and applaud or hiss, as it pleases us, the "new Pantomime" which is now a century old.

We propose to effect this necromancy by means of a magazine of the day. There is something, we think, strangely interesting in those old records which bring us into close and vital connexion with our predecessors in their daily life. To be informed of the great events of any era, however distant, seems to be a matter of course: but to be able to rescue the trivialities of an hour from utter extinction; to live with our ancestors whom we never knew, and to see them, not on the public stage of history, but in their private and familiar ways; to be able to fix and perpetuate what might have seemed as evanescent as a

breath, as quickly-fading as the hues of sunset; — this is the true association of our own humanities with those of perished generations. We see the sparkle of eyes, and hear the sound of voices, that had faded into the great Eternity before ourselves were born. Surely these things have their interest. They are the electric telegraphs of Time, which link the living and the dead in a common brotherhood.

Before we start for the theatre, a few observations on the general character of patomimic entertainments a century ago, may not be amiss. At that period — if contemporary accounts may be trusted — as great a preponderance of spectacle over the more intellectual features of the drama existed, as that with which the present age has been charged. Pantomimes, accordingly, were highly popular; and in number nine of The World, bearing date March first, seventeen hundred and fifty-three, we find a suggestion which might do admirably for reproduction by any dramatic critic of our own day, exasperated at the withdrawal of the double orders, and finding his stock of original irony approaching nearly to a close. "It were to be wished," says this writer, "that the managers would have done entirely both with tragedy and comedy, and resolve at once to entertain the town only with Pantomime; people of taste and fashion having already given sufficient proof that they think it the highest entertainment the stage is capable of affording." And in number forty-three of the same publication, it is remarked that when certain reforms shall have been introduced into this species of drama, "Everybody must allow that a Pantomime will be a most rational and instructive entertainment; and it is to be hoped that none but principal performers will be suffered to have a part in it. How pleased will the town be this winter to read in one of the articles of news in the Public Advertiser, 'We hear that at each of the theatres royal there is an entire new Pantomime now in rehearsal, and that the principal parts are to be performed by Mr. Garrick, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Mossop, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard, at Drury Lane; and at Covent Garden by Mr. Quin, Mr. Lun, Mr. Barry, Miss Nossiter,' &c. It is not to be doubted that a Pantomime so acted would run through a whole season to the politest as well as most crowded audiences." This is followed by a little bantering about the decay of wits being compensated by the excellence of the stage-carpenters; so that if the degeneracy of the drama be a fact, the said degeneracy, having already outlived many generations, must in itself (like many other degeneracies) possess a most amazing stamina.

The chief character in Pantomimes a century ago, was the Harlequin who made love to, and danced with, the Columbine in

much the same fashion which he now employs. The Clown — the principal man now-a-days, owing, probably, to the achievements of the renowned Grimaldi — had no existence in the Pantomimes of George the Second's reign; at any rate, no nominal existence: but the Pantaloon was attended by a servant, who may be looked upon as the germ from which has issued the matchless rogue of modern times — the veritable progenitor of that embodiment of London impudence, knavery, and slang, whom it delighteth us to patronise at Christmas, and whom we cannot help in some sort admiring for the geniality of his humour, and the southern exuberance of his spirits. Another distinction between the Pantomimes of the past and of the present, consists in the fact that the former do not appear to have had any regular "introduction" such as those with which we now preface what we call the harlequinade. Nevertheless, there was something of a story, which, instead of being kept apart, as now, was mixed up with the rest of the performance. Tales from the Greek mythology were the favourites; but a writer in The Connoisseur for December the nineteenth, seventeen hundred and fifty-four, derisively suggests the propriety of taking the subjects of Pantomimes from children's fairy tales. This, it appears, had already been done at one of the great theatres, where they had availed themselves of the story of Fortunatus and the Wonderful Wishing Cap. The correspondent of The Connoisseur suggests for adoption the old legends of Patient Grizzle, Little Red Riding-hood, Puss in Boots, and the Children in the Wood; in the last of which he thinks it "would be vastly pretty to see the pasteboard robin redbreasts let down by wires upon the stage to cover the poor innocent babes with paper leaves." It seems that in those days, as in the present, they were fond of introducing little children into their entertainments. The suggestion with reference to fairy tales has been amply carried out in later times; and Pantomimes have no doubt been the gainers in elegance, grace, and fancy. In another respect, also, these dramas have certainly improved since the period of which we are writing. At that time, the lax morals of the reign of Charles the Second had not entirely deserted the stage; and the periodical essayists had frequent occasion to reprove the indecorums of Harlequin. It was surely, however, going a little too far, when a contemporary critic spoke of "the absurdity and profaneness of such entertainments."

Now enter with us into our aërial brougham, and let us glide away into the land of ghosts and shadows — into the spectral past. The present age vanishes like mist; and in an instant our magic chariot lands us before the box entrance of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, as it appeared in the middle of last century. Here

are plenty of other carriages — ghosts, every one of them; and plenty of people in them — ghosts also: for we are now in the region of departed things, and are going to see a Pantomime acted by dead men and women to a dead audience! Here are gentlemen in velvet and gold lace, and ladies in vast amplitudes of satin. Here are magnificent footmen with their flambeaux; here are the grenadiers with their peaked caps and gaiters: and here, too, are the genuine old Charleys — the "ancient and most quiet" Dogberries — with their quarter-staves and inoffensive lanthorns. There will be a crowded house; yet we shall find plenty of room in any case. All the "quality" — and many of the no-quality — are here to see the new Pantomime of "Harlequin Sorcerer;" for the scenery and contrivances are said to be inimitable, and the dresses are all new, and the music is almost entirely by Mr. Arne, who himself plays upon the harpsichord. The attraction is therefore great.

Well! we have entered the theatre, and have got a front place; and we have sat through the first piece (to which no one has paid any attention), and the overture to the Pantomime is being performed. At length, the curtain rises, and "the first scene presents us," to use the language of a chronicler of the time,* "with a group of witches, exercising their orgies in a wilderness by moonlight. After a few songs, Harlequin crosses the stage, riding in the air between two witches upon a long pole, and jumps in among them." This is followed by a dance of witches, with which the scene concludes; presenting us with a parallel to the dark pieces of incantation with which our modern Pantomimes commonly open. "Next, you see the bricklayers and their men going to work, which now marks the time of our drama to be morning. Harlequin then stands before a balcony, serenading Columbine, who appears to him; but, as he is climbing up, he is surprised by Pantaloon, who comes out, opening the door, and Harlequin pops in. Hence a warm pursuit ensues of Columbine and our hero by Pantaloon and his servant. The next scene is of a house half-built, with real scaffolding before it, and the men at work upon it. Columbine retires behind a pile of bricks; our hero mounts ladder; Pantaloon follows; Harlequin descends, removes ladder, and presently down comes the scaffolding with men and all upon it. You next come to a garden-wall; where as Columbine retires under it, Harlequin is turned into an old woman, and the scene converted into a wall with ballads and coloured wooden prints strung upon it, with a large wicker chair, in which Harlequin seats himself, supposed to be selling them. The servant comes in and buys a ballad; and here a slight satirical hint is levelled at the song of 'I love Sue, and Sue loves me,'

* The "London Magazine" for February, 1752.

introduced in the rival 'Harlequin Ranger' of the other house. We have now a most delightful perspective of a farm-house, whence you may hear the coots in the water as at a distance. Several rustics with their sweethearts come on; and Mr. Lowe sings an excellent song, to which all join in chorus — 'To celebrate harvest home.' This scene removed, a constable comes on, with the bricklayers' men, who have a warrant to take up Harlequin. Then you have a distant view of a barleymow and barn; several swains dancing before it, with Harlequin and Columbine. The constable and followers opportunely coming in, Columbine is seized, and carried home by Pantaloon." (Here, by the way, we are reminded of the policemen who come to apprehend the Clown in modern Pantomimes.) "When they are in the house, the servant, after many dumb gestures, introduces a large ostrich, which has a very good effect upon the audience, but perhaps would have a much greater, did one not discover by the extremities that it is Harlequin, whose legs and thighs appear under the body. Columbine by this means discovers him: and, after having made the whole house ring with applause by playing several tricks (such as kissing Columbine, biting the servant, and the like), they morrice off both together.

"We are then carried to a back part of the farm-house, which turns into a shed, where in an instant you have the view of a copper with a fire burning under it. Harlequin changes himself into an old washer-woman, and on striking a mound raised of flints mixed with earth, it is immediately turned into a washing-tub and stand; then, opening a door, he shows us a horse with real linen upon it, which is drawn out into many folds to a considerable length upon the stage. Pantaloon and servant come in, and, after being sowsed with the soap-suds, are driven off by the supposed washer-woman with a bowl of boiling water from the copper, to the no small diversion of both galleries." (How often have we seen similar pieces of practical wit thus acknowledged in the upper regions!) "But the constable at last catches him; he tumbles down 'midst his guards, and so slips away from them. We then see a fence of boards, as before a building (excellently well painted), which in a moment is converted into a gilt equestrian statue. Harlequin is discovered to bestride the horse by his sneezing: Pantaloon's servant goes to climb up by the head, which directly bends its neck and bites him; he next tries to get up by the hind leg, which in springing back gives him a most terrible kick, and the poor dog is carried off with his face all over blood, and beaten to pieces.

"After this a scene drops, and gives us a prospect of ruinous, rugged cliffs, with two trees hanging over them, beautifully exe-

cuted." (This is the dark scene which invariably precedes the conclusion, and wherein we see Harlequin with a temporary deprivation of his magical power.) "The witches come in again, and, after singing awhile, retire. Then Harlequin appears disconsolate and prostrate upon a couch in an elegant apartment. Lightning flashes; and four devils, in flame-coloured stockings, mount through trap-doors, surround him with their double-tongued forks, and the whole stage, with the scenery and all upon it, rises up gradually, and is carried all together into the air.

"Here the Pantomime ends; and the scrupulous critic must not nicely inquire into the reasons why Harlequin is carried *upwards* into the infernal regions; as also why Pluto and his fair Proserpina descend in a magnificent throne, afterwards, into a fine pavilion. After a song or two, an imp brings Pluto word that poor Harly is trapped at last; but the black-bearded monarch says everything shall be jolly. Then the stage is extended to a prodigious depth, closing with a prospect of fine gardens and a temple." (This is what, in our modern play-bill language, we should call "The Gardens of Delight and the Golden Temple of Felicity in the Realms of ever-beaming Radiance," or something to the same effect.) "We are entertained awhile with the agility of Messrs. Cook, Grandchamps, Miss Hilliard, Mademoiselle Camargo, and others; then with a grand chorus; lastly with a low bow from the performers;—and so down drops the curtain."

Our necromancy is over. We have seen a Pantomime of our ancestors; and our prevailing impression is, that, with a few differences of detail, it is in the main very like the same description of performance in the present day. There is not quite so much uproarious fun; and we miss the spoken humour of the modern Clown, many of whose vagaries appear to be the peculiar property of the Harlequin. We note fewer gymnastic feats, and mark the absence of "hits" at the passing follies of the day. But we have learned to entertain a higher appreciation of the scenery and mechanical effects of the stage a hundred years ago, than we should hitherto have owned.

The ghostly actors have vanished into night and silence; the ideal theatre, with all its visionary scenes, its imaginary lights and phantom audience, has passed away; and we are again in our home among the living. Some of these days we too shall be gathered to the dead. Will any of our descendants in the year nineteen hundred and fifty-three, make a spiritual journey backwards, to see any one of the Pantomimes of this present year of grace? Let our Pantomime writers and actors, our mechanists and scene-painters, plume themselves with the thought of that possibility. Such things may be.

## THE HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH.

HANDEL'S Harmonious Blacksmith may be supposed to have produced harmony through the medium of his blacksmithery; the latter being the object in view, and the former an incidental and spontaneous accompaniment. But our harmonious blacksmith (or whitesmith, for we will not insist upon the colour) proceeds in an inverse order; his smithery is only the means to an end, the end being harmony, or melody, or music, or sweet sounds. He hammers, or stamps, or rolls small pieces of metal, until he brings them to a vibratory state, until, in fact, he infuses the soul of music into them. In this sense only is he a harmonious blacksmith; but what a wide sphere of operation is his — from the humble Jew's harp to the imperial Harmonium, through all the intermediate stages of Accordion and Concertina! All musical amateurs ought to be, but are not, familiar with this curious subject of vibrating springs. Let us talk awhile thereon.

A very pretty bit of musical philosophy is involved in the action of the Jew's harp. When Tom lays out the penny which his aunt gave him, and purchases therewith a Jew's harp; when he places the instrument to his mouth, and makes all sorts of grimaces, and pursings, and poutings, and screwings with his lips, he thinks that he breathes music upon the spring — that the current of breath has chiefly to do with the matter. But Tom is wrong: he is merely converting his mouth into a sounding-box or resonant cavity; his mouth bears the same relation to the spring of the Jew's harp as the body of a guitar or a violin, or the stretched parchment of a banjo, does to the strings — it increases the body of sound. In strictness, however, it does something more than this; for by varying the capacity of the mouth, the player modifies the pitch of the tone produced. All this may be hard philosophy to Tom; but let him listen and consider awhile; for Tom may be pleased to learn that in the Netherlands, in the Tyrol, among the Greeks of Smyrna, and in other places, the Jew's harp is a valued and beautiful musical instrument. The spring of the little piece of mechanism, then, vibrates to and fro when touched with the finger, and in so vibrating it emits a musical sound, definite in pitch but very faint in intensity. But when the instrument is held before the mouth, and the lips and teeth are opened so as to allow the sound to enter the mouth, then does the sound increase in loudness, just as a drum emits a louder sound than a tambourine, although the parchment may be of equal diameter; and if the muscles of the face be so worked that the cavity of the mouth may be continually varying both in form and size, then will the pitch of the sound be altered — becoming more grave

as the cavity is enlarged, and more acute as it is diminished. This is analogous to the fact that a big drum yields a lower note than a little one, and a long mouth-organ pipe lower than a short one, and so forth. Our nut, therefore, contains three kernels: first, that the striking of the spring produces a faint sound; second, that the reverberation in the mouth converts this faint sound into an audible musical note; third, that variations in the form and size of the cavity of the mouth, give all those variations of pitch which are requisite to the production of a tune.

If Tom could have heard M. Koch or M. Eulenstein play on the Jew's harp, he would have been infinitely delighted. Koch was a private soldier in the Prussian service under Frederic the Great. One evening the King was surprised at hearing soft beautiful music immediately under his window; and, on looking out, he saw a sentinel discoursing sweet sounds; the instrument being a humble Jew's harp. The impatient monarch ordered the man to come up stairs and play to him; but Koch, a true soldier, said that he must not do so without his colonel's orders. "But I am the King!" said Frederick. "I know it, Sire; but if I leave my post to-night, I shall certainly be punished to-morrow." The King was angry; but, himself a soldier, he knew how to respect the firmness and fidelity of the sentinel. On the following day, he had Koch to play to him, gave him a liberal gratuity, and then presented him with his discharge. Koch had been able to produce some unusual musical effects by playing on two Jew's harps at once, the sounds of which he could so modulate as to produce exquisite harmony. When Koch left the army, he travelled through Germany, giving concerts as a player on the Jew's harp; he made a moderate fortune by his exertions, and spent the decline of his days at Vienna — every way inclined to the opinion that the Jew's harp is really a beautiful and important instrument. M. Eulenstein was a still more eminent player. He was an accomplished musician, and spent many years in studying the capabilities of the Jew's harp. He found that high tones and low tones ought not to be attempted on the same instrument; and that to produce fine musical effects, two or more should be used, each one limited to the production of a few notes. He visited the principal European capitals, giving concerts at which he employed no less than sixteen Jew's harps; he played two at a time, changing them during the progress of a tune, and doing this so rapidly and effectively as to make no break in the continuity of the music. He afterwards devised a mode of playing four at once, connecting them by silken strings in such a way that he could clasp all four with the lips, and strike all the four springs at once. The musical amateurs of those days

were thrown quite into extasies by this music; some said the sounds were like those of the Æolian harp, some likened them to a musical snuff-box, some to musical glasses; while others averred that the sounds were like themselves and nothing else. No one ever played the Jew's harp so well before, and no one is likely ever to play it so well again; for, if we mistake not, poor Eulenstein lost nearly all his teeth, consequent on the peculiar action to which they had during so many years been exposed.

Our friend Thomas may have the satisfaction of knowing, that although other musical instruments dependent on the vibration of metallic springs may be more costly and pretentious than his penny Jew's harp, there is really none which more beautifully illustrates the principles whereon musical sounds are produced.

Something like thirty years ago, a little instrument was brought into notoriety under the name of the Mouth Harmonica. It was small; but like many other small things, it had considerable power. It depended for its sounds, like the Jew's harp, on the vibration of metallic springs. Flat discs of metal were pierced with oblong slits, which were partially closed by long slips of metal fixed at one end and free to vibrate at the other. According to the size and shape of the slit, and the thickness of the spring, so did each perforation yield a particular note when breathed upon by the mouth. If there were only one cavity and spring, only one sound would be heard, available as a pitch-pipe; if two, they might yield two notes having the interval of a musical fifth: if several, they might afford scope for the production of a tune.

This humble affair, the Mouth Harmonica, was a boyish trifle, a mere toy; but the same principle produced the more efficient Eolina, a little instrument from which we have heard very delicate and beautiful sounds.

The Symphonion was a more accomplished member of the same family, invented, we believe, by Mr. Wheatstone. This, for effecting much in a little space, altogether eclipsed its predecessor. It was, in fact, a keyed Eolina, possessing increased powers in virtue of its keys. It was constructed in many different shapes; but the gist of the instrument was, that a current of air should be blown in by the mouth; that the fingers should touch small projecting pins; that these pins should raise valves which covered apertures in a metal plate; that the current should set in vibration a set of tongues or metallic springs adjusted to these apertures; and that musical sounds should thus be produced, depending in pitch on the length and thickness of the springs.

The harmonious blacksmith, who makes any of the above-named musically-vibrating springs be they for Jew's-harps, or mouth-harmonicons, or eolinas, or symphonions — supposes the player

to supply a blast of air by means of his mouth; and they thus form a snug little group among themselves. But he does not leave musical persons without an alternative; he provides small bellows with which the player can puff away by hand; and thence arise the very pretty group known by the very pretty names of the accordion, the flutina, the concertina, &c. A vibrating metallic spring is still the soul of each instrument, as a few familiar details will enable us readily to show

The accordion is, in bulk, nothing more than a pair of bellows, for the whole instrument pants to and fro while being played; but the interior mechanism of these bellows is very ingenious. There are finger-keys for the player to press upon; there are wire levers connecting these keys with a row of circular valves or stops; there are circular holes which are alternately covered and uncovered by these valves; there are oblong apertures beneath the circular holes, and metallic tongues in these oblong apertures, and an open cavity beneath the metallic tongues. There are as many keys as there are valves and circular holes; but there are two springs behind each hole, attuned differently — generally a whole tone between them. By opening the bellows air rushes in through any valve-hole which happens to have been opened by the pressure of the player's finger on the corresponding key, and produces one note by the vibration of one spring; but when the air rushes out again by the closing of the bellows, it is forced into a path contiguous to the other spring, and thus produces the other tone. On the multitude of little matters essential to the production of a good accordion; on the key to act as a vent without producing sound; on the extra key to produce a harmonised chord or base — we need not stop to dilate. Some varieties are called flutinas, or flutina-accordions, claiming to possess a peculiar quality of tone. The well-made French accordions mount up in price from ten or twelve to two or three hundred francs. They extend from one octave to four and a half octaves in compass.

But there is a formidable rival to the accordion, although belonging to the same group in respect to its harmonious blacksmithery. This is the concertina, a really beautiful invention by Professor Wheatstone. As now generally made in England the concertina has two hexagonal ends, about six inches in diameter, and the bellows enable the instrument to stretch out to about a foot in length. There are not keys like those of the accordion, but little studs to be pressed in by the tips of the fingers. With a single-action, there is one spring or tongue to each stud, yielding a sound only when the bellows are pressed inward; but the double-action has a provision of two springs for each note, whereby the same sound may be produced whether the bellows be pressed inward or

drawn outward. Since the expiration of the first patent for concertinas, there has been wonderful activity in devising new improvements in every part of the mechanism, both by English and foreign makers; and it is now certainly an instrument of very considerable power; for its facility of fingering affords a scope for rapid execution, while the power of sounding three or four notes at a time is a source of very rich harmonious combination. Not only have the finer specimens all the tones and semitones for three or more octaves, but they have additional notes for producing more perfect chords in various keys. There is another surprising variety in power, also, arising from the different register or general pitch of the instrument. Some are treble concertinas, with about fifty keys or studs, and a scale of more than three octaves, the uppermost note being a C, with such a troop of leger-lines as to indicate an ultra-altissimo acuteness surpassing our humble power to measure; some are tenor or baritone concertinas, embracing about the same scale as the former, but exactly an octave lower in pitch throughout, thereby yielding sounds which have the same ratio as those of a man's tenor voice bear to those of a woman's treble; and lastly there are bass concertinas, some of which have actually a compass of four octaves, descending to a very very low C indeed; the notes throughout being an octave below those of the tenor, and two octaves below those of the treble concertina. It is by these extensive powers that concertina-players are enabled to grapple with lady-like treble tunes, with tunes adapted to tenor or baritone instruments, with chaunts and psalm tunes written for tenor and baritone voices, and with music written for a bass voice, or a violoncello, or a bassoon. What wonders the Regondis, and the Cases, and the Blasgroves work with these compact instruments, let the concert-rooms tell.

But our harmonious blacksmith does not dismiss us even yet. He provides his delicate little vibrating springs, and allows us to breathe upon them with the mouth — as in the Jew's harp, mouth-harmonica, eolina, and symphonion; or to work them with hand-bellows, as in the accordion, flutina, and concertina. But he does something more than this; he affords facilities for supplying wind by foot-bellows or pedals, and for playing the instrument by means of keys analogous to those of a pianoforte. Oh, what a family is this! Seraphine, Harmonium, Æolophon, Æolodicon, Æolharmonica, Melodium, Melodion, Æolomusicon; what liquid sweetness of names! It is like talking music to run over such a list as this. We were about to designate these instruments as first cousins, but they are even more nearly related: they are brothers and sisters.

The seraphine was one of the earliest of the group. It is usually

about as large as a small chiffonière or pier-table; and the principal portion of its interior cavity is occupied by a wind chest, governed by a foot pedal. Surmounting the wind chest is a metallic plate, perforated with about five octaves of oblong apertures, in each of which vibrates a metallic tongue. All these tongues are attuned to the proper series of tones and semitones. There are valves above the apertures, and finger keys governing the valves. When the player touches a key and lifts the corresponding valve, and at the same time works the bellows or pedal with his foot, a current of air rushes through the aperture, sets the tongue vibrating, and produces the musical note. The same blast of air is available for any of the notes, one or many; so that the player can use as many fingers at once as the pianist or organist, and produce analogous richness in harmonics.

The harmonium has more pretensions than the seraphine, inasmuch as it introduces a greater number of "stops." A "stop," in a church organ, is a set of pipes, all of which, however they may differ in pitch, have the same general character or quality of sound; this quality may be analogous to that of the sound of the flute; but there is also a quality resembling that of the hautboy, and one resembling that of the clarionet, and of the trumpet, and so on — all depending on the nature and arrangement of the vibrating substance. Some of the great organs have as many as sixty or eighty stops, or even more; each stop consisting of many pipes, attuned so as to yield all the tones and semitones of several octaves. It is to these differences in the quality of the tones, that the surpassing grandeur, and richness, and expression of a fine organ are due. The harmonium imitates, in a humble way, this diversity of power. There are numerous stops or qualities of tone, in the best instruments. M. D'Outrelepont, a maker at Paris, advertises a fine list of them — "*Violoncelle, expression, fœupre, orgue, cor Anglais, haut-bois, cornet, flute, flute-basé, voix-humaine, contrebasse, basson, mattau-phone, bourdon, flageolet*," &c.; and MM. Debain, Alexandre, and other makers, adopt analogous means for throwing great diversity into the tones produced. It surpasseth all our ingenuity to explain exactly and minutely the precise differences between the harmonium, the melodium, the æolophon, the æolodium, the æolharmonica, the æolomusicon, and the other members of this gentle fraternity; but we need not trouble ourselves thereat; for it concerns us at present only to know that their sounds are all, or mainly due to the vibration of metallic springs in carefully cut apertures. It is just possible that, in one or two of the number, the bellows may be blown by the turning of a handle — thus affording a fourth mode of gently appealing to the vibratory tendency of the springs: indeed, we believe, such is the case.

Thus does it appear, then, that our Harmonious Blacksmith is really a clever fellow. No small portion of the music that delights us, is due to the dexterous cunning with which he fashions the dainty little tongues of metal.

## OUR WINE MERCHANT.

GOT up in green and gold, labelled with the Royal Arms, and those of the City of London, with *Dieu et mon droit* as the upper motto, and *Domine dirige nos* for the lower one, a pamphlet lies before us, addressed by Our Wine Merchant to the inhabitants of the district in which we reside. That district, familiarly known to the public as Saint Joseph's Wood — though scarcely a tree remains to tell of its former sylvan glories, and even the shrubs which overhang the pavement are now ruthlessly lopped by the parish authorities — that district, we say, has long been well supplied with the greater part of the good things which are generally considered as essential to the enjoyment of this world, and to preparation for the next. Our mundane together with our spiritual wants have, for the most part, been carefully looked after: we have our butchers and our bakers, our greengrocers and fishmongers, our dispensing chemists and our members of the Royal College of Surgeons — the last-named in great abundance; we have our newsvenders, poulterers, stationers, auctioneers, and undertakers; schools flourish; so do private lunatic establishments. We have numerous churches and multitudinous clerical officiators; we have also a strong police force and a station-house of our own, so that if we, or the cabmen who have more than one stand — chance to go wrong, we can be set right again in the shortest possible space of time. But with all these advantages, and with the Rising Suns and Jolly Soldiers — the signs of them no less than the things themselves — at the corner of every road, street, place, and avenue, with a house of call for nearly half the omnibuses that circulate through London, St. Joseph's Wood has wanted one thing — the roc's egg that should make our palace perfect — it has never been able to say, "We have got a first-rate, out-and-out wine-merchant." Of course we have bottle and jug departments," into which the modest retiring customer — with money in his pocket — is invited to enter, at the Rising Suns and Jolly Soldiers, aforesaid; but however specious the promises placarded about the doors of these establishments, however certainly we may have reckoned on getting the finest fruitiest, nuttiest, driest, purest, most "natural," most bees-wingest — if we may be allowed the expression — of the several wines offered for our "selection," generally at the low figure of two-and two per bottle, we confess, as far as our personal experience goes, that the pleasing consciousness

of finding these promises literal facts has never yet been realised in all the wide circuit of Saint Joseph's Wood.

So much for the evil: now for the remedy.

A "spirited" individual — he will excuse us if the word has more than one meaning — has at last undertaken to supply the great *desideratum;* and that individual we delight — on paper — to call Our Wine Merchant, because, up to the present moment we have never had any other. Not that we have already retained him; no, we have not gone quite so far as that, but we have delighted our eyes through the superb plate glass windows of his Emporium on Saint Joseph's Terrace, where, in the most admired confusion, as if they had just been upheaved by an earthquake, lie slender bottles of hock, big-bellied champagnes, imperial quarts of sherry, and dainty pints of liqueurs, some topsy-turvy, seeking apparently to dive back again to the cellar; others struggling, cork upwards to the light, some presenting a broad flank, others a foreshortened base, and all as well cobwebbed and sawdusted as if Time had given them these appliances, and not "our young man" before the window blinds were raised for the daily display. Delightedly, too, have we gazed — yet not altogether unmingled with awe — through a side window, at an enormous copper carboy, somewhat dinted by the hard work which it has had to do, which stands open mouthed, and ready to be filled with purest spirit, whenever an order shall arrive for bottling off a few gallons. But with even still greater admiration have we gazed on the truck which is always waiting close to the kerbstone, anxious to be off somewhere, no matter how heavily laden, but which, as far as our observation — and we live opposite — has extended, has not yet stirred a peg, except to be wheeled up to its station in the morning, and back again to the "counting-house" at night. No doubt, there is "a good time coming," and while it is on its way we will peep into Our Wine Merchant's *Vade Mecum*, which, we understand, has been very liberally distributed throughout the neighbourhood. Perhaps it may have the effect of making us give an extensive order.

In the introduction to this gorgeous volume — which has for its motto the pregnant truth that "Wine is the revealer of human varieties," revealing also a few of its own — we read: "In the following pages we shall take the liberty of offering to your notice and consideration a few words about Wine; for it is really astonishing, that while hundreds of familiar books — from Mrs. Glasse to Monsieur Soyer — have been written about domestic cookery, and how to lay out a table, and bring in courses, and make the removes, no book has been written to give young housekeepers an idea of how Wine is to be pur-

chased, how to be managed when sent home, what Wines are necessary to accompany a dinner (and without good Wine a dinner is worthless), and how to be served; and we shall hope that these few observations may be found useful, particularly to some of our readers, who are just entering upon that honourable position of becoming housekeepers; and nothing in domestic economy tells more of home comfort, and consequently of home happiness, than the quality and condition of the Wine, and the manner in which it is served; and we respectfully present this little book to you, in the earnest hope that there will be found in it some hints that may repay the trouble of perusing it."

A good long sentence this, and penned with tract-like earnestness: it takes away one's breath, like a glass of real Glenlivat, of which we beg to inform the public that Our Wine Merchant — but this is anticipation. Having recovered from its effects, we turn to the Preface, which, like every separate subject throughout the work, has its special epigraph. Here we are treated to that rare one — "*In vino veritas*," though modern Wine and old-fashioned truth seldom run in couples. Truth may live in a well, but she is not often found in a wine-cellar. Our Wine Merchant begins his Preface by stating that he has been intimately acquainted with Saint Joseph's Wood for between thirty and forty years; that he has been a resident there for nearly twenty years; and that during that time the question has been many hundred times put to him, "*Do* you know where we can obtain a good Bottle of Wine in this neighbourhood, at a fair price?" to which question he has been compelled, in the language of sincerity, to reply that he knows "of none such."

His course, therefore, after a moral struggle of between thirty and forty years, was sufficiently obvious. If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, why, Mahomet must go to the mountain; and Our Wine Merchant, impelled solely by a sense of the public necessity, embraces the following stern resolve: — "We have determined [of course no persuasion of friends or relations could keep him back now] to supply what appeared to us to be *one* of the wants of this neighbourhood [but, my dear Sir, it was *the* want, as — if you read this article — you will immediately discover]; and having premises (of our own) [that is a great hit], admirably situated for the purpose, we have had them (at great expense, &c.) adapted for a first-rate Wine, Spirit, and Ale and Beer trade." He adds — what every one must be certain he would add, beginning with Roman capitals — that every article will be "Pure and Genuine, and in no manner Doctored, Adulterated, or Tampered with in any way; while the price shall," &c., "our only object being," &c., "gain," "retain," "firm conviction" "honestly and fairly," "in-

tention to make," "establishment," "permanence," &c. &c. There! self-devotion on the one hand and all the advantage on the other, what can the inhabitants of Saint Joseph's Wood desire more? Let us hear, then, of no more complaints; let us also hear Our Wine Merchant when he departs from generalities and enters into particulars: —

CHAPTER I. — OF A WINE CELLAR. — Poetry, "genuine, in no manner doctored," &c., introduces this branch of the subject.

> A wine-cellar too hot or cold
> Murders wine before it is old.

Lamenting the fact that builders of modern houses are in the habit of saying, "Oh, we can put the wine-cellar and the dust-bin anywhere," Our Wine Merchant informs us that he at any rate has not been fobbed off in so unworthy a manner — he has constructed a cellar of his own, and thus he describes it: — "We have had — at very considerable expense — the whole basement of our premises excavated into the solid earth; and the best judges have pronounced that our cellars, for their size (and they are of considerable size), are among the most perfect they have seen." In the most generous spirit he adds: — "Our cellars are at all times on view to any respectable person who would wish to see a large stock of Wines well arranged; and as access to these cellars *are* easy, and they are perfectly clean and of good height, ladies can view them without inconvenience." A little superfluous information follows: — "In these cellars our Wines are kept, and will be found in the most perfect condition when delivered to our customers; and we feel quite satisfied that it will be more to their advantage — Wine from us — moderate quantities — fit for drinking — rather than," &c. &c.

Our Wine Merchant, who has evidently travelled, proceeds to tell us, that in Paris people buy their wine daily, and that the Wine merchants there send round their carts for orders, in the same manner as the butchers and other tradesmen do in England, with a printed list containing a blank column to be filled up; and he wishes [there is no doubt of it] to see this sensible plan followed in Saint Joseph's Wood. The truck then would really have something to do.

CHAPTER II. — A WORD OF ADVICE AS TO WINES, with a heading which runs thus: — "Good Wine to man is what manure is to trees. Pure Wine makes good blood. A glass of good Wine purges off distempers. A cellar without good Wine, a house without woman, and a purse without money, are the three deadly plagues." This chapter is a brief diatribe against factitious Wines and spirits. Our friend's advice may be safely taken: — "We entreat you," he says, "to avoid this trash as poison. Recollect, too, that no one would suffer putrid meat to be set before a friend, and false wine is

in every respect as abhorrent to real hospitality; indeed, bad wine is the guest's horror and the host's disgrace." The corollary to this proposition naturally follows: — "The best thing for persons really not first-rate judges of wine, is to deal with persons of honour and integrity, who *are* judges of wine," &c. — like Our Wine Merchant.

CHAPTER III. — OF PORT WINE. — "The bees-wing in Port is the wine-seller's *pater noster*." Our Wine Merchant is justly indignant with those "cheats" — he calls them — the grocers and fruiterers, who sell sham Port at one-and-sixpence per bottle; and, with a knowledge of the subject which seems almost marvellously intuitive, bitterly denounces the conduct of those who manufacture Port Wine out of "Red Cape, sandars-wood, elder-berries, alcohol, sloes, gum-dragon, cider, salt of tartar, and other ingredients of a like character." We make no question that "our premises" would "burst their marble cerements," if such base compounds were — even surreptitiously — introduced into "our cellars." But having got hold of a bottle of the real stuff — and we know now where it is to be had — we are taught how to decant and then how to drink it. The first process having been got through, with a few grammatical inaccuracies, certain points are insisted on. After premising that "all Port Wine drinkers invariably hold up their glasses and look through them," Our Wine Merchant, with great gallantry, remarks: — "All glasses, and particularly Port wine glasses, should be of large size, because ladies always ask for half-a-glass of wine, and it is unmannerly, except upon particular occasions, to fill brimmers; therefore, if the glasses are too small, they are a tantalization, and give the idea of meanness and begrudging, and all glasses should be scrupulously clean and perfect, and without flaw or chip. In all wine-drinking three senses are gratified at once — the taste, the smell, and the sight — and they must all be provided for." He dismisses Port wine, for which he manifestly has himself a great relish, by observing, "It is always a useful and acceptable wine to most persons, and a glass of Port wine and a biscuit, taken regularly at midday, is a capital thing for growing boys and girls delicate in health."

OF SHERRY, CHAPTER IV., we learn that "The bitter in Sherry is the *haut goût* of the wine;" that "it should be *in* or near the dinner-table, from the soup to the end of the entertainment;" that "it is proper to be served occasionally at all evening parties, at balls, and invariably at suppers; while two glasses of Sherry in a tumbler of pure cold water, with or without a little sugar, is, either for sight or taste, one of the most beautiful things in the world." Our Wine Merchant adds: — "East India Sherry is among the very best of wines, and should al-

ways form part of the wines at any entertainment." On reference to page fifty-six of the *Vade Mecum*, we find an "old, dry, pale East India" marked at from forty-eight to sixty shillings per dozen. Reasonable enough in all conscience.

MADEIRA, the rapid disappearance of which Our Wine Merchant deplores, supplies him with a comment, which also affords him an opportunity of shining as a linguist: — "A glass of Madeira after the soup course at dinner is really delicious. The French, who seldom drink (*vins étrangers*) wines not of their own country, drink Madeira in this way, and occasionally during dinner; and it is a magnificent wine, and particularly for persons of mature age."

We come now to the wine — CHAPTER VI. — on which, or by means of which, all are eloquent. "Champagne" poetically exclaims our friend, "looks with Peacock's eyes, and every eye a diamond." We have nothing to find fault with in his account of this "King of Wines," as he calls it, but with respect to its treatment before it comes to table, must observe that Our Wine Merchant's theory is better than his practice. "Effervescing Champagne" he informs us, "will lose that quality if the bottles are stood on end, or placed upright; and therefore they must be carefully piled, with the same sides downwards as they have previously had. The best way is to keep all champagne in the case in which it arrives, with the proper side up, and taken out just before it is wanted."

We think, if our memory serves us, that when we peeped into the Emporium, we saw a few bottles of the "Peacock's eye" standing in the reprehensible manner above described. Those, however, were probably only samples, a mere waste of the wealth with which the cellars below were overflowing. Did the reader ever hear of "Champagne Salad?" Here is Our Wine Merchant's recipe for it. "They (the French) also make Champagne Salad, consisting of strawberries, raspberries, grapes, currants, gooseberries, morsels of melon or pine-apple, (or such of these as are at the dessert) placed in a bowl and covered thickly with pounded loaf-sugar, upon which is poured a bottle of champagne, and then some small globules of transparent ice are placed about in the Salad; nothing can be more delicious and refreshing, and all the ladies like it." Here is another of the uses of the "Peacock's eye:" "Nothing is more refreshing to sitters at a card-table, than one or two glasses of champagne (with or without sponge-cake) served in the evening." We begin to fear that Our Wine Merchant is rather a fast man.

BURGUNDY — CHAPTER VIII. — is a theme on which our author descants with rapture. It is, he says, "the wine of princes. Burgundy smiles, hock winks, champagne laughs. There are many dreams in a bottle of Burgundy!"

In the first rank, and he is right there, he places the "Romanée Conti;" we don't mean to disparage Our Wine Merchant's Romanée, (marked at sixty shillings. Hear it, ye grocers and fruiterers!) but if the reader really wants to know where the best is to be had, let him persuade Mr. Bathe of the London Tavern, to produce a bottle of his Romanée the next time he dines at that first of all taverns; he will never ask for it anywhere else afterwards. Next in order comes Chambertin, "the pet tipple of Nap," *apropos* of which we meet with this remark, "A bottle of Chambertin, a ragout à la Sardanapalus, and a lady causeur (query *causeuse*), are the best companions in France."

"Claret," observes Our Wine Merchant, "is the wine of the gentle born," and "to give a friend a bottle of claret (perfectly quiet and cool) is one of the most perfect marks of a gentleman." We trust that this distinguishing characteristic will not be lost sight of when we send for a dozen or two at the Emporium. Our Wine Merchant revels in Claret. "It may be served at table from the commencement of the dinner, to the end of the entertainment . . . No wine is so congenial to the human constitution. . . . It is fashionable to drink it in large glasses, and often in large quantities" (an eye to the main chance here) — and the course advised is "to serve it out fresh from the cellar, and drink it out of the black bottle."

But we fear, in our admiration of the *Vade Mecum*, that we may be carried too far. We shall, therefore, say nothing about Hock, "which keeps off the doctor," or Hermitage, which Our Wine Merchant says is "Church wine in name, in strength, and in paternity;" neither shall we dwell upon the rest of the contents of "One of our five guinea hampers," but descend at once to homely "British gin." Very commendably objecting to the frightful abuse of this spirit among the lower orders, who never drink it pure, Our Wine Merchant thinks it is "a good familiar creature, if well used," and furnishes us with the following receipt for converting it into toddy. "In making gin toddy, mind that the water boils — have an iron-stone China jug, pour in a little boiling water first, and rinse and warm the jug, then put in first as much loaf sugar as you may require, pour on it about half a pint of boiling water, well stir with a spoon, so as to make a syrup, then pour as much more boiling water as you require to have toddy, mix again, and now add lemon juice and skins of lemon, and stir, now taste, and you will find this an agreeable drink, if properly mixed with sweet and acid; now pour in about one fourth of gin more, and stir again, set the mixture in front of the fire, or put it on a hob, in a little time serve it hot in tumblers, and you will find a toddy that everybody likes. If this toddy is made thus, and put to keep hot, with a cover over the top, and

served the last thing before guests leave on a cold night, it will be highly appreciated."

But the best made toddy must fail if the materials be not first-rate; and, therefore, Our Wine Merchant concludes with this word of caution and recommendation: "But mind, the gin must be good — we keep none but that made by So-and-So, and we serve it in two gallons, (twelve bottles) to our customers, pure and unadulterated, as it comes from their distillery, and one bottle of our gin will be equal in strength to one and a half bottles of the retail shops, and infinitely more pure."

And so, with our earnest wish that the carboy and the truck may have plenty to do as the season of festivity draws near, we shake hands with Our Wine Merchant, and shut up his *Vade Mecum*.

## AN UGLY NURSLING.

GRUEL, if you please, Mrs. Rummer, for my nursling. I have picked up a Catarrh in the streets, and brought it home with me to be nursed; a very ugly nursling, certainly. At this time of the year there is a catarrh, or a cold, or whatever you please to call it, now in one shape now in another, lying heavily on the breast of many a woman and man, who is compelled to stop at home and nurse it. We must feed it upon gruel, Mrs. Rummer, keep it indoors, and let it have plenty of sleep in a warm bed — that is the way to kill it. There is a shorter way of killing it which I think cruel, and that is by depriving it of drink. An ugly catarrh, you see, is not like a pretty baby, though you do perhaps feed both with gruel; you nurse one in order to destroy it, and the other in order to keep it safe and sound.

Put a little brandy in the gruel, Mrs. Rummer — it may do me no good, but it will take away from the sloppiness; and while you stir within the saucepan, faithful housekeeper, to make your brewing thick and slab, I 'll ease my mind — as fidgetty old gentlemen like well to do — by talking to you freely on the subject of my ailment.

Mucous membrane, Madam, is the sufferer on these occasions. We are lined with skin outside and with mucous membrane inside, as perhaps you know. The two join at the nose and lips. There is mucous membrane in the nostril, which runs up to a little cavern in the bone at the root of the nose — I shall have that blockaded to-morrow, and a pretty headache I expect with it — and runs down to the throat and joins the mucous membrane that has lined the mouth, and they run together down the windpipe to line all the air-passages within the lungs, and down the gullet to line the stomach and the channel thence. Now, because I have chilled my skin, the mucous membrane is to suffer for it. First, it

gets dry and red — it swells and causes me to feel, as you are used to say, "stuffed up." Next, a discharge will begin; and I shall consider myself fortunate if the catarrh in the nose does not run down into the lungs, and make me cough and wheeze, give me a touch, in fact, of bronchitis. In my case, whatever else it may do, it always runs down by the other road into my stomach, and destroys my relish of my victuals. My friend Whelks, who is an odd fellow, generally catches a cold wrong side upwards. Whenever he eats anything that plagues the membrane in his stomach, that establishes a rebellion along the whole line, up into the nose and down into the lungs, so that he catches cold over his dinner, when he eats what would give you or me only a touch of heartburn.

You, Mrs. Rummer, being an experienced nurse, know very well how a cold like mine should be treated. It should be fed with spoon meat, kept in a warm room, and made to perspire at night. After all fever has departed, if the nursling should still linger in existence, you would suggest choking it with a rump-steak and a pint of port. A good dinner and an extra glass of wine, will make me, as I have often heard you say on such occasions, a free man. You are quite right. That is the sensible, old-fashioned, efficient way of nursing a catarrh, which I commend to all who can afford to stay at home. For, you see, spoon meat and warm rooms only make matters worse, if one is obliged to go to and from them to one's daily business, through all manner of cold or damp, or among all manner of draughts.

If I were a business man, or had to spend much of my day behind the counter in a draughty shop, I would certainly not treat myself in this way. In that case I would try the barbarous but effective method first suggested by Dr. C. J. B. Williams, who advises, when you catch cold, to baulk it at once. Cut away the ground from under it. Let it have nothing to go upon. Of course there cannot be a discharge of fluid into the nose and lungs, unless such fluid is first drawn from the blood; and the blood again has to get it from the food. Let all your food, therefore, be solid. Do not drink a drop of anything. What follows? The blood has a great many pulls upon its resources, for all the natural and necessary processes and secretions in the body; such demands must be met, and the result is, that when the nose and lungs attempt to overdraw their small account upon its bank for mucus due, it is obliged to refuse payment, I couldn't myself go without my coffee and my tea; but when you next find that a cold is coming, Mrs. Rummer, you, if you like, may try the plan, and I believe you will find that if you lose no time in beginning, forty-eight hours of total abstinence from liquids of all sorts will kill a cold entirely. Now, a man who tries this remedy may go out into the

air, and the more the better. For the more he walks and creates exhalations from the skin, the more he robs his blood of water and the more thoroughly he breaks the bank on which the nose and throat and lungs rely for the means of making themselves troublesome.

Mrs. Rummer, I have observed that when you have a cold in the nose, you yourself are always in the habit of calling it the Influenza. No doubt, Mrs. Rummer, the influenza is a catarrh; but then it is an epidemic catarrh, and it is by no means always prevailing. It has raged only about a score of times during the last three centuries; and after each visitation, for some years individuals have remained subject to isolated attacks, but that is all. It is an epidemic, and a very strange one. It is produced by some subtle influence in the air; and the Italians therefore called the whole disease the Influence, or Influenza. The French call it the grippe. The old doctors called it catarrh by contagion. Certainly it is contagious; but that is not all. True influenza not only includes in one complaint the whole run of catarrh, with a more than usual tenderness about the eyes, but it is accompanied with an enormous depression of the spirits and the vital energies. You can no more mistake the depression of influenza for the depression of a cold, than you can mistake a well for a worm-hole.

The disease runs its course rapidly — a previously healthy man is convalescent in a week, but remains debilitated. A sickly man, or an old man, it will often pull down to the grave. The influenza of eighteen hundred and thirty-seven was practically more fatal than cholera; though not so apparently. Many more died of it than die during a season of cholera, but then the numbers attacked are incomparably greater. Influenza will seize at once half the population in a town; and if they all get well again except one in a thousand strong men, and a certain number of the weakly, the mortality may still be very alarming — greater than is caused by cholera, which attacks only a few of us, but destroys one of every two or three on whom it seizes.

There is no mistaking the existence of the mysterious influence which causes this disease. In the year eighteen hundred and thirty-three it visited us. On the third of April in that year, the day of its arrival, a ship, the Stag, was coming up the Channel, and at two o'clock arrived off Berry Head, all on board well. There was an easterly wind blowing from the land, and in half an hour forty of the men were smitten with influenza; by six o'clock, sixty were on the sick list with it; by two o'clock on the succeeding day, there were one hundred and sixty men laid up. On the same third of April the disease appeared in London, and on the evening of that day the regiment on duty at Portsmouth went to bed all well; but, on the next morning, there

were not soldiers enough able to get up and do garrison duty. The influence was upon them.

What this influence is, no man can tell with certainty. Influenza has more than once in a curious way preceded cholera, and it is supposed — incorrectly perhaps — to travel as cholera does, in a given direction without being governed by the wind. It is said then to be connected with the magnetic currents of the earth. It is said also to depend on the electrical condition of the air, which becomes negatively electric, or which causes an accumulation of electricity in human bodies. Many of the recorded epidemics of this kind have been associated with the appearance of peculiar dry thick fogs. Negatively electric clouds have been observed before an epidemic has set in, and thunderstorms. Meat sent up at the tail of a kite has come down putrid. The influence has been ascribed also to the development under certain conditions of vast clouds of vegetable germs or animalcules, smaller than the microscopists can detect, as it is certain that there must exist by myriads forms of life too minute even for detection by the best of lenses. A certain animalcule or a certain fungus coming in contact with the air passages may be the cause of the peculiar irritation, and its germs carried about by a person who has been among them may be communicated by him — through contact, or contagion — to his neighbours. So we may explain the certain fact, that a man coming by railway from a town in which there is influenza, not being himself sick, may give the sickness to the friends with whom he stays, in a town not otherwise infected.

But of all colds or catarrhs the oddest is that caused by hay, called the hay asthma. Happily we are not all apt to catch it. Only a few people and they, to a marvellous degree, are sensitive to an influence proceeding from fresh hay, which begets all the symptoms of a severe cold, excessive itching and pinching over the whole mucous membrane, sneezing, running at the nose, cough, difficulty of breathing, and so forth. It will affect people not in an ordinary way liable to catch cold, will affect them only in the hay season, and then only if they go near ripe grass or new hay. Such people, if they can afford it, fly the country at that time of year, and live in town, or upon some barren stretch of coast; there they are safe. A lady liable to suffer from this influence one day was attacked suddenly at tea-time, some time after the hay harvest. Her children had come in to tea out of a barn full of new hay, in which they had been playing. The same lady used to go to Harwich during the hay-making season, and one day, while walking on the shore there, she was suddenly attacked. Next morning she discovered that there was some hay being made on the top of a cliff, at the time when she was walking under it. In another year, she

was visiting at another place after the hay season, and was suddenly attacked in her bed-room with the catarrh. It turned out that a large haystack had been since early morning in course of removal from a field at a great distance to a yard close by the house.

Dr. Watson, who is my instructor about all these things, was called to see the wife of a stable-keeper near Regent Street. He found her with a crying cold, alarming difficulty of breathing, and loud wheezing. Such symptoms having come on some days before, her husband had proposed to drive her in a gig to Islington to see a doctor. They accordingly had set out, but before they got from Regent Street to Islington the woman suddenly became quite well. She had then spent one or two quiet days and easy nights with some friends in the City, but directly after she came home the old symptoms returned upon her. There was a strong smell of hay in the house, and the husband stated that his lofts had lately been filled with a number of fresh trusses, which were more than usually scented. It appeared, also, that his wife was always worse at night when the house was shut up, and better in the morning when the windows were all opened and the air blew in. Change of dwelling was advised. The woman removed to a house a hundred yards off, and got well immediately. Then she went into the country till the scented hay was all used up. A drier stock having been laid in she returned, and suffered no more than slight cough and difficulty of breathing, which did not distress her. Whatever be the precise way in which fresh hay exerts its influence, it appears to be that particular grass which gives to the hay its scent — called by the botanists the *anthoxanthum odoratum* — which is the source of this extremely curious disorder.

Now, I am not going on to talk about old coughs, or old men's and old women's coughs, because I am an oldish man and you are an oldish woman, Mrs. Rummer, and we must not frighten one another. We must nurse carefully what ugly colds we get, and make an end of them. Fill me the footpan with hot water, and dish up the gruel.

## THE LONG VOYAGE.

When the wind is blowing and the sleet or rain is driving against the dark windows, I love to sit by the fire, thinking of what I have read in books of voyage and travel. Such books have had a strong fascination for my mind from my earliest childhood; and I wonder it should have come to pass that I never have been round the world, never have been shipwrecked, ice-environed, tomahawked, or eaten.

This time of year is crowded with thick-coming fancies. Sitting on my ruddy hearth in the twilight of New Year's Eve, I find incidents of travel rise around me from all

the latitudes and longitudes of the globe. They observe no order or sequence, but appear and vanish as they will — "come like shadows, so depart." Columbus, alone upon the sea with his disaffected crew, looks over the waste of waters from his high station on the poop of his ship, and sees the first uncertain glimmer of the light, "rising and falling with the waves, like a torch in the bark of some fisherman," which is the shining star of a new world. Bruce is caged in Abyssinia, surrounded by the gory horrors which shall often startle him out of his sleep at home when years have passed away. Franklin, come to the end of his unhappy overland journey — would that it had been his last! — lies perishing of hunger with his brave companions: each emaciated figure stretched upon its miserable bed without the power to rise: all, dividing the weary days between their prayers, their remembrances of the dear ones at home, and conversation on the pleasures of eating; the last-named topic being ever present to them, likewise, in their dreams. All the African travellers, way-worn, solitary and sad, submit themselves again to drunken, murderous, man-selling despots, of the lowest order of humanity; and Mungo Park, fainting under a tree and succoured by a woman, gratefully remembers how his Good Samaritan has always come to him in woman's shape, the wide world over.

A shadow on the wall in which my mind's eye can discern some traces of a rocky seacoast, recals to me a fearful story of travel derived from that unpromising narrator of such stories, a parliamentary blue-book. A convict is its chief figure, and this man escapes with other prisoners from a penal settlement. It is an island, and they seize a boat, and get to the main land. Their way is by a rugged and precipitous sea-shore, and they have no earthly hope of ultimate escape, for, the party of soldiers despatched by an easier course to cut them off, must inevitably arrive at their distant bourne long before them, and retake them if by any hazard they survive the horrors of the way Famine, as they all must have foreseen, besets them early in their course. Some of the party die and are eaten; some are murdered by the rest and eaten. This one awful creature eats his fill, and sustains his strength, and lives on to be recaptured and taken back. The unrelateable experiences through which he has passed have been so tremendous, that he is not hanged as he might be, but goes back to his old chained gang-work. A little time, and he tempts one other prisoner away, seizes another boat, and flies once more — necessarily in the old hopeless direction, for he can take no other. He is soon cut off, and met by the pursuing party, face to face, upon the beach. He is alone. In his former journey he acquired an inappeasable relish for his dreadful food. He urged

the new man away, expressly to kill him and eat him. In the pockets on one side of his coarse convict-dress, are portions of the man's body, on which he is regaling; in the pockets on the other side, is an untouched store of salted pork (stolen before he left the island) for which he has no appetite. He is taken back, and he is hanged. But I shall never see that sea-beach on the wall or in the fire, without him, solitary monster, eating as he prowls along, while the sea rages and rises at him.

Captain Bligh (a worse man to be entrusted with arbitrary power there could scarcely be) is handed over the side of the Bounty, and turned adrift on the wide ocean in an open boat, by order of Fletcher Christian one of his officers, at this very minute. Another flash of my fire, and "Thursday October Christian," five-and-twenty years of age, son of the dead and gone Fletcher by a savage mother, leaps aboard His Majesty's ship Briton, hove to off Pitcairn's Island; says his simple grace before eating, in good English; and knows that a pretty little animal on board is called a dog, because in his childhood he had heard of such strange creatures from his father and the other mutineers, grown gray under the shade of the Bread-fruit trees, speaking of their lost country far away.

See the Halsewell, East Indiaman outward bound, driving madly on a January night towards the rocks near Seacombe, on the island of Purbeck! The captain's two dear daughters are aboard, and five other ladies. The ship has been driving many hours, has seven feet water in her hold, and her mainmast has been cut away. The description of her loss, familiar to me from my early boyhood, seems to be read aloud as she rushes to her destiny.

"About two in the morning of Friday the sixth of January, the ship still driving, and approaching very fast to the shore, Mr. Henry Meriton, the second mate, went again into the cuddy, where the captain then was. Another conversation taking place, Captain Pierce expressed extreme anxiety for the preservation of his beloved daughters, and earnestly asked the officer if he could devise any method of saving them. On his answering with great concern, that he feared it would be impossible, but that their only chance would be to wait for morning, the captain lifted up his hands in silent and distressful ejaculation.

"At this dreadful moment, the ship struck, with such violence as to dash the heads of those standing in the cuddy against the deck above them, and the shock was accompanied by a shriek of horror that burst at one instant from every quarter of the ship.

"Many of the seamen, who had been remarkably inattentive and remiss in their duty during great part of the storm, now poured upon deck, where no exertions of the officers could keep them, while their assistance might have been useful. They had actually skulked in their hammocks, leaving the working of the pumps and other necessary labours to the officers of the ship, and the soldiers, who had made uncommon exertions. Roused by a sense of their danger, the same seamen, at this moment, in frantic exclamations, demanded of heaven and their fellow-sufferers that succour which their own efforts timely made, might possibly have procured.

"The ship continued to beat on the rocks; and soon bilging, fell with her broadside towards the shore. When she

struck, a number of the men climbed up the ensign-staff, under an apprehension of her immediately going to pieces.

"Mr. Meriton, at this crisis, offered to these unhappy beings the best advice which could be given; he recommended that all should come to the side of the ship lying lowest on the rocks, and singly to take the opportunities which might then offer, of escaping to the shore.

"Having thus provided, to the utmost of his power, for the safety of the desponding crew, he returned to the round-house, where, by this time, all the passengers, and most of the officers had assembled. The latter were employed in offering consolation to the unfortunate ladies; and, with unparalleled magnanimity, suffering their compassion for the fair and amiable companions of their misfortunes to prevail over the sense of their own danger.

"In this charitable work of comfort, Mr. Meriton now joined, by assurances of his opinion, that the ship would hold together till the morning, when all would be safe. Captain Pierce observing one of the young gentlemen loud in his exclamations of terror, and frequently cry that the ship was parting, cheerfully bid him be quiet, remarking that though the ship should go to pieces, he would not, but would be safe enough.

"It is difficult to convey a correct idea of the scene of this deplorable catastrophe, without describing the place where it happened. The Halsewell struck on the rocks at a part of the shore where the cliff is of vast height, and rises almost perpendicular from its base. But at this particular spot, the foot of the cliff is excavated into a cavern of ten or twelve yards in depth, and of breadth equal to the length of a large ship. The sides of the cavern are so nearly upright, as to be of extremely difficult access; and the bottom is strewed with sharp and uneven rocks, which seem, by some convulsion of the earth, to have been detached from its roof.

"The ship lay with her broadside opposite to the mouth of this cavern, with her whole length stretched almost from side to side of it. But when she struck, it was too dark for the unfortunate persons on board to discover the real magnitude of their danger, and the extreme horror of such a situation.

"In addition to the company already in the round-house, they had admitted three black women and two soldiers' wives; who, with the husband of one of them, had been allowed to come in, though the seamen, who had tumultuously demanded entrance to get the lights, had been opposed and kept out by Mr. Rogers and Mr. Brimer, the third and fifth mates. The numbers there were, therefore, now increased to near fifty. Captain Pierce sat on a chair, a cot, or some other moveable, with a daughter on each side, whom he alternately pressed to his affectionate breast. The rest of the melancholy assembly were seated on the deck, which was strewed with musical instruments, and the wreck of furniture and other articles.

"Here also Mr. Meriton, after having cut several wax-candles in pieces, and stuck them up in various parts of the round-house, and lighted up all the glass lanthorns he could find, took his seat, intending to wait the approach of dawn; and then assist the partners of his dangers to escape. But, observing that the poor ladies appeared parched and exhausted, he brought a basket of oranges and prevailed on some of them to refresh themselves by sucking a little of the juice. At this time they were all tolerably composed, except Miss Mansel, who was in hysteric fits on the floor of the deck of the round-house.

"But on Mr. Meriton's return to the company, he perceived a considerable alteration in the appearance of the ship; the sides were visibly giving way; the deck seemed to be lifting, and he discovered other strong indications that she could not hold much longer together. On this account, he attempted to go forward to look out, but immediately saw that the ship had separated in the middle, and that the forepart having changed its position, lay rather further out towards the sea. In such an emergency, when the next moment might plunge him into eternity, he determined to seize the present opportunity, and follow the example of the crew and the soldiers, who were now quitting the ship in numbers, and making their way to the shore, though quite ignorant of its nature and description.

"Among other expedients, the ensign-staff had been unshipped, and attempted

to be laid between the ship's side and some of the rocks, but without success, for it snapped asunder before it reached them. However, by the light of a lanthorn, which a seaman handed through the sky-light of the round-house to the deck, Mr. Meriton discovered a spar which appeared to be laid from the ship's side to the rocks, and on this spar he resolved to attempt his escape.

"Accordingly, lying down upon it, he thrust himself forward; however, he soon found that it had no communication ith the rock; he reached the end of it and then slipped off, receiving a very violent bruise in his fall, and before he could recover his legs, he was washed off by the surge. He now supported himself by swimming, until a returning wave dashed him against the back part of the ... Here he laid hold of a small projection in the rock, but was so much benumbed that he was on the point of quitting it, when a seaman, who had already gained a footing, extended his hand, and assisted him until he could secure himself a little on the rock; from which he clambered on a shelf still higher, and out of the reach of the surf.

"Mr. Rogers, the third mate, remained with the captain and the unfortunate ladies and their companions nearly twenty minutes after Mr. Meriton had quitted the ship. Soon after the latter left the round-house, the captain asked what was become of him, to which Mr. Rogers replied, that he was gone on deck to see what could be done. After this, a heavy sea breaking over the ship, the ladies exclaimed, "Oh poor Meriton! he is drowned! had he stayed with us he would have been safe!" and they all, particularly Miss Mary Pierce, expressed great concern at the apprehension of his loss.

"The sea was now breaking in at the fore-part of the ship, and reached as far as the mainmast. Captain Pierce gave Mr. Rogers a nod, and they took a lamp and went together into the stern-gallery, where, after viewing the rocks for some time, Captain Pierce asked Mr. Rogers if he thought there was any possibility of saving the girls; to which he replied, he feared there was none; for they could only discover the black face of the perpendicular rock, and not the cavern which afforded shelter to those who escaped. They then returned to the round-house, where Mr. Rogers hung up the lamp, and Captain Pierce sat down between his two daughters.

"The sea continuing to break in very fast, Mr. Macmanus, a midshipman, and Mr. Schutz, a passenger, asked Mr. Rogers what they could do to escape. 'Follow me,' he replied, and they all went into the stern-gallery; and from thence to the upper-quarter-gallery on the poop. While there, a very heavy sea fell on board, and the round-house gave way; Mr. Rogers heard the ladies shriek at intervals, as if the water reached them; the noise of the sea at other times drowning their voices.

"Mr. Brimer had followed him to the poop, where they remained together about five minutes, when on the breaking of this heavy sea, they jointly seized a hen-coop. The same wave which proved fatal to some of those below, carried him and his companion to the rock, on which they were violently dashed and miserably bruised.

"Here on the rock were twenty-seven men; but it now being low water, and as they were convinced that on the flowing of the tide all must be washed off, many attempted to get to the back or the sides of the cavern, beyond the reach of the returning sea. Scarcely more than six, besides Mr. Rogers and Mr. Brimer, succeeded.

"Mr. Rogers, on gaining this station, was so nearly exhausted, that had his exertions been protracted only a few minutes longer, he must have sunk under them. He was now prevented from joining Mr. Meriton, by at least twenty men between them, none of whom could move, without the imminent peril of his life.

"They found that a very considerable number of the crew, seamen, and soldiers, and some petty officers, were in the same situation as themselves, though many who had reached the rocks below, perished in attempting to ascend. They could yet discern some part of the ship, and in their dreary station solaced themselves with the hopes of its remaining entire until day-break; for, in the midst of their own distress, the sufferings of the females on board affected them with the most poignant anguish; and every sea that broke inspired them with terror for their safety.

"But, alas, their apprehensions were too soon realised! Within a very few minutes of the time that Mr. Rogers gained the rock, an universal shriek, which long vibrated in their ears, in which the voice of female distress was lamentably distinguished, announced the dreadful catastrophe. In a few moments all was hushed, except the roaring of the winds and the dashing of the waves; the wreck was buried in the deep, and not an atom of it was ever afterwards seen."

The most beautiful and affecting incident I know, associated with a shipwreck, succeeds this dismal story for a winter night. The Grosvenor, East Indiaman homeward bound, goes ashore on the coast of Caffraria. It is resolved that the officers, passengers, and crew, in number one hundred and thirty-five souls, shall endeavour to penetrate on foot, across trackless deserts, infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. With this forlorn object before them, they finally separate into two parties — never more to meet on earth.

There is a solitary child among the passengers — a little boy of seven years old who has no relation there; and when the first party is moving away he cries after some member of it who has been kind to him. The crying of a child might be supposed to be a little thing to men in such great extremity; but it touches them, and he is immediately taken into that detachment.

From which time forth, this child is sublimely made a sacred charge. He is pushed, on a little raft, across broad rivers, by the swimming sailors; they carry him by turns through the deep sand and long grass (he patiently walking at all other times); they share with him such putrid fish as they find to eat; they lie down and wait for him when the rough carpenter, who becomes his especial friend, lags behind. Beset by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst, by hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, they never — O Father of all mankind, thy name be blessed for it! — forget this child. The captain stops exhausted, and his faithful coxswain goes back and is seen to sit down by his side, and neither of the two shall be any more beheld until the great last day; but, as the rest go on for their lives, they take the child with them. The carpenter dies of poisonous berries eaten in starvation; and the steward, succeeding to the command of the party, succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

God knows all he does for the poor baby; how he cheerfully carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill; how he feeds him when he himself is griped with want; how he folds his ragged jacket round him, lays his little worn face with a woman's tenderness upon his sunburnt breast, soothes him in his sufferings, sings to him as he limps along, unmindful of his own parched and bleeding feet. Divided for a few days from the rest, they dig a grave in the sand and bury their

good friend the cooper — these two companions alone in the wilderness — and then the time comes when they both are ill and beg their wretched partners in despair, reduced and few in number now, to wait by them one day. They wait by them one day, they wait by them two days. On the morning of the third, they move very softly about, in making their preparations for the resumption of their journey; for, the child is sleeping by the fire, and it is agreed with one consent that he shall not be disturbed until the last moment. The moment comes, the fire is dying — and the child is dead.

His faithful friend, the steward, lingers but a little while behind him. His grief is great, he staggers on for a few days, lies down in the desert, and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit — who can doubt it! — with the child, where he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

As I recal the dispersal and disappearance of nearly all the participators in this once famous shipwreck (a mere handful being recovered at last), and the legends that were long afterwards revived from time to time among the English officers at the Cape, of a white woman with an infant, said to have been seen weeping outside a savage hut far in the interior, who was whisperingly associated with the remembrance of the missing ladies saved from the wrecked vessel, and who was often sought but never found, thoughts of another kind of travel come into my mind.

Thoughts of a voyager unexpectedly summoned from home, who travelled a vast distance, and could never return. Thoughts of this unhappy wayfarer in the depths of his sorrow, in the bitterness of his anguish, in the helplessness of his self-reproach, in the desperation of his desire to set right what he had left wrong, and do what he had left undone.

For, there were many many things he had neglected. Little matters while he was at home and surrounded by them, but things of mighty moment when he was at an immeasurable distance. There were many many blessings that he had inadequately felt, there were many trivial injuries that he had not forgiven, there was love that he had but poorly returned, there was friendship that he had too lightly prized; there were a million kind words that he might have spoken, a million kind looks that he might have given, uncountable slight easy deeds in which he might have been most truly great and good. O for a day (he would exclaim) for but one day to make amends! But the sun never shone upon that happy day, and out of his remote captivity he never came.

Why does this traveller's fate obscure, on New Year's Eve, the

other histories of travellers with which my mind was filled but now, and cast a solemn shadow over me! Must I one day make his journey? Even so. Who shall say, that I may not then be tortured by such late regrets: that I may not then look from my exile on my empty place and undone work? I stand upon a sea shore, where the waves are years. They break and fall, and I may little heed them: but, with every wave the sea is rising, and I know that it will float me on this traveller's voyage at last.

## THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

### GREEK EASTER AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE Greek Lent is over, and it is Easter at Constantinople. All night long great guns have been firing afar off, and small arms are being discharged by excitable persons at every street corner. You might fancy the town was being stormed, instead of holding high festival — so violent is the noise and uproar. During the day the streets are crowded as a fair, and perambulated by itinerant vendors of good things as boisterous as on a Saturday night at Wapping. Fowls, sweetmeats, rank pastry, various preparations of milk and rakee seem to be the chief things which furnish a Greek merry-making at Constantinople. Little boys with eager black eyes and tallowy complexions are in their glory, and go yelling and whooping about, to the dismay of staid wayfarers.

Here is a Greek and there is a Greek with splendid picturesque face, and dark matted hair falling about in wild array. I know no race of men more romantic in appearance. They go swaggering about from street to street in all the bravery of their national costume, and you may hear their voices a hundred yards off as they wrangle and glare at each other on the smallest occasion of dispute. The dominant race, the grave and dignified Turks, carry themselves very differently. They sit about, cross-legged, on the benches of coffee-houses, or before their itinerant stalls of mohalibè and yaourt. However dirty, poor, and miserable the Turk may be, he always smokes his pipe with the same grand calm air. When two or three of them are together they may perhaps tell each other now and then that God is great; but this is evidently the only attempt at conversation which is suited to their sense of self-importance and the heat of the day.

Moving on through the motley crowd which fills the sunlit streets, and taking silent note of these things, I saunter along past the guard-house at the street corner, where the officer on service is smoking a pipe; past the artillery ground and its useless guns; past the immense dung heap which has been collecting for years beside it; and past the legion of dog vermin, who howl thereon perpetually,

and form a distinct colony of their kind. At length I arrive at "the great field of the dead," or the Moslem burial ground, where a species of fair is being held. It is a strange place to choose; but I have remarked that Eastern nations generally are fond of playing above their dead; perhaps because they usually chose the most beautiful sites for cemeteries. The Grand Champ des Morts, which is the local name for the place where I now stand, occupies indeed one of the most beautiful positions in the country, commanding a magnificent view of the Golden Horn, and of the mosques and minarets of the Turkish city, and of Scutari on the other side of the way. They look very beautiful, seen through the clear air and reflected in the waves. I would almost rather take my usual seat at yonder café there and look my daily fill, than remain in the noisy fair. I turn indeed to do so; but there are a party of Greeks, hopelessly drunk, congregated round my quiet corner. Just at this time also, meeting with a friend, I find that I am fairly in for what is to follow, and so may as well make up my mind to it.

The paths are far too narrow and ill paved for us to walk arm in arm, our toes would be broken a hundred times over if we endeavoured to do so; we separate, therefore, and pick our way over flat stones and smooth places as carefully as possible. As we do so we muse upon the reasons which have always made Mussulman rule, at least in modern times, another word for semi-barbarism, national sloth, and indifference to all things. The scene around us now, beggars description. Though the afternoon is excessively sultry and threatens rain, every tombstone is crowded with a separate party of jolly Greeks; and there they are again swinging themselves from the branches of trees, and riding round on wooden horses made to turn about a pole. Some of the gentlemen occupied in these invigorating exercises are reverend greybeards, with bald heads. I need not say, they are all of the same hopeful nationality — all Greeks.

Women there are, of course, none but the dainty dames of Pera. The men dance together their uncouth national dances to a rude and inharmonious music. It is the same dance that may have been danced by the companions of Leonidas and Miltiades, or in the ancient Chorus — the dance we see pictured on old vases and in the silent chambers of Pompeii. Some ten or twelve men, of ages between twenty and fifty-five, take each other by the hand and form themselves into a semicircle. They then begin to stamp their feet slowly, and to excite themselves, until the measured stamp becomes a frantic jump, the song a howl. They are headed by a dancing master who twirls a handkerchief, and directs their movements. One by one as the dancers retire from sheer exhaus-

tion, their places are filled up by others, and sometimes we see some sunburnt old fellow look as bashful as a maiden when asked to join the party; but he always ends by giving his consent and will come scuffling along, blushing and smirking until he warms to the fun, after which he jumps away as lustily as the rest. I could have wished the dancers had not been so dirty and down at heel as they are; and I could have dispensed with the presence of a fat old lady in a great coat, with her head bound up for the face-ache, who comes to inspect the proceedings: but, in spite of these drawbacks, the scene is curious and interesting.

Let us leave the dancers and look elsewhere: perhaps we shall find that the amusements of holiday makers are very much alike all over the world. We have nearly tumbled over a thimble-rig table! Gambling games of all kinds are going on as briskly among the tombs as at Ascot Heath after the winning of the Emperor's Cup. There is popgun shooting for lollipops of a dirtier and greasier kind than our own, if possible; there is throwing of sticks at a mark with an ingenious hole for the catching of the prize, to save the proprietor of the sticks from any disagreeable consequences of a correct aim. There are shows in canvas tents, inconceivably dirty, and music as discordant as at Fairlop fair. Everywhere there is the same eager, noisy, picturesque crowd, and life and death are jostling each other indeed. See, there is a breekless urchin seated on the sculptured turban, placed perhaps above some Moslem hero. He is stuffing himself with a filthy composition of rice and olives, while he yells to his companions who are charging at him down a little hill.

Let us go away and join the beauty and fashion of Pera. We shall have some difficulty in making our way through the dust, the men on stilts, the music, the booths, the sellers of yaourt, pancakes, rice kabobs (fried nuts, olives, and onions chopped up together, an unsavoury mess); but we shall find the beauty and fashion quite time enough, I dare say. We shall find them among paper cigars, tents, jugglers and taletellers; but there they are. God is great! There is the bumptious diplomatist's lady, too proud to speak to the Pera belle, and the young official nervously reining in a horse rather too much for him, as a wild Perote dashes by, thwacking the sides of his sorry hack till they sound again.

There will be parties, too, in the evening, made up of the New Cut and the Travellers' Club. They will not mix very well together; and there will be all sorts of silver fork squabbles in consequence. Already four persons have asked me if my companion is entitled to put the word honourable before his name, and evidently look upon him with much less respect after my answer in the negative.

Ye gods, society's squabbles at Pera!

### A DEFENCE OF FLEAS.

One of the peculiarities which strikes me most among the inhabitants of Turkey is their love of fleas. I am obliged to use the word inhabitants, because all are not Turks who live in Turkey; and all are alike in this respect, whether Osmanli, Armenian, Bulgarian, Wallack, Moldavian, Greek, or Jew. They pounce upon them with a cry of delight wherever they find them, and fondle them before putting them to death. They show as much art and address in their capture as a keen sportsman may evince in trying to get a shot at a flock of wild ducks. The fleas are not ungrateful for being thus held in honour, and have effected a very considerable settlement in the country. They are, in point of fact, one of the nationalities of Turkey; the only one which has nothing to ask of the government; which has no wrongs to redress or injured interests to bluster about. Most of the houses being of wood, they find warm commodious quarters — quarters which are utterly inaccessible to the broom of the houseman. I use the word houseman because there is no such thing as a housemaid in Turkey.

These little animals are so prompt and ferocious in their assaults, and have, moreover, such a keen appreciation of the delicacy of any fresh arrival from a distant country, that they keep a stranger in a perpetual state of liveliness and motion: which is, doubtless, extremely beneficial to his health, especially if he be slothful.

No idea of dirt or disgrace seems to attach to a houseful of fleas — these pugnacious little animals being looked upon as recognised proprietors in the country, and as having as much right there as any one else. Any attempt, therefore, to exterminate them from a bed or a sofa would be laughed to scorn utterly. A Perote lady (and a Perote lady is the very essence of fine ladyism) will often stop several times in the course of a flirtation, languidly to catch a flea upon her dress: feebly smiling while she twiddles him in her fingers, and then, passively dropping him on the floor. Two grave Galata merchants will stop in the midst of a bargain sportively to catch a flea on the shirt front of an acquaintance; and, cracking out his crisp life on the counter, will proceed to draw a bill on London or to discuss the exchange, the depreciation of Kaimés, and the rise of gold.

No individual throughout the country seems to be able to resist the fascination of hunting a flea wherever he sees him. What trapping was to the Red Indians — what the fox-chase was to the squire of our childhood — flea-hunting is to the Oriental: it is a passion — a delight. As soon as the lively little game breaks cover, no matter where or when, the

eyes of the Perote light up with an unwonted fire; a keen sporting expression passes over his face; he raises his hand stealthily by a sort of instinct; the certainty of his aim might pass into a proverb, and the next moment the hand has descended, and the Perote is twiddling his finger and thumb with tranquil satisfaction, and has resumed his occupation, be it what it may. He would stop to catch a flea, on his way to be hanged or to be married. He must have missed appointments, lost fortunes, by the habit; but it is engrafted in his nature, and is unconquerable.

I have gone into rooms where fleas lay thick as dust upon the floor, and each of my steps must have killed hundreds of them; but, if I ever ventured to express the smallest distaste upon the occasion, I became as incomprehensible to the men of Pera, as if I had told a Chinese I disliked stewed dog.

They will even argue the point with you, if you press them closely, and maintain that the flea is like the elder Mirabeau — the friend of men. They will tell you that fleas keep up an irritation on the skin which is highly beneficial in a hot country, and prevents the accumulation of morbid humours. On my remonstrating also with an hotel waiter about finding them constantly in the bread (some baked and some alive), that individual, who spoke all the languages of the world in bad French, assured me the baker had a superstition about them, and thought them lucky! Pumping him with a light hand, I found he was not quite free from the same idea himself, and that it obtains generally throughout the country. He said, that to allay the irritation they occasioned, was at all times a pleasing occupation; that it was to be remarked, no flea ever bit a man in a dangerous place, or injured his eye, or his ear, or opened an artery: therefore fleas were the friends of men. He did not know (nor do I) what many of the Perote gentlemen would do if it were not for the unfailing entertainment supplied by fleas. He believed they kept people who had nothing to do, out of mischief. He said that the courteous catching of a flea upon the person of another, offered a frequent and pleasant opportunity of commencing a conversation, or beginning an acquaintance. That acquaintances so formed had often ripened into warm and lasting friendships. He had even known more than one instance of Perote marriages brought about by a cheerful and inoffensive gallantry of this kind. He was much surprised at the unjustifiable anger of an English lady at dinner, upon whose shoulder he had succeeded in catching a flea by an adroit movement of his left hand while his right was occupied in presenting her a dish of kid stuffed with chestnuts. She screamed, and her gentleman threatened to horsewhip him. He confessed his feelings were hurt and his reason

confounded by this behaviour on the part of my country people. No Perote lady would have raised her eyes from her plate during such an occurrence.

I endeavoured to soothe him by saying we were a people who lived in an inclement climate, and to whom, therefore, the utility of the flea was comparatively unknown; but he would not credit it. He could not bring his mind to bear all at once on a fact which appeared to him so remarkable. I was like the Christian knight who told an African king that he could ride his horse dry-footed over some of our rivers in winter; and who was immediately bowstrung.

I remember a personage of no mean rank once calling my attention specially to see him hunt and kill two fleas, who were reposing together on the linen cover of a sofa. He began by rousing them into flight with the golden point of his pencil, and then pursued them in a state of the liveliest excitement for some minutes. (He had a long white beard, and was a man of an august presence.) At length he ran down his game, and taking them in the usual way between his finger and thumb, finally slew them upon the pipe-stick of a brother sportsman, who offered it spontaneously for the purpose.

In the mosques, in the market-place, in the palace by the sweet cool sea-side, and in the coffee-houses in the hot and sultry town —wherever there is a Perote there is a flea, and the Perote's greatest delight is to capture it.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THE shut-out wind is humming,
The trees are dark and still;
No sound is in the valley,
No sound is on the hill;
The fields are lost in blackness,
The heavens are all cloud;
But the echoes are astir,
And the night is glad and loud
With the swinging and the ringing
Of the massive bells, awaking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

The sullen days of Winter
Seem past, though but begun;
For, the earth, like Age, grown youthful,
Runs back towards the sun.
The swift and golden fountains
Of the light again are flowing;
And the infant Year leaps up
With his visage fresh and glowing;
And, with swinging and with ringing,
All the massive bells are waking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

Our mother Earth, this midnight,
Is merrier than she seems:
A sweet new life is stirring
In her soul, like loosened streams:
The Spirit of all things living
Murmurs round her in the gloom;
And she sees the Spring far off,
Starting out from leaf and bloom
At the swinging and the ringing
Of the massive bells, awaking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

The seeds, abed and sleeping,
The sap within the boughs,
Give a start of joy, and dumbly
Join in with our carouse:
The nightmare-like December
In the fields is lying dead,
And the dawn-light of our rooms
Paints the drifting clouds with red,
As with swinging and with ringing,
All the massive bells are waking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

The squirrel, snake, and dormouse,
Wake up in hole and nest,
And feel the New Year coming,
And relapse into their rest

With a sense of the hot sunshine
In a forest full of leaves:
Yea, every living thing
Freshly-growing life receives
From the swinging and the ringing
Of the massive bells, awaking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

Yet more: Our earth-star ripens
(What with sun-heat and with tears)
Through the budding and the dying
Of those endless leaves, the Years.
In the dark yet lustrous Future
What life-forms may be curl'd!
Every New Year's morn for aye
Is a birthday to the world;
When, with swinging and with ringing,
All the massive bells are waking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

Not a year but has its purpose,
God-tutored and sublime;
Every moment, like a sculptor,
Shapes the marble mass of Time.
We shall see, in the great reckoning
When the final Good is wrought,
That each act was something gain'd
From the aching realm of Nought;
Even the swinging and the ringing
Of the massive bells, awaking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

Daylight dies when night approaches,
And night when sunbeams range:
The dull days have made a turning:
Nothing changeless is but Change.
Let us sing, then, and be merry
(Since earth's dark side is but half),
Yet with conscience in our mirth
And a graveness in our laugh;
For, with swinging and with ringing
All the New Year bells are waking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking,
And old Death and young breath
A strange under-song are making.

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## DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

THERE is one great fault in most of the novels and romances of my acquaintance, and that is that all the interesting adventures are limited to persons of extraordinary personal attractions. Can't an ugly fellow meet with surprising accidents by flood or field? Must all the people who run up ladders when a house is on fire and save beautiful young ladies from being burnt to death — must all the heroes of this sort be six feet high, five-and-twenty years of age, and end with a baronetcy and twelve thousand a year? It is a most unfair distribution of the gifts of fiction, so perhaps Truth may be more just; and therefore I write down what happened, some thirty years ago, to my friend John Belton, of the house of Jones, Belton and Jones.

John Belton even then was not handsome; but he was big. Everything about him was big — his eyes, his nose, his mouth — but his manner was biggest of all. He was something like Louis the Fourteenth, only bigger; and with a considerable quantity of John Bullism in addition to the French dignity of the Grand Monarque. When big John Belton was Sheriff of his native city he expanded more than ever. It was supposed there would have been no room for him in the narrower streets of his jurisdiction if he had swelled out any more, so they didn't make him a knight. The consequences might have been awful. Big men, you may have remarked, are often addicted to very small pursuits. Belton was very fond of fishing. We used to

laugh to see him affix a small bait to a small hook, and bring out at last a very small trout. But he was as much gratified as if it had been a whale. So every year when his principal, as he called old Jones, had gone for his holiday, and his ships were fairly off on their long voyages, and the homeward-bound ones not expected for a month, he used to pack up his trunk and arrange his fishing-rods, and away he went to his favourite stream in the beautiful county of Hants, and we heard no more of him till a notice from Lloyd's summoned him back again to his desk in Riches Court.

One autumn he had buried himself as usual in the solitudes of the Downs. He had carried his conquering rod from brook to brook, and waded up to his chin, and toiled beneath his basket, and persuaded himself he was honourably and usefully discharging the duties of his station in life; and, full of this happy consciousness, he had slept soundly every night for a fortnight in the little cottage about nine miles from Winchester; which, out of compliment to that classical seminary, though without any pedantic regard to strict accuracy, he called his *Rus in urbe*. But, on a certain morning, the even tenor of his way was interrupted in a very disagreeable manner. He had risen early; he was walking at a rapid pace towards the scene of his morning's work — a river at some distance from his *rus in urbe* — when on crossing the high road to get on the gentle down which led to the valley he was in search of, he heard the noise of wheels. Animal magnetism was not invented at that time, or at least Mr. Belton had never heard of it; — but he has often said that a feeling came over him, on hearing that very common-place sound, that all was not right. A sort of all-overishness came upon him, and he wished he had staid in bed, instead of wandering over Hampshire hills at six o'clock in the morning. The vehicle came near him and stopped — a strong determined dead stop it made, just at his side — and, on turning his eyes towards it, he saw a young man of seven or eight-and-twenty years of age, descending from the curricle, evidently with the intention of addressing him. He was surprised but not displeased. Belton was always fond of high society and he felt that this was a Lord.

"Will you excuse me, Sir," said the stranger, lifting his hat in a stately but graceful manner, "if I take the liberty of requesting a favour at your hands?"

Belton bowed in a very stately and graceful manner, too.

"Certainly, Sir; whatever lies in my power."

"It is what I expected from your appearance. One gentleman is rarely disappointed when he throws himself on the generosity of another."

"Oh! hang it," thought John Belton. "Here's a gentleman in distress. I won't give him a farthing." But a look at the curricle

and the beautiful bay horses restored him to better thoughts. "He's out of money, perhaps. I'll lend him twenty pounds."

"The obligation you will confer upon me, Sir," continued the stranger, "is the greatest which one man can bestow on another. I know I have no right to ask it, except of the sincerest of my friends — but with me the appearance of a gentleman is a sufficient guarantee that my request, though not acceded to, will at all events be excused."

Belton's weakness we all knew, from his earliest appearance in the City, was a passion for the genteel.

"Say no more, Sir, by way of apology," he said. "I'll do what you want, I'll be bound — unless" — he added with a playfulness which never left him — "unless it be to rob a church."

The stranger smiled. "It is not on quite so dreadful a business. It is merely to accompany me for a few miles along this road and be witness to a deed —"

The stranger paused and looked at Belton, who by this time had taken his seat in the carriage, and was sitting in an easy attitude (as if he had been used to curricles every day of his life), with his rod and fishing-basket between his knees.

"I shall witness it with the greatest pleasure," he said. "Some important document," he thought; "his will, perhaps, or perhaps his marriage settlement." But there was a coldness and firmness in the expression of the handsome features of his companion, which did not accord with the idea of a wedding.

The fiery bays stepped out in noble style. Belton was great on horseflesh, as on all other branches of life and art; and guessed the prices of the animals; and told anecdotes of the horrid bargains his friends had made at Tattersall's; and was just in the middle of his famous anecdote of the Lord Mayor's horse, which had been in the dragoons, and which horse carried his lordship almost into collision with George the Third on the trumpets' sounding a charge, when the stranger turned his horses sharp round up a narrow lane, and put them into a hard gallop with an exclamation that he feared they were too late.

"It must be the will of some rich old relation at the last gasp," thought the discomfited story-teller.

"Is there any danger of immediate death?" he inquired.

"Considerable," replied his companion, and again whipped the smoking steeds. On breasting the height, "Thank heaven!" he exclaimed, "we are yet in time!"

Belton looked in the direction of the course they now took along the level summit of the down, and perceived three gentlemen engaged in conversation at the side of a phaeton from which it was evident they had just alighted.

Two of the gentlemen came forward and shook hands with the

owner of the curricle, and looked inquiringly at Mr. Belton.

"The colonel has deceived me at the last moment," said the young man in an explanatory tone; "and my friend here has kindly consented to take his place."

This seemed quite satisfactory; and one of the gentlemen taking Belton aside, said:

"It is useless, I suppose, to change the resolution of your principal?"

"This gentleman knows me," thought Belton, "and is aware what a pig-headed blockhead my principal old Jones is. Change his resolution!" he said aloud. "When he has once made up his mind, you might as soon ask a milestone to grow into buttermilk."

"Then we may proceed to business at once," said the gentleman, drawing himself up and assuming a haughty look.

"With all my heart," said Belton.

"Will you step, or shall I?"

"You, if you please."

"You'll drop your handkerchief?"

"Sir, I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Belton, placing his handkerchief in the breast-pocket of his coat, and considering that the gentleman was warning him against the depredations of rustic thieves.

In the space of two minutes from the time they arrived on the ground, Mr. Belton, with the half-consciousness of a person in an opium dream, saw some curious evolutions performed without having the slightest idea of what they meant. His companion took his stand opposite the third gentleman of the other party, who had kept some little way retired. The active individual who had entered into such a strange conversation with him, took long steps, loading pistols, whispering to the two gentlemen, and, making himself excessively useful in a way he had never observed before. The tall and powerful figure of his friend might have been a study for painter or sculptor. His lips firmly contracted; his cheek pale. There was one peculiarity of his attitude which it was impossible not to observe; with his left elbow supported on his right hand, the left hand was used in continually smoothing the long moustaches which adorned his lips. While all the preparations were going on he never moved from that one position, till on a pistol being placed in his hand, he turned rapidly round, watched the fall of a handkerchief which was dropped by the active assistant, and two sharp cracks went off at the same moment. When Mr. Belton looked again he saw his companion stretched on the ground, his face covered with blood, and the discharged weapon lying close to his nerveless hand. The third member of the original party came quickly up from the phaeton where he had stood; grasped the wrist of the recumbent figure, and shook his head on discovering no pulse.

With a cloth which he had rapidly unrolled he tied up the chin of the unfortunate combatant, giving him the ghastly appearance of a corpse; and, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, this is an unfortunate affair. The wound is fatal. We must provide for our own safety," he aided the horror-struck perpetrator of the crime into the phaeton, mounted the box, and drove off at full gallop across the down.

This was too serious a matter to be misunderstood any more. Belton was terrified and shocked — terrified at the prospect of his own fate, and shocked at the dreadful ending of the unfortunate young man. He overcame the instinctive horror which all men have of death, and placed his hand on the victim's breast. There was vital warmth still there; but he could detect no beating of the pulse. The cloth round the jaw became saturated with blood; and, sickened with the sight, bewildered with surprise, and utterly unknowing what to do, he was wakened at last from the torpor of his despair by hearing, at a great distance, the voices of some of the shepherds noisily guiding their flocks.

He rushed away, scarcely caring in what direction. In spite of his eminent skill in horseflesh, his practical education in that department had been neglected; and he had not the least hope of being able to drive the fiery coursers in the curricle, even if he had known in what direction to make the attempt. He had some vague recollection of a law by which the person found in presence of a murdered man was instantly executed, or at all events imprisoned for trial. But who was to give notice of the terrible event? Was the corpse to lie there, unhouselled, unanointed, on the summit of that bare moor, looking up into noonday sun and midnight stars with that awful visage, with the white cloth round the chin? These thoughts passed through him with the rapidity of lightning — perhaps they did not occupy half a minute altogether. But the good prevailed over the timid in Belton's nature; and he determined that his late companion, if beyond the reach of human aid, should at least have Christian burial. He made right across the combe or ravine by which they had ascended; and, on the upland levels of the opposite down, he encountered a man engaged in watching a great number of sheep.

"Can you drive a pair of horses?" inquired Belton, assuming as easy a manner as he could.

"Ees; I droives five," said the man; "and main hard work it be when they be all on end."

Belton thought probably it was tremendous work to drive five rearing horses, which was his interpretation of their being all on end; but felt sure now that the curricle would be a very easy affair in the hands of such a charioteer.

"Then here's half-a-crown for you," he said. "Go to that hill, and you will see a gentleman —

lying on his back — only to refresh himself, of course. Help him into the carriage you will see near, and drive to the nearest surgeon's: he has met with a slight accident. In fact," he added with a faint laugh, "he has had a hurl out of his drag and requires a plaster."

"I be Doctor Whimbler's man," said the shepherd; "he rents all these downs, and lives in that 'ere red house among the turnips with the broken chimbly pots."

"That's very lucky," said Belton. "I'll hurry on and tell the Doctor to be ready to receive his patient."

So saying, he turned away in the very opposite direction; and, was rushing off as fast as he could, when the man called him back. The summons shook him like a leaf; he felt his knees bend under him; but the man had only stopped him to point out the nearest way to Doctor Whimblers; and Belton, saying he had to call on a friend on the road, continued his walk at a pace that would have done honour to a steam-engine.

But where to go? He had no notion in what direction his *Rus in urbe* lay. Even if he had, what was the use of going there? The hue and cry would be up in a very short time; the people who had seen him sitting so statelily in the curricle would be sure to recognise him; and — here a dreadful thought overwhelmed him, as if he were already looking on the judge's black cap — his rod and basket! he had left them in the carriage! Was his name on the handle? Was there a card with his address on the lid? He could not remember; and therefore took it for granted that they were. "John Belton, Riches Court." What was the use of further concealment? He would inquire for a magistrate — for a policeman — for a turnkey; he would give himself up to justice. He has often told me that this resolution calmed him like a charm. He was now going to be hanged, and knew the worst. He even became jocular. He saw a considerable amount of humour in the rapidity of the change that had taken place in his position. Half an hour had altered it for life. He merely accepted a polite stranger's offer of a seat in his carriage, and had become enveloped in an affair with which he had no original concern, and must make his appearance on a scaffold for the murder of a man he had never seen before. In these meditations many miles were passed over, many bye-ways sought out, many turnings and twistings scientifically performed to put his pursuers off the scent; but at last he felt faint and hungry, and was under the necessity of seeking the haunts of men. Some smoke at a little distance directed him towards a village at the foot of a gentle eminence. He looked out for a public-house, and a little way across a field he perceived a mansion which he feebly began to recognise as one he had seen be-

fore. It was not, however, a house of entertainment; it was a red brick house; it stood in a field of turnips; it had broken chimney pots.

"I say, my man," he said to a lad of ten or twelve who passed him while gazing on the object of his surprise, "there's a penny for you. Whose house is that?"

"That be Doctor Whimbler's, Sir — thank'ee."

Doctor Whimbler's! — the very place in all the world it was his object to avoid! The love of life grew strong as the danger of death drew near. He slunk like a guilty wretch from hedgerow to hedgerow, and finally got into a wayside inn.

Three or four labouring men were refreshing themselves. Belton ordered some bread and cheese and a glass of beer.

"He was dead, I tell ye, afore Jem Stokes got up to the Down," said one.

"Well, I heard say that he groaned four or five times after he got to Whimbler's," said another; "but whoever did it will be hanged, and that's a great comfort."

"Yes, it is," said all the guests, except one. Mr. Belton did not enjoy his bread and cheese so much as usual.

"It was a duel," continued the first orator, "about Miss Florimond at the Hall. The Captain said he would have her, though her father had promised her to Sir Charles. So Sir Charles shot the Captain, and if he's hanged she on't have ne'er a husband at all."

This seemed to be considered a good joke, and the men laughed accordingly. Belton did not laugh, but he joined in the conversation.

"Miss Florimond will be much to be pitied," he said. "Who was the Captain?"

"He's the dead man up at old Whimbler's; and there goes the beadle for the Crowner's jury," said the man: "they'll send out a warrant for the seconds, and I 'spose they'll all be hung in a fortnight."

Belton left unfinished his bread and cheese, paid his reckoning without saying a word, and walked at his utmost speed away from the fatal neighbourhood. A coach overtook him when he was nearly worn out. It was bound for London. He got inside, pulled down the blinds, and determined to keep his own counsel, and let events take their course.

From that day he was more attentive to business than ever. A weight was on him. But it was like the weight of a king's crown; it had dignity as well as care. He was the depository of a tremendous secret, and he swelled with the consciousness of the superiority which this gave him over everybody he met. A week passed on, and he was unsuspected. He ventured to look at the newspapers. Only once he caught a glimpse of the awful subject. It was an allusion to the late fatal duel in Hampshire, and though

the reporter was wrong in the date there could be no doubt it alluded to the same event. "The seconds have absconded, and have hitherto eluded discovery. One of them is unknown; and the medical man, it is supposed, has gone to America."

Time had its usual soothing effect. He had visions of the murdered man for some days, but after the lapse of a few weeks the strange longing came upon him which has impelled so many evil doers to visit the scene of their iniquities. He would go to *Rus in urbe* once more, and make inquiries for himself. He would find out who Miss Florimond at the Hall was. Florimond was a beautiful name. Belton was romantic, in spite of weighing thirteen stone. What an ending it would be if he — but then there was that Sir Charles, the actual culprit. It would be an excellent secondary punishment to cut him out. So, at the end of two months, Belton ordered a new suit of clothes; a bright green satin waistcoat; with a diamond stud in the frill of his shirt, which would have equalled a king's ransom if it had been real; a pair of boots with fixed brass spurs on the heels; and set off, without consulting anybody, to resume his apartments in the *Rus in urbe*.

The plea of a sudden call to town soon explained to his housekeeper the cause of his disappearance; and he lost no time in making all the inquiries he could venture on without exciting suspicion. With this view he resumed his piscatorial pursuits, and as he discovered that near the scene of the dreadful transaction there was a house of entertainment called the "Isaac's Arms," in honour of old Isaac Walton, he betook himself to his rod, and strolled, in a very unconcerned manner, from brook to brook, till, at the close of a sharp October day, he found himself in the coffee-room, or rather the bar, of the wished-for hotel.

If there appears a little frivolity in the ease with which Mr. Belton reconciled himself to the sad event, you must bear in mind that he considered himself free from any moral guilt attending the affair. He could not justly be charged with any intentional wrong, and as he had only had a very few minutes' intercourse with the unhappy victim of the laws of society, he had no feelings of regret for the loss of a personal friend. He had, therefore, got entirely over the first shock of the scene; and, if the truth must be told, I fear some little portion of pride and gratification mingled with his remembrance of the dead. It is not every ship-broker who takes part in a duel with a Sir Charles. "A meeting" is an heir-loom of feudal times, and a very knightly method of settling a dispute. No duellist has yet been hanged; and, till that tremendous event takes place, the pistol will be the only argument resorted to by people who have perhaps no other

way of showing their patrician blood. These considerations had some weight with Mr. Belton; and, though he would have scorned to join a housebreaker in forcing his way into a larder, he considered it rather a feather in his cap that he had assisted at an affair of honour. Murder is so much more aristocratic than theft.

The bar of the "Isaac's Arms" was left in solitary possession to Belton all night. The landlord had been bottling off his winter's ale, and felt the effects of the operation so powerfully that he could not speak. In answer to some questions about Miss Florimond at the Hall, he hiccupped a good deal about the odds being five to one, and then remembered that the name was Miss Rosamond, and that she was a chestnut filly rising four. The candles burnt themselves nearly out — the gusts of a rising wind were heard against the outside walls — a pale, watery moon moved ghostlike in the sky, like the wreck of the flying Dutchman floating noiselessly over the waves — the waiter, who enacted the parts also of gardener and stableman, came in with "the gentleman's slippers," and Belton, who was now very sleepy, could only gather from the rather indistinct replies of the multifarious functionary, that, though they were very dull just now, there would be rare doings next week, as Sir Charles was going to marry the young lady at the Hall. The surname of Sir Charles was unknown to the intelligent hostler; the Christian name of the young lady laboured under the same disadvantage. He had never heard him called anything but "Sir Charles" — and had never heard her called anything at all. But the marriage was to be on Wednesday, and both horses were ordered for eleven o'clock. This was ample food for a long series of meditations. Miss Florimond was going to marry the survivor — forgetting the gallant young fellow who had died for her sake. The whole picture of that awful hour presented itself afresh. He saw the frightful wound; the preternatural calm — the rigid features — and the girl was about to lay her hand, before the altar, in the hand of the man who had pulled the trigger — who had taken the aim! He tried to banish the thought, but couldn't. It haunted him, and oppressed his spirits beyond the power of brandy to raise them. Great were his efforts in that way; and perhaps his unnatural excitement was produced by the unusual quantity he drank to explain the extraordinary incident which occurred that night. I am not superstitious; but it is useless to deny that persons under strong agitation of the nervous system have their senses so sharpened that they see strange, unearthly appearances which it is impossible to account for by the ordinary laws of nature; and, however difficult it may be to bring ourselves to a belief in these startling departures from the usual course of human affairs,

I think that the evidence that "such things be" is irresistible and conclusive.

The "Isaac's Arms" was a long, rambling, old-fashioned inn, with a narrow passage running through it from end to end. The bedrooms lay to the south of this passage, while a window or two looked northward over some quiet fields, by the side of which lay the parish road. With the candle in his hand, Belton paused a long time on his way to bed, and looked out of the window. The night had grown wilder than before — the wind was louder — the obscurations of the moon darker and more frequent. In one of the sudden clearings of the sky he thought he saw something in motion on the narrow road, but the light of his own candle confused him, and he laid it on the floor of the passage and looked out again. The quick tramp of a horse now met his ear, and, wondering who could be in such rapid motion at that time of night, and in that retired situation, he slipped down stairs and went out by the northern door, which commanded the road by which the traveller must pass. The traveller pulled up and dismounted within a yard of where he stood. The moon was under a cloud — he could see very indistinctly.

"Is the chaise ready? They are close at hand," said a voice he did not recognise.

"I really don't know," said Belton.

The speaker started — and by a rapid motion pulled the cloak closer round.

"Are you a gentleman?" resumed the voice hurriedly.

"I should think I was," replied Belton.

"Then I am safe. You will be secret — pass on."

The clouds dispersed for a moment. The stranger was a lady of tall and graceful presence, closely muffled, but revealing enough of shape and motion in the riding habit in which she was dressed, to complete the conquest which her musical voice had begun. But Belton had no time for the display of his admiration. The stranger disappeared, and the horse, when left to itself, celebrated his recovered liberty by some well directed kicks in the immediate proximity of Mr. Belton's eyes, which made him beat a rapid retreat towards the house. The clatter of the emancipated animal's gallop was shortly lost in distance, and Belton, after ten minutes' ineffectual search for the mysterious lady, gave up the attempt to discover her retreat; and, wearied more than ever, chilled with the night air, and puzzled at the strange event, he went once more up-stairs and entered on the long narrow passage which conducted to his room. His candle was still on the floor; and, on going forward to lift it up, he saw as distinctly as if it had been in open day a figure, standing silent and erect at the other end. It was not fancy that conjured up the terrible appearance,

It was the form of a tall and handsome man—resting the left elbow in the right hand, and smoothing the moustache — there was the same firm expression of the eyes and mouth, and round the jaw was rolled a white cloth concealing the cheek, and sustaining the chin exactly as he had seen it applied by the surgeon on the morning of the death.

Belton gazed horror-struck for some time. The figure made no movement. There it stood fixed and rigid, still playing with the moustache, and looking with those unearthly eyes as if expecting to be addressed by the witness of his fate. Belton could stand the sight no longer, but made a forward rush to seize his candle. In his terror and agitation he overturned the light, and the duellist and his second were left in total darkness. Ever through the long hours of that awful night Belton, who groped his way to his bed, saw nothing but the features of the murdered man; near him — near him they seemed to come; if sleep for a moment closed his eyes, clearer and clearer the phantom rose to view; and feverish, ill and with conscience awakened with all its stings, he rose early in the morning and, without any allusion to the adventures of the night, betook himself to town.

There was something too painful in this incident to be kept entirely to himself. He told it to his friends. I heard it very soon after it occurred; and though we all good-natured laboured to dispel his allusion, it was in vain. He became, as the saying is, an altered character. He subscribed to charities, and became governor of hospitals, and grew immensely rich, and had a charming family, and gave dinners to lords, and put Charlie Belton, his eldest son, into the crack regiment of the service. The memory of the night at the "Isaac's Arms" by these means was beginning to die out, or at least it was not so much talked of as before. But, about two years ago, he asked me to go with him to Gravesend in a magnificent new ship he had just launched, which was going to carry out the recently appointed Governor to one of our noblest dependencies. The great man was to embark at Gravesend, and Belton resolved to get everything ready for his reception. The cabins designed for his Excellency and suite were fitted up as if for an Indian King, and very difficult to please must his Excellency have been, if he felt discontented with the attention bestowed on his comfort. The small vessel which brought him on board at Gravesend was to take us on shore. The Governor stepped on deck and was received by Belton with all the respect due to his rank. He was a man about fifty years of age, and supported on his arm a lady a few years younger but still wearing the remains of exquisite beauty. With somewhat haughty manners he had a bold manly appearance which attracted notice, and a sweet smile which won our

liking. He stood near the helm and looked with admiration at the proportions of the noble ship. Belton shook hands with him and wished him a prosperous voyage. We then got into the vessel at the side, and on looking once more to the quarter-deck we had left — "See there! — see there!" whispered Belton to me. "Look how he stands!"

The Governor had rested his left elbow in his hand, and was smoothing his moustache. There was a visible scar on his left cheek, imperfectly concealed by his whisker.

"That 's the man I saw die on the Hampshire Downs, whose ghost I saw at the 'Isaac's Arms.' I can't be mistaken."

"Perhaps you are," I said. "Perhaps he was only wounded — perhaps he ran away with the intended bride of his rival — perhaps you had taken too much brandy and water."

But Belton was overcome with astonishment. On arriving in town we looked at one of the biographical compilations of the day; we found he had served in all quarters of the globe, and that he had married Miss Florimond, daughter of Alfred Hope, Esquire, of the Hall.

Belton was disappointed and displeased to find that his ghostly visitation had faded in the light of common day. But there are some people who turn everything to profit. Charlie Belton was shortly afterwards ordered on foreign service within the limits of his Excellency's command. A letter from Belton, with an account of his share in certain transactions long ago, produced a friendship which it is probable will never decrease. Charlie is aide-de-camp to the Governor, and has outstripped all his contemporaries in the rapidity of his rise. And Belton himself thinks that duels are sometimes excellent things, and is no believer in ghosts.

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## TUCKED UP.

LITERATURE — though I do not say it as a lazy man — is full of sleep. Sancho Panza blessed the man who invented it. For Shakespeare's opinion see Henry Fourth, Macbeth, and other of his well-known writings. Bishop Hall, too, is not the only author of prose who has delighted us with beautiful reflections on that Great Restorer. To go no farther, there is myself. I prosed upon it in the first volume of Household Words, page three hundred and thirty-three. But what is Sleep, taken by itself? What is sleep on a chair? and, with deference to Shakespeare, I may ask, perhaps, what is the comfort of sleep on the top of a ship's mast? Blessings on bed! It is but a sorry matter to most people among us to be "wrapped round with sleep as with a garment" if we are not wrapped round also with sheets and blankets.

There is something — in a domestic way at any rate — sacred

about bed. Not only by man, but by all animals, it is agreed that wherever the Bed is there is Home. The tiger picks his dinner up anywhere in the forest; the cormorant speeds over the waves and devours his prey wherever it is caught. But when they retire within themselves — when they go home to repose after their toils — man, beast, and bird retire each to a fixed resting-place. At night, when

> The sea-fowl has gone to her nest,
> The beast is laid down in his lair,

sea-fowl and beast are in their homes, and so are men, except those few of them who have been led by their social propensities to meet with one another.

Civilized man works hard with head and limbs; a good bed is therefore of importance to him. To sleep on the bare ground implies — at least in climates such as ours — the extreme want, a want more extreme than even homelessness; while, on the other hand, to lie on beds of down is a proverbial way of expressing the condition of those who possess every fleshly comfort in perfection. We know the man by his bed. It is the sign and emblem of his whole material condition. I am not sure whether a minute analysis of men's beds would not reveal as much of character as an examination of their skulls. There may arise, some day, practitioners who will construct out of this hint a science, calling it Thalamology. It should include a study of the bumps left upon the couch after a sleeper has arisen.

Latin writers, and especially the satirists, when angry with luxury, struck at their countrymen with most effect by lashing them in bed. They urged against them many picturesque descriptions of the rude state of the beds of their forefathers. Even the wealthiest of the real old Romans were content to sleep on straw, or on dry leaves, laid on the ground and covered with the skins of beasts. Etymology — good servant to History when kindly used — testifies to the fact. Of the two Latin words commonly used to mean beds or couches, one implies that the material of bed was originally "gathered" for the purpose — gleaned out of the fields or off the trees; the other, that the substances used were *twisted*, and formed into mattrasses, just as the coarser kind of mats are made in England at this day.

Juvenal drew a savage, Salvator-like sketch of an ancient Roman matron's conjugal couch, and it is probably correct enough. But, as such writers believed that men sprang first out of the ground, or were spontaneously generated out of mud or slime, it is not remarkable if they erred in supposing that every other people pigged after the manner of their ancestors. In each of the two most ancient writings extant, beds are repeatedly mentioned, as familiarly as we should speak about them now. Nor is it likely they were either rude in fashion, or of

mean materials; because one, in particular, of the books alluded to describes a state of society so well supplied, not merely with the necessaries but the elegancies of life, that no less than between twenty and thirty different kinds of musical instruments are named in it. The commodiousness and beauty of the furniture and instruments formerly in use among the Orientals, are likewise attested by extant sculptures of a very remote antiquity. As for Homer's heroes, their beds were, indeed, laid upon the floor; but they were made of skins with the wool or fur on, spread over with fine carpets, and these again covered with rich purple stuffs. The Greeks in later times slept upon raised beds.

But they were the descendants of those old luxury-abhorring Romans, who in the period of the Empire — and even earlier — attained to the highest pitch of luxury — if luxury be costliness — in the appointments of their couches. They derived hints towards this, and many another notion of voluptuousness, from the nations they subdued; and, they went far to better the instruction. Their beds were filled with the most delicate down; their mattrasses were stuffed with finest wool. If wood continued to be the material used for the framework of their bedsteads, and dining couches, it was richly wrought and inlaid. Ivory, however, was preferred — then silver — finally, gold; the costly fabric being, in each case, made doubly precious by the sculptor's skill, and spread with cushions and counterpanes of gold and purple. Such delights were, of course, then, as now, attainable only by the rich. The plebeian, even after Sulla's time, still slept, as his ancestors had done in the time of Numa, stretched upon a straw or flock-filled truss; and still, at the late age when Pliny wrote, the soldier's camp bed was no softer.

In none, perhaps, of the manifold appliances of human life, are differences of condition and resources more observable than in the means employed for getting rest. A consideration of climate enters largely, of course, into the great bed question. The Esquimaux contrives a couch on the bench that lines his snow-built hut, and lies — snugly enough — overlaid with moss and skins, well warmed and lighted by his seal oil lamp. The native of the tropics lies down, without any covering, beneath his frail shelter of palm leaves; or, for greater coolness and security, may sling his hammock between trees, and sleep, rocked by the odour-laden night wind. Such contrasts are agreeable as well as necessary; of the two methods, each is in its way equally conducive to repose. Not so agreeable — and surely not so necessary — are the contrasts that shock an inquirer into beds, on our own soil. Here, while there are some who can sink nightly to rest in the midst of all the delicious accessories of more than Roman luxury, a greater number keep cold

And if we do not talk of such extremes, yet, taking as a test the beds and bed-linen of the labouring classes, and of the classes nearest them in station, we shall find our countrymen to be less comfortably furnished than their equals in adjacent countries.

Misery, they say, makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows; and it makes him acquainted also with strange beds, and it is not misery alone that can do that. They who have travelled much, and through countries differing much in custom and in climate, must have felt every contrast strongly in this respect. Imagine the transfer, rapid as travelling now is, from a nest of eider-plumage in one of the sybaritic capitals of Europe, to the coarse rug of an Arab tent, or half a blanket at the diggings.

Great is the variety of inclination in the choice of pillows; some fancying, or requiring them high, some low; some hard, some soft. Madame Pfeiffer, who has tried the pillows of many lands, avers that the wooden bolsters of the Chinese are particularly comfortable And was not Jacob content with a stone?

There is material for bedmaking frequently mentioned by the poets of a certain class to which some reference ought to be made — roses. Who has not heard of "a bed of roses?" Who has ever seen them mentioned by any upholsterer in his list of bedding? But if the poets mean a garden bed of roses, full of thorns — their vegetable fleas — let them indulge themselves with a stretch out, in the moonlight or the rain, until the gardener sticks his rake into them in the morning. I am for a snug room, and a bed of the best horse-hair. Wherever rhyme does not forbid — even, I think, in spite of rhyme — I would suggest printing in such passages, horse-hair for roses in all future editions of such poems.

Surely we ought not to have false notions of bed, when we spend in it a third part of our lives. We ought to respect it too. It is our birthplace. There we lay, when there were lavished upon our unconscious infancy the first outpourings of a mother's tenderness. There we have rested through our measles, and, as children, felt the luxury of being ill — a little ill — just ill enough to be kept warm in bed; the object, all day, of fond service and attention, and dismissed at night-fall to sound sleep, with a double portion of warm kisses and good-nights. Grown people, too, have felt that luxury of sick-bed care. "It is worth while being sick," exclaimed, in his dying days, a late distinguished natural philosopher — "It is worth while being sick, to see how kind every one is!"

Scenes varied as those that the world without has witnessed — some more touching than any that its greater stage has had to show — have the bed for their centre, and the bed-room walls for their

circumference. Even the outer world, however, has sometimes intruded upon its seclusion. In their bedchambers, kings and ministers have held their levées (thence so named); and fair ladies have, ere now, received their visitors and adorers, either behind bed-curtains or at their toilets.

The world is full of affecting bed scenes. Gloomily from his meagre pillow the poor man who is sick looks out upon a desolate home; now raising his eyes imploringly heavenward; now, with a smile that slides quickly into a sigh, playing languidly with the emaciated child that sits beside him. He chides and soothes, by turns, the voices of the little ones that cry for bread alternately to him and to their mother. His health and strength were the sole wealth of the small household; but its sources are dried up, as the shallow brook dries in the day of heat. Alas for those who must draw water thence or perish, when there is left to them nothing but the empty bed.

Then we may change the scene, and think of the sick bed of the Christian statesman, the philosopher, or the divine. We may hear Walsingham repress the ill-timed jocularity of courtly friends; and Burghley, like Jacob of old, blessing the sorrowing circle that surrounded him. We may hear Jewel making a pulpit of his death-bed; or Newton, with that holy humility which belongs always to the great and good, speaking of his immortal labours as the pastime of a child who picks up shells upon the brink of the wide unknown sea. We may think of Schwartz, who, when unable to leave his missionary's travelling cot, still employed himself in the instruction of the affectionate Hindoo. We may see, in a hundred thousand instances, how a good man's bed may be made a school of wisdom, and preach more truth than was ever uttered in Athenian porticoes, with better emphasis than ever has been reached by any orator whose voice has rolled under the fretted vault or echoed down the aisles of a cathedral. But all bed thoughts are not sad or solemn. Bed taken in large doses is a cure, I think, for disappointment. Bacon lay many days in bed after his disgrace. I could quote cases in which a subsidence between the sheets has proved in no small degree effectual as a cure for a bad fall and sprained heart in love. Tinderides received a prostrating blow, when his proposals were rejected by Cloantha; for, believing himself to be desperately earnest, yet entertaining at the same time a fair opinion of the value of his offer, it had not occurred to him to anticipate any rebuff. Being repelled, however he retreated to his chamber, and to bed. Day after day went by — his friends despaired of ever seeing him again. At the end of a fortnight, Tinderides reappeared among living men in good health and spirits, went about his affairs as usual, and has never since men-

tioned Cloantha's name. All that he had of her he smothered in bed, and lived at ease ever thereafter.

A noticeable and necessary circumstance, connected with true lying in bed, is the entire giving up of one's self to the peculiarities — as far as, in such a place, they can be indulged — of one's own natural character. Together with the dress and ornaments of the day, we lay aside what Mr. Carlyle calls its shams. Bed makes of us unsophisticated men and women. The Lord Chancellor might be a costermonger, or a costermonger a Lord Chancellor when they are both upon their backs. Bed brings them to a level.

The maid that chares — and, for her reward, as she acknowledges, "enjoys her bed" — is no freer of limb, or more natural of breathing, than the most fastidious lady in the land. It is impossible to tell which of the two may snore.

Widely different, however, doubtless, are the dreams of folks so different. Though it is not at all the fact, that people dream most at night about things that have occupied them in the daytime, yet it is true, that the general complexion of dreams is in harmony with each person's peculiar character and habits. The courtier, the lawyer, the parson, the soldier — all alike under the sceptre of the same Queen Mab — dream each with a characteristic difference. Our dreams take their colour from conscience, as well as from experience. They are, besides, as much influenced by natural temperament, as by any other agency. The melancholy and contemplative Hamlet had bad dreams; while many a differently tempered man has had to complain of the cock — or, if a Londoner, the sweep who

"Reft away
His fancied bliss, and brought substantial

Perhaps the most marvellous among bed incidents, is that a sleeping man should quit his place of refuge; that in dark nights, and while his senses are chained up, a person shall get up out of his bed to perform a series of actions, for the performance of which in his waking hours the carefullest use of the senses is quite indispensable. For the sleeper to get out of bed is at least irrational, and it is very marvellous, for even when we are awake the act of rising is not easy.

What are we to do at night, if we don't sleep? We cannot all live the life of the artificer or field-labourer.

"He, all day,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus; and at night
Sleeps in Elysium."

But the man of thought is very often wakeful. He may need more sleep than others, but he will not always have it. In periods of mental anxiety, too, and in sickness and old age, sleep, which so freely visits the healthy, the happy, and the young, is apt, like a false friend, to keep at a distance. It is hard, sometimes, for the best

and wisest to fill an unquiet night with peaceful ruminations. The best use of such hours is the devotional. The author of the Morning and Evening Hymns, sung by every English child, likewise composed one which is less known, for midnight; it was his custom, at the proper hour, to accompany this hymn with his lute. Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, in whom we witness the nearest recent approach in the Church of England to a truly primitive bishop, was often heard, in his sick-bed, soothing the hours of wakefulness and pain with midnight orisons. After the death of another prelate of the like stamp, Andrewes, the manuscript of whose Book of Devotion, now equally familiar to the scholar's desk and to the table of the cottager, was found in his bed "so soiled by usage, and stained with tears, that it was scarcely readable."

Another useful bed-employment when one waits for sleep, is to recal to distinct remembrance agreeable and innocent passages of one's past life, to renew virtuous friendships, to rejoice again over just successes, to encourage a just sentiment concerning them. Bishop Hall (who has a fine passage, somewhere, in relation to this subject) observes that he is a miserable student who allows his waking thoughts at night to run in the same current as his work by day. Nevertheless, I have faith in the benefit of concentrated thought, as a refreshment — an anodyne — to a brain wearied with the random freaks of its own wakeful fancy. Some students — among whom the great thinker, Descartes, may be quoted — have adopted the practice of making their bed their study; tempted to this abuse of a good thing by experience of the aid to profound meditation afforded by the easy, recumbent posture, and the silence of a solitary chamber.

The last lying in bed, what is that like? One wonders how that person feels, whose whole world has been turned into a bedstead. What are the feelings of the man so cribbed and cabined, when he thinks of the work at that time being done in the sunlight by the healthy and the strong? Then, however, is the time for looking forward.

For, there is another bed to come — the grave — and it is only a temporary restingplace. So poetry names it the "narrow bed," but it is the poetry of simple truth. We make the grave, too, in a cemetery; and what does cemetery mean? Etymology replies that it means dormitory. It is a bedroom —nothing more.

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## AMY, THE CHILD.

I FOUND the story of Amy, the Child, in an old German pocket-book.

One Sunday afternoon, in summer-time, the village children went into the church to be taught

their catechism. Among them was Amy, the shepherd's step-daughter, some seven years old. She was a tender-hearted child; and when the clergyman, after speaking of our duty towards our neighbour, said, "All people who would please God, must do good according to their means, be those means ever so little," she could not refrain from weeping.

For, Amy was very poor, and felt innocently persuaded that she had no power whatever to gladden by her love or kindness any earthly creature; not even a lamb, or a young dove. She had neither, poor child.

So, Amy came out of church with sadness in her heart, thinking that God would take no pleasure in her, because (but that was only her own idea) she had never yet done good to any one.

Not wishing that her eyes, now red with weeping, should be seen at home, she went into the fields, and laid herself down under a wild rose bush. There, she remarked that the leaves of the shrub, tarnished with dust, were dry and drooping, and that the pretty pink blossoms looked pale and faded; for there had been no rain for a very long time.

She hastened to a brook that flowed by at no great distance, drew water in the hollow of her hand, (for cup she had none) and thus toilfully and by slow degrees, often going and as often returning, she washed the dust away from the languishing rose bush, and so refreshed its roots by the timely moisture, that soon it reared itself again in strength and beauty, and joyfully and fragrantly unfolded its blossoms to the sun.

After that, little Amy wandered on by the side of the brook in the meadows, whence she had obtained the water. As she gazed upon it, she almost envied the silver stream, because it had been able to do good to the rose tree.

On what she herself had done, she did not bestow a single thought.

Proceeding a little way further, she observed a great stone lying in the bed of the narrow brook, and so choking up the channel that the water could only struggle past it slowly; and, as it were, drop by drop. Owing to this obstacle, all the merry prattle of the stream was at an end. This grieved Amy on the water's account; so, with naked feet she went into the stream, and shook the heavy stone. Some time elapsed before she could move it from its place; but, at length, by tasking all her strength, she rolled it out, and got it to remain on the top of the bank. Then the streamlet flowed merrily by, and the purling waves seemed to be murmuring thanks to the gentle child.

And onward still went Amy, for at home she knew there was no one who cared to inquire after her. She was disliked by her step-father, and even her own mother loved the younger children much better than she loved her. This constituted the great sorrow of Amy's life.

Going far about, and ever sad because she had done good to no one, she at last returned to the village. Now, by the very first cottage she came to, there lay, in a little garden, a sick child whose mother was gone to glean in the neighbouring fields. Before she went, however, she had made a toy — a little windmill put together with thin slips of wood — and had placed it by her little son, to amuse him, and to make the time appear shorter to him during her ab-

Every breath of air, however, had died away beneath the trees, so that the tiny sails of the windmill turned round no more. And the sick child, missing the playful motion, lay sorrowfully upon the green turf, under the yellow marigolds, and wept.

Then, Amy stepped quickly over the low garden-hedge, heedless that it tore her only Sunday frock, knelt before the little windmill, and blew with all her might upon its slender sails. Thus impelled, they were soon in merry motion, as at first. Then the sick child laughed, and clapped his little hands; and Amy, delighted at his pleasure, was never weary of urging the sails round and round with her breath.

At last the child, tired out by the joy which the little windmill had given him, fell fast asleep; and Amy, warned by the evening shadows which began to gather round her, turned her steps towards home. Faint and exhausted was she, for since noon she had eaten nothing.

When she reached the cottage door, and stopped there for a moment with beating heart, she heard her step-father's voice, loud and quarrelsome, resounding from within. He had just returned from the alehouse, and was in his well-known angry humour, which the least cause of irritation might swell into a storm. Unfortunately, as Amy, trembling, entered the room, her torn frock caught his eye. His passion was kindled at the sight. Roused to fury in a moment, he stumbled forward, and, with his powerful fist, struck the poor little child on the forehead.

Then, Amy bowed her head like the withered roses in the field; for the blow had fallen upon her temple. As she sank, pale and dying, to the ground, her mother, with loud lamentations, sprang forward and kneeled beside her. Even the stern and angry man, suddenly sobered by his own deed, became touched with pity.

So, both the parents wept and mourned over Amy, and laid her upon her little couch in the small inner chamber, and strewed round her green branches, and various kinds of flowers, such as marigolds and many-coloured poppies; for the child was dead!

But, while the parents bitterly reproached themselves, and wished they had been kinder to poor Amy, behold a wonder!

The door of the chamber gently

opened, and the waves of the Brook which Amy had set free, came gently rippling by, in the stillness, and sprinkled the mouth and eyes of the dead child. The cool drops flowed into her veins, and once more set the arrested blood in motion.

Then, she again unclosed her eyes, which so lately had been dim and motionless, and she heard the soft waves, like gentle voices, murmuring these words in her ear:

"This we do unto thee, in return for the good thou didst unto us."

Yet a little while, and the chamber was again stirred by the presence of some kindly power.

This time it was a gentle Breeze which entered with softly fluttering wings. Tenderly it kissed the forehead of the child, and lovingly it breathed its fresh breath into her bosom.

Then, Amy's heart began to thrill with quicker life, and she stretched out her hand to the many-coloured flowers, and rejoiced in their beauty.

And the Breeze softly said:

"I bring thee back the breath which thou didst expend upon the sick child's pleasure!"

Then, Amy smiled, as if she were full of bliss.

When the Breeze had ceased to murmur its soft words, an Angel came gliding in, through the low door of the little chamber, and in his hand he held a garland of fresh fragrant roses. These he laid against the cheek of the pale child; and, lo! they restored to it the hues of life, and they bloomed again. And the flowers seemed to whisper:

"This we do unto thee, in return for the good thou didst unto us!"

And the Angel kissed Amy on the forehead, eyes, and mouth; and then came life back to her in its strength.

And the Angel said to her:

"Forasmuch as thou hast done good according to thy means, and thou knewest it not, therefore shall a tenfold blessing rest upon thee!"

## A LEAF FROM THE PARISH REGISTER.

I HAD once a long search to make among the register-books of Chorley Parish. It extended over many years, and kept me poring, day after day, over the musty pages in the old vestry-room. Abraham Stedman, the clerk — whom we all know very well in Chorley — kept me company the whole time; and in one of my mid-day pauses, when we were sharing some bread-and-cheese and beer over the vestry fire, he told me the following passage in his life: —

I have lived in the parish, said he, going on now for seventy years. When I think of past times, my present friends in the place seem strangers to me. Our old acquaintances die off one by one, and new ones come into their

places so gradually, that we scarcely miss them; but one day we look round, and find that the world has passed into strange hands.

[At this point Abraham Stedman paused and looked at the vestry fire for a few moments; I was silent, waiting for him to proceed.]

The story I am going to tell you is wonderful enough, though there are no ghosts in it. I do not believe in ghosts. If any man ought to have seen ghosts, I ought; for, I may say, without any offence to my kind friends of to-day, that all my truest and oldest friends are gone to the ghost-land; and I am sure they would pay me a visit if they could. Besides, I never feared to walk about an old house in the dark at midnight, or to go at that silent time through the churchyard where most of my friends lie, or even into the church if I had occasion.

On Christmas Eve — I cannot say exactly how many years ago it is now, but it was not very long after I was made clerk — the rector (that was poor Mr. Godby) told me he was in a little perplexity about the sexton's being ill, seeing that there would be no one to ring the bells. Now I always made a point of sitting up with the sexton on that night, and taking a hand at the bells; for I could ring them pretty well, and it seemed to me only a little kindness, proper to the season, to offer to keep him company in such a lonely place. He was a much older man than I was, and I knew he was glad of my society. We used to have a little fire up in the belfry, and make toast and posset an hour or two after midnight. But this time the sexton was ill, and I promised the rector at once that I would ring the bells; and so it was agreed that I should.

I used to offer my company to the old man because I knew that he was timid and a little superstitious; but, for myself, I did not mind at all going there alone. At exactly half-past eleven, on that Christmas eve, I took all the church keys, and started from my house to fulfil my promise. It was very dark that night, and windy, and several of our old lamps had either dropped out for want of oil, or been blown out by the gusts. I could not see any one in the street; but, as I left my door, I fancied that I heard footsteps a little way behind me. I should not have noticed it then, if it had not been that on several nights previously I had fancied that some person had secretly followed me, as I went about the town. I came up to a little band of carol singers soon after, and stood listening to them a minute or two. When I bade them good night and a merry Christmas, I had forgotten about the footsteps. It was striking the three-quarters as I passed over the stile into the churchyard; and just after that I caught a sound like the footsteps again. I looked back, and waited a while; but I could hear nothing more. I was ashamed to walk

back a little way, for I began to think that I was becoming a coward, and conjuring up things out of my fear. It was true I had fancied this before that night; but it had never troubled me till then, and so I did not doubt it was some superstitious feeling about my task that was at the bottom of it. "What object could any one have in following a poor man like me, night after night?" I asked myself. So I went on through the pathway between the gravestones, humming an old ditty.

Now, though I had resolved to banish all thought of the supposed footsteps from my mind, I could not help just turning half round as I stood with the great key in the lock, and looking about in the direction I had come. I own I was frightened then, for, at about thirty yards' distance, I saw distinctly, as I believed, the dark head of a man peeping at me over the top of one of the tombstones. I stood in the shadow of the church porch, so that it would be difficult for any one at that distance to observe I was looking that way. The tombstone was some way from the gravel path, and out of the line of any one passing through the churchyard, and indeed, as you know, no one would have occasion to pass through the churchyard unless he were going to the church, like myself. I hesitated for a moment, and then walked briskly towards it; but the head seemed to withdraw itself immediately and disappear. What was more strange, I walked round the very stone, and could see no one near; nor could I hear any movement. A little further was another tombstone, somewhat higher and with a carved top, and I tried to persuade myself that it was this top coming close behind the other stone which had deceived me. But this could not be; for stand how I would in the church porch, I could not bring the second tombstone exactly in a line with the first, to my eye. I felt a little uneasy at this strange fancy; but it would not do to go back, for it was near twelve, and I had promised the rector to be in the belfry, ready to ring out a peal on the stroke of midnight. So I opened the door quickly, closed it behind me, and walked feeling my way down the aisle.

I was quite in the dark, for my lanthorn was in the vestry-room, and I kept a tinder-box and matches there to light it. I had to grope about for the keyhole of the heavy iron-plated door, and again to fumble among my bunch of keys to find the right one. I am not a man of weak nerve; but a strange sensation came over me, as I stood there in the dark, feeling through all the bunch for the key. The air of the church was close, and had a faint smell of mouldering leather, such as you smell in some libraries. I believe it made me feel faint; for, just then, I had so strong a tingling in the ears, that I seemed to hear the bells already beginning to peal

forth in the belfry. I listened, and fancied I heard distinctly that confused jingle which precedes a full peal. The fancy terrified me for the moment, for I knew that I had seen the sexton ill in bed that day, and that even he could not be there, unless he had got the key from me. But when this notion had passed, I set it down for another invention of mine, and began to think the tombstone affair no more worthy of belief than this. So I turned the great key with both my hands; and, opening an inner fire-proof door, I let myself into the vestry-room.

When I was once in there, I knew where to find my lanthorn and tinder-box in a moment. I always kept them on the second shelf from the ground, in the closet just behind where the plan of the parish estate at East Haydocke hangs up framed and glazed. But the pew opener kept her dusters and brushes there also, and we used to have words about her throwing my things out of order sometimes. This time I found that she had scattered my matches, and I had to stoop down and feel about for them among all the things at the bottom of the closet, which took some time. When I found them, I struck a light and blew the tinder with my breath. I saw the sexton do exactly the same thing one night as I stood in the dark, right at the end of the aisle, and his face reflected the fire at every puff and looked quite devilish as it shone out strongly and faded away again. I mention this because I have thought of it since, and I believe it had something to do with what befel me that night. I lighted my candle, and shut it up in my lanthorn. It gave a very weak light and the sides of the lanthorn were of thick, yellow horn, very dirty and dusty with lying in the closet; for I rarely had occasion to go into the church after dark.

Swinging this lanthorn, then, in one hand, and holding some faggots under the other arm to light my fire with, I went up the steps again into the dark side aisle. Just at that moment, and as I was shutting the vestry-room door, I suddenly felt a heavy hand laid upon my arm. I started, and cried "Who's there?" letting my lanthorn fall, so that the light went out. Nobody answered; but some one immediately held me from behind, trying to keep back my arms with extraordinary strength. I was not a weak man then, although I am short; but I struggled long to get round and face my enemy, and just as I was getting a little more free, another one came to his assistance. I called aloud for help; but they stuffed my mouth with something, and swore if I called they would shoot me through the head. Upon this they bound my arms tightly, and led me back into the vestry-room, where I sat on a chair, while they lighted a candle they had with them.

I was a little frightened, as you may suppose; but I thought they were only thieves, who had fol-

lowed me, and got into the church, through my forgetting, in my fright about the tombstone, to fasten the church door; and, as I knew that there was very little of value in the vestry-room, I was rather glad to think how they would be baffled. When they got a light, I saw that they had half masks on. They were well dressed, and although they swore at me, it was evident that they were not common burglars: I could tell that from their language. One laid a long shining pair of pistols on the baize that covered the table, out of my reach. I knew he did it to intimidate me; for he asked me immediately for my keys, in a loud voice. It was no use my refusing them; I was quite helpless, and they had nothing to do but to take them out of my hands. I told them that the rector kept all the plate in his house, and that there was nothing in any of the closets but a few bottles of wine, and some wax candles. The oldest man, I think, asked me then where the books were kept; but I would not tell him. I determined that, let them do what they might to me, I would keep to my determination not to tell them where the books were. They tried much to terrify me, with words at first, but finding that did not do, the elder one, who was the principal in everything, put his pistol to my ear, and declared he would ask me three times, and after the third time, fire. Now I was in great terror at this, and never believed myself so near death as I did then, but I had made a kind of vow to myself, and being in a church, I thought a curse would be upon me if I yielded; so I held my tongue; and, when he found I was firm, instead of firing he flung his pistol down upon the table again, and began sullenly to try all the locks he could find about the room with the keys he had taken from me. In this way he soon found the books he wanted in a fire-proof safe.

And now both of them began to pore over the books by the light of the candle. They chose two with vellum covers, which I knew to be the marriage registers — the old and the new one — containing all the marriages that had taken place at old Chorley church for seventy years back. I heard one ask the other if there was no index; for they did not understand our way of indexing, which was merely to write down all the letters of the alphabet, with the numbers of the pages at which names beginning with each letter could be found — taking the first letter from the bridegroom's name, of course. So they had a long search, each of them turning over the leaves of one book and examining it page by page. I watched their faces, and tried to bear in mind at what part of the book they were, in case they should stop. The one who had the old book came to a place, at last, which seemed to contain what he was looking for. He showed it to his companion, and

they conferred together for a moment, in a whisper. Immediately after, the older one tore out I thought some half-dozen leaves. He was going to burn them in the flame of the candle at first; but his companion stayed him, and he tore them up, and put them in his pockets. As soon as they had done this, they turned hastily to depart, as if they were anxious to be gone now their business was done. The older one took some more cord from his pocket, and bound me fast in the great vestry chair, drawing the cords round my wrists and ancles, till I cried out with the pain. Then threatening again to return, and blow my brains out if they heard my voice, they went out down the aisle, leaving the vestry-room door open. All this happened in little more than half an hour; for the clock chimed the two-quarters after midnight at this very moment.

I sat there two hours alone; but it seemed to me so long that, if I had not heard every quarter chime, I should have expected to see the day dawn through the stained glass window. It was the dreariest two hours that ever I passed in my life. It was bitter cold, and sitting there helplessly in one position, my limbs grew frozen, and the cords seemed to get tighter and tighter, and stop the movement of my blood. It is no wonder I felt nervous after such a scene. Where I sat, with my back to the wall, I looked right into the church, and the door was left open. I could feel a cold wind rushing from it into the room; and, as I sat staring into the darkness, strange fancies troubled me. I saw dark shapes floating about, as I thought, and peeping at me from the sides of the doorway; and now and then I noticed something like little flakes of light, moving in the gloomy space beyond. I would have given anything for the power to close the door. I fancied strange noises, and began to think of the people I had known who lay in the vaults just below me or in the graves about the church; and several times a heavy hand seemed to be laid upon my arm again, just in the spot where the man had first seized me. Once I could not persuade myself but that I could hear a low, deep tone from the organ; and again the supposed jangling of the bells annoyed me. So I sat, listening intently, when the whistling of the wind paused out of doors, and hearing and seeing all kinds of strange things, till the chimes went the quarter after two.

Soon after that, I saw a little shining light moving about at the bottom of the church. It came nearer to me, and I heard a footstep. I had fancied so many things, that I was not sure yet whether I was deceived again, but now I heard some one call "Abraham Stedman! Abraham Stedman!" three times. It was the rector's voice, and I answered him; but he did not know where I was till I called to him to come

into the vestry-room. He held up his lamp, and was much surprised to find me as I was. I related to him what had happened, and he unbound me. He told me he had lain awake since midnight wondering to hear no bells ringing, and had grown uneasy; for he thought I could not have failed to keep my word, and he knew that I was in the church alone. So at last, he had determined to come in search of me.

This affair made a great stir in Chorley. But we could get no clue to the parties; nor to their object in mutilating the register. They had taken out so many leaves that it was impossible to tell what particular entry they had wanted to destroy; but it was a curious thing, that on examining the skeleton index, we found that, although there were as many as thirty entries in those six leaves, every one of them began with one of three letters. This was a very small clue, and the marriages at that part were all of many years back; so that no one could ever tell what the names were. It was no wonder that we could get no trace of the two men. Before the next year came round, Chorley people had got some new thing to talk about; and, as no one came for a copy of the missing entries in the register, they began to forget all about my adventure.

Eighteen months after the night which I was bound in the vestry-room, old Mr. Godby sent for me one night, and told me he thought he might yet be able to trace the two strangers. He had got a copy of a London newspaper, in which there was an advertisement addressed to parish clerks, inquiring for the marriage register of a Mr. Maclean, which took place about thirty years before. The initial of that name was one of our three letters; but as the advertisement mentioned no place, that would seem a very small matter to go upon. But I had always thought that the entry which the two strangers had searched for was on the first of the leaves which they tore out, and that it was the other leaves underneath which were torn with it, to put us off the scent. Now, on this first page, we found there were two entries, both beginning with M: which was something more. Besides, Mr. Godby reasoned, that a register, about which the parties interested were so uncertain, was the very one which, any person knowing of its existence, and having an interest in preventing its appearance, might endeavour to destroy. These three reasons seemed to him so good, that he went up to London about it; and a day or two after, he wrote to me to join him. We were soon upon the scent now; for Mr. Godby had ascertained who were the persons likely to be guilty, supposing that we were right in our conjecture, that the missing register concerned this family. When I saw one of them, I recognised him immediately, although he had worn a mask in the church. I knew him by his ap-

pearance, but when he spoke, I could swear that he was the man, and the officer accordingly arrested him. We got such evidence against him afterwards, as clearly to prove him guilty. People were hung for such a crime then; and it was with great difficulty that he escaped with transportation. He confessed all about it afterwards, and said his companion had gone abroad since, he did not know whither; and I believe they never caught him. His motive — as you may suppose — was to defraud children of large property, by destroying the proofs of their legitimacy; by which he benefited as the next of kin of the deceased person: but the lawyers set all to rights again, in spite of the missing register.

## THE STEAM WHISTLE IN INDIA.

By way of contrast to the tale I am about to tell, let me dwell for two seconds (electric time) upon the opening of the first railway in England. Of the thousands who are daily sliding down the rails laid between Liverpool and Manchester, there are a few, perhaps, who, when they pass Parkside and the white tablet that marks the spot where Mr. Huskisson lost his life, think of the day when the Rocket made its trial trip, encouraged by the cheers of thousands of spectators, among whom were the great men of the land. The Rocket set in motion not merely a few carriages, but the whole railway system. And that was only seven-and-twenty years ago. Now, look at Bradshaw, and imagine what I felt as an old Indian just come home.

On the eighteenth of November, 'fifty-two, I saw the run of the first train and for the first time heard the steam whistle in India. Was there a grand inauguration, were there speeches, was there joy? Let me be reporter: —

I was on my way from the Punjaub to England, and so reached Bombay. Being a poor Bengalee, with no friends or acquaintances in the land of ducks, I betook myself to the Hope Hall Hotel. I had spent several years in remote districts on the north-western frontier, and more recently in the Punjaub. A sandy track really not even fit for palki-travelling and utterly impassable for carriages, was all that I had been accustomed to see in the way of road, and our track there, bad as it was in itself, used to be crossed by unbridged nullahs, or sometimes cut asunder by broad rivers, unfordable, and equally unsaddled with a bridge. I had seen on better things on my way through Scinde. It was, therefore, with a luxurious sense of enjoyment that, when I had sent on my baggage to Hope Hall, I took reins between my fingers, and drove out of the fort in a hired buggy over the smooth macadamised road. I admired civilisation. Savage life is not good

for the bones. The buggy really was a tumble-down affair, dragged about by an animal that might have served as spare horse to Don Quixote; but it was very well, and there was the fine road, and I said to myself with a thought of lands over the sea, "Now I begin to get a foretaste of our English comfort, and of the refinement of an European capital!"

As I mused, I was dragged in my buggy to a handsome stone bridge; and, carelessly turning my head, expecting, as a matter of course, to see the usual yellow nullah, creeping along at it sluggish cold weather pace, I was amazed. For what I saw was a dry gravel bed, a double line of rails, trim fences: in fact, the Bombay and Calcutta railway!

Of course, I knew that there had been talk about railways for India. But Indian talks are always such abominably long talks that I have seldom paid much heed to them. I had, moreover, been much occupied by my own business, with which no hope of any railway ever was connected. People "up country" have long since become tired of asking or hearing about any such European curiosity. Calcutta merchants now alive may come to travel by cheap trains from the Ditch to Hooghly, but the Punjaubite knows that he must jog on to the end of his days in the good old style; that is to say, in a creaking, leaking, confined crib of a palki; and at the good old pace.

But having actually seen the railroad, my up-country faith was strengthened and my interest revived. I hurried on to Hope Hall, and began to inquire of every person whom I encountered, when the line was to be opened, how far it went, and all about it. I was astonished — as I had no right to be — at the ignorance and indifference with which my inquiries were all met. Nobody knew anything about it. As it seemed, also, nobody cared. The opening, some thought, had taken place already; others believed that it was fixed for next day — or imagined it might be next month, or on New Year's Day, very possibly. Either the listlessness of Anglo-Indians had not been overstated, or the Ducks had become quite as much disheartened as their neighbours at the hopelessly slow progress made in all such matters. It appeared certain, however, that twenty-four miles of rail — from Bombay to Tannah — were really finished; and, at last, by dint of much inquiry, I discovered that the informants who fixed next day for the business of opening were in the right. At some time or other in the forenoon, the railway authorities, accompanied by a party of their friends, would make their trial trip.

Accordingly, at ten o'clock the next morning, I took up my station on the bridge. It was quite deserted; no gathering of Europeans and natives indicated expectation of a strange event. I waited patiently, with my eyes staring abroad over the parapet, until half-past eleven; and, by

that time my perseverance in looking out had collected a small crowd around me. About a hundred natives seeing a sahib wait so pertinaciously, thought that something must be in the wind, and being always glad to witness a *tomasha*, equally glad of an excuse for sitting still in placid expectation of no matter what, they wandered up and down or sat upon the bridge, talking and laughing, jesting and smoking after their own manner.

The day was fine, November being one of the most enjoyable months in the Indian year; sky cloudless; sun glaring, indeed, but not intolerable; leafy foliage; white houses; flowing-robed, brown-skinned, easy-going natives, all full of the laziness of India, suggestive of the primitive East, of the land of dreams and fables.

Suddenly out spoke, in its own harsh and peremptory way, the unmistakeable Steam Whistle! The white gates which marked a stream crossing a little way down the line were thrown open; and, with a shriek, and a puff, and a whiz, and a rattle, engine and train, consisting of four covered waggons, smoked under our legs. I knew the natives too well to expect that they would show any great excitement at the apparition. With a few ejaculations of "Wah! wah!" they turned slowly away, and began to disperse.

"Well, what do you think of that?" I asked of one of them — a fat, well-to-do, and evidently most conservative Burmeah.

"Too quick, Sir — too quick — all be killed." He had no more to say about it.

The train went on, attaining at one time a speed of forty miles an hour, screaming and frightening the birds in the flat quiet meadows, but not at all alarming or surprising Hindu men and Hindu cattle. At Tannah the occupants of the train got out and took tiffin in a tunnel. The tunnel was unfinished — the trip, therefore, ended in it, and its cave was used as a cool saloon. A few complimentary speeches having been made, all hands got on board the train again, and rolled back to Bombay. The bridge, when they went under it the second time, was quite deserted.

Thus it was that the Indian railway system crept into existence.

The fact that a train had been running to Tannah and back was casually mentioned at some mess tables in town that evening, but did not excite much more interest in the English than it had excited in the native mind. The opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway is at home regarded as one of the greatest historical events of the present century. Perhaps a hundred years hence, this record of the way in which the first train was seen in India may be read with interest in households accustomed to hear of such lines as the direct Calais and Mooltan, or out of which some son may have gone by the express train from

Boulogne to Lahore. For, hereafter, mail trains shall run nightly through the plains of the Indus, and scream in the deserts of Beloochistan; passengers shall look out of their carriage windows at the Persian Gulf as they fly by; and farmers speculate upon the corn crops while they pass through Mesopotamia. All this is inevitably to come. Although India has made the small beginning, which I stood on the bridge and saw made, there is no silencing that steam whistle or stopping the rapid advance of the giant locomotive.

## OFF! OFF!

I WAS reflecting the other day with a good deal of satisfaction upon the improved spirit of modern criticism. Certainly, the reading public has reason to be rejoiced that good sense, good taste and right feeling have pretty nearly discountenanced that pungency of ridicule and bitterness of invective with which critics were wont to assail authors, and that fierceness of retort and defiant *tu quoqueism* wherewith the book-writer retaliated upon the reviewer. It appears by this time to be generally understood that such exhibitions were most unseemly and disgraceful to the actors engaged in them, and that their tendency in all cases has been to degrade literature. The wit and dexterity of Pope can reconcile few of us now-a-days to the gross personalities and filthy machinery of The Dunciad, several of the heroes of which might have found a sufficing vengeance upon the poet in a court of law; and one needs not to be very old to remember critical articles in magazines of great reputation, written by men of very vigorous minds and with uncommon powers of humour, in which the antecedents of an author, his person, and sometimes (following Pope) even his poverty, have been brought to bear against him by way of accessaries to public scorn and contempt. None of us can doubt, now, that literature was herein degraded, and that the responsibility which is upon all men — but especially upon men with those dangerous weapons, pen and ink, in their hands — to be temperate and forbearing was most blamefully set at nought. Dull authors will undoubtedly continue to write; and much waste of vivacity will be shown in exposing their sorry pretensions; and sprightly writers will, as heretofore, be taken to task by very self-sufficient and leaden critics; but it is to be hoped that the day is gone by when the publication of a bad poem subjected the bard to a punishment hardly preferable to the pillory; when the alleged vulgarity of one author was denounced in the language of Billingsgate, when his want of feeling and nature was stigmatised with utterly unfeeling and unnatural bitterness.

The crushing, extinguishing,

tomahawking system having been well nigh abolished, there is one further reformation, in which the interests of literature are deeply concerned, that I could wish to see achieved. The abuse of which I am about to speak is one of which, I fancy, a moment's consideration will convince anybody of the expediency of getting rid. It is so barbarous and inhumane that it is not a little surprising it ever obtained in countries boasting a civilisation, however imperfect; but it is altogether marvellous that it should have been retained till hoar antiquity can come forward and shake his venerable head against its extinction.

The other evening I was at one of the theatres when a piece was presented which underwent that time-honoured process of condemnation, which has an appropriate name for it, likewise sanctioned by time. In plain but theatrical language, it was "damned." Now, it must be confessed, the piece in question was indeed a sorry affair. Professing an intent to be a side-splitter of no ordinary width of aperture, it was conducive rather to a pensive frame of mind, in which the occasionally defective adaptation of means to an end, and other infirmities of human design, might be taken into consideration. The piece deserved to die, and suffered incontinently. But, while we applaud the verdict of a jury, we do not witness the execution; still less should we consent to be present in court, were the culprit to undergo his capital punishment then and there. The mode of dealing the fatal blow to this heavy dramatic trifle pained me exceedingly; although, in former years, I am grieved to remember, I have witnessed much more violent demonstrations of popular vengeance with comparative indifference, even when I have seen the actors in distress, and the ladies in the boxes pale with terror at the "row," and agitated by sympathy for the author.

And, indeed, the author demands all our sympathy, with whatever delicacy we may intimate to him that his genius does not lie in the direction of the stage, or however tenderly we may refer him back to his desk, and recommend him to try his fortune a second time. He has bestowed nights of most anxious thought upon, he has undergone days of labour in, the composition of his work. He will be paid for his labour; but only if he can delight an audience, or, at any rate, please them. He hopes to do so. Call not this an author's vanity; for most men, of all professions, are ill judges of what has cost them much time and great pains to accomplish. If a dramatist got his plot by inspiration, and could stamp his characters and evolve his plot instantaneously, he would the better discern his chances of success. Well, then, imagine the play accepted; the actors pleased with their parts; the curtain up; the curtain down. See the pallid poet in that side-box. Be sure

the ebbs and flows of his drama, during the performance, have had their copies in the advances and recessions of his heart. And now he casts a hurried and wild glance at the audience,

> "Expecting
> Their universal shout and high applause
> To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears
> On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
> A dismal universal hiss, the sign
> Of public scorn."

It is this — this "sign of public scorn" — which we must at once away with. Let it be a matter of common consent that such degrading marks of public displeasure shall be reserved for exhibitions of gross immorality or licentiousness, to which they are alone applicable, and for the condemnation of which a deaf and uninitiated spectator, on the first night of a bad play, would naturally suppose them to be designed.

> "If I have unearned luck
> To escape the serpent's tongue,"

says Shakespeare, "I will do better another time." This he adds in effect, and this was pleaded by Puck to the audience of the Midsummer Night's Dream! And Prospero beseeches the groundlings to be merciful to The Tempest!

When I read that some of Jonson's and Beaumont and Fletcher's plays were condemned on a first hearing, I cannot but acknowledge that I feel a particular concern, especially for the former. While I admit that some of his later plays are deficient in that interest which an audience has, perhaps, a right to expect, still Old Ben's age, his misery, his poverty, his renown as a scholar and the author of four comedies — in their way incomparable — should have protected him against the "serpent's tongue." The commendatory verses perfixed to his printed plays, from the pens of his brother dramatists, must have afforded a sorry consolation to the outraged poet. It gives me a twinge to read the following: — "Dryden, who was present on the first night of Cowley's Cutler of Coleman Street, related to Dennis, the critic, that when they told him how little favour had been shown him, he received the news of his ill success not with so much firmness as might have been expected from so great a man." If being told of the condemnation of his amusing comedy so affected the melancholy Cowley, what would have been his feelings had he seen and heard the operation as it was practised by the fathers of the Mohocks of the next age. As it was, he never again tried the stage; neither did Congreve, after the condemnation of his Way of the World. There is a story that the author, hearing behind the scenes the hideous marks of disapproval, snatched the copy from the prompter's hand, rushed upon the stage, and forbade the actors to proceed, adding that the public was not worthy of such a play. The tale has been doubted, but it is probable. The hard-hearted licentiousness of this comedy was

no cause of its ill reception; and Congreve might well have thought, with Dryden —

"Sure there 's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write while these malignant planets reign:
Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to sense, or just to wit."

The Way of the World contains more wit, perhaps, than any comedy in the English language.

If anybody wishes to know how a sensitive man of genius can be touched by hisses, cat-calls, and other discordant exponents of summary criticism, let him turn to Mr. Forster's Life of Oliver Goldsmith, where he will see such a laceration of the poet's feelings, on the disapproval of some scenes in his comedy of The Good-natured Man, as will, I am sure, effectually deter him from ever again sibilating, off-off-ing, and roaring down any play whose only fault, however grievous it may be, is dulness.

Charles Lamb, in a letter to a friend, has recorded the fate — and the manner of it — of his farce of Mr. H—. It will be seen that he would fain make light of it, but his pleasantry is somewhat hysterical. "Hang 'em how they hissed! It was not a hiss neither, but a sort of a frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring sometimes, like bears; mops and mows like apes; sometimes snakes, that hissed me into madness..... Mercy on us, that God should give his favourite children — men — mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely; to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with, and that they should turn them into the mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyænas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of aspic poison; to asperse and vilify the innocent labours of their fellow creatures, who are desirous to please them!"

We are informed by Lamb's excellent biographer, Mr. Justice Talfourd, that, seeing the lame and impotent conclusion of his farce, the author was himself disgusted, and hissed in concert with the audience. That he hissed is undoubted; but that the defect of the *dénouement* of Mr. H— incited him to do so, I cannot believe. He felt — the house had so decided — that he was a dramatic culprit. He was

"A guilty creature sitting at a play"

— at a play of his own too; and an exquisite consciousness of his own miserable identity awoke a fearful suspicion that the audience would detect him. Accordingly, like many a true culprit in the world's ways and highways, he joined the cry of "Stop thief!" — set off on an imaginary chase — in other words, hissed himself with all his might.

"De Camp was hooted more than hissed — hooted and bellowed off the stage, before the second act was finished, so that the re-

mainder of his part was forced to be, with some violence to the play, omitted."

This, with other particulars, is related by Charles Lamb as having taken place on the first night of his friend Holcroft's Vindictive Man. The Good-natured Man, some forty years before, had been treated in pretty much the same manner. But let me find room for a graphic description from the pen of Lord Byron. It chronicles the disastrous doom of Ina, a tragedy: —

"Mrs. Wilmot's tragedy was last night damned. They may bring it on again, and probably will; but damned it was — not a word of the last act audible. I went and witnessed the whole process. The first three acts, with transient gushes of applause, oozed patiently but heavily on. I must say it was badly acted, particularly by Kean, who was groaned upon in the third act. Well, the fourth act became as muddy and turbid as need be. But the fifth! the fifth stuck fast at the king's prayer. He was no sooner upon his knees than the audience got upon their legs — the villanous pit — and roared, and groaned, and hissed, and whistled. Well, that was choked a little; but the ruffian scene, the penitent peasantry, and killing the bishop and princes — oh, it was all over! The curtain fell upon unheard actors, and the announcement attempted by Kean for Monday was equally ineffectual. Mrs. Bartley was so frightened, that, though the people were tolerably quiet, the epilogue was quite inaudible to half the house."

We have quoted the above description that full weight may be given to the comment by the writer on the scene which he had been so recently witnessing. He says, "It is, however, a good warning not to risk or write tragedies. I never had much bent that way; but if I had, this would have cured me." Herein we see plainly enough the evil consequences to dramatic literature that arise from this mode of manifesting disapproval of a play. "But Byron had no dramatic genius; he himself confesses he had no bent that way." I am by no means sure that he had no such genius; but, whether or not, that is little to the purpose. "If I had, this would have cured me." There is the point. Others have been as sensitive to criticism as Byron; indeed, young Keats and others have proved themselves much more so; but what was Byron's mental plight when he heard that Elliston was about to bring upon the stage his Marino Faliero? It is possible that the torture he describes himself as suffering, in his letters to Mr. Murray, may be exaggerated; and that, after all, there might be within him some lurking "fearful joy" that his tragedy might be produced and be successful, I can believe; but that he had a most acute and painful remembrance of poor Mrs. Wilmot's Ina, I am quite certain. I say, then, that the system of

damning plays has often dismayed poets — and, perhaps, great ones — from attempting to write for the stage, or, having made an attempt and failed, from renewing it.

Not to speak farther of the feelings of authors in this matter where, let us ask, is the necessity, what is the use of hissing and hooting a new play? The time has been, indeed, when, if no justification could be found for this most uncivil and unfeeling custom, a plea might be offered in palliation of it, on the ground that the Mitre and the Mermaid, or Will's and Button's ought not to be permitted to decide upon the merit of plays in an authoritative manner, and to dictate to the town what entertainment it was to see, and to pay its money for seeing.

But, now-a-days, what play of any pretensions can be performed any night which, on the next morning, has not half-a-dozen, and by the end of the week, a couple of score newspapers that will tell us all about it: what it was like, how it was liked; and this, in most instances, infinitely better than any jury that could be impanelled from the pit, or any critic that could be persuaded to descend from the gallery, even were he as acute as Addison's renowned trunk-maker himself? But for these papers, indeed, the public would not know in what spirit the audience of the first night had exercised its self-imposed critical functions; and the press has told us before now of suspected enemies of the author in the house, and has often warned us against being guided by their report of a favourable reception of a piece, because the house was pretty nearly filled by his friends. Mr. Nightingale, in Fielding's great romance, is a good-natured young fellow, but he entreats Tom Jones to go with him "to a new play, which was to be acted that evening, and which a very large party had agreed to damn, from some dislike they had taken to the author, who was a friend to one of Mr. Nightingale's acquaintance." Fielding adds that "this sort of fun our hero, we are ashamed to confess, would willingly have preferred" to an appointment with a lady. Personal hostility — a few disaffected people operating by chance upon the animal spirits of others of the audience who love "a row" for its own sake — has destroyed many plays, and flung some good ones on the shelf for twenty or more years. Was it to force She stoops to Conquer down the throat of the public that Dr. Johnson made one of a large party to cheer that exquisite comedy? No; it was to bring it through the first night, which is everything to a good play, and little indeed to a bad one. It is observable, and perhaps remarkable, that after the first night, an audience never makes any manifestation of dislike. A play soon finds its own level. If, from whatever cause, it is liked, it is run after; if not, any applause

verdict of the first night is of no avail.

Let us adopt the practice of Mr. Lovelace, (though by no means a model in other respects) who tells his friend Belford, in Clarissa, "I have never given noisy or tumultuous instances of dislike to a new play, if I thought it ever so indifferent. For I concluded, first, that every one was entitled to see quietly what he paid for; and next, as e theatre, the epitome of the world, consisted of pit, boxes, and gallery, it was hard, I thought, if there could be such a performance exhibited, as would not please somebody in that mixed multitude; and if it did, those somebodies had as much right to enjoy their own judgment undisturbedly, as I had to enjoy mine. This was my way of showing disapprobation — I never went again. And as a man is at his option whether he will go to a play or not, he has not the same excuse for expressing his dislike clamorously as if he were compelled to see it."

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## THE BELLS.

As one, who would you city reach,
Was slowly rowed to shore;
For whose strange tone and broken speech,
They lightly dipp'd the oar;
His failing voice, his mild dark eye,
Won the rude boatmen's sympathy.

He told them how, when he was young,
In his bright southern land,
A grand old church with bells was hung,
All fashion'd by his hand;
How they had won him much renown
And honour, in his ancient town.

How love first glided with their sound
Into one gentle heart;
And how their tones had linked it round,
Until the Bells were part
Of its own nature, and were fraught
With beautiful and holy thought.

And when, upon his wedding-day,
His ear those joy-bells met;
His own heart-beatings, quick and gay,
Seemed to their music set.
And how that day, hope, love, and pride —
His whole full heart was satisfied.

How she would say those chimes were meet
To mark their pleasant hours,
Which were but the unfoldings sweet
Of joy's fresh-springing flowers.
How their young daughter would rejoice
At theirs, as at its mother's voice.

Like rainbows, many-hued, had shone
Those hours of youthful prime.
At length a fatal storm fell on
The rushing gulf of time;
And smote him in a single day —
One wave took wife and child away!

And then the bells poured out a peal
So sorrowful and slow,
To his sick heart they seem'd to feel
For their old master's woe;
And they had cause; for War's red hand
Drove him an alien from the land.

Now, for their sake, an ocean far
In his old age he crossed.
For, in that dire distressful war,
The sweet bells had been lost;
And yearning for their sound again,
He came to seek them o'er the main —

Was there, because that western town
Some foreign bells possess'd,
And the fond hope they were his own
Flutter'd his aged breast.
He had in them a father's pride:
He fain would hear them ere he died.

The boatmen said, for lovely sound,
His bells they well might be;
And sooth to say they had been found
Somewhere in Italy.
Their voices soon would fill his ear;
The time of evening prayer was near.

And, as the sunset deepen'd more
The silence and the glow,
They rested, lest one plashing oar
Might break the calm below;
And as they heard the light waves float
Their rippling silver 'gainst the boat,

Those glorious chimes told out the hour
With stronger waves of sound;
And when the full peal left the tower,
He knew them — they were found!
And, with strained ear and lips apart,
He drank their music to his heart.

O! trembling like an under strain
Their sweeping anthem through,
Fame's whisperings grew clear again,
And Hope's old carols, too.
Though all without their ancient thrill,
The true bells kept their echo still.

Fond words from wife and child he caught,
As exquisitely clear
As though some breeze from heaven had brought
Their voices to his ear.
He lost, in that one moment's ray,
The gloom of many a lonesome day.

The boatmen saw the flushing smile
The faded eye that fired;
The thin hand that kept time a while,
Until it sank as tired;
They saw not as the sun went down,
How the pale face had paler grown:

How GOD, to his long-waiting hope,
More than it asked had given;
How his dear bells had borne him up
To dearer ones in heaven.
But when the boatmen's toil was o'er:
His soul had reach'd a brighter shore.

## MIGHTY HUNTERS.

THE Squire Western tribe of sportsmen is extinct. When squires lived in remote mansions — with few roads, one newspaper, no books, the chaplain for a buffoon and bottle companion — they had few other resources for diversion than field sports in the morning, and dining and drinking confusion to Hanoverian rats in the evening. But the progress of commerce, and all the aids to commerce in easy travelling and complete commingling of all classes of society that enjoy leisure, has refined without destroying that love of sport which is innate in those bred in a northern soil.

The term, once synonymous, of a fool and a foxhunter, is no longer significant; and some of our most amusing and not least instructive books of travel are from the pens of sportsmen. Of course, sportsmen are but men; and, with them, as with gravermen, the famous old story of "Eyes and no Eyes" closely applies.

The London bred attendant of an African traveller described a rhinoceros horn as "the penetratingest thing as is;" — we should say that observation describes admirably well our modern sportsmen, who rush from all the luxuries of civilisation to the most remote and savage regions, to try their courage and enjoy a new excitement in the shape of cold, hunger, wet, heat, drought and furious wild beasts.

John Palliser, by birth an Irishman, by education an Oxford man — six feet four in height, with inexhaustible spirits and humour, a taste for the polka, a talent for singing and making himself agreeable in all company, a fearless horseman, a tolerable cook, and a dead shot, having exhausted the

excitement of European game, panting for fresh fields and pastures new — determined to take himself to the prairies, and to have a shot at the buffalo and the grizzly bear. In his voyage out to America he had for one fellow-traveller General Tom Thumb, whose great amusement was climbing to the shoulders of the tall Irishman, and then making a perilous descent at one leap to the bottom of his shooting-jacket, until by repeated droppings the bottom of the garment gave way. At New Orleans, he commenced operations in the marshes by waging war on snipe to the extent of twenty-one brace, and the following day took the solo parts, first of Goliah, and then of Saul, in the oratorio of David, performed by amateurs to purchase a new organ for an Episcopalian church.

In Arkansas Mr. Palliser shot deer by night, with a fire-pan, and carried off seven deer-skins for buck-skin clothes, as trophies. Here, too, he met his first experience of the hospitality of American sportsmen, and tried his first experiment in camping out. He remarks "It is only when left to our own resources that we sportsmen feel how very helpless we are rendered by our civilisation. Very delightful is the refinement of sport in England, rising not too early, shaving with hot water, and tea cream-softened waiting for you in the breakfast room, guns clean as if not used the day before, the gamekeeper following with the load of shot, and an excellent dinner awaiting, without any stint in consequence of the birds being wild, or your shooting nervous. Such were my thoughts as, for the first time, I sat solitary by my fire; but they presented themselves much more forcibly on subsequent occasions when, tired, cold, and hungry, I encamped after a day's unsuccessful hunting on one of the wild plains of the Rocky Mountains." His first night's lonely camp was marked by the stealthy approach of something in the dark; which something turned out to be a panther. He became tired of tame life in Arkansas, and joined a fur party travelling across the prairies from Independence to the Yellow Stone River. On this journey, daily before sunset, they unsaddled and unpacked the horses; formed with the pack a circular enclosure about ten feet in diameter, and hobbled out the horses with straps and chains to prevent their straying: then cut and gathered wood, kindled fires, fetched water in kettles, put meat on to cook, roasted coffee-berries, pounded them in deer-skins on the stump of a tree with the back of a hatchet, put them in the coffee-pot and boiled them; then, the meat being cooked, set to work to eat, made beds of saddle clothes and buffalo robes, then smoked their pipes, and so to sleep, as only travellers in the prairie can sleep.

One day they arrived at a lake, and camped when their meat was exhausted and they had nothing but beans to eat; so our sports-

man was set to work to kill ducks for dinner, and Mr. Palliser naively observes: "I had to work hard for my ducks that evening. They all fell into the water and I had to swim for them, but they formed a great addition to the boiled beans we had been reduced to."

After a long journey, sometimes "struggling through immense wastes where, feeling my own insignificance, I seemed carried back to some long past age, and as though encroaching on the territories of the mammoth and the mastodon," Mr. Palliser reached Fort Vermillion and found it surrounded by a camp of six hundred Sioux Indians just returned from a successful foray; so he witnessed a scalp dance, and then bought the scalp and the "poor devil's head-dress made of the scalp of a black bear, for fifteen rounds of ammunition." He also got up a subscription and purchased a poor woman prisoner, whom the Indians were about to put to death with great solemnity, and set her free at night. She finally escaped: running all night, guiding her course by the stars and concealed all day; so that in two days and nights she reached her husband and children, "half starved but very happy."

In spite of savage Indians, who sometimes shot at him by mistake, and nights in the prairie — where he woke in the morning and found himself lying in a pool of water — on he went, now starving, now feasting on the spoils of his gun, until, as the winter set in, he reached Fort Union. There the inhabitants of the fort were one after another laid up with the mumps; until, at length, the supply of fresh meat depended entirely on the traveller. One day he set out covered with a white blanket, and "stalked" a herd of buffalo in the snow so successfully, that he crept about undetected for an hour and laid five of the fattest low; "then the herd bolted in a body, tossing their shaggy heads and ploughing up the snow." He cut out the tongues of those he had killed; and, leaving a blanket on one animal, a cap on another, a pocket-handkerchief floating from the head of a third, to scare the wolves, "set off full speed for the fort; for it was pudding day, and worth while to make haste." He entered just as the clock struck twelve, and feasted on buffalo and venison of his own providing, "dressed in delicious bear's grease and buffalo marrow, by a capital cook."

Listen to that, ye Norfolk pheasant-slaughterers, and hide your humbled heads! Practice makes perfect. After a time Mr. Palliser flayed, cut up, and disposed of his game as neatly as any Indian hunter, and congratulates himself on driving a good trade as a dead shot, by earning white wolfskins worth two-and-a half dollars each. But he was not destined to slay buffaloes scathless. After firing four times at an old buffalo, our hunter walked up and lodged a final shot, when

the old brute charged, pursued and overtook him. "I swerved suddenly on one side to escape the shock, but to my horror, I failed in dodging him; he bolted round quicker than I did, affording me barely time to protect my stomach with the stock of my rifle, and to turn side-ways in hopes of getting between his horns, when he came plump upon me with a shock like an earthquake; one horn shivered my rifle-stock, the other tore my clothes. I flew in mid air, scattering the prairie hens that hung from my belt in all directions, and fell unhurt in the snow, while my dying victim subsided not quite over me in a snowdrift."

Some time after this adventure, Mr. Palliser purchased from an Indian woman a magnificent dog, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of his volume — "Ismah." When purchased, it took time and trouble to reconcile the animal to its white owner; but eventually Ismah became a faithful efficient servant, drawing a small sledge called a "travail," during the day, and sleeping on his master's bosom saving him from being frozen to death at night. With Ismah as sole companion, he set out on a solitary winter's journey along the shores of the Upper Missouri.

Ismah dragged all the spare clothing, dry food, and the flesh of the deer last shot, as they travelled along the ice. "When I stood and looked about to choose a convenient spot to camp, Ismah used to gaze into my face, and whine, as much as to say, 'I am tired too.' When I trampled down the snow, cut and strewed the willows, and proceeded to collect wood, he used to watch me eagerly, and prick up his ears when he saw me take the flint and steel from my pouch, and the dry inner bark of the cotton-wood free from my chest, in order to kindle a spark. The fire secure, I turned my attention to him, unpacked his travail, and placed it aloft against the side of a tree to protect the leather straps from the voracity of wolves. This done, I spread my bed and filled my kettle, took a handful of coffee berries from my bag, washed them in the cover of the kettle, then, pounding them, put them in the smaller kettle, and the meat in the larger to boil. These operations Ismah used to regard with intense interest. When supper was over — and his share was often very scanty — he sat up close beside me as I smoked my pipe and sipped my coffee. When at last I got into bed, he used to lie down with his back close against my shoulders, and so we slept until morning. As soon as it was daylight we rose; Ismah submitted patiently to be harnessed, and we resumed our march.

"Ismah's relationship to the Lupus [he was of the wolf-dog breed] family was often inconvenient to me, as he used to run off and play with the young Lupperkins. One day, after a long

march, while looking out for a camping place, a she wolf crossed the ice, and, in spite of coaxings and threats, Ismah set off to join her. I shouted to the wolf, the wolf ran off, and away ran Ismah after her, with his travail behind him loaded with everything I possessed in the world. I followed, shouting, until he disappeared, and then followed the tracks upon the snow, until darkness obliged me to abandon the pursuit, and I found myself alone on a vast waste of snow, stretching around me on every side, a hundred miles from any human habitation, without warm covering for the night, with very little powder in my horn, and only two bullets in my pouch! I turned back and fortunately made the way to the river again, by the light of the moon collected fallen wood, lighted a fire, and sat down to consider what to do next if Ismah did not return. The cold north wind froze the perspiration — which, in the hot pursuit, had run down my face — and formed icicles on my beard and whiskers, that jingled like bells as I shook my head, and dismissed one project after another. I took out my pipe to console myself with a smoke; alas, on feeling for tobacco, that was gone too. I looked at the North star, and calculated, by the position of the Plough, that it must have been about ten o'clock — the time in England when we discuss a bottle of the best with our knees under the mahogany, awaiting the summons to the drawing-room. I endeavoured to trace familiar faces in the glowing embers, till I almost heard the rustling of fresh white *crêpe* dresses round me; when hark! I did hear a rustle — it approaches nearer and nearer, and I recognise the scraping of Ismah's travail on the snow; another moment and the panting rascal was at my side! Nothing of the load missing or injured. I laughed aloud from sheer joy at the cringing movements by which he showed how well he knew that he had behaved very ill, but I was too well pleased to beat him. I had nothing more to do but unpack, make my bed, cook our supper, and go to sleep."

On the same journey the hunter again fell short of meat; for one day he sought game in vain, without coming on a single track. On the second day he saw Wapiti deer, but was unable to get near them. That night, tired and hungry, he dreamed continually of delicious feasts and hospitable friends, and waked all the more hungry and disappointed. On the third day, having had no solace but a pipe, he hunted hard without success, and suffered less from hunger than on the second day. He was upheld by the confidence that sooner or later he would fall in with game. At length he came upon the fresh tracks of deer, zig-zagging, as they do before lying down. He says: "I remained perfectly still, looking intently, with eyes sharpened by hunger, at the

copse; something stirred in the willows — it was a deer going out to feed; most fortunately he came on towards me, slowly feeding, until he approached to within about one hundred yards and stopped. I drew up my rifle; but he came still nearer, feeding slowly forward, until scarcely sixty yards off, when I took a steady deliberate shot as he turned his flank towards me. I heard the bullet crack against his shoulder; he rushed a short distance back, and rolled over in the snow. Wood was close at hand. I made a fire, cut, broiled, and eat sparingly of a little venison; fed my dog. Then made a rope of the deer-skin, and dragged the carcase to my camp of the previous night, cooked and eat an enormous supper, smoked my pipe, and slept comfortably."

At length Mr. Palliser reached a hunter's paradise on the Yellow Stone River; built himself a boat of bulls' hide, with willow frames, to carry his baggage, spoils, and attendants; manufactured a shirt and breeches of deer-skin, and encamped and enjoyed himself. "If I wished to shoot from horseback, a ride of a few miles afforded sport after buffalo; if to stalk Wapiti deer, or black-tailed, there were plenty to be had, with enough toil and labour to afford sport; *grosses corves* (wild sheep) were to be seen balancing themselves on the tops of cliffs as I sat in my own camp; lots of pheasants were handy on the prairie, antelopes were constantly bounding past, and many a prowling wolf received a bullet while feeding on offal, cunningly disposed to tempt him. The dinners of this Yellow Stone camp would make a European epicure's mouth water — buffalo tongues and humps, elk meat and venison, antelopes' livers, wild mutton, and cat fish, which is a sort of miniature fresh-water dolphin, white, firm, and rich, marrow-bones of buffalo bulls, with a fair supply of coffee and sugar;" bread is not mentioned.

But our hunter could find no grisly bear. Their fresh tracks were found, but the monsters were gone. This grisly bear, when full-grown, measures eight feet six inches from muzzle to stern, and about that size round the body, with feet eighteen inches in length, armed with claws five inches long — a lion cannot be more formidable.

One day, having shot a fine buck, he heard Dauphin, a French Canadian, one of a party he had joined, cry loudly, "*Monsieur, venez ici!*" (Come here, Sir!), and, looking up, saw him disappearing at his best pace over the brow of a hill; Palliser, following with his loaded rifle, beheld a bear standing on his hind legs staring about while Dauphin, concealed behind a rock, was industriously snapping a pistol that would not go off. First master and then man took a shot with the same rifle; and then Mr. Palliser, in spite of the remonstrances of Dauphin, followed the enemy

into a clump of trees, and finished him. "He was young, only in his third year, but he measured five feet four inches from the rump to the muzzle, and had he been full grown, it would certainly have fared badly with us."

The next grisly bear adventure was with a five year old female with two cubs, who chased Boncharville as he was washing his carbine at a river. "I at first ran to assist my companion; but, seeing the bear at fault, I rushed back to secure my horse, fearing that, on smelling the bear, he would gallop off and be lost on the prairie for ever. Seeing me run the bear charged after me; I rolled the halter round my arm and prepared to face her — had my horse flinched I had been lost — she rose on her hind legs, then turned aside, and followed her cub. I fired through the bushes, but only hit her far back in the flank, on which she stopped, wheeled round and round, tore at her side with her teeth and claws, and allowed me, fortunately, sufficient time to load again; my ball was hardly down when Boncharville crid out, "*Gardez vous, gardez vous, Monsieur, elle fonce encore!*" (Take care, take care, Sir, she is after us again!) and on she rushed. I had barely time to put on my copper cap as she rose on her hind legs; I fired, and sent my bullet through her heart. She doubled up, and rolled to the bottom of the slope; but we did not venture to approach until we had ascertained she was dead by pelting her with sticks and stumps. After this Dauphin, with a stick and a coil of rope, set out to catch the young sucking bears, but they fought so hard that he was obliged to kill one, and the other bit and scratched so that the old hunter was glad to let him go."

Mr. Palliser was not content until he had shot three more of these grisly monsters, of the largest of which he says, with his usual candour, "He rose up displaying such gigantic proportions as almost made my heart fail me. I croaked again like a bull calf: he came cantering up slowly. I felt I was in for it, and that escape was impossible, so cocking both barrels of my firelock I remained kneeling until he approached very near, when I suddenly stood up; upon which the bear with an indolent roaring grunt raised himself once more upon his hind legs. Just as he was balancing before springing on me, I fired, aiming close under his chin; the ball passing through his throat, broke the vertebræ of the neck, and down he tumbled floundering like a great fish out of water, until at length he reluctantly expired. I drew a long breath, and felt right glad at the successful issue of the combat."

And here we may as well end the hunting adventures, of which we have given only a few. Many amusing and pleasing traits of the character of the author are uncon-

sciously scattered through the narrative. The self-possessed manner in which, at New Orleans, having forgotten the name and street of his hotel, and, having wandered into a house by mistake, he receives a candle through a narrowly-opened door from a white jewelled hand, and retires, to be awakened the next morning by an offer of ivory-backed hair-brushes from a lady who turns out to be the wife of a friend — such is the hospitality of New Orleans — is delightful. So is the ball at St. Louis, where he rushed into a kitchen, and made pretty Madame Zoller leave the cooking, and come up and dance the Sturm Marsch Gallop with a pair of shoes that kept continually coming off.

If he has the toothache and cannot eat venison, he goes down and kills a buffalo bull, and feasts off his marrow bones. Then he will catch alligators at Cairo; and finally embarks for England with a menagerie of one black bear, two bisons, two bison calves, a deer, and antelope, after being indebted to the bear for defending his chum, the antelope, against the attacks of a great mastiff in the streets of New Orleans.

And so we take leave of John Palliser — a good sportsman; who does not gloat over his victims with half savage exultation.

## THE STOP THE WAY COMPANY.

To the lovers of antiquarian lore — that peculiar race of philosophers who look upon Gog and Magog as intimately bound up with the welfare of Great Britain; — to such as consider the turning up of some antediluvian monster as of far more value than any discovery of modern science; it may be matter for congratulation and pleasure to know that there is a broad region of this globe, which has not only been standing still while all the rest of the world has been whirling round, busy with human thought and human progress, but has been actually in many respects retrograding.

The middle-age student may rub his parchment hands at the idea of a territory equal in extent to the whole of continental Europe, watered by some of the finest rivers in the world, blessed by a health-giving climate, abounding in mineral wealth, possessing many thousands of miles of fruitful soil, which is still in the very self-same barbarous, unsophisticated condition as it was in the time of Charles the Second; defiant of the ruthless innovations of science and art, stopping the way for labour and capital, and presenting at every entrance, by rivers, by bays, by highways, by by-ways, one enormous, unrelenting notice of NO THOROUGHFARE.

It is not an idle fairy tale for Christmas, but a stern reality. No truant schoolboy, in search of apples or birds' nests, was ever scared more effectually by the ominous black board with its "steel traps and spring guns," than have been the pioneers of civilisa-

tion, by the great No Thoroughfare monopoly, the Hudson's Bay Company.

Some people may openly profess scepticism as to the existence of such a Company, and look upon it as a sort of incorporated Mrs. Harris. Who ever heard of its annual meetings? Did any one ever see its shares advertised for sale, or quoted in any share list? Has it transfer days, and open days, and shut days? Did it ever make a call; or, if it ever did, when was the last call answered? Has anybody, by chance, stumbled upon a Hudson's Bay Director, or Chairman, or Deputy Chairman? Does any letter carrier or policeman know where the Hudson's Bay House is? It must be somewhere, and must have clerks, and messengers, and office-keepers, and ledgers, and day-books, and (perhaps) transfer books, and no doubt it takes in the Public Ledger. But where? The abstract Company. All actually exists, and has existed since the reign of Charles the Second; who, as some chronicles rather unkindly relate, having been sadly pressed for money to meet some heavy bills falling due, made over certain territories in North America to certain capitalists, the founders of the Stop the Way Company, for a good round sum in hard cash, upon certain conditions.

What those conditions were how far they have been fulfilled of what those territories consisted, and, to what extent the Company have succeeded in maintaining the integrity of their No Thoroughfare, it will be now our endeavour to show, as well as existing records will enable us.

The charter under which the Hudson's Bay Company hold their territories and exercise their monopoly of the fur trade, derives additional interest from its intimate connexion with the attempts at the discovery of the north-west passage, as well as with the origin of the premium offered to successful navigators in those dangerous seas. The preamble of the charter runs as follows: "Whereas certain parties have, at their own cost and charges, undertaken an expedition for Hudson's Bay in the north-west part of America, for the discovery of a new passage into the South Sea, and for finding some trade for furs, minerals, and other considerable commodities, &c., now, know ye, that we, being desirous to promote all endeavours tending to the public good of our people, and to encourage the said design, have" &c. The charter then goes on to grant to the Company, in consideration of their making attempts for the discovery of the said north-west passage, the privilege of exclusive trade throughout certain territories, which it pretends to describe in very vague and unsatisfactory language, and which it calls Rupert's Land: also the property and lordship of the soil of the said Rupert's Land; together with the privilege of exclusive trade with all countries into which the Company might

find access by land or water, out of Rupert's Land.

It is not our intention to discuss the construction placed on the Royal charter, which thus dealt so freely with, not thousands, but three millions of square miles of territory, nor to inquire into the intention of the language employed in endeavouring to lay down the boundaries of this Company's territorial and trading rights. These questions, not less than the validity of the charter itself — which does not appear to have received the sanction of the Legislature at the period of the grant — will, it is understood, form matter for Parliamentary inquiry. Let us rather examine the vast tract of country which forms the subject of these remarks, and ascertain what are its capabilities and at the same time learn if the great object "the public good," for which it was made over to the Company, has been attained.

The Directors, it would appear, have construed, "the public good" to mean their own "private gain;" and no body of men have ever pursued any definite object through a period of two hundred years, with more watchful, unflagging zeal, than have this Company. The enormous profits realized by the fur trade, the ease with which it was kept up, the small capital required, were inducements sufficient to make them not only not attempt to open up any other resources of the country, but actually to interdict any effort of the kind. With this view ever before them, it has been their endeavour to paint the territories, over which they exercise sovereign rule, as barren, uninhabitable, and profitless; fitted only for the abode of the wild animals in whose skins they traded, and of the equally savage natives who trapped them.

Unfortunately, however, for this policy, one or two gentlemen in their employment, as well as one of their own governors, Sir George Simpson, took a fancy to travel through these sterile, useless wilds; and, what is more to the purpose, resolved to publish the results of their observations. From the journals of these officials, and from the notes of some few other chance travellers who have broken through the Stopped Way, we are able to present a tolerably detailed sketch of this enormous tract of private continent.

If the reader will open before him a map of North America of any recent date he will observe a line drawn across it, from east to west, in the latitude of forty-nine degrees North. This forms the boundary between the British territories and those of the United States. Of the former vast tract, it will be readily perceived how small is the portion included in the boundaries of Canada as compared with the remainder. It is indeed but a narrow slip of it — little more than a south-westerly crust. Canada is nevertheless a large country, for it contains about four hundred thousand

square miles. The shape of the remainder of the huge northern private continent is very irregular. We will not go into any very nice calculations, but call it in round numbers three millions of square miles, or about the extent of the great Australian continent.

A certain portion, or, we should rather say, a very uncertain portion of this northern country is denominated Rupert's Land, or Hudson's Bay Territory. Geographers have differed as to the limits of this land quite as much as certain persons once did in regard to the colour of a certain chameleon. Some amongst them wiser than the rest hazard no particular limit — they content themselves with inserting the name, and leave the imagination of the reader to define the boundary-line.

It would be in vain to consult the Company's charter. Its vague language may be made to signify anything clever lawyers choose. Some aver that the Company's territorial rights extend round Hudson's Bay in a horseshoe form for several hundreds of miles, in the latitude of fifty-eight degrees north, extending as far as the Rocky Mountains, and thence running south as far as the American boundary, and skirting it to nearly the head of Lake Superior. This outline would give them a tract nearly equal to the whole of our Australian colonies, and would include all the wooded and prairie-land, shutting out only the barren and desert tracts incapable of being colonised. The Company, not intending colonisation, nor mining, but bent only on fur-trading, look upon those great northern wilds as the true source of their wealth, and consequently lay claim to the whole country east of the Rocky Mountains, as far as the Arctic regions; and, with enlarged views, went so far as to claim all to the westward of this rocky range. To make assurance doubly sure, the Company, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, and again in eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, obtained a royal license, which extended their American preserves — until the year eighteen hundred and fifty-nine — over the whole of the territories to the West of the Rocky Mountains, as far north as Russian America. Until the latter period, therefore, the great No Thoroughfare notice will be maintained.

However lightly the second Charles may have made over this enormous slice of a continent to a trading board of directors, he was not unmindful of the cause of science, nor of the welfare of the state; hence we find him stipulating that the Company shall use their endeavours to discover the north-west passage, and declarring that he made the grant with a view to the public good. Whether it was that the Directors were prophetically endowed with a foreknowledge of the practical inutility of the north-west passage, or were moved by the suffering that must be entailed by prosecuting it, not less than in opening up any of their frosty

territories, is not clear, but their policy has ever been to keep away Englishmen, and to send home furs.

The entire surface of this country, with the exception of the mountains, lakes, and rivers, may be classed under three distinct heads — the woody, the prairie, and the desert country. The former stretches around the vicinity of Hudson's Bay to a greater or less depth, and contains vast forests of useful trees, many of them of enormous size. These forests cover tracts greater in extent than the United Kingdom; some parts of them are situated in uninhabitable regions, but others are far more favourably located.

The prairie, or open country, extends from the head of Lake Superior, in a westerly direction, past Lake Winnipeg, as far as one hundred and ten west longitude; thence north to the Deer Lake, and eastwards and south past the head of Lake Winnipeg and the Lake of the Woods — comprising half-a-million of square miles of land as fertile as in any part of the world, watered by a net-work of lakes and rivers, and, although cold during the winter, sufficiently warm in spring and summer to bring forth most abundant crops of almost every species of European grain, vegetable, and fruit. Enough food might be there raised to serve the entire population of Great Britain and the whole of her dependencies; and were it not for the No Thoroughfare policy of the Company, we might, at this present moment of scarcity and dearness, be drawing large snpplies of cheap corn from this very country.

Of the beauty and fertility of this part of Rupert's Land all who have seen it speak in glowing terms. One writes thus of the neighbourhood of Lake Winnipeg: — "There is not, perhaps a finer country in the world, for the residence of uncivilised man, than that which occupies the space between Red River and Lake Superior. Fish, venison, fowl, and wild rice are in great plenty; the fruits are strawberries, plums, cherries, hazle-nuts, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, pears, &c." Surely a country which produces all these in such variety is fit for more than uncivilised man. Other eyes than those of the savage might revel in the scenery which is there to be met with. Broad rivers winding their way through ample valleys, stretching for miles in grassy slopes, crowned by beetling forests of ash, poplar, and oak, and affording shelter and food to numberless herds of elk and buffalo. Extensive lakes in the midst of fertile plains, fringed with natural plantations of roses and sweet-briars, lend an echantment to this wild country which has struck every traveller. Sir George Simpson, the late governor of the Hudson's Bay territories, made a tour through this same country, and speaks of travelling by the Kanimistaquoix, one of the numerous rivers which fertilize and beautify the neigh-

bourhood. He penetrated forests of elm, oak, pine, birch, &c., and passed many isles not less fertile and lovely than the banks, reminding him of the rich and quiet scenery of England. The shores were spangled with violets, roses, and many other wildflowers, while fruits of all kinds were equally abundant. The governor, carried away by his admiration of this beautiful scenery, and forgetful for the time, of the Stop the Way policy of his masters, the Directors at home, was led incautiously to declare that it is impossible to pass through this fair valley, without feeling that it is destined sooner or later to become the happy home of civilised men, with their bleating flocks and their lowing herds, with their schools and their churches, with their full garners and their social hearths.

Something of this has actually come to pass on the banks of the Red River, a little farther to the west, where a tract of country has been located by Highlanders, Canadians, and half-breeds. Nearly midway between the American boundary and Lake Winnipeg, the Red River Settlement, although of nearly forty years standing, does not contain above two thousand inhabitants. They appear to have everything in abundance which is needed to support life. Wild fowl and fish are to be had for the seeking. The neighbouring forests yield them plentifully of every variety of useful timber, whilst the vast tracts of open country about them afford a never failing pasturage for their flocks and herds.

The soil of this land is a rich black alluvium of great depth which, when first tilled, produces extraordinary crops, as much on some occasions as forty-fold of wheat; even after twenty successive years of cultivation, without the aid of manure or of green crops, it still yields from fifteen to twenty-five bushels the acre of fine heavy corn.

Farms have sprung up in all directions; cattle are heard lowing; the bleating of the sheep tell of the progress of industry, and wool and corn, hides and tallow, are amongst the leading productions of these thriving colonists. For seven months out of the year cattle are able to be pastured on the wide savannahs of the Red River, for the remainder of the twelve months they are fed in their stalls on straw, hay, &c. It might reasonably have been expected that this germ of colonisation would have spread into many other channels; that pioneers would have gone forth from it in all directions, to realise the anticipations of Sir George Simpson, and that those people on the Red River would have risen to opulence by the abundant produce raised on their lands.

All this might have been, and would have been long before the present time, but for the steel-trap and spring-gun policy of the Company, who, having resolved that nothing should be encouraged

which might in the most remote way interfere with the integrity of beaver-skins or martens'-tails, effectually checked the onward progress of these rising colonists, and hedged them and their industry in by an impassable Stop the Way barrier. How this was accomplished may be seen by one instance — that of a gentleman who had assumed the character of merchant in a small way, and having imported some few goods from England in the Company's ships by way of Hudson's Bay, and found them pay well, determined to try a shipment of tallow home, of which there was abundance to be had at a trifling cost. He did so. The venture succeeded to the utmost, and was followed by one of much greater value. By this time the Directors were alarmed at the prospect of having a tallow trade springing up, and throwing their cherished martens'-tails into the shade, and otherwise unsettling the minds of the natives; accordingly, as none but the Company's ships are permitted to ruffle the waters of Hudson's Bay with their keels, the Directors had but to give orders that no more of this dangerous tallow should be taken on board, and the affair was settled, as the presumptuous merchant found to his cost. His tallow remained spoiling on the Company's wharf at York Factory for two entire years, at the end of which time he abandoned the affair in disgust.

This, however, was not all. The merchant was far too enterprising and energetic for the Directors' fancy. Who could say what he might not attempt next? Perhaps explore some of the copper and lead mines of the north, or open a coal seam along the banks of the Saskatchewan! It was, in short, resolved that he should be "put down;" and accordingly he was put down, there being no power on that private continent to prevent the thing. The following brief but expressive note was received by the obnoxious trader, in the latter part of eighteen hundred and forty-five; it was dated from the Factory of the Red River Settlement, and ran thus: — "Sir, I beg to state that in a private letter from Mr. Secretary Smith, dated the eighteenth of April last, I am requested to acquaint you that no goods will be shipped in your name on board the Hudson's Bay Company's ship for York Factory this season. I remain, &c." A strange fulfilment this, in the nineteenth century, of the injunction laid upon the Company in a comparatively benighted age, by the sovereign who gave them their charter, and who was thus liberal to them from a desire to promote the public good of his people.

That this immense tract of country contains within it much mineral wealth there is ample evidence to show, despite the steady perseverance of the Company to throw discredit upon every such statement. Lead, quicksilver, and cinnabar are known to exist in the region of

Hudson's Bay. Many natives have been seen wearing bright shining pieces of copper ore round their necks by way of ornament, evidently removed from the surface of the soil; and so common was the practice near Fort Churchill, in the north, that the tribe thus decorating themselves were known as the Copper Indians. The Company's servants, however, true to their employers' creed of the unproductiveness of the country, declare that those pieces of bright metallic substance are neither more nor less than the broken fragments of brass cannon picked up from some foreign vessels that had been wrecked on the shore.

The existence of most extensive seams of coal along the banks of the Saskatchewan flowing from the Rocky Mountains to Lake Winnipeg, is more difficult of denial than the ores to the northwards. It has been examined and burnt by more than one intelligent traveller; nay, the Company's own governor, before alluded to, notices it in his journal as beyond all doubt, and not as found in any particular tract of country, but along many hundreds of miles. It has, likewise, been found of good quality and in great abundance in Vancouver's Island, situated at the southern extremity of the west coast of this private continent.

There is another feature to be examined in the operations of this Company, which to the philanthropist must be of greater importance than the growth of corn, the trade in tallow, or the raising of minerals. The exclusive trade and territorial rights, assumed in the rigid and unflinching spirit which they ever have been by these dealers in beaver skins, involve something more than appears on the surface. In handing over millions of square miles of territory to the iron custody of commercial speculators it seemed to have been overlooked that the act involved the future weal or woe of the many tribes of Indians inhabiting those regions: natives who certainly possessed a better claim to the lordship of the forest and the prairie than Charles the Second, who presumed to will them and their soil away to pay his private debts; whose only forfeiture of ancient rights lay in their utter inability to defend their hunting ground against the aggressions of the swarthy king and his white subjects.

So little was known of the original tribes of Indians inhabiting the distant districts of those territories, during the first century of the Company's establishment, that it is scarcely possible to form any close calculation as to the decimation of these unfortunate people. We can but make a guess at it from the process of annihilation that has been going on during the past fifty years, when better data have been at hand.

When Europeans were but as strangers in that land, there were upwards of fifty numerous and

powerful races of Indians inhabiting those vast hunting grounds, Amongst these were the Crees, the Yellow Knives, the Chippewayans, the Hares, the Dahotonies, the Dogribs, the Nihanies, the Loncheaux, the Blackfeet, the Assiniboines, the Blood Indians, the Sarcees, the Copper Indians, and many others. Not a few of these numbered ten thousand souls each, early in the present century. Doubtless their lives were spent pretty much as savage tribes usually pass their days. Hunting buffaloes, spearing salmon, trapping deer were occasionally varied with skirmishes into the neighbouring territory, when the fish-spear and the wooden trap would be laid aside for the tomahawk and the skalping-knife. Still they were happy after a fashion, and were at any rate not demoralised as at present.

Living in rude tents, subsisting on kammas or preserved bulbs, pemmican, and dried fruits, they had little desire for civilised luxuries. Of athletic form, and taking abundant exercise, they enjoyed robust health, and the calling of the "medicine-man" amongst them was entirely confined to the healing of wounds obtained in the chase or war. Their weapons for slaughtering the buffaloes or deer were bone-pointed arrows and spears, which latter were formidable instruments of destruction in their hands. These animals being found in great numbers, often in thousands at a time, it was seldom they ran short of a good store of dried pemmican for the long winter months.

For upwards of a century the fate of these once happy races was hidden from Europe. All within that great "Beaver preserve" was a sealed book in this country. But in the course of time the truth oozed out slowly but sadly. Tales reached England of the extermination of entire tribes and races by starvation, intemperance, and disease introduced from Europe. Stories were listened to, but scarcely credited, of cannibalism from sheer starvation, of wholesale murders in the madness of intoxication, and it was said that at the then rate of human destruction, the foot-print of a native would not be seen on the wastes of the Indian territories by the end of the present century.

It was doubtless the recital of some of these horrors which induced the government of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, and again in eighteen hundred and thirty-eight — when granting exclusive trading privileges to the Company over the entire northern part of this continent — to stipulate that they should take effectual steps for gradually diminishing and ultimately preventing the sale or distribution of spirituous liquors to the Indians, as also for promoting their moral and religious improvement.

In eighteen hundred and twenty, the very year in which the company were seeking for a license of exclusive trade, and just one hundred and fifty years after their

establishment, they sent out the first minister of religion that has been permitted to enter the country. On making their second application for a trading license in eighteen hundred and thirty-eight a few missionaries were sent out; but, the license once obtained, the number of these was gradually reduced.

With regard to the Company's undertaking to stop the distribution of spirits amongst the Indians, nothing could be more readily effected, seeing that liquor, not less than any other imported article, can only be introduced into the country by the Company's ships. The Company stop the way against every useful requirement of more civilized life; but open it wide for the passage of ardent spirits; which so utterly demoralise the natives, that amongst them the rise of drunkenness annually increases, leading to crime, to poverty and death by hundreds. The Indians are fully sensible of the deadly consequences attending the free use of spirituous drinks; yet are unable to withstand the temptation. The results are fearful. During a parliamentary discussion upon Hudson's Bay affairs in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, it was significantly remarked by Mr. Gladstone that, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, when the Company were seeking for a renewal of their license for exclusive trade, the quantity of spirits introduced into the country was only three thousand eight hundred gallons; whereas in eighteen hundred and forty-five, when they felt secure in their new privileges, the quantity rose to upwards of nine thousand gallons.

A very striking and instructive anecdote is told by a late servant of the Company, to the effect that on the occasion of a most atrocious murder having been perpetrated by a native trapper at the very door of one of the factories, no notice whatever was taken of it, because, as it was urged, the murderer was one of the Company's best fur hunters at the post. This entirely bears out the statement to be found in a publication by one of the Company's chaplains, who declares most solemnly that, throughout the Hudson's Bay territories, the life of an Indian was never yet, by a trapper, put in competition with a beaver's skin.

We have yet one other illustration of the light account taken in this sealed country of solemn engagements or native life. When their recent rights were given to them, it was considered that to leave the Company with power of life and death throughout a territory so shut away from the rest of the world, would be highly improper: accordingly, whilst magistrates were allowed to be appointed to take cognizance of all minor offences, a bond was taken of the Company that they should convey felons to the Canadian courts for trial. Many tales are told of the utter disregard of this salutary injunction, but we will content ourselves in the matter

with quoting the language of one of the Company's agents, (Mr. A. Simpson), who at page four hundred and twenty-seven of his published work, tells us that the Company have an invariable rule of avenging the murder by Indians of any of its servants — blood for blood, without trial of any kind. As a pendant to this, we are assured by a late governor of the country, in the account of his travels through those territories, that whether in matters of life and death, or of petty theft, the rule of retaliation is the only standard of equity which the natives are able to appreciate.

It would be easy to fill a goodly volume with interesting accounts of this sealed country, this region hidden from the knowledge and industry of mankind during nearly two hundred years, in order that a body of private individuals might realise handsome profits. But enough has been said to show how desirable it is that more should be known, and that the original and subsequent conditions on which the Company hold their present rights should be rigidly fulfilled. It is impossible to look without interest on a country containing there millions of square miles, abounding in mineral wealth, and capable of growing enough corn to feed the whole of Europe, yet, whose sole destiny it is to furnish four shiploads of skins annually, of the value of about five hundred thousand pounds. A region forming a large portion of that enormous whole, by whose vast net-work of lakes and rivers a canoe may voyage from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Seas. A land so admirably adapted for easy water communication, and so fitted to open a connexion between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans that, but for one break and that easy of removal, a vessel might sail from London Bridge to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. At a gap in this range the source of the Saskatchewan, which runs eastwards towards the Canadian frontier, is so close to that of the Columbia, which courses in a southwesterly direction and finally empties itself into the Pacific, that a traveller tells us he could have filled his tea-kettle from the waters of both of them for the same meal. It is mortifying in the extreme to know all this, and at the same time to feel that, save to a few privileged voyagers and the Company's servants, there is No Thoroughfare through such a magnificent highway. We must, however, in justice add, that many of the gentlemen connected with this old monopoly deplore its selfish exclusiveness as much as the most liberal free-trader. It is indeed from the revelations of such gentlemen that much of the information contained in this paper has been derived.

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## SEASONABLE GAINS.

Now that we are fairly launched in the New Year, and steering a direct course for Christmas 'fifty-

four, it is a pleasant thing to feel that we are richer than we were a month ago. Richer by all that we have received; richer by all that we have given. A storm of kind words has been beating about the ears of every man who has had a ship or but a little boat to run into the Christmas harbour. Every man's memory has just come into a little property, and we are all walking about with heaps of lately acquired treasures in us. We have all — all, at least, able to read this gratulation — lately found out that we are very valuable people.

I should like to know what a political economist would have to say of the season now ending. Has it confused him? Has he been able to bring the laws that regulate supply and demand to bear upon it? Has he had twelve hares, nineteen turkeys, three dozen barrels of oysters, twenty-three hampers of fish miscellaneous, and a vanload of French plums in boxes sent to him in the most irrational way from north, south, east, and west, by kind relations and old friends, all to supply one dinner? Have his nephews earned half-crowns and half-sovereigns by the purseload without doing a bit of work, when their unskilled labour — they being only competent to frighten birds — is worth but fourpence a day in the market? By what law has the said economist been called upon to supply storybooks containing pictures to the little boys and girls of his acquaintance? What says Adam Smith of Christmas and the New Year, and of the modes of acquiring property established at that season?

These may be grave questions or they may not: — I always feel to be getting on with any argument when I can say that a thing is or is not something. But the fact of the matter is this — another good phrase, it looks lucid — the fact is that we are richer than we were by all the money we have spent: everything given away has been gain, and we have gained also all that we have got. What have we got? Every house, I suppose, contains something pleasantly and recently acquired by some one of its inmates. Don't let me be thought boastful if I count my gains.

My youngest daughter, Tabitha, with whom I will begin, found a beautiful maiden with black locks and large eyes barbarously tied by the hair to a Christmas tree, and rescued her. The beautiful maiden shows her gratitude by devoting her whole life to Tabitha. She never quits her side, and at this moment, I perceive, lies clasped in her embrace. Tabitha has gained this charming friend, this sharer of her walks and talks, this bosom companion, who is called Zenora. She does not regret the accident that brought them to a knowledge of each other, and though she has a very strong suspicion that it was a cruel uncle — Uncle Robson — by whose hands she was suspended to the tree, suspended by her

lovely hair — he has great whiskers, and looks like a creature who can do such things — she cannot find it in her heart to scold a relative by whose deed Zenora was brought to her arms. On my part, as an economist, I can make no objection to this introduction of a strange lady into the household, for she never speaks an unkind word of anybody, makes no mischief — if I except that upon one occasion she did certainly strew bran over a muffin — and she takes nothing, literally nothing. She lives upon bran, and a little lasts her a long time. My daughter in the excess of hospitality has frequently endeavoured to force tea upon her, but the hot tea having burnt her mouth to an alarming degree on one occasion, none has recently been offered.

Egbert, aged twelve, has become since Christmas a great shipowner. His I believe is the largest ship in our parish—Marylebone—that has a boy for captain; there may be, and I believe are, larger such at sea. Egbert, who knows nothing of Blake or Nelson, brought a history-prize home at the end of his last half year, and he calls his ship the Actium — which has been lettered on the side by our page, John, who is a neat hand at mechanics, "the gallant Axem." Egbert is out now on a three days' visit to his aunt Matilda, and John, who is a good-natured lad, has been lettering the ship in his absence with gold-leaf as an agreeable surprise prepared for him against his return. The gallant Axem rides in dock now in the area cistern, and stems the tide of water when it is turned on and rushes in with fearful vehemence, as grandly as becomes a piece of your real British timber, and the leading vessel in the naval armament of Marylebone. She carries only two brass guns, but those have been procured by Egbert himself regardless of expense; he gave for one of them as much as eighteenpence sterling, and when the trial of them took place, I remember being told that his eighteenpencer sent a bullet clean into a teapot of Britannia metal, causing an enormous leak, and so completely wrecking it, as it lay on a day in the nursery tray, with a full cargo of tea on board, that it went down and has never been brought up again. If Britannia cannot resist my son's artillery, can Russia? Not Russia, not Morocco, not even double sole leather, for the rash cannonader has fired — I regret to say — one of his shots through the sole of a pair of boots that I use in rough weather. I went out in the last thaw and was obliged to take a cab when I found one boot letting in water with most unaccountable rapidity.

Egbert, who is quite an illustration of nepotism in his way, has not only been appointed by one uncle to the command of a vessel, but he has been made by another uncle half proprietor with Tabitha of the Royal Victoria Theatre — not the Victoria sustained by 'icks, that in the Lambeth Marshes,

but the Royal Victoria Theatre — now open at nineteen, Bunkiter Street, Marylebone. Egbert is stage-manager and director; Tabitha paints the scenery and the actors, they not being competent to paint themselves. The proprietors of the Royal Victoria have an exclusive property in the performers. Now, although that may be a wrong state of things in a free land, it is exceedingly convenient in a theatre. They are always to perform one piece (which will ensure perfection), Timour the Tartar. I may illustrate the complete subservience of the company of this theatre to the management. One of the horses that appears in the tournament scene being too thin in the knees, and very liable to come down, Egbert, in the true spirit of a despot, tore his legs off, and that horse has ever since gone through the play upon its tail and belly.

The Royal Victoria Theatre has not only brilliant scenery and actors liberally spangled — every one a firmament in himself or herself; but it has also a handsome green silk curtain that rolls up at the tinkle of a bell, and footlights that burn real oil. Mrs. Gettleton — my wife and Egbert's mother — has objected very much to the real oil. The reason was this; the first performance of Timour the Tartar having taken place under the distinguished patronage of J. Stotman, Esquire, the well-known Uncle Jack of our domestic history, in fact, the presenter of my children to the theatrical property in question — the first performance, I say, having taken place under such patronage on New Year's Eve, and the stage being established on the parlour table, there resulted a slop upon a very handsome table-cover, which my son, the manager, in the enthusiasm of the moment, endeavoured to wipe up with the sleeve of his best jacket. Mrs. Gettleton perceived it to be the real oil and had difficulty in retaining her composure. Every one else was, however, satisfied, when Mr. Egbert came forward and apologised for the mishap, accounting for it by the fact that the whole theatre had inadvertently been joggled.

Then I have another child, Matilda, seventeen years old, who is mysteriously gifted. Something has been given to her which she carries, either up her sleeve or in some fold of her frock, I suspect over her epigastrium, and I know that she got it from Frank Holly, with whom she thinks herself in love, but who is old enough, child, to be her father. He be twenty-three next May, and she is scarcely out of pinafores.

Redmond, my eldest boy, aged twenty, is studying medicine in Paris, and as he has not come home for the holidays, Uncle Jack, who knows how the mounseers feed, has sent him a sirloin of beef and two plum puddings in a hamper. I had a notion that the parcel might require a passport; Uncle Jack says not. Redmond is upstairs on a fifth floor, and I don't know what sort of a cook he

has to look to for his dinner. I expect to hear that the whole sirloin was fricasseed and garnished with the pudding.

I, for my share of gifts, have had turkeys and things; but, of all presents, the most puzzling was the one sent me by a fine old farmer in the country, my mother's father, who has often heard us rejoice, when visiting him, at our escape from the London milk, and who forwarded to me suddenly, and as a surprise, his favourite milch cow. It arrived at my door, nineteen, Bunkiter Street, Marylebone, on Christmas Monday, in the evening, when there was a party at our house; my wife had her best things on, and I was in the middle of a rubber. Suddenly, John, the page, steals up to Mrs. Gettleton with "Please, Ma'am, here 's a cow come. A note came with it." The old gentleman was very kind, and would be mortally grieved if we refused it; but just think of the worry in the midst of a party close by Oxford Street, of having to think where to put a cow. It wasn't safe for it to go down steps into the back kitchen; we couldn't stand it in the hall, because there were the gentlemen's coats, and the ladies would have to go by with their cloaks on and their handkerchiefs over their heads, and they might be afraid that she would toss them. I can't tell how we managed; but we did manage. I wasn't driven out of my wits, and so I found out a solution of the difficulty.

Now I must have said enough of my own gifts and those of my family. We are not more gifted than our neighbours, I dare say, and I don't mean to brag; but I do say, what a fine thing Christmas tide and New Year tide is: they are indeed the tides in our affairs which, taken at the flood, lead on to fortune. If Christmas tide would only overflow and cover the whole year, we should all get on swimmingly. Why doesn't it? It is so pleasant for us all to feel that we are feeding upon one another — jolly Christmas cannibals — Jones eating Smith's flesh, Smith eating Jones's fowl, and Jones and Smith both eating Brown's fish.

You may call me sordid, but I take pleasure and put faith in these material attentions. I know my wife's father by his cow. Privately, I may confess cow-keeping in Bunkiter Street to be no welcome addition to my cares, but how well do I ascertain the length of my father-in-law's heart-strings, and understand that they reach fully to me, when an animal that is notoriously bound to them is found at my home door! I say to myself, Bragsby's favourite would not have come so far if Bragsby did not love us as he does.

Smithson praised me neatly, and expressed the warmest affection and respect for me in proposing my health over Johnson's supper-table on the third of January last. Robertson didn't so much as cheer when they gave me the honours; he was talking to

Miss Priggs. What of that? Who sent me the fat turkey that was chosen for our Christmas bird? Robertson did. Who is my friend, then? Robertson. This test is very fallible, I grant, but deeds are not so fallible as words, and *cæteris paribus* — I know that is a clinching phrase to use — *cæteris paribus*, I say, I like to receive gifts.

Having proposed the sentiment, May we all get and give with equal pleasure, and do both abundantly, gentlemen and ladies, I — ah — if you please, with musical cheers. Hem. This is the time to be harmonious if ever.

## ONE SPOT OF GREEN.

When the winter bloweth loud,
And the earth is in a shroud,
Bitter rain and blinding snow
Dimming every dream below;
Cheerily! cheerily!
There is e'er a spot of green,
Whence the Heavens may be seen.

When our purse is shrinking fast,
And our friend is lost (the last!),
And the world doth pour its pain
Sharper than the frozen rain;
Cheerily! cheerily!
There is still a spot of green,
Whence the Heavens may be seen.

Let us never greet despair,
While the little spot is there;
For winter brighteneth into May,
And sullen night to sunny day;
So, cheerily, cheerily!
Let us seek the spot of green,
Hopeful, patient, and serene,
Whence the Heavens may be seen.

## CHIPS.

### THE ANTECEDENTS OF AUSTRALIA.

Transportation of criminals to the American colonies having ceased from the commencement of the war of independence, the jails in England were soon overflowing with criminals and reeking with disease. The Government therefore determined, upon the favourable representations of Captain Cook, to form a penal settlement upon that portion of the eastern coast of New Holland that had been named by him New South Wales. There he had discovered Botany Bay, so named by Banks and Solander — the naturalists who had accompanied Cook — from the abundance and variety of its then unknown productions. A few miles to the northward of Botany Bay he had named a magnificent inlet of the ocean Port Jackson; which now forms the harbour of Sydney — in beauty and extent second only to that of Rio Janeiro.

No time was lost in carrying the new scheme into operation. Captain Phillips was selected to take charge of the expedition and to superintend the formation of the penal colony. He sailed from England in May, seventeen hundred and eighty-seven, and in January of the following year landed at Port Jackson with seven hundred and fifty-seven convicts.

From this small beginning have sprung, at various intervals, the colonies of Australia and Van

Diemar's Land. It was only in eighteen hundred and thirty-five, that Governor Sir R. Bourke came down from Sydney with Mr. Lonsdale, the surveyor, and a few others, and laid out the plan of the town of Melbourne on the banks of the Yarra Yarra. However, had it not been for this system of transportation, many more years must have elapsed before the capabilities of this extraordinary country could have become known. There were no visible inducements to attract towards it any private enterprise. It was not until the Government had, by the aid of the criminals, caused the country to be opened up, the fertility of its soil to be made known, and the suitableness of many of its districts for pastoral purposes to be quite understood, that emigration properly began. Sixty-three years ago, nothing but the existence of Australia was known — now it is a foremost figure in our picture of the History that has yet to be acted in the world.

END OF VOL. XXIII.

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