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USEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. XXXI.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

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

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VOL. XXXI.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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VOL. XXXI.

THE BOARD OF TRADE.

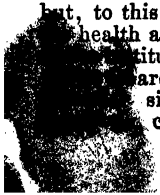
A LARGE part of the administration of the domestic affairs of this country, which does not come under the cognizance of the Home Office* and the Treasury, is confided to a government department called the Board of Trade. Its formal title is, the Committee of the Privy Council appointed for the Consideration of all matters relating to Trade and Foreign Plantations.

Though the Board of Trade is now, as it ought to be in the greatest trading country in the world, a useful institution, its earlier history is not respectable. Its origin was, however, good; for it began with Cromwell, who appointed his son Richard, and many lords of his council, to meet and consider by what means trade and navigation might be regulated and promoted. Before Cromwell's time English sovereigns had, for a century, been accustomed, now and then, to direct their privy councils to discuss particular questions of trade; but it was Cromwell who established first a trade department of the state, and the labours of the committee so established helped to produce the navigation laws of the Protectorate. Cromwell's committee, however, was the thing without a name; a Board of Trade, distinctly so-called, did not come into existence till the restoration, when it was established at the instigation of Lord Shaftesbury; a nobleman who, though by no means upon all points sincere, took, there is every reason to believe, a real interest in the developement of Commerce. This is the Board denounced by Burke as "one amongst those showy and specious impositions, which one of the experiment-making administrations of Charles the Second, held out to delude the people and to be substituted in the place of the real [illegible] which they might expect [illegible] parliament annually [illegible]

* See Vol. XXVIII. p. 342.

The continuance of the Board, good or bad, at any rate, was brief. Projected in sixteen hundred and sixty-eight, it perished in sixteen hundred and seventy-three; the expense of it being found inconvenient to his sacred but straightened majesty.

During the war with France which followed the Revolution of sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, our trade suffered greatly from French cruisers and privateers. Occasion was thereupon taken by a faction hostile to King William the Third to propose the establishment of a Board for the Protection of Trade in parliament itself, so constituted as of necessity to draw into itself the chief functions of both the Treasury and the Admiralty, and thus deprive the king of a large part of his prerogative. The government with difficulty defeated this design, by opposing to it that revival of the Board of Trade and Plantations, which took place in the year sixteen hundred and ninety-six. "Thus," according to Burke's comment, "the Board of Trade was reproduced in a job, and perhaps," he adds, speaking bitterly, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty, "it is the only instance of a public body which has never degenerated; but, to this hour, preserves all the health and vigour of its primitive institution."



The Board, as constituted in sixteen hundred and consisted, in addition to the great officers of state, of a first lord and seven commissioners, each paid with a thousand pounds a year. Their duty was to promote the trade of the kingdom, and to inspect and improve the plantations. The appointment of so many well-paid officials, in times of political corruption, led to much dishonest dealing, and the work of the Board, so far as it affected colonies, was purely mischievous. The only colonies established by it, Georgia and Nova-Scotia, cost vast sums to the nation, and never prospered until freed from the intermeddling of their founders. Correspondence between the crown and the colonies was indeed carried on, nominally, through a secretary of state; but the secretary acted upon the reports and opinions of the Board of Trade in all matters relating to colonial government and commerce.

The mischief-making of the Board of Trade came to its climax in the reign of George the Third, after that king had resolved to break the power of the great Whig families of the revolution, to whom he, as one of the house of Hanover, was indebted for the English crown. George the Third desiring to increase his personal authority over the government, he and the ministers who stooped to his desires, endeavoured to win the support of the landed interest to his new system, by transferring to the colonies the weight of

many burthens pressing heavily on landowners in England. During the early part, therefore, of this king's reign, the Board of Trade was constantly employed in devising those experiments for taxing the American colonies, which led to their noble war of Independence and cut off the United States from the British empire. While the Board of Trade was occupied in this way it was doing little enough, and nothing useful, to advance the commerce of the realm.

Although a secretary of state for the colonies had been appointed in the year seventeen hundred and sixty-eight, the powers of the Board of Trade remained unaltered until the year seventeen hundred and eighty-two, when the righteous successes of the American colonists rendered economies in England unavoidable. The Board, as it then stood, was accordingly abolished, and the business of the department was made over to a permanent committee of the privy council, constituted as it is at present. Chiefly by this committee were conducted the enquiries that preceded the abolition of the English slave-trade; but, with that exception, its duties were light until the close of war in eighteen hundred and fifteen. During the long peace that followed, and especially during the last fourteen years, the real uses of the Board of Trade have been developed. It has ceased to regulate colonial affairs, and is concerned only with the commercial state of the united kingdom.

The Board of Trade as it now stands, consists of two paid acting members, a president and a vice-president, three or four selected privy councillors who are generally retired state-functionaries, and of a number of privy-councillors who hold official seats in the committee, namely, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretaries of State, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the Paymaster-General, and such officers of state in Ireland as may happen to be English privy-councillors. Such is the constitution and composition of the "Committee of the Privy Council appointed for the Consideration of all matters relating to Trade and Foreign Plantations." But for almost all working purposes the Board of Trade simply consists of its president and vice-president, and of the staff of officials under their control. The president and vice-president, of course, go out and come in with the ministries to which they may belong. One sits in the lower and the other in the upper-house, and each receives as his salary two thousand pounds a-year. However they may privately divide their work, the responsibility of these two officers is not divisible; and, as one is bound to answer to the

lords, the other to the commons, it is necessary that each should be cognisant of all the business of his department.

It is the duty of the Board of Trade to be as well informed as possible on all matters relating to trade, in order to advise other departments on questions in which the commerce of the country is concerned. It is required to examine and report to the Colonial-office on all acts of the colonial legislatures affecting trade; to direct the parliamentary course of all government bills concerning commerce, and to watch those which may have been introduced by private members. It assists the Foreign-office in the negociation of commercial treaties. It advises the crown on all applications by projected commercial companies for charters of incorporation; communicates with the great seats of commerce; examines consular correspondence on commercial subjects, and receives and keeps all Foreign-office documents that concern our trade and navigation. These functions belong to the general scheme of the department. By naming the chief special labours that have been imposed upon the Board of Trade, since the year eighteen hundred and thirty, we shall, perhaps, best show how steadily that branch of government has, of late, been increasing in importance.

In eighteen hundred and thirty-two it was charged with the duty of collecting and publishing statistical information.

Since eighteen hundred and forty it has exercised a certain degree of control over railway companies. During about the same length of time government schools of design have been placed under its superintendence.

Offices for the regulation of joint stock companies, and for the registration of designs have also been attached to it.

In eighteen hundred and fifty it was charged with supervision of the merchant shipping.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-one it received large powers of controul over the steam navigation of the country.

And last year the shipping laws generally have been consolidated and placed under its superintendence.

The general business of this department of state is carried on in Whitehall; but there are detached offices elsewhere for the transacting of certain portions of its business. The annual cost of the office of the Board of Trade — which finds work for a staff of one hundred and twenty-four persons — is about forty-six thousand pounds. The president and the vice-president have the salaries already mentioned; two joint-secretaries receive not much less, namely, three thousand five hundred pounds a-year between them. The private secretaries of the president and vice-president receive respec-

tively three hundred and one hundred and fifty pounds a-year. An assistant secretary for the railway department has a thousand; one for the marine department eight hundred, growing to a thousand by the usual annual increase. A chief of the statistical department has eight hundred; his assistant four hundred and eighty. The railway chief's assistant's salary grows till he receives four hundred and fifty; a legal assistant for railway business has five hundred guineas. Three inspectors of railways have together eleven hundred and fifty pounds. There are two sea captains attached to the marine department who divide between them fourteen hundred pounds. There is a librarian with about six hundred, and an accountant with about nine hundred a year. Then there are the comptroller and deputy comptroller of corn returns, with five hundred and four hundred a-year respectively. There are six senior, nine second, and twelve junior clerks, with salaries beginning at a hundred and ascending to six hundred pounds. There are fifteen copyists at eighty pounds a-year; an office-keeper, a housekeeper, and a dozen messengers and porters. These people all work at the office in Whitehall. At the office of the registrar of merchant seamen there are employed, a registrar, with from seven to eight hundred, an assistant registrar, with five hundred, and a chief clerk with four hundred a-year. Under these are forty clerks, in five divisions, of whom the salaries ascend from eighty to three hundred and fifty pounds. The progressive rise of salary is managed upon the principle described in our account of the Home Department, it being one that is common to all government offices.

Certain changes in the staff of the Board of Trade have been suggested, and are being carried out. It is proposed, for example, to have only one chief secretary, and under him three assistant secretaries — one for the general trade department, one for railway business, and one for the mercantile marine. It is thought that the statistics and corn returns may be thrown into the business of the general trade department, and that the number of the clerks may be reduced by increasing the number of copyists.

By adopting the division into three parts, recognised by the suggestion of the three assistant secretaries, we can describe the business of the Board of Trade in an extremely simple manner. The general trade department, which would have cognisance of miscellaneous matters, it will be most convenient to speak of last. We begin, therefore, with the Board's concern in railway management, and in the superintendence of the mercantile marine.

The English railway system, as every one knows, is the result

of private enterprise. Parliament has passed some general laws to regulate the internal administration of the companies with regard to capital, direction, meetings of shareholders, dividends, purchase of land, etc., to protect the public against very improper construction and working of the lines of rail, to ensure due conveyance upon fixed terms of troops and of the mails. Both houses have their standing orders which establish conditions that all applicants on behalf of railway enterprise are bound to ulfil.

In the first place notice of each intended application must be sent to the Board of Trade before a certain day which precedes each meeting of parliament. All applications so received are classified by the Board, and presented in a report made to the House of Commons as soon as it assembles. By help of this report the general railway committee of the house is enabled to distribute the various projects in the most convenient way among the sub-committees, which decide upon their fate, and from whose decision applicants have no appeal. Should a railway project deposited with the Board of Trade, after careful examination be found to contain in its provisions any legal defect or matter that seems to be prejudicial to the public interests, the Board di- to that fact the attention of irman of the general com- Any clauses or amendments that may be required to give effect to its suggestions it prepares, and after the bill in question has passed the ordeal of the parliamentary sub-committee, the Board of Trade again looks for any flaws that it may contain, and if they appear, points them out to the chairman. Finally, in order to provide still greater security to the public, there is a standing order of the House of Lords that no railway bill shall be read a third time in that house unless it has been deposited three days before such reading with the Board of Trade; so that it receives then a third scrutiny from the Board with especial reference to its bearing on the public interests. The points chiefly looked to in the course of these three scrutinies, concern the way of raising and applying capital, prevention of excessive borrowing, or of the payment of interest out of capital; a due adjustment of the rights of shareholders, provision for compensation according to the very various cases that may possibly arise, and the insertion of a clause subjecting the railway to the authority of future legislation.

After a railway has been authorised and its construction is complete, it cannot be opened unless notice of its completion has been sent to the Board of Trade, and it has been examined and approved by the Board's railway inspectors. If anything be found unsafe or incomplete the opening

must be postponed until the scruples of the Board are satisfied. After the railway has been opened, its line and rolling stock must be at all times open to the visits of the government inspectors. Upon the construction of roads and bridges, upon questions of junctions, curves, gradients, etc., in connexion with railway works, the decision of the Board is final; and it may, after hearing evidence, by its certificate, permit any necessary deviation from the plans and sections authorised by parliament. The Board of Trade may also regulate the speed of trains with a view to the safety of the public, and the hours appointed for the running on each line of the one parliamentary train that is required to take passengers for a penny a mile, at a rate not less than twelve miles an hour, must be such as the Board of Trade has sanctioned. The Board adjudicates in case of dispute between railway and railway, gives effect by its approval to the bye-laws of each company, requires from all railway companies annual returns of tolls and traffic as well as of accidents, and being charged generally with the enforcement of all railway acts is at the same time the official referee to crown and parliament on any railway question that arises. Here, then, is no lack of work for one department of the Board of Trade. We pass on to another.

One consequence of the repeal of the old English navigation laws was the necessity for a new regulation of the merchant service. This task was undertaken in the year eighteen hundred and fifty, and is considered to have been completed last year. Five years ago no department of state was charged with the care of the merchant service. We have now a marine department of the Board of Trade, consisting of two sea-captains, an assistant-secretary, and a proper establishment of clerks. A local marine board may be established at any out-port that employs in foreign trade thirty thousand registered tons of shipping, and at sixteen such ports these boards have been established. In each case they are composed of two members belonging to the municipality, four persons resident on the spot who are nominated by the Board of Trade, and six who are named by local owners, the possession of at least two hundred and fifty registered tons of foreign-going ship being requisite to qualify each owner for his vote. If any local board fails in its duty, the Board of Trade may either cause it to be superseded or assume its functions. The local boards, which are required to be in constant correspondence with the registrar of merchant seamen, must provide shipping offices and shipping masters for their several ports, and also medical inspectors.

The registrar of merchant seamen, whose office, subordinate

to the Board of Trade, is in Thames Street, records all voyages of ships, and keeps a register of seamen and apprentices, in which he enters the characters given them by their masters, and other information. The shipping offices in the various ports keep and transmit to head-quarters similar records. Masters before clearing out must leave lists of their crews at the custom-house of their ports, to be transmitted to the registrar. The whereabouts of every seaman and his business history is thus on record. Masters of vessels wanting crews have only to apply to the shipping masters at the shipping offices, to which sailors in want of ships also resort, at which alone contracts can be made, crews discharged, and accounts between master and man settled. Balances of wages due to deceased seamen are also ascertained and paid into the hands of the shipping masters for the benefit of their next of kin, these balances having been formerly nearly all lost by the families of the lost men. Even now there is a three years' accumulation of such balances that have remained unclaimed, to the extent of no less than ten thousand pounds.

The registrar of seamen also keeps account of all contracts of apprenticeship. The old navigation laws compelled every ship to take a certain number of apprentices, and the withdrawal of compulsion very much reduced the number of youths entered to the merchant service. With a view to the encouragement in boys of a seagoing taste, the Board of Trade proposes to establish nautical classes in all the national schools of seaport towns. Schools for adults, we may add, have been attached to the sailors' homes of the metropolis. The sailors' homes, established now in all large ports, provide good board and lodging to the seamen at a reasonable rate — about fourteen shillings a-week — and are meant to save him from the hands of thieves and from the haunts of vice. Like ships, they are, however, monasteries; and while they do much good, must to a certain extent fail of their intentions. Upon this, as upon many other points in the sketch we are here giving, comments will occur to many minds. It is our purpose, however, in giving outlines of the business of government departments, to state only what arrangements are existing. The local charges that arise out of machinery connected with the merchant service is a little more than paid for by a tax upon the seamen's earnings.

Among other duties of the Board of Trade in its marine department these may be specified. It obtains shipping returns from consuls at foreign ports, or other crown officers able to furnish them. It may demand of any shipmaster his logbook, and cause his papers to be inspected,

or his crew mustered, should such a proceeding appear necessary. It appoints inspectors to report on accidents at sea, and gives them extensive powers for the purpose of enquiry. It superintends the new system of examination to test the capacity of masters and mates of vessels, and furnish them with classed certificates according to their merit. Examiners are appointed by the local boards, and the Board of Trade issues certificates (which in case of misconduct it may suspend or cancel) in accordance with the examiners' reports.

Over steam-vessels carrying passengers the Board of Trade exercises much control. It appoints for their examination a shipwright and an engineer, and compels owners under heavy penalties to submit their steam vessels to such surveillance twice a year — namely, in April and October. Sea or river certificates, for which a fee is paid, are allowed only on the reports of the surveyors. Lists of the qualified steamers are hung up in the custom-house of each port, and if a vessel plies without a license, it is liable to heavy penalties.

Upon the third division of the business of the Board of Trade, its general and miscellaneous duties, something has already been said, and a few more notes will suffice. It has an office in Serjeant's Inn for the registration of joint stock companies. At this office, when such a company has been projected, very full particulars must be filed, and certain fees paid. The scheme being thus "provisionally registered," may then — but not until then — be publicly submitted to the world. No such company, however, can commence business until its registration has been made complete, and "complete registration" cannot be had by it until the draft of its deed of settlement has been approved by the Board of Trade, and sent in fully signed, with four copies for filing in the registration office. The company then has the legal privileges of a corporation. Companies of all kinds have to be provisionally registered, but when — as in the case of railway companies — they can be established only by an act of parliament, the act supersedes the necessity for a completion of the registry. The cost of this office is under three thousand a-year, and it takes six thousand in fees, so that it yields a profit to the exchequer in the shape of a tax on joint stock partnership.

The Board of Trade is further charged with the promotion of science and art in their relation with industrial pursuits. It therefore has central training-schools for teachers and local schools of design, which it maintains by inspection, by a cheap supply of good models, etc., by training teachers, encouraging students with exhibitions, and by limited pecuniary help. There are in the provinces no schools of science; but there are twenty-one schools

of design, to which annual grants are made, varying from one hundred and fifty to six hundred pounds a-piece. The grants are administered by local committees, subject to the direction of the Board of Trade. An attempt is also being made to induce the formation of self-supporting schools of design, by guaranteeing for the first year a master's salary. In connexion with the central school of design at Marlborough House, lectures are delivered upon fabrics, wood engraving, porcelain painting, casting, and such topics. There are two other training schools in London — one at Somerset House for males, the other in Gower Street for females.

For the encouragement of science there exists at present only a central school connected with the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street. It has laboratories and professors. It is the home also of the geological survey and mining records. The whole department of art and practical science costs forty-five thousand pounds a year. All the institutions in association with it furnish annual reports, and obtain every year some little direct attention from the legislature.

There is an office in Whitehall Place belonging to the Board of Trade for the registration of useful and ornamental designs. The registry is first provisional and then complete; when complete it confers a copyright for a limited period, varying from nine months for a shawl pattern to three years for a carpet or for articles in earthen-ware, wood, glass, or metal.

The corn-office, which is now a separate department, has lost all its glory since the abolition of the sliding-scale. It used to fix by averages struck from six weeks returns of price, the fluctuating rate of duty. Now it is merely a producer of statistics. The statistical department of the Board of Trade was devised for great purposes. It was to provide figures on all subjects; but since every department makes its own tables, more than half the work of this statistical department is executed and published and paid for in duplicate. These are the two departments which it is proposed to reduce to their just proportions, and throw into the miscellaneous business of the Board of Trade.

Throughout the preceding account, it will be observed the Board of Trade and Plantations is concerned with trade alone. Recently, some part of its function as an authority upon colonial matters was revived by Lord Grey. That nobleman, when colonial minister, being required to furnish constitutions for the Cape of Good Hope and the Australian colonies, remitted so grave a responsibility to the whole "Committee of the Privy Council appointed for the Consideration of all matters relating to Trade and Foreign Planta-

tions." The president and vice-president were then, for once, surrounded by the whole august body of privy councillors, otherwise attached only nominally to their board, and in such committee the outlines of these two colonial constitutions were defined.

ASPIRATION AND DUTY.

Oh, what is earth to those who long
For higher, holier, nobler things?
I 'd soar aloft on burning song
Amid the rush of spirit wings!

But hush, proud heart! While here below,
At Duty's call fulfil thy fate,
And humbly, onward, upward go —
So shalt thou enter heaven's gate!

RUINED BY RAILWAYS.

The man was a tall, thin figure, dressed in black, rather worn, but neatly brushed, with an ill-washed white neckcloth. Over all, he wore a shabby sort of camlet cloak. He was continually busy making calculations with a short stump of pencil on the back of a bundle of papers. From time to time he took snuff in a rapid nervous way, from a once handsome, much worn Scotch box.

He said — and as he spoke he shivered with cold; for he had no great coat or railway wrapper, and the second class carriage in which we were travelling had a hole in the floor — It is very hard that it should have happened to me. I have always been careful: I never wasted a penny in my life. No, no! they cannot say it was extravagance that ruined me. Why, sir, until this wretched business, I never had a debt in my life — paid on the nail, and made up my cash-book every night before I went to bed. It seems only the other day — although it 's fifteen years ago — that my poor father gave me a bright, new sovereign, because I had saved ten shillings in my money-box, while my brother Jack — he enlisted soon after, and was killed in the Battle of Moodkee — had only threepence, and owed a tick to the tart-woman.

No, gentlemen (he continued, after we had shown our tickets at the Bilbury junction — his was a free pass) I have always been prudent. Many a time have I had a shilling from my uncle Bullion for repeating poor Robin's maxims. "Take care of the pence, my boy," he used to say, "and the pounds will take care of themselves." — "A shilling saved is a shilling got." He promised to leave me his fortune; and he would — only, you see, being persuaded by his most respectable acquaintance, he put all his money into the Real del Monte at five hundred pounds premium, when they went down to fifty shillings, there was only thirty pounds balance after paying the brokers.

I was apprenticed, when I left

school, to old Alderman Drabble, who began life with half-a-crown, and was considered worth at least a plum. He did a great business with the West Indies, and there was not a man more respected in Mudborough, where he lived. For he did not spend above three hundred pound a-year, and always had ten thousand ready to invest at a short date on security of produce — sugar, coffee, or tobacco — at proper interest, commission, and expenses.

Well, I worked there early and late. When I was out of my time, he offered me a partnership — not much of a share, to be sure: not more than I could have got as cashier anywhere else; but then he hinted that I should have all the business when he died. He used to say those were fools that retired from business — that there was no amusement like making "money — money, more money, my boy!" So he took me as a young partner, that he might work less and make more. He got me cheap enough.

When I was an apprentice I used to be very fond of pretty Lucy Cradley, our surgeon's daughter. I often talked of marrying her as soon as I was in business for myself; for we had been children together, and she was the nicest little creature I ever saw. But of course I was not going to be such a fool as to marry a pig in a poke; so I got my mother to sound the doctor, and find out what he was going to give her. Would you believe it, I never could make out whether it was his extravagance — he always had hot suppers — or his meanness: he actually declared he could only afford to give his three girls five hundred pound a-piece. Well, you see, that would not do for me. So I began to listen to my father — who talked a great deal about saving money; although I found after all that he spent most of his fortune in foreign Lottery tickets. He used to say, when I spoke of Lucy, "Ben, my boy, take my word for it, beauty 's only skin deep. Depend upon it there 's nothing like a good balance in the bank for making married life happy. Stick up to the alderman's daughter."

Now Rebecca Drabble was not exactly my fancy. She was rather older than I was, and bony and yellow, and you always heard her nagging the maids. But when I told my father that, he said: "Ah, Ben, my boy, the chink of the money will drown her scolding; besides, if she does scold the maids, she won't scold you."

Well, I dropped poor Lucy; she afterwards married young Charles Rally. He was first mate of the Golden Grove: he 's captain and a great ship-owner now; they keep their own carriage, while I am obliged to travel third class — when I can't get a free-pass. I married Rebecca. The alderman was quite agreeable. He said, "Benjamin, I shan't

give my daughter any fortune. When I married my Rebecca I had but thirty shillings a week, and she 'd saved a hundred pound. Now, you 'll have all Rebecca's savings; I allow her twenty pounds a year for clothes and pocket money, and when I die you 'll have something handsome."

I didn't much like this. It wasn't what my father planned for me; but, if I gave it up, I knew I could not live in Mudborough. Old Drabble would have made it too hot for me. So I married her.

I began to repent the day after, and have repented ever since. My father's was a careful house: bread and milk for breakfast, or porridge; roast or boiled and pudding for dinner; and glass of grog on Sundays. But there it was more talk than anything else. Rebecca used to make me live on herrings and sprats, and never bought any meat but sticking-pieces. She used to dine by herself, before I came home, on some little nicety.

After we were married the Alderman got into the habit of going to London a good deal to see about investments, leaving us to take care of his house. He left nothing in it but the furniture; so we did not save much by that. One day news came from his London broker that he had fallen down dead at the Railway Hotel. I can't say I was much fretted by the news. No more was Rebecca, for he was a tiresome stingy old man. I went down to 'Change that day pretty proud. How they did flock round and shake me by the hand, and condole and congratulate me, and pay me compliments. There were a dozen of the first merchants asking my advice.

I went up to town in a new suit of black, out of turn, for it was my rule to make a suit last twelve months. When I found the — would you believe it? — the old villain was married a second time, had a wife and a young family living in a house close to the London station. He had left all his money — it was not so much by half as people thought — to the young brats. Their mother was a turnpike gatekeeper's daughter, young enough to be his granddaughter. So we got nothing except five thousand pounds settled strictly on Rebecca. To add insult to the injury, he said, in his will "as my son-in-law is so frugal and industrious he will not want money so much as my helpless babes."

I had no peace after this happened at home, for Rebecca would have it that it was all my fault.

However, in spite of everything — although my friends looked very cold on me when I came back, and Alderman Tibbs, and the great Mr. Glight, of the firm Glight, Ribs, and Bibbs, treated me as if I had swindled them by accepting an invitation to dinner sent on the strength of the report that Mr. Drabble had

left us an immense fortune, — I did manage to make money. I had saved a nice little capital, and made some very pretty hits in underwriting; for I thoroughly understood ships. People used to say, "as safe as Ben Balance;" "Balance knows which side his bread is buttered;" or "you can't come Yorkshire over Mr. Balance." "He can see through you, can Balance."

I do believe I should have made a plum, perhaps have been mayor, and even knighted; though, to be sure, having always a delicate digestion, and never able to drink more than one pint of port wine, I could scarcely have been qualified to stand in the shoes of our true blue five-bottle man, Sir Peter Curley, who was knighted in especial compliment to the Oporto interest. Often and often I used to sit and think what a fool my uncle was, for not realising when he could have made thirty thousand pounds by the Real del Monte shares that I had to sell for thirty pounds, and that nothing would incline me to take a share in anything. When the railway fever broke out, I was worth at least ten thousand pound.

At first I took no notice of all that was in the newspapers. I joined the steady set in the reading-room in laughing at the young fellows who were so deep and hot speculating, and flying by express trains up and down to and from London. But presently one friend, and then another, dropped into the stream, and then came to tell me how much they had made. There was young Sploshton, not in business above six months, who realised a little fortune in six weeks — married the girl he had been engaged to for three years, and actually bought a small estate and retired from business. He lives on it now. There was young Tandemtit; he had been so wild his friends had sent him to America. He returned in his shirt-sleeves, and was obliged to borrow a crown piece of the station-master at Bootlem to bring him to his father's house. He set up as a share-broker — the second ever known in the town; the other, old Foggerton, only dealt in government stock. The first year Tandemtit opened a good amount with Glight, Ribs and Bibbs, — drove his mail phaeton, and gave open champagne lunches to his customers. There was Alderman Cobalt, who went up to town to his son's wedding, met an engineer in the train, and, from his information, made five thousand pounds in one transaction. It was no use shutting your ears; these stories were dinned into your ears every day — even the women talked of them. I made my two pounds, or five, and sometimes ten pounds a day, by my business. But when in every shop and every counting-house, and on 'Change, at all hours we heard of thousands and tens of thousands made in a stroke of a

pen, and saw men and boys of yesterday springing into importance in close consultation with our steady old bankers, it was impossible not to feel discontented. I repeated to myself all the cautious proverbs — "Slow and sure;" "More haste worse speed;" "What's earned over the devil's back is spent," &c.; and then met some one whom I had considered a stupid fellow, who would stop me to show a letter of allotment he was going to sell for ever so many hundred pounds.

I could not help imparting my discontent one day to Joseph Sleekleigh, the cashier of the chief bank at Mudborough. Sleekleigh was deacon of our chapel, universally considered a safe, steady man of business, and the future manager of the Joint Stock Bank whenever old Dummy, who had held it from the commencement, died. To this Sleekleigh answered, "Well, if we were to do anything, it ought to be on a large scale. These allotments are but paltry affairs for men like you and me."

A few Sundays after this conversation, Sleekleigh called upon me, and said, as soon as we were alone in the garden, "B, are you ready to go into a really good thing on a large scale? Are you prepared, in fact, to back your luck, and make a fortune? Because, if you are, I have a chance for you."

I told him how disappointed I had been by my father-in-law's infamous deception. So he went on to say, "You know my nephew, young Tom Slum, who returned from Australia the other day."

"Yes, of course; always smoking cigars, drives hired tandems, goes to races with prize-fighters. I have seen him, and could never understand how a respectable man like you could have such a young ruffian for his nephew."

"Well, well," said Sleekleigh, "he is rather wild, but not such a fool as he seems. He now and then collects information worth having, for the bank; and, although of course I can't receive him at my own house, I do meet him occasionally. Tom has a secret that may be worth a hundred thousand. Think of that. So make up your mind. Will you go in with me into the speculation?"

After further consultation, I consented to draw a check in four figures; he then confided to me that Slum had been making love to the good-looking housekeeper of Alderman Rugg, a widower, and chairman of the Pinnacle Junction Railway, and that he, or rather she for him, had discovered that a secret plan was nearly completed, for buying the Granite Valley Continuation in ten per cent stock; indeed, Mrs. Jenny had somehow or other got possession of the torn pieces of the original draft memorandum, prepared at a private dinner between the alderman and Lawyer Cockle.

To cut a long story short, I

was tempted to go into the affair. I went to the London broker who had always bought Consols for me, quietly collected shares, and made large time bargains in the Granite Valley Continuation, then at fifty per cent discount. In three weeks we divided nearly a hundred thousand pounds! Yes, you may stare, a hundred thousand pounds. The news of the amalgamation came out in less than a week after I had operated. Up went the shares; two hundred per cent premium; the directors who, in consequence of our getting into the secret, had not made quite as much as they expected, took the public while it was in the humour, and issued a lot of new extension shares. Of course we got our quota, and there was another famous pull. My total third came to thirty-two thousand pounds, nineteen shillings, and fourpence.

You can't expect that I was going to attend to my beggarly business after that. Besides, this *coup* having been effected by me alone, ostensibly, gave me an immense reputation among the most knowing hands as a sharp man of business,—they never guessed how I got my information, and I was overwhelmed with offers of shares in good things, with seats in provisional committees, besides being consulted about plans for all sorts of undertakings. I never knew before how quick, how intelligent I was. I had been noted on our little change for the decided way in which I underwrote a doubtful ship; in my new line this served me wonderfully. I dined with a great East Indian, and got a letter of introduction which gave me two hundred shares in the celebrated Punjaub and Cape Comorin Railway, — deposit five shillings. I sold them the day following, for twelve pounds premium. I was a director of the Great Metropolis and Mudborough Direct; of the Great Metropolis and Coalboro' Direct, and half-a-dozen other great projects. We brought them all out at ten pounds premium and every director had a thousand shares. We were quite above anything at less than ten pounds premium, and the Coalboro' we brought out at twenty-five pounds. When I think that all the Directs but one have been wound up with a heavy loss; that the Punjaubs have been sold at two shillings and sixpence discount, and that the lines at work which were at two hundred and fifty pounds are now at ninety pounds each — it drives me almost mad.

I got into a completely new line of life and set of society, instead of the aldermen whom I used to think it a great honour to dine with. I was intimate with lords and M.P's. Our Direction Boards were regular happy families. No prejudices, politics, or religion, or rank, or birth prevailed there. We had Lord Jennet, who came in with William the Conqueror, and Trimmer the banker, whose father kept a gin-shop; and Mug-

gins, who had been on the turf, but found the Stock Exchange more profitable; the Honourable Peter Plaudit, M.P., the celebrated radical philanthropist, and the Honourable Augustus de Brubber Fleecy, son of the Duke of Woolley, the celebrated protectionist.

We used to meet about twelve o'clock, and have a little champagne lunch; perhaps a basin of turtle, and then settle the allotments and the premiums. We had our expenses paid, including boxes at the Opera, and broughams for those who liked them. I didn't. I used to go to my lodgings in Blowhard Square — a guinea a week, including bed and breakfast — and calculate my profits. I 've got the book now. Of course it was nothing to anybody if I chose to save my allowance of five guineas a day.

We thought nothing of a hundred thousand pounds more or less in those days. I remember well, just before we started the Joint Stock Bank Company of Mexico, Mesopotamia, and New Zealand, that Peter M'Crawley (the celebrated ship-owner and patriot — it was before he got into Parliament), made such an excellent thing by — we tossed up whether the capital should be one million or five hundred thousand pounds, and the million won. We brought that out at two pounds deposit, and five pounds premium. It went down the following year to one pound discount, when M'Crawley bought up all the shares he could, broke up the undertaking, and got one pound fifteen shillings for every one of them. I lost thousands by mine.

But to return to my partners in the first transaction. Young Slum went to London immediately: he travelled up in the same train with the Honourable Constantine Cudlip, who had just been obliged to leave Fizzington Wells after an unsuccessful attack on an heiress. Cudlip borrowed a thousand pounds of Slum, introduced him into some of the best society at Hyde Park Corner, and made him a member of the Raffle and Riot Club. So Slum drove a four-in-hand drag — divided his time between Capel Court and the "Corner," and took up his abode at the Gin Sling Hotel, in Cariboo Square, doing the same business that I did, but in quite a different style; — where I spent a shilling he spent a hundred pounds. It was astonishing how Teddy Slum — he called himself Fitz Teddington Slum — was altered, what with his clothes and his ways; the station-master would never have known him; I never altered.

As for Sleekleigh he left the Bank — set up as a sharebroker and had all the best people in the county for his customers. Besides the bankers and merchants, there were old ladies and parsons in crowds, who sold out of consols, called in mortgages and brought their money to lay out as he pleased, and he made it a favour to take it.

I can't make you believe what

I was worth at one time. I know I staid at home one Sunday, and calculated by the premiums on the share-lists sent down on Saturday night that I was worth half a million, good. I determined to retire at a million. Here the narrator seized a wedge of pork-pie which the young woman who sat opposite to us kindly offered to him, and went on masticating and talking at the same time.

Ah, I was happy then, although I lived in a fever. I did not waste my money as Slum did. My bankers never kept me waiting; I was shown into their parlour the moment I appeared. In my old black pocket-book I used to keep a bundle of notes, buttoned in a pocket close over my heart, and a score of sovereigns in my breeches pocket. I was never dull while I could jingle them. To be sure I was not quite happy at home. Rebecca was never the best of tempers — used to worry and nag me out of my life to give her a carriage, and this and that and the other, and to move to a better house, although I had never seen the colour of her money. She took good care to save up all that I allowed her — as much as three pounds a week to keep house — quite enough too. I was not going to waste my money on coaches and houses after I had been so infamously cheated about Rebecca's fortune.

Well, after a time things began to grow rather flatter, but I had still a large balance at my banker's. I had sold all the small stuff, and put it out on good interest; so I reserved my strength for my direct lines. There was a fortune. I thought at the lowest calculation they would pay ten per cent, and that on my shares would be forty thousand a year. We had the calculations of the celebrated Mr. Paul Stretcher, who made a fortune by his Railway traffic calculations alone in less than two years.

A good many small people were smashed in the first panic, my losses were heavy, but still I had my solid savings to fall back on, and my direct shares. While Slum — who had declined to take Lord Cornboy's mansion and park, because there was stabling for only twenty horses — was obliged to borrow money at high interest.

The time came for going to Parliament, many of our other shareholders, some of our directors, especially the Right Honourable ones, hung back. In fact they had no ready money, and they had spent their premiums as fast as they got them. I had to choose between a great loss and going on. I went on, with four or five others; we put down our hard cash, and took the shares of the defaulters, with the forfeit of what they had paid. I could have retired then with something handsome.

That was the most dreadful time of all. Every day the engineers, or the lawyers were at us for money. It was like putting a

pistol to one's throat. It was pay, or lose all.

While the railway committees were going on in Commons and Lords — sometimes winning, sometimes losing — my visits to the City were constant, and at times I made a pretty good thing of speculating on my information. But at length the "Long Session" grew to an end. Out of the slaughtered innocents four of the Direct Lines were saved. Conceive my horror when they all fell to par the moment the Royal Assent was obtained, and we were in a position to put a pickaxe in the ground.

But I was determined to hold; I was sure that better times would come when the rascally papers would cease to write against us, and we should spring up to our old premiums. Nay, I bought more shares to cover my losses.

But down, down, down they went with partial gleams of hope like the fluttering leaves of an old almanack.

This was not the worst; my table was daily covered with notices and threatening letters from the solicitors of companies in which I had taken allotments, or accepted provisional direction.

The creditors of the dissolved companies where I was director and committee-man began to sue me. I was in a hundred actions of law at once. I was torn to pieces with consultations with my lawyers and my brokers. My ready money was consumed in paying calls, paying law costs, and continuations on unsuccessful speculations on the Stock Exchange. I ceased to keep exact accounts, I could not bear to see my darling scrip reduced to the value of waste paper, but hoping for better times I pledged my good shares at my broker's. Good shares—there was nothing good!

Yes, I who could have had my bills, when I began, done at two per cent. per annum was obliged to pay equal to twelve pounds, then fifteen, then twenty-five per cent. for discount, and the respectable bankers who sneered at Slum's friends, the Jews, took it.

I think I might then have retired with ten thousand pounds.

My old friend, Lucy's father, met me by accident, and recommended me strongly to clear off all, and return to Mudborough. I was half-inclined when I came across Sir John Bullion, he held me by the button-hole, opposite Capel Court, condoled with me for a quarter of an hour, and then in the kindest manner, gave me some important secret information, advising me to buy all the shares I could. I followed his advice, others believing that I was his agent, followed me, for he then had a reputation for finance. I operated largely, the shares rose rapidly that day, the next day they fell with a dead flop. We had been done. Sir John had put on me all his share of bad stock, as dead as ditch-water. All my money went, and

more, an acceptance to my brokers was my only resource. I still had the shadow of credit with many, although my bank account was finally closed. I struggled on for a year, made one or two good small hits, and then a final smash and default. I was posted in the Stock Exchange, arrested on the bill, and in the Queen's Bench found my forgotten friend Slum, in a flowered damask silk dressing-gown and a high state of delirium tremens. He lived long enough to be put on the poor side, and died with a bundle of letters in his hand from his noble friends, to whom he had written for twenty pounds to enable him to pass the Insolvent Court.

In my despair I wrote to Sleekleigh, and got in answer a letter from a solicitor, informing me that the firm of Sleekleigh and Co., Stock and Share Brokers was bankrupt, that the accounts could not be balanced within a million, and that Sleekleigh himself had emigrated to California — he afterwards became a judge and bar-keeper in Grizzly Bear Valley.

When at length I was discharged by the Court, with a compliment on the smallness of my personal expenditure, and a remand for actions vexatiously defended, I found that my wife had departed to live somewhere on the Continent, on the interest of her five thousand pounds; leaving me a letter declining all further acquaintance with me on the ground of my improvident habits

I have since tried to do a little business in my native town; but I could not get on very well, it is so slow to work for shillings when you have been in the habit of making hundreds a day.

However, I shall be all right again soon. I've got here a capital thing — a Copper and Gold Mine in Wales. I have a half share in it, and am now travelling down to get my old friends to take shares. We only want five thousand pounds to begin with; we have tested the rock, and it gives three ounces of gold to the ton in Nobbler's Gold Crushing Machine. Ten thousand tons a year, at three pounds ten shillings an ounce, beside the copper, which will pay the working expenses. There's a profit for only five thousand pounds!

He paused here, took snuff vehemently, and looked round to see if any one would take a forty shilling share, — one shilling deposit. When a bluff commercial traveller-looking man in a dark corner of the end compartment burst in with, "Is that the Penny Gwyg Mine you're talking of?"

"Oh, yes, yes, — do you know anything about it?"

"Know it well: it's been worked by seven sets of people in ten years, and all lost money by it. There's about as much gold as copper, and that wouldn't make up a five shilling packet. The last time it was sold by old Owen Gwynne, who got a cask of beer for it, from a man travelling for a new brewery. Ah! ah! hah!"

and he laughed a horse-bar sort of laugh.

The thin man blushed, gathered up his papers from the seat, and when the train stopped at the Deadbury station, went out hastily. Two days after, the newspapers contained an account of a man with B. B. marked on his linen, found cut to pieces on a level crossing on the Great Round About Railway.

The verdict was, "Accidental death; the railway authorities not to blame."

GONE TO THE DOGS.

We all know what treasures Posterity will inherit, in the fulness of time. We all know what handsome legacies are bequeathed to it every day, what long luggage-trains of Sonnets it will be the better for, what patriots and statesmen it will discover to have existed in this age whom we have no idea of, how very wide awake it will be, and how stone blind the Time is. We know what multitudes of disinterested persons are always going down to it, laden, like processions of genii, with inexhaustible and incalculable wealth. We have frequent experience of the generosity with which the profoundest wits, the subtlest politicians, unerring inventors, and lavish benefactors of mankind, take beneficent aim at it with a longer range than Captain Warner's, and blow it up to the very heaven of heavens, one hundred years after date. We all defer to it as the great capitalist in expectation, the world's residuary legatee in respect of all the fortunes that are not just now convertible, the heir of a long and fruitful minority, the fortunate creature on whom all the true riches of the earth are firmly entailed. When Posterity does come into its own at last, what a coming of age there will be!

It seems to me that Posterity, as the subject of so many handsome settlements, has only one competitor. I find the Dogs to be every day enriched with a vast amount of valuable property.

What has become — to begin like Charity at home — what has become, I demand, of the inheritance I myself entered on, at nineteen years of age! A shining castle (in the air) with young Love looking out of window, perfect contentment and repose of spirit standing with ethereal aspect in the porch, visions surrounding it by night and day with an atmosphere of pure gold. This was my only inheritance, and I never squandered it. I hoarded it like a miser. Say, bright-eyed Araminta (with the obdurate parents), thou who wast sole lady of the castle, did I not? Down the flowing river by the walls, called Time, how blest we sailed together, treasuring our happiness unto death, and never knowing change, or weariness, or separation! Where is that castle now, with all its

magic furniture? Gone to the Dogs. Canine possession was taken of the whole of that estate, my youthful Araminta, about a quarter of a century ago.

Come back, friend of my youth. Come back from the glooms and shadows that have gathered round thee, and let us sit down once more, side by side, upon the rough, notched form at school! Idle is Bob Tample, given to shirking his work and getting me to do it for him, inkier than a well-regulated mind in connexion with a well-regulated body is usually observed to be, always compounding with his creditors on pocket-money days, frequently selling-off pen-knives by auction, and disposing of his sister's birth-day presents at an enormous sacrifice. Yet, a rosy, cheerful, thoughtless fellow is Bob Tample, borrowing with an easy mind, sixpences of Dick Sage the prudent, to pay eighteenpences after the holidays, and freely standing treat to all comers. Musical is Bob Tample. Able to sing and whistle anything. Learns the piano (in the parlor), and once plays a duet with the musical professor, Mr. Goavus of the Royal Italian Opera (occasional-deputy-assistant-copyist in that establishment, I have since seen reason to believe), whom Bob's friends and supporters, I foremost in the throng, consider tripped up in the first half-dozen bars. Not without bright expectations is Bob Tample, being an orphan with a guardian near the Bank, and destined for the army. I boast of Bob at home that his name is "down at the Horse Guards," and that his father left it in his will that "a pair of colours" (I like the expression without particularly knowing what it means), should be purchased for him. I go with Bob on one occasion to look at the building where his name is down. We wonder in which of the rooms it is down, and whether the two horse soldiers on duty know it. I also accompany Bob to see his sister at Miss Maggiggs's boarding establishment at Hammersmith, and it is unnecessary to add that I think his sister beautiful and love her. She will be independent, Bob says. I relate at home that Mr. Tample left it in his will that his daughter was to be independent. I put Mr. Tample, entirely of my own accord and invention, into the army; and I perplex my family circle by relating feats of valour achieved by that lamented officer at the Battle of Waterloo, where I leave him dead, with the British flag (which he wouldn't give up to the last) wound tightly round his left arm. So we go on, until Bob leaves for Sandhurst. I leave in course of time — everybody leaves. Years have gone by, when I twice or thrice meet a gentleman with a moustache, driving a lady in a very gay bonnet, whose face recalls the boarding establishment of Miss Maggiggs at Hammersmith, though it does not look so happy as it did under Miss Maggiggs,

iron-handed despot as I believed that accomplished woman to be. This leads me to the discovery that the gentleman with the moustache is Bob; and one day Bob pulls up, and talks, and asks me to dinner; but, on subsequently ascertaining that I don't play billiards, hardly seems to care as much about me as I had expected. I ask Bob at this period, if he is in the service still? Bob answers no my boy, he got bored and sold out; which induces me to think (for I am growing worldly), either that Bob must be very independent indeed, or must be going to the Dogs. More years elapse, and having quite lost sight and sound of Bob meanwhile, I say on an average twice a week during three entire twelvemonths, that I really will call at the guardian's near the Bank, and ask about Bob. At length I do so. Clerks, on being apprised of my errand, became disrespectful. Guardian, with bald head highly flushed, bursts out of inner office, remarks that he hasn't the honour of my acquaintance, and bursts in again, without exhibiting the least desire to improve the opportunity of knowing me. I now begin sincerely to believe that Bob is going to the Dogs. More years go by, and as they pass Bob *sometimes* goes by me too, but never twice in the same aspect — always tending lower and lower. No redeeming trace of better things would hang about him now, were he not always accompanied by the sister. Gay bonnet gone; exchanged for something limp and veiled, that might be a mere porter's knot of the feminine gender, to carry a load of misery on — shabby, even slipshod. I, by some vague means or other, come to the knowledge of the fact that she entrusted that independence to Bob, and that Bob — in short, that it has all gone to the Dogs. One summer day, I descry Bob idling in the sun, outside a public-house near Drury Lane; she, in a shawl that clings to her, as only the robes of poverty do cling to their wearers when all things else have fallen away, waiting for him at the street corner; he, with a stale, accustomed air, picking his teeth and pondering; two boys watchful of him, not unadmiringly. Curious to know more of this, I go round that way another day, look at a concert-bill in the public-house window, and have not a doubt that Bob is Mr. Berkeley, the celebrated bacchanalian vocalist, who presides at the piano. From time to time, rumours float by me afterwards, I can't say how, or where they come from — from the expectant and insatiate Dogs for anything I know — touching hushed-up pawnings of sheets from poor furnished lodgings, begging letters to old Miss Maggiggs at Hammersmith, and the clearing away of all Miss Maggiggs's umbrellas and clogs, by the gentleman who called for an answer on a certain foggy evening after dark. Thus downward, until the

faithful sister begins to beg of *me*, whereupon I moralise as to the use of giving her any money (for I have grown quite worldly now), and look furtively out of my window as she goes away by night with that half-sovereign of mine, and think, contemptuous of myself, can I ever have admired the crouching figure plashing through the rain, in a long round crop of curls at Miss Maggiggs's! Oftentimes she comes back with bedridden lines from the brother, who is always nearly dead and never quite, until he does tardily make an end of it, and at last this Actæon reversed has run the Dogs wholly down and betaken himself to them finally. More years have passed, when I dine at Withers's at Brighton on a day, to drink 'Forty-one claret; and there, Spithers, the new Attorney-General, says to me across the table, "Weren't you a Mithers's boy?" To which I say, "To be sure I was!" To which he retorts, "And don't you remember me?" To which I retort, "To be sure I do" — which I never did until that instant — and then he says how the fellows have all dispersed, and he has never seen one of them since, and have I? To which I, finding that my learned friend has a pleasant remembrance of Bob from having given him a black eye on his fifteenth birthday in assertion of his right to "smug" a pen-wiper forwarded to said Bob by his sister on said occasion, make response by generalising the story I have now completed, and adding that I have heard that, after Bob's death, Miss Maggiggs, though deuced poor through the decay of her school, took the sister home to live with her. My learned friend says, upon his word it does Miss Whatshername credit, and all old Mitherses ought to subscribe a trifle for her. Not seeing the necessity of that, I praise the wine, and we send it round, the way of the world (which world I am told is getting nearer to the Sun every year of its existence), and we bury Bob's memory with the epitaph that he went to the Dogs.

Sometimes, whole streets, inanimate streets of brick and mortar houses, go to the Dogs. Why, it is impossible to say, otherwise than that the Dogs bewitch them, fascinate them, magnetise them, summon them and they must go. I know of such a street at the present writing. It was a stately street in its own grim way, and the houses held together like the last surviving members of an aristocratic family, and, as a general rule, were — still not unlike them — very tall and very dull. How long the Dogs may have had their eyes of temptation upon this street is unknown to me, but they called to it, and it went. The biggest house — it was a corner one — went first. An ancient gentleman died in it; and the undertaker put up a gaudy hatchment that looked like a very bad trans-

parency, not intended to be seen by day, and only meant to be illuminated at night; and the attorney put up a bill about the lease, and put in an old woman (apparently with nothing to live upon but a cough), who crept away into a corner like a scared old dormouse, and rolled herself up in a blanket. The mysterious influence of the Dogs was on the house, and it immediately began to tumble down. Why the infection should pass over fourteen houses to seize upon the fifteenth, I don't know; but, fifteen doors off next began to be fatally dim in the windows; and after a short decay, its eyes were closed by brokers, and its end was desolation. The best house opposite, unable to bear these sights of woe, got out a black board with all despatch, respecting unexpired remainder of term, and cards to view; and the family fled, and a bricklayer's wife and children came in to "mind" the place, and dried their little weekly wash on lines hung across the dining-room. Black boards, like the doors of so many hearses taken off the hinges, now became abundant. Only one speculator, without suspicion of the Dogs upon his soul, responded. He repaired and stuccoed number twenty-four, got up an ornamented parapet and balconies, took away the knockers, and put in plate glass, found too late that all the steam power on earth could never have kept the street from the Dogs when it was once influenced to go, and drowned himself in a water butt. Within a year, the house he had renewed became the worst of all; the stucco decomposing like a Stilton cheese, and the ornamented parapet coming down in fragments like the sugar of a broken twelfth cake. Expiring efforts were then made by a few of the black boards to hint at the eligibility of these commodious mansions for public institutions, and suites of chambers. It was useless. The thing was done. The whole street may now be bought for a mere song. But, nobody will hear of it, for who dares dispute possession of it with the Dogs!

Sometimes, it would seem as if the least yelp of these dreadful animals, did the business at once. Which of us does not remember that eminent person — with indefinite resources in the City, tantamount to a gold mine — who had the delightful house near town, the famous gardens and gardener, the beautiful plantations, the smooth green lawns, the pineries, the stabling for five-and-twenty horses, and the standing for half-a-dozen carriages, the billiard-room, the music-room, the picture gallery, the accomplished daughters and aspiring sons, all the pride pomp and circumstance of riches? Which of us does not recal how we knew him through the good offices of our esteemed friend Swallowfly, who was ambassador on the occasion? Which of us cannot still

hear the gloating roundness of tone with which Swallowfly informed us that our new friend was worth five hundred thousand pounds, sir, if he was worth a penny? How we dined there with all the Arts and Graces ministering to us, and how we came away reflecting that wealth after all was a desirable delight, I need not say. Neither need I tell, how we every one of us met Swallowfly within six little months of that same day, when Swallowfly observed, with such surprise, "You haven't heard? Lord bless me! Ruined — Channel Islands — gone to the Dogs!"

Sometimes again, it would seem as though in exceptional cases here and there, the Dogs relented, or lost their power over the imperilled man in an inscrutable way. There was my own cousin — he is dead now, therefore I have no objection to mention his name — Tom Flowers. He was a bachelor (fortunately), and, among other ways he had of increasing his income and improving his prospects, betted pretty high. He did all sorts of things that he ought not to have done, and he did everything at a great pace, so it was clearly seen by all who knew him that nothing would keep him from the Dogs; that he was running them down hard, and was bent on getting into the very midst of the pack with all possible speed. Well! He was as near them, I suppose, as ever man was, when he suddenly stopped short, looked them full in their jowls, and never stirred another inch onward, to the day of his death. He walked about for seventeen years, a very neat little figure, with a capital umbrella, an excellent neckcloth, and a pure white shirt, and he had not got a hair's-breadth nearer to the horrible animals at the end of that time than he had when he stopped. How he lived, our family could never make out — whether the Dogs can have allowed him anything will always be a mystery to me — but, he disappointed all of us in the matter of the canine epitaph with which we had expected to dismiss him, and merely enabled us to remark that poor Tom Flowers was gone at sixty-seven.

It is overwhelming to think of the Treasury of the Dogs. There are no such fortunes embarked in all the enterprises of life, as have gone their way. They have a capital Drama, for their amusement and instruction. They have got hold of all the People's holidays for the refreshment of weary frames, and the renewal of weary spirits. They have left the People little else in that way but a Fast now and then for the ignorances and imbecilities of their rulers. Perhaps those days will go next. To say the plain truth very seriously, I shouldn't be surprised.

Consider the last possessions that have gone to the Dogs. Consider, friends and countrymen, how the Dogs have been enriched, by your despoilment at the hands of your own blessed

governors — to whom be honour and renown, stars and garters, for ever and ever! — on the shores of a certain obscure spot called Balaklava, where Britannia rules the waves in such an admirable manner, that she slays her children (who never never never will be slaves, but very very very often will be dupes), by the thousand, with every movement of her glorious trident! When shall there be added to the possessions of the Dogs, those columns of talk, which, let the columns of British soldiers vanish as they may, still defile before us wearily, wearily, leading to nothing, doing nothing, for the most part even saying nothing, only enshrouding us in a mist of idle breath that obscures the events which are forming themselves — not into playful shapes, believe me — beyond. If the Dogs, lately so gorged, still so voracious and strong, could and would deliver a most gracious bark, I have a strong impression that their warning would run thus:

"My Lords and Gentlemen. We are open-mouthed and eager. Either you must send suitable provender to us without delay, or you must come to us yourselves. There is no avoidance of the alternative. Talk never softened the three-headed dog that kept the passage to the Shades; less will it appease us. No jocular old gentleman throwing sommersaults on stilts because his great-grandmother is not worshipped in Nineveh, is a sop to us for a moment; no hearing, cheering, sealing-waxing, tapeing, fire-eating, vote-eating, or other popular Club-performance, at all imports us. We are the Dogs. We are known to you just now, as the Dogs of War. We crouched at your feet for employment, as William Shakespeare, plebeian, saw us crouching at the feet of the Fifth Harry — and you gave it us; crying Havoc! in good English, and letting us slip (quite by accident), on good Englishmen. With our appetites so whetted, we are hungry. We are sharp of scent and quick of sight, and we see and smell a great deal coming to us rather rapidly. Will you give us such old rubbish as must be ours in any case? My Lords and Gentlemen, make haste! Something must go to the Dogs in earnest. Shall it be you, or something else?"

THE SISTER OF THE SPIRITS.

The merchant Zara was uneasy that day in his shop in the Khan El-Khaleelee. He got up from his mat more than a hundred times to arrange goods that were not out of order, and answered customers who came to buy or bargain in so strange a manner that several went away, thinking he was mad. One person was sure of the fact, for he bought a piece of yellow silk cheaper than if it had been common cloth, and walked away so rapidly, fearing

the mistake would be discovered, that he nearly overturned an old Turk, unsteady from fat, and did not stop to laugh till he was round the corner. As Zara was one of the richest Christian merchants of Cairo, he would not have spent much time in regret even if he had discovered the mistake. But he had no leisure to think of matters of profit and loss. His mind was away in another place, hovering over a dwelling in a retired street not far off, where one whom he loved, and by whom he was loved, suffered and smiled, hoped and feared — pale as a lily, yet joyful as a rose tree when the first bud reddens on its greenest spray.

Two hours after noon, a black girl, without her mantle, which she had forgotten to throw over her shoulders — indeed, they had pushed and hustled her out of the house as if she had been a thief — came and advanced, her great round ebony face, that beamed with one vast smile, into the shop, and said, swearing, —

"Wallah! thou didst not deserve it."

"Speak reverently," quoth the merchant, reddening to the roots of his beard, "for I am going to pray; shall it be for the health of a son or a daughter?"

"Pray first," said the girl, maliciously.

"Wallah!" exclaimed the merchant, swearing also, "I will neither pray nor listen."

With these words, he dropped a net over the front of his shop, and, getting up, went down the bazaar, turned into a narrow street, and ran so fast that the black girl could scarcely keep pace with him. When he came to the door of his house, however, he stopped to gather breath and gravity, and then entered, saying, "Blessings on all those who may be under this roof!" He went softly up stairs, trying in vain to seem at home, but really looking, as we all do on such occasions, says the narrator, as if he had no right to be there.

Zara had married, rather late in life, a young girl, whom her parents gave him for his wealth, and who loved him for his goodness. Her name was Martha: and fortune, in distributing her gifts, had made her wise instead of beautiful, for which her cousins — all lovely maidens, coquettish and proud — pitied her exceedingly. But Zara had seen the world, and prudence told him not to put his wrinkled visage and grey beard by the side of blooming cheeks and passionate eyes and ruby lips and all the qualities of form given to some few of the daughters of earth, that poets and youths may follow them and grow mad. He wanted a gentle house companion for himself, not a beacon to attract others, and Martha satisfied his ambition for many years.

But at length — so is man framed — the house, which had at first seemed full to the very innermost corners of light, be-

came in his eyes dimmer and duller. Martha was not less sweet and diligent; but Zara yearned for something, he knew not at first what. In truth, he had reached the time when he felt the stream of life flow more gently through his veins, and he wished to see a new spring burst forth before the other was dried up. In all countries, exceptions set aside, men grieve at the threatened extinction of their line; but in the East, children are longed for, as if there were no other immortality but continued life in a succession of generations.

At length Zara's desires were accomplished, and, as he was a good man, respectful of all things, even of what people of another faith respected, there was a peculiar blessing on the birth of his child. Spirits were overheard (by whom the legend sayeth not) to meet over the cradle in which Zara's daughter — for it was a daughter — was placed in the first hour of its life, and to greet one another with strange expressions.

"Ginnee of the Christians," said one voice, "we unite with you to bestow all qualities and good fortune on this young thing, whom we name our sister. Let us divide the work."

"Ginnee of the Muslims, it is agreed," replied another voice; "begin your gifts."

Then several Muslim spirits began, one after the other, to say, "Let her form be graceful as a wand, let her countenance resemble the countenance of one of the daughters of Paradise, let her eyes be sweeter than the morning, let pearls avoid comparison with her teeth, let her lips be such as to draw angels down from near the throne of the All-powerful, to find new delight in a kiss — blessings on our sister!"

And so they proceeded until they had exhausted the blessings which woman, child of the earth, most prizes.

But afterwards the Ginnee of the Christians began to speak in their turn, and said, "Let her be wise, let her be modest, let her be pure, let her heart never suffer from sorrows that come from the outward world — blessings on our sister!"

Then the spirits all bent forward until their heads touched, and remained like a canopy hanging over the cradle of the child.

The merchant Zara had sat down by its side, unaware of these invisible spectators, and was saying, with the pride of a worldly man, —

"I have six ships upon the sea, and six caravans coming to me across the desert, and my shop is full, and my warehouses overflow, and my coffers are replenished, and there shall be no maiden in Cairo whose happiness shall be as great as thine; princes will ask her hand in marriage on account of her dowry, but I will not grant her

save to one who shall be perfect in virtue and in science."

When the spirits heard these words, they remembered that they had forgotten the gift of good fortune, but as the merchant boasted of his wealth, and even, to some extent, spoke of what he intended should be, rather than what was — for he had only a share in each ship and in each caravan — they smiled satirically at each other and flew away on various errands of good and evil.

Martha was as proud of the pride of Zara as of the child itself. That was the beginning of a happy time. Those who noticed how unruffled was the life of this family, how the days seemed not long enough to savour the delights which Mina had brought with her into the world shook their heads, and said, "There is woe in store for those who forestal the rewards of heaven." Men are, indeed, ever disposed to believe that excessive joy is a sin which brings the punishment of misfortune, and interpret the varying chances of unstable life as providential compensations. If it be so, we have no right to complain, for prosperity is never pure, and we seem to take care to deserve adversity by pride and overweening confidence.

Martha was wise, but not perfect: when she saw the extreme beauty of her child, which increased every day, it was natural, but not admirable, that she should begin to despise the children of others, and to boast that Mina's hair was blacker and more silky, that her brow was purer, that her eyes were brighter, that her smile was sweeter, than the hair, the brow, the eyes, the smile of any other daughter in the world, including, of course, the daughters of Zadlallah and Han Hanna and Bedreldeen, and all the other merchants (Christian and Muslim) in Cairo — even Ayshee, the princess, child of Zatmeh Hanem, the favourite slave of the Sultan, was but the foil of Mina. She was so little cautious in expressing her opinion, that all wives who were mothers began to hate her, and to predict suffering to her. No one knew how the truth got abroad, but in the harim and the public baths, when the women met together, they spoke of Mina as the sister of the spirits, and said, scornfully, that she was made so lovely only as a punishment to her parent, and that when she reached the perfect age she would be taken away to the dwelling for which she was fit. "Too beautiful for this world," is often a sneer on the lips of envy.

We might linger long and pleasantly on the various stages by which Mina advanced, amidst smiles and prosperity, towards ripe maidenhood; but it is sufficient to say that all the promises and blessings of the spirits that visited her cradle were ful-

filled. Her loveliness was only surpassed by her excellence, and if her parents were not perfect in joy it was because they sometimes felt themselves not on a level with their daughter. They instinctively missed in her the natural errors of humanity, and were uneasy in her presence occasionally, for she seemed with them, but not of them. Her father, not wanting in sagacity, would frequently speculate on her anomalous position, and his imperfect philosophy led him to believe that her virtue was almost out of place, a superfluous element in her existence. She was moderate, but could enjoy all things — sober, but with the means of pleasure around her — calm, but never opposed — patient, but never disappointed; in fact, she had all the qualities that would have made poverty acceptable, and yet wealth and honours ever increased around her. What he meant was, that she had never been tried, only he could not doubt that in whatever position placed she would triumph.

The merchant Zara possessed a country house out on the borders of the Nile, in the midst of a garden where pomegranate trees and orange trees and sweet lemon trees and bananas, with palms and sycamores, combined to throw a pleasant shadow upon the earth. There he dwelt with his family during the summer months, riding on his mule to the city in the morning, and returning in the evening. One day Martha and Mina were sitting in a little kiosque overhanging the banks of the river, which was resplendent in the sun, when a large barque, with many rowers, came rapidly down the stream. On the roof of the cabin sat an old man, dressed in a costume strange to Egypt. He was looking eagerly at the houses on the banks of the stream, as if seeking some sign. When he came exactly opposite the kiosque, he half rose, and, in a loud voice, commanded the steersman to guide the boat to the land. A few minutes afterwards he stood at the gate of the garden, saying, "Blessings be on Mina the perfect, and on Martha the happy! This is the term of my voyage, and I beg to be allowed to rest under these beautiful trees until the master of the house returns from Cairo."

Martha and her daughter came veiled from the kiosque, wondering at the old man's knowledge of their names, and impatient to ask for an explanation. They admitted the stranger, who saluted them politely, and sat down on a bench under a sycamore. The gravity of his manner restrained their questions, and they contented themselves with ordering coffee and pipes and sherbet to be brought from the house, that the stranger might be refreshed. All the time it was only the example of Mina, however, that restrained the inquisitiveness of Martha, and she

now and then whispered: — "Daughter, shall I provoke him to speak?" But Mina always shook her head, and so they remained ignorant of the meaning of this visit until the arrival of Zara. The stranger, on perceiving the merchant, saluted him by his name, saying: "Oh Zara, I have travelled during two months for the sake of seeing thee and thy family, and by the blessing of Providence my desire is now fulfilled."

Then, he related, speaking softly and sweetly in that calm evening in the garden, through which the beams of the setting sun shone in golden streaks, that his name was Sahel, that he was vizier of one of the kings of Abyssinia, who had a son called Michail, perfect in knowledge and understanding, and excellent in beauty. When the time came that this king wished to persuade his son to marriage, the young man objected that none of the princesses whom he had seen, or of whom he had heard, possessed the qualities which would satisfy him. His father smiled, and said: "So it is always with the young. They think that none but angels are fit to be their companions, and so it must be that they regard themselves as angels too. When life reveals to us our true value we become less fastidious, and fancy we have grown corrupt whilst we have only become humble. However, seek my son and thou shalt find." Michail had already formed his opinion on all the maidens of his people who were of sufficiently high birth to attract his notice. He might, perhaps, have found beauty and virtue enough in lower regions, but when men are placed on the summit of a mountain their fellow-creatures in the plain are diminished to dwarfs. So, at first, the young prince looked forward, not without some melancholy, to a life of celibacy. A worthy monk, learning his state of mind, advised him to take the vow, and for a moment he was disposed to do so; but on closely questioning his own heart he determined instead to make one more effort, and seek to discover a wife worthy to share his high position.

His mind being full of these ideas, he retired one night to rest in a pavilion situated in a quiet corner of the garden of his father's palace. Here he slept to the music of his own thoughts; but, though he slept, he seemed to see the forms around him almost as clearly as when awake — the elegant dome, the pendent lamp, the slender pillars with the branches of beautiful trees gently waving between them. Suddenly he heard a rustling sound, as if invisible birds were fluttering around. Then he thought he made out the forms of women overhead, but so vague and indistinct that he saw the gilded roof through them. Then he heard a voice which said:

"What news of our sister, oh, Ginnee! of the Christians?"

"She is beautiful and happy," was the reply.

"But what of the prince whom her father, in his vanity, chose for her husband? Has he come to woo her?"

"There is no prince worthy of her, unless it be this one."

"Let us betroth her to him."

Then all the spirits speaking together, said, or sang:

"We betroth Mina, the daughter of Zara and his wife Martha, who are now in Cairo, of Egypt, to the prince Michail. Accursed be he if he take any other maiden to wife. Let him send a messenger for her. She will be found sitting with her mother in a kiosque on the banks of the Nile." Then they described the place, and the hour, and the circumstances, and having added blessings on him, by whom our sister shall be made happy, flew away.

Next day Michail went and threw himself at his father's feet, and begged to be allowed to depart in search of the perfect Mina. But the old king having much dabbled in the affairs of this world, and seen how vicious men were — having in fact been from time to time, once a week or so, compelled to hang a fellow-creature — had lost much more than he would have been willing to admit of the poetical illusions of youth, and replied in a tone that something savoured of impiety: "My son shall not depart on this wild-goose chase. There may be spirits; but I do not believe that they have sisters worth marrying." Upon this Michail began to weep; and so his father took a middle course, and said: "My vizier, Sahel, is a wise man, and has served me faithfully for thirty years, so that he almost thinks that he is the Sultan and not I. It will enable him to rest from his fatigues, and be extremely beneficial to his health, if we send him to Egypt in search of this Mina." There was a wicked lustre in the old king's eyes as he expressed this opinion, but Michail did not observe it, and replied: "Let him depart immediately."

The vizier, Sahel, had just completed an elaborate plan for reforming the finances of his master's dominions, and had made the grand discovery that in order to keep a full treasury it is necessary not so much to lay on new taxes as to restrict expenditure — an idea, the perfect beauty of which the old king did not perceive. Some of the courtiers, indeed, had begun to talk of dotage, or treachery. As for Sahel, he grumbled at the duty imposed on him, but being very loyal, kissed his master's hand, hinted that on his return he intended to show that there need not be more than ten dishes placed at a time on the royal table, and departed. He traversed the desert, and descended the Nile, studying men, manners, government, and

laws as he proceeded, and making such good use of his time, and such an inexorable application of logic, that he framed a still more wonderful theory than before, convincing himself that town and country folk had not been created only for the benefit of sultans. He was so charmed with the progress of his ideas, that he felt disposed to return from Dongola to communicate them to his master, but reflecting that there was no particular hurry, and that the world might go on a few months longer, according to old principles, continued his journey, and at length, as we have seen, reached his destination.

When the merchant Zara and his wife heard this story, both were rejoiced in different degrees. Martha, who was naturally prudent, and reflected somewhat of her daughter's qualities, simply drew aside her veil a little, and allowed the old vizier to see that she smiled benevolently at him; but Zara, who had scarcely been able to contain himself during this narrative, no sooner heard the last words, than he took off his turban, and flung it up into the air with such violence, that it reached the topmost bough of the sycamore under which he was sitting, and caught there, and could not be got down by any means, so that the birds built their nests therein. When the confusion had a little subsided, and Zara's shaven head had been wrapped in a corner of his cloak, Mina spoke, saying: "This is a wonderful story, but wherefore should I leave my parents and travel to distant countries to please the fancy of a youth who cannot find a wife to satisfy him except in his dreams?" The vizier, Sahel, instantly made a speech, which had a beginning, a middle, and an end, and contained fifteen apposite citations from the poets: but all in vain. Then he addressed the parents, and proved to them that they had absolute power over their daughter. "Thy words are words of wisdom," said the merchant. "Mina, thou must become the wife of this prince."

Wonderful to relate, Mina the perfect, in the gentlest and tenderest manner possible, announced her intention to disobey. Zara tried to fly into a passion, but failed, especially as the wise Sahel observed: "Nothing should be done in a hurry. Let her have time to reflect." That evening, when she was alone with her mother, Mina, with some blushes and a few tears — under which new aspect she looked more beautiful than ever — confessed that she too had a story to relate, the chief incident of which was a dream. The spirits had appeared to her likewise and had led her, in vision, out into the desert where in a lonely valley she had beheld a youth poorly clad, but of great beauty and nobleness of demeanour, who had called her by

her name, whilst many voices cried to her: "This is thy husband." It was evident, therefore, she argued, that the Mina of prince Michail was quite another Mina. Her mother objected that a poor man out in the desert was not a very suitable match, and the conclusion was: "Let us wait a while."

Sahel seemed in no hurry to return to his country. He had never seen a capital like Cairo before, and busied himself so intently in studying its economy, that month after month passed away, and he did not insist on any definite answer from Mina or her father. One day, however, he heard a rumour in the market-place and the bazaars. The great merchant Zara was ruined. His ships had been destroyed by the anger of the ocean, and his caravans overwhelmed by the sands of the desert. A wealthy creditor, armed with the powers of government, was even seeking him to put him in prison, and he had disappeared with his family. This is a sad case, said Sahel to himself. My eloquent persuasions were just beginning to produce their effect. Of course they will now send a private messenger to me, begging me to take them to Abyssinia, but the king, my master, took me apart before I left him, and said that one of the perfections of Mina must be a handsome dowry. How shall I get rid of these poor people?

Meanwhile the merchant Zara, reduced to poverty and flying from his creditors, had departed from Cairo, mingling with the humble followers of a great caravan bound for Damascus. For his own part he walked on foot, but he had three or four little asses to carry his wife, his daughter, and what property he had been able to save. As he looked back from the summit of a sandy hill, whence the minarets of Cairo could be distinguished for the last time, rising against the yellow sky where the sun had set, he wept bitterly, and in a moment of anger began almost to reproach his daughter, because she had not accepted the wonderful offers made her. But Martha wisely said: "If she had left us this misfortune would nevertheless have happened, and without her neither you nor I should have been able to bear it." So they continued their journey cheerfully, and Mina made the night hours pleasant by singing in a sweet voice, to which other sweet voices in the air overhead seemed to answer.

They travelled many days, and had more than half concluded their journey; when, about the hour of sunset a great tumult was heard at the head of the caravan, and men and beasts began to fly wildly in various directions. The Arabs of the desert were attacking the merchants for the sake of plunder; and, whilst some resisted and others surrendered, many sought safety in

flight. Zara with his wife and daughter entered a defile of the mountains, and proceeded until the sound of shouting and firing died away in the distance. Then they halted under the shadow of a rock, and determined to wait until morning. They passed the night undisturbed; and, when the sun rose over the yellow desert, found themselves quite alone at the foot of a range of mountains. They dared not venture over the broad expanse of sand, but followed a valley at the extremity of which were some trees. It happened that Mina rode first. She knew not why; but, since the day had dawned, all her fears had vanished. It seemed to her that this was not the first time she had been in that country. The hills were familiar to her, and the trees towards which she was advancing drooped in an accustomed way. At length she uttered a loud cry, and her father and mother hastening up, found her gazing at a youth, dressed in poor garments, and apparently weakened by fatigue or sickness, sitting under the shade of a mimosa. Her heart told her that this was to be the lord of her destiny, but she did not at once learn that she was in the presence of Michail.

Strange things had happened in Abyssinia since the departure of Sahel. The king had taken another vizier, a young man with old ideas, and marvellous splendour at once surrounded the throne. It was discovered that the greatest happiness of the people consisted in giving all they possessed to their rulers, and a prodigious number of new taxes were at once laid on. The king had five hundred dishes on his table in a single day, so that he never spoke of the absent Sahel except by the irreverent name of jackass. It was clear indeed, that the worthy old man knew nothing of finance. Feasting and jollity were the order of the day, but alas for the instability of human affairs! Men never know when they are well-governed; and some ambitious wretch persuaded some spiteful people that Sahel was not such a fool after all. For his part, he expressed his opinion in a very brutal manner; for, one fine morning, he attacked the king's palace, and drove him with his son, who was too much occupied with thoughts of Mina to know how matters were going on, into exile. The king and the prince escaped on board a vessel from Massowa, and landed at an Arabian port, whence they travelled, and after many dangers arrived at the valley where the merchant Zara and his family had found them. By this time, the king had become quite a philosopher. "My son," said he, "the human race is not worthy that the wise should reign over them. Here are green trees and pleasant waters. Let us abandon the cares of government, and pass the remainder of our days in retirement."

The good old man forgot that he was near the end of his life, whilst Michail was only just on the threshold. He was surprised, therefore, when the young prince answered: "I care not to reign over ungrateful men, and, perhaps, my wisdom is not sufficient. But I cannot rest in this valley unless I have Mina with me." So it was agreed that as soon as he had recovered his strength, he should go to Cairo and seek for his beloved. "At the same time," quoth the late king, benevolently, "you may find that foolish old man, Sahel. Say nothing to him about the deplorable results of his policy, which I felt after his departure, except to tell him that I forgive all."

Michail led the merchant Zara and his family to the hermitage which his father had chosen in a very pleasant part of the valley, and the remainder of that day was spent by the wanderers in exchanging their stories. Whilst the old people spoke, however, Mina and Michail sat near together, performing the ceremony of betrothment with their eyes.

Here the narrative visibly draws to a close, although oriental legends rarely leave their personages after they have fallen from wealth to poverty without restoring them at least to their former position. But it seems to have been thought that perfect goodness and perfect beauty may be sufficiently happy together without wealth. The blessings of the spirit which did not include good fortune were shared equally by the young couple. They remained in the valley and adopted the manner of life of the early father of nations, and it is said that a city now exists on that spot, far out of the track of commerce and travel, protected from the visits of the evil-minded by the spirits who still watch over the posterity of their sister. The old king lived beyond the natural term of humanity, and attributed the prosperity of the little district entirely to the wisdom of his own counsel. They have learned by experience — a marvellous circumstance — but it is necessary to add that the foolish vizier Sahel was summoned from Cairo, and when he fell into his old master's arms and heard that he was forgiven, carefully concealed his face to hide one smile and two tears, which the reader may interpret as he pleases.

POTICHOMANIA.

What new mania is this? What is potiche or poticho, and why need women have an especial mania for it? If potiche be something good, why not have potichotechny, or potichology, or potichonomy, or potichosomy, or potichography, or potichometry? A mania is almost as bad as a phobia: a madness for, is as little pleasant as a madness against; and we may perchance yet have a potichophobia as an antidote to the potichomania. A learned

pundit who has discoursed on this subject for the benefit of the public, reasons in this way — that as metromania, bibliomania, and melomania, are irreproachable words, by which one expresses love of poetry, love of books, and love of music — there seems no reason why we should not invent the word potichomania. He admits that we have not yet become accustomed to the sound of such a word; but what of that? Is it not easier than angeiography, for a description of weights and measures? or than ophthalmoxystic as a name for a little rye-ear brush used to smooth the eyebrows? Thus he claims the right to offer for academical baptism the word potichomania, on the ground that men are permitted — or rather that science is permitted, under etymological pretexts — to add to modern languages by means of the Greek. How far the academical Greeks of the present day will approve of the composite name, it will be for them to declare. Potiches are said to be Chinese or Japanese jars: and hence the new art becomes a frenzy for jars — a very pretty conclusion, which it is to be hoped will be satisfactory to all parties. That the art means something amusing, whatever the name may mean, is evident enough; for the advertising columns of the daily journals inform us that Mr. So-and-so, for a given number of shillings or guineas, will give a certain number of lessons in potichomania, whereby a lady may easily learn the elegant art; while colour-makers and print-sellers adopt similar means of notifying to the world that all the materials necessary for the practice of this art may be obtained at their respective establishments.

To come to the gist of the matter, it seems that potichomania is a method of imitating in decorated glass, Japanese, or any other specimens of ware or porcelain. There seems no reason why pleasing and even elegant results may not be obtained; but if it be used only as a means of imitating ugly specimens of oriental workmanship, its desirability as a means of art may be questioned. If, on the other hand, natural taste be allowed fair play, there is no reason to doubt that very elegant results may follow.

A recently published essay on the subject, shows that the list of working materials is somewhat formidable, comprising glass vases, or potiches, or cups, or plates, shaped similarly to those made of pottery or porcelain; a well-assorted selection of coloured papers or gelatine sheets; a fine-pointed pair of scissors for cutting out; tubes or bottles of prepared colours of various tints; a bottle of a peculiarly prepared varnish; another bottle containing refined essence of turpentine; a bottle of melted gum; a round hog's-hair brush for gumming the paper ornaments, another for varnishing, and two flat brushes for colouring; a vessel in which

the colours may be diluted; and a box wherein to stow away all these treasures. As to the means of procuring the glass articles themselves, this must be left to the skill of the glass-maker. The object is to produce glass imitations of pottery and porcelain articles; and therefore the glass must of course be wrought into a form consistent with such a purpose. It may be a vase, or a potiche, or a honey-pot, or a plate, or a cup — anything, in short, which has a smooth surface (for articles with ornaments in relief do not seem to be susceptible of this mode of imitation); but the glass-worker must in any case precede the ornamentalist.

Though most persons have a sort of obscure notion that the colours on cups and saucers, dishes, and plates, are in some way burnt in, yet the delicacy and nicety of the methods are little suspected. There is the majolica ware of Italy, copied from the Moorish pottery, adorned with copies of paintings by Raffaelle and his contemporaries, and some specimens supposed to have been painted by the hand of the great master himself. There is the Della Robbia ware, so named from a Florentine artist, who modelled and sculptured excellent works in porcelain, and then adorned them with enamel and gold and colours. There is the Palissy ware, invented by a man whose life was a continuous romance, and presenting historical, mythological, and allegorical designs on grounds of rich yellow and blue and gray. There is the delft ware, with its beautiful enamel, its blue colours, and its designs copied from the old Japan productions. There are the stone wares from China and Japan, which frequently serve as a coloured base for raised ornaments of soft porcelain. There are the various Wedgwood wares, comprising the Queen's and the Basalt, the Jasper and the Onyx, and other kinds. There are the old Chelsea china, Rotherham china, and Derby china. There are the Dresden china and the Bötticher ware and the Sèvres china. In short, if the reader knew how eagerly collectors look out for the different varieties of old pottery and porcelain, he would have some clue to the origin of that desire which exists to imitate in some degree those productions: not to imitate for dishonest purposes; for he must be a shallow judge who would mistake modern decorated glass for old painted china. How the connoisseur distinguishes the poteries à pâte-tendre from the poteries à pâte dur; the poterie matt from the poterie lustrée; the poterie vernissée from the poterie emaillée; the fayence Anglaise from the fayence Française; the Wedgwood, the Bötticher, the Palissy, the Della Robbia, the Majolica, the Sèvres, the Dresden — how he learns to know these one from another, is a part of his business as a collector and

connoisseur; but it may be worth knowing that, from the nature of the process, some of these varieties of ware are wholly unfitted to be imitated on glass.

The imitative art to which the long Greek name is given bears no analogy to that by which these several kinds of ware are coloured and adorned. Some of the coloured wares have metallic figments mixed with the clay whereof they are formed, which imparts a uniform colour to the whole substance; while, in other cases, colours are mixed with oils and turpentine, and are applied to the surface of the ware with a pencil of camel-hair, the fixture of the colour being ensured by a subsequent process of fixing in a small kiln or oven. Nor does the art resemble that of the glass-stainer; for this skilful artist, after having sketched his design on glass, has a most elaborate series of processes to attend to: his mineral colours must be so chosen as to form a sort of enamel with the glass by the aid of heat; and he must so select the components of his colours that whatever they may appear like when opaque, they must appear brilliantly transparent when applied to the glass.

No; the potichomania, the jar frenzy, the imitation of porcelain and pottery, must not claim to rank either with porcelain-painting or glass-staining. There is nothing chemical about it, — nothing that requires kilns, or muffles, or ovens, — nothing for which our leading artists will be called upon to contribute designs. Nevertheless, there is no reason why it should not constitute a pretty lady-like employment, susceptible of considerable variety of application.

There have not been wanting imitations of old Dutch china manufactured in wood. The wood was turned in a lathe to the shape of a jar, or urn, or vase; the wooden counterfeit was painted with oil colour; flowers or ornaments were cut out of coloured printed calico or linen; these were pasted on in their proper relative positions; and the pseudo-Dutch or Japanese production received its finishing touch by means of a coat of varnish. But this varnish had a tendency to crack, and it seldom presented such a surface as could well imitate the smooth glossy exterior of a real product of the plastic art. Hence it is that the inventors of the new process pride themselves on the higher philosophy of their modus operandi. They say, virtually if not verbally, "See, our exterior is the real thing; the exterior of a porcelain vessel is a veritable glass, for all enamel and glaze are true glass; and our products exhibit a real glass exterior, untouched by colour or varnish of any kind, — ergo, our imitations are better than their wooden predecessors." The validity of this ergo depends upon the whereabouts and the manner in which the coloured adornments are applied. So long

as sheets of paper or cloth alone could be used, it may be doubted whether the new art could have been practised to any satisfactory degree; because there is a solidity or opacity about them which interferes with anything like translucency of effect. Every one knows that very pretty sheets of gelatine are now made, which receive colours of considerable brilliancy, and have a semi-transparency, which adds greatly to their ornate effect. Gold, too, may be combined with the colours in a rich and delicate degree; and it is these qualities which seem to have suggested the employment of such a substance in the imitative art now under notice. As to the manufacture of the gelatine sheets themselves, it is one of the countless examples afforded by modern chemistry of the production of useful substances from that which is either refuse, or at most a very common and cheap article. It is an illustration of the Penny Wisdom which has already received a little attention in Household Words.* Glass being transparent, while wood is opaque, and gelatine sheets being more transparent than sheets of coloured paper or coloured linen, we see at once the basis on which the new art claims to have some superiority over its predecessor. The coloration is effected *inside* the glass: this alone is sufficient to ensure a smooth exterior. One of the novelties of late years has been the production of brilliant globes and vessels of glass, in which the brilliancy results from the use of coloured glass coated behind with a layer of silver. The new art has no direct analogy with this; but the one may serve, in some degree, to show how the other may produce softly-beautiful effects by the interposition of a glassy layer between the colours and the eye.

The name which the inventors have chosen to give to this imitative art is dependent on the primary object of imitating the Chinese or Japanese potiches or jars; but a further display of skill may enable the workers to apply the process to glassy imitations of Sèvres and Dresden porcelain. The eastern products are usually adorned with figures and plants and animals; but those of Europe aim at applications of the historical and landscape painter's products. The potichomanist (a very hard word to apply to a lady) selects her glass vase or jar, cup or plate, pot or dish, and then sheets of coloured gelatine, such as will produce the colours of the device to be imitated. With her sharp-pointed scissors she cuts out the little bits of gelatine requisite to produce the device. This is probably the most difficult part of the whole affair; for not only must the outlines of the device be carefully observed, but also the juxtaposition of any two or more colours which it may comprise.

The coloured gelatine, then, is cut into little fragments, and the

* Vol. XVI. p. 98.

glass is clean and ready, and the pencils or small brushes are at hand, and the liquid gum is prepared, and the artist is in a condition to proceed with the delicate work. Sheets of gelatine are naturally adhesive when wetted; but pieces of coloured paper may occasionally be used which have no adhesive layer upon them. The wetting or the gumming, are adopted according to circumstances; but either must be done thoroughly, for it is of much importance to the completeness of the process that the cementing to the glass should be close and perfect in every part. A linen pad or cloth is applied delicately to ensure this closeness of contact. There must be no bubbles of air; no branches of trees, or detached leaves of flowers, or wings of insects, must curl up at the corners and obtrude themselves unduly upon notice. All must adhere closely to their glass.

It must be observed, however, that these gelatine sheets, if used at all, are not employed by themselves. The gelatine appears to be simply a film on the front or face of the picture, which film, if damped, becomes adhesive without the aid of gum. Our tasteful neighbours across the Channel supply us with these, as well as with the original idea whereby the art has been created. Theirs is the potichomanie, which we have changed into potichomania; and theirs are the sheets of pictures — Chinese ladies, landscapes with impossible perspective, foliage, flowers, fruit, birds, butterflies, arabesques, grotesques — printed in lithography, brilliantly coloured and sold at six, nine, twelve, eighteen, or any other number of pence per sheet. Some of our teachers tell us to use hog's-hair brushes; some say camel's hair; but others, more provident than either, recommend both the hog and the camel to our notice. The glass vessels themselves are apparently French, although we know of no reason why English glassblowers should not make them. The potiches en verre, vases, allumette vases, flower-pot covers, cups, and bowls, are many of them well and gracefully shaped; but we would gently whisper, that if the glass were a little more free from air-bubbles, it would be better for the object in view; because, whether we would imitate the bluish tint of old Sèvres, or the greenish tint of Chinese, or the nankeen tint of Etruscan, or the tints of any other famous porcelain or pottery, we can certainly get on better without bubbles in the glass, than with them. It is a French professor, too, who assures us that "the extraordinary success which this art has obtained may be easily accounted for, if we remember that, after an easy, interesting labour of a few hours, we see a simple glass vessel transformed into a Chinese, Sèvres, Dresden, or Japanese vase."

But the materials are only half the matter, — the processes are

the other half; and we follow our instructions, humbly and diligently, thus: —

We are especially, in the most energetic terms, cautioned not to proceed to the next process until the efficacy of the gum has been well ascertained; but, this done, we advance to the varnishing. This varnish is intended partly to secure the coloured devices in their place, and partly to shield the gelatine from a layer of oil colour afterwards applied. The varnish is applied over the whole interior of the vase or jar; but being clear and colourless, it does not produce a disfigurement in the general appearance. We presume that the shape of the jar in respect to its mouth and general proportion, must be such as will admit of the artist's hand and varnish brush, and bits of coloured paper. There is a little vitreous conundrum occasionally to be seen, consisting of Napoleon Bonaparte or an English stage coach bottled up in a decanter, or phial, whose mouth is far smaller than the lateral dimensions of the great emperor; and the puzzle is, to find out how Napoleon could possibly have got into the decanter, or the Brighton mail into the phial. In the present case, however, there is to be no difficulty in putting in or taking out anything which the jar or vase ought to contain.

The varnishing being done, the painting or colouring follows; the object of this is, to give to the whole of the glass vessel a tint and an opacity corresponding with the tint and opacity of the specimen of pottery or porcelain imitated — an important and difficult part of the routine of processes; for the selection of ingredients, and the mode of application, must each require much care. The colour-men have prepared an ample list of tints, to imitate the deadly white and the delicately white, the creamy white and the bluish white, the red lacquered, the black lacquered, the sea-green, the green yellow, the gold dust, the deep gold, the Pompadour rose, the deep blue, the bright blue, and other colours of pottery and porcelain; and we are told how, by employing zinc white, cobalt blue, yellow ochre, vermilion, lake, ivory black, Naples yellow, silver white, Veronese green, yellow lake, bitumen, raw sienna, burnt sienna, cadmium, March violet, carmine, ultramarine, gold varnish, gold powder, — we are told how all these, or some among the number, combine to produce tints which will imitate the ground colour of all varieties of pottery and porcelain. And we are cautioned against numerous snares and pitfalls into which our ignorance may lead us. If our paint be too opaque, it will spread with difficulty over the surface of the glass; if it be too thin, it will not cover the glass with sufficient body; if it be not equable in distribution, it will fail to imitate the homogeneity in the appearance of porcelain; if there be not

enough mixed at once, it will be difficult to match the tint afterwards; if it be made to flow more easily, it may dry more tardily. As to the mode of applying the colours, there seems to be two varieties — brushing and flowing. The application with a brush is the most obvious; but the teachers assure us that it is difficult to avoid inequalities in the touch of the brush, and that, therefore, the method of flowing or flooding is preferred. In this process the liquid colour is poured into the vessel, and is rolled about in every direction, after which the surplus is poured out into a cup or other receptacle. One flooding seldom leaves a sufficient thickness or opacity of colour, and a second is hence required. This process is very similar to that by which artificial pearls are produced. A greyish liquid made from fish-scales being blown through a little tube, a drop at a time, into hollow glass beads, and then rolled about.

Phrenologists say that man is blessed with an organ of colour, the greater or lesser development of which indicates a greater or lesser capacity for appreciating the chromatic elements of a picture; and the potichomanist hints pretty strongly that the success of a student in this art will depend in a considerable degree on the magnitude of this said organ. He declares first that the faculty of what painters call colour, is not given to every one; he further declares that those who possess this faculty will produce in potichomania, as in painting, works far superior to the production of those who are not endowed with it, inasmuch as the former will be artists, while the latter will be nothing more than skilful workmen, or clever imitators; he acknowledges that the art of potichomania is still in its infancy; but he roundly prophesies that, like the great art of painting, it will have its school, its masters, its disciples, its imitators — securing a place for itself among decorative arts, developing its resources in the embellishment of our apartments and furniture, and bringing honour and praise to its artists. May the prediction be verified, in spite of the jar-frenzy name given to the art! Glass has advanced much in usefulness and beauty, since the change in the excise duties; and unless grim war shall urge the finance minister again to throw his longing eyes to glass, we may hope that the usefulness and the beauty, consequent in great part on cheapness, will be yet farther increased.

PASSING CLOUDS.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far o'er the purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quench'd in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

CHAMBERS IN THE TEMPLE.

Fifteen years ago, when I was a schoolboy in Paris, wearing a uniform very much resembling that of a Metropolitan policeman (the dress is military now, and they have metamorphosed my old college into an Imperial Lyceum) eating a distressing quantity of boiled haricots, washed down by the palest of pink wine and water, and conjugating a prodigious quantity of verbs, regular and irregular — the tenses of which have become so very preterpluperfect since, that they have faded clean away from my memory — fifteen years, then, since, there was an old gentleman inhabiting the English, or, St. Honoré quarter of the French capital — a white-headed, stormy, battle and weather-beaten veteran of the salt sea — a rear-admiral in the English navy, and on the half-pay thereof. He had been celebrated all over the world in his time for deeds of daring and chivalrous bravery; but that had been a very long time ago; and the ungrateful generation among whom his latest years — those that were to be but labour and sorrow — were passed, celebrated only his eccentricities and ignored, or were indifferent to his glory. This is the way of the world, my Christian friend. When you and I come to be old men — and should we ever have given the world cause to talk about us — we shall find that the books we have written, the pictures we have painted, or the statues we have hewn, will be dismissed to oblivion with a good natured contempt as things meritorious enough in their way, but quite out of date; should we be worth paragraphs, or anecdotes, they will have reference to the redness of our noses, the patterns of our trowsers, our manner of eating peas with our knives, our habit of putting the left leg foremost when we walk, or our assumed fondness for cold rum and water. The Duke of Marlborough's petty avarice and hagglings with the Bath-chairmen were talked about long after the conqueror of Blenheim was forgotten, and the nation had

even grumbled about paying for the palace it had voted him in the first outburst of its gratitude. Lord Peterborough walking from market in his blue ribbon, with a fowl under one arm, and a cabbage under the other, quite threw into the shade Lord Peterborough the hero of Almanza. Whenever the name of the Marquis of Granby occurs to us now-a-days, it is in connection with the Incorporated Association of Licensed Victuallers, with foreign wines, beer, and tobacco — not with battles won, or sieges successfully conducted. Whose aquiline nose, white ducks, and hat-saluting fingers, were household words in London to the populace, who had forgotten Waterloo, when they smashed the windows of Apsley House with stones, because its owner was an enemy to Reform? Whose children grin now at the caricatured presentments of the prominent nose and plaid trowsers of the man who was the greatest orator, the greatest advocate, the greatest reformer of the law, England has ever seen, and who thirty years since shook this realm from end to end by the thunder of his eloquence, and dashed down walls of corruption, one after another, with his impetuous hand? The world is as ungrateful, as fickle, as petulant as a woman. I warrant Omphale rapped the fingers of Hercules when, sitting at her feet a-spinning, he happened to ravel the flax. He who had vanquished the Nemæan lion, and quelled the Erymanthian boar, was forgotten in the careless spinner. So it was with the old gentleman whom I knew in Paris fifteen years ago. People talked of the strange fancy he had of leading an old white horse about the streets, on which he never rode; much merriment was excited by the rumour that he slept with his head through a hole in a blanket — (I am not exaggerating)—the quid nuncs of the Rue St. Honoré and the Champs Elysées were infinitely amused at his strange ways, his loud and rambling talk, his general oddity of manner; very few people cared to remember that before most of them were born he was famous over the whole world as the English Commodore Sir Sidney Smith, the heroic defender of Acre, the scourge of the French navy — from the lofty three-decker to the smallest chasse-marée, — and nearly the only man for whom the great Napoleon — the impassible, ambitious, who no more deigned to love or hate men, with him, or against him, any more than Mr. Staunton, the chess-player, loves or hates the pawns in his game — condescended to entertain a violent personal dislike. Sir Sidney Smith used coolly to declare that Napoleon was jealous of him. It is certain that he annoyed and chafed the Great Man horribly, and in Egypt drove him to the perpetration of a very sorry joke, having positively challenged him to single combat, which Napoleon

declined, till — having rather an exalted idea of the "foeman worthy of his steel" — he could produce the ghost of the great Duke of Marlborough.

Sir Sidney Smith died in Paris; but it is not with his death or latter days that I have to do. I wish to tell the story of his escape from certain chambers which he occupied in the Temple, while he was yet the famous commodore, admired by Europe, and hated by the French Directory, and especially by General Bonaparte. How much of strict historic truth there may be in the story, it is not for me to say. The journals of the period tell pretty nearly the same tale; but even newspapers will occasionally err, and even the buckets of grave history writers often stop short of the bottom of the well of verity.

Sir Sidney Smith, taken prisoner in a daring cutting-out expedition on the coast of Brittany, was confined in the prison of the Temple in Paris, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-eight. Some idea may be formed of the importance which the republican government attached to his capture and detention to the fact, first, that the Directory refused to liberate him in exchange for M. Bergeret, a post-captain in the French navy, and again, on another occasion, positively refused to receive as an equivalent for his person no fewer than twelve thousand French prisoners! A man worth ten thousand pounds is something; but a sea captain not to be bought for twelve thousand fighting men is, indeed, rich and rare.

Unfortunately even distinction has its embarrassments, and such was the store set by the safe keeping of Sir Sidney by his captors, that his confinement was of the most rigorous description. Verdun or Biche was good enough for ordinary prisoners of war; but the redoubtable commodore was transferred to the Tower of the Temple — that gloomy revolutionary Bastile, the scene of the last days of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette, and of the slow agony and death of the poor little captive dauphin — the tower that was afterwards to witness the darkest episodes of the Consulate — the reported suicides, but whispered murders, of Pichegru and Captain Wright — the last adieux of the simple, yet desperate, Chouans — the stern presence of their leader Georges Cadoudal. In the Temple, then, Sir Sidney Smith was incarcerated. The guards were doubled, the defences strengthened, all communication from without was denied him, and the most rigid surveillance was exercised over all his actions.

Once having got their prisoner safe within the four strong walls of the Temple, however, isolated him from all exterior influences, and placed a strong guard over him, the Directory did not feel it necessary to treat him with any great personal severity. They

did not load him with chains, they did not lock him up in a dungeon, they did not feed him upon bread and water. Sir Sidney was amply provided with pecuniary resources, and was allowed to keep himself. Apartments, the most commodious that the prison could afford, were allotted to him, and, furthermore, he was allowed to maintain something like an establishment of domestics. Besides Captain Wright, who acted as his secretary, he had a cook, a valet, and notably an English servant, half groom, half confidential man, called Sparkes. The cook and valet were freemen, and Frenchmen; Sparkes had been taken prisoner at the same time as the commodore, but the condition attached to the French who were permitted to attend upon Sir Sidney was, that they should share his imprisonment — not one was permitted to pass the outer gate of the Temple.

I am not aware whether it has ever been the lot of any of the ladies or gentlemen who read this to have suffered the slow torture of imprisonment. I hope not; but if any such there be, they will readily understand how prone is the human mind, when the body is incarcerated, to devote itself to the culinary art. Most prisoners are good cooks, or, at least, love good eating. The man with the iron mask was a gourmand. The sham dauphin (one of the nine hundred and ninety-nine sham dauphins) who called himself Duke de Normandie, and had passed three-fourths of his existence in the different prisons of Europe, was renowned for the confection of roast turkey stuffed with chestnuts. When confined in Ste Pélagie, in eighteen hundred and thirty-three, it was a matter of daily occurrence to hear a cry from his fellow prisoners of "Capet, is the turkey nearly ready?" and the pseudodescendant of St. Louis would answer, "I am dishing it." The late Mr. Rush, on the memorable occasion of his trial, addressed a very specific and emphatic billet-doux from his retreat in Norwich Castle to the eating-house keeper opposite, commanding pig, "and plenty of plum sauce." I have seen in Whitecross Street prison an analytical chemist frying pancakes, and it was once my fortune to know, in the Queen's Bench, a doctor of divinity whose mockturtle soup would have rather astonished Mr. Farrance of Spring Gardens. Now, though Sir Sidney Smith on shipboard would have been perfectly content with ship's cookery, — salt junk, salt horse, or salt mahogany, as it is indifferently called; plum duff, grey pea-soup, sea pie, lobscouse, weevilly biscuit, and new rum — no sooner did he find himself immured in the Temple, than he fell into the ordinary idiosyncrasy of prisoners, and became an accomplished bon-vivant. The choicest of fish, flesh, and fowl were procured

from the Parisian market, and (after being strictly examined at the gate to see whether they contained any treasonable missives) furnished forth, by no means coldly, his prison table. The famous roast beef of Old England was seen, and smoked within those gloomy walls. Sir Sidney had endless disputes with the French cook concerning the thickness of melted butter, the propriety of potatoes appearing at table with their skins on; the injury done to a rumpsteak by beating it; the discretion necessary in the employment of garlic, and the number of hours necessary to be devoted to the boiling of a plum-pudding. The cook would *not* boil it long enough. Unless closely watched, he would withdraw it furtively from the pot, hide it in secret places till dinner-time, and declare stoutly that it had been boiling eight hours when it had not been three on the fire. But, errors excepted, the captives lived as well as those bellicose bipeds of the gallinaceous breed whose spur-combats were formerly the delight of our British nobility, are popularly supposed to live. Nor were good liquids wanting to wash down these succulent repasts. For the first time, perhaps, in France that noble compound, the punch of the United Kingdom (for England, Scotland, and Ireland are all equally famous for it) was brewed within the prison walls; and every Frenchman who tasted it — even the rabidest enemy of "Pitt et Cobourg" — thenceforth renounced the small-beer julep, half sour, half syruppy, thitherto misnamed "punch" abroad. Brandy, sherry, and claret also formed part of the commodore's cellar, and, in particular, he had laid in a supply of admirable old port wine — rare old stuff — bottles of liquid rubies, in a setting of rich crust and cobwebs. Money can do almost anything in any times. It can break the sternest of blockades, and, though it could not get Sir Sidney Smith out of prison, it could procure him a supply of the primest wines in the English market. The French cook admired the old port wine hugely. He discovered that "porto" was required for a great many dishes and sauces. He was discovered in the kitchen one day by Sparkes, weeping bitterly into a stew-pan, by the side of an empty port wine bottle. He declared on that occasion, with some thickness of utterance, that the Directory were brigands, and the National Assembly thieves, and that the name of the legitimate ruler of France was Louis the Eighteenth. He was very pale and shaky next day, affected great republican sternness, and insisted more than ever upon being called "citizen," and "Junius Brutus," when, honest man, his name was Jean Baptiste all over, from his slippers to his white nightcap. These details may probably seem useless; but the commodore's port wine had more to do with his es-

cape from his chambers in the Temple than you may at present imagine.

One gilt and burnished afternoon in the autumn of this same year 'ninety-eight, a party of four persons were assembled in Sir Sidney Smith's sitting-room in the Tower of the Temple. One of these persons was Captain Wright, whom, as he has nothing further to do with this history, I need not specially describe. The second was Sir Sidney Smith, then in all the pride and vigour of his manhood — a little pale, perhaps, through want of exercise, but a comely man, and fair to look upon. He had his hair powdered, and wore top-boots, which would seem somewhat strange articles of costume for a naval officer, albeit in plain clothes, in these days, but were the fashion in 'ninety-eight. The third was Mr. Sparkes, his body servant. Mr. Sparkes was of the middle height, and remarkably stout, though anything but corpulent in the face. He was so stout about the chest, that you could scarcely divest yourself of the impression that he had more than one waistcoat on. Perhaps he had. A very low forehead had Mr. Sparkes, and a very voluminous allowance of bushy red hair. He was freckled, and his chin was lost in the folds of his ample cravat. He had a considerable impediment in his speech, which caused him to speak slowly, and not often, and not much at a time; but he was a great humorist, and was an enormous favourite among the prison officials for his droll sayings, and for the hideously execrable manner in which he pronounced the French language. A thorough Briton — an incorrigible "rosbif" was Sparkes, said they — there were some hopes of the commodore acquiring a decent knowledge of French after a few years' residence, but as for Sparkes, he would never learn, not he. Doctor Jollivet, the prison surgeon, who had been in England, and spoke ravishing English, declared John as "tout ce qu'il y avait de plus Coqueni" — by which, it is to be presumed, he meant Cockney. Sparkes had been brought up, he said, with the commodore, which accounted for a certain degree of familiarity with which he treated him, and which he was far from showing to the other servants. This present golden afternoon John half stood behind his master's chair, half leaned against the side-board. He was attentive in supplying the wants of the other persons present, but he did not neglect to help himself liberally from a special bottle of port behind him, nor did he refrain from joining, from time to time, in the conversation.

The fourth person of this group, and who sat at the end of the table facing the Commodore, was a Frenchman, — a very important person, too, you are to know, being Citizen Mutius Scævola Lasne (formerly Martin), concierge, keeper or head gaoler

of the Temple. He was responsible for the safe-keeping of the prisoners with his head. He slept every night with the prison keys under his pillow. He knew where the secret dungeons — the underground cachots and cabanons — were, and what manner of men were in them. He was not a man to be despised.

Citizen Lasne was a very large, fat man, with a small head. Gaolers generally are, — but let that pass. Now there is no medium of character or disposition in large fat men with small heads. They are either intolerably vicious, slowly cruel, stolidly hard-hearted, mischievously stupid, torpidly revengeful, dully selfish, sensual and avaricious, or else they are lazy, good-natured, genial, soft-hearted giants, — mere toasts and butter, giving freely, lending freely, spending freely, always ready to weep at a pitiful tale, to sing the best song they know, to lend you their best umbrella, and to walk whereso-ever you wish to lead them. It is the same with bald-headed men who wear spectacles. They are either atrocious villains or amiable philanthropists. The races admit of no mediocrity. Citizen Lasne happened, luckily for his prisoners, to be a large fat man, of the second or soft-hearted category. His exterior was rugged and his moustache was fierce. He was as stupid as the libretto of an opera, and as vain as a dab-chick; but his nature was honest, simple, confiding, and compassionate. He was the foolish, fat scullion of Sterne metamorphosed into a man. He would have spared a flea when he caught him, — a three-bottle flea, drunk with his life blood, and giddy with leaping over his body. He would do anything for a prisoner save allow him to escape, — for, like all slow men, he had a fixed idea, and this fixed idea confirmed him in, and kept continually before him, the conviction that one prisoner the less in the Temple (unless legally discharged), was one head the less upon his own shoulders. This is why he always inspected the bolts, bars, and locks of the doors and windows every night, set the watch, and slept with the keys of the Temple under his pillow.

Citizen Lasne liked drink. For port wine he conceived an immoderate affection. His liking for that beverage was pleasingly gratified, as the Commodore frequently invited him to his table. Misery makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, and a gaol makes a man take up with strange boon companions. These eyes have seen the son of an earl hob-nobbing at a prison tap with an insolvent boot-closer. On his own quarter-deck, in London, at St. James's, Sir Sidney Smith would doubtless have been as dignified, not to say haughty, as an Englishman and a commodore has a right to be. In the state cabin of his own flag-ship he would decidedly not have hob-

nobbed with Bob Catskin, the boat-swain's mate. But a prisoner in the Temple, far from home, almost solitary, any companionship was welcome to him. This is why he so often invited Citizen Lasne to dinner and to supper. This is why that fat citizen sat facing him at the table on the golden autumn afternoon I treat of.

The citizen having eaten like an ox (he approved of English cookery much), was now drinking like a fish. He could stand a prodigious quantity of drink, — all fat men can. Only as he drank, his eyes, which were small and round, appeared to diminish still further in volume, for the little penthouses of his eyelids began to droop somewhat, and his round rosy cheeks to puff out upwards and laterally, while the eyes themselves seemed to recede into their orbits, as though they were lazy with repletion, and were throwing themselves back in their easy-chairs.

The table was covered with plates of fruit and decanters of wine, from both of which Citizen Lasne was helping himself largely, — the others in moderation. The citizen drank his old port out of a tumbler, — the starveling and effeminate thimblefulls known as English wine-glasses not having as yet penetrated into the Temple. He persisted on calling the port "a little wine," — un petit vin délicieux, — meanwhile taking hearty gulps of the libelled liquor; for it is a mighty and generous wine, — yea, that invigorateth the frame, and maketh the hearts of men strong within them. It hath cheered the vigils of great scholars, and armed brave warriors for the fray, — port wine. As the citizen drank, however, it was evident that the fixed idea was anything but dormant within him; for he watched his host's countenance from time to time narrowly, and in the midst of his hilarity and talkativeness there would occasionally flit across his fat face an expression almost of alarm, — for Sir Sidney was taciturn, pensive, evidently pre-occupied, drank little, and leant his head on his hand.

"May I pass for a 'suspect,'" he cried suddenly, laying down his glass, "if I drink another drop."

"What 's the matter, Father Latchkey?" asked Mr. Sparkes in French, far too ungrammatical to transcribe here. "Wine gone the wrong way, — swallowed a fly? Why you look as if you saw a file in the bottom of your glass, and a bunch of skeleton keys in the Commodore's face."

"May I sneeze in the sawdust" (when a person is guillotined, his head falls into a basketful of sawdust) "if the citizen prisoner of war is not thinking of his Three Muses at this very moment."

The "Three Muses" were three royalist ladies, hiding their real names under the fabulous sobriquets of Thalia, Melpomene, and Clio, who had long and successfully evaded the pursuit of the police, and who were notoriously

continually conspiring to effect the deliverance of Sir Sidney Smith. It should be known that at this period, notwithstanding the sanguinary severity of the Republican government against the Royalists, France and Paris swarmed with secret emissaries from foreign powers, known as "alarmists," "accapareurs;" but more under the generic name of "agents de l'étranger," and by the populace as "Pitt-et-Cobourgs." There were agents from London, from Vienna, from Berlin, and from Amsterdam. There were agents in the army, the navy, the salons, the public offices, the ante-chambers of the ministry; among the box-openers at theatres, the market-women in the Halle, the coachmen on the stand, — all well supplied with money, all indefatigable in obtaining information, in fomenting re-actionary disturbances, in promoting the escape of political prisoners. I might fill a book with anecdotes of Conrad Kock the Dutch banker (guillotined); Berthold Proly (guillotined); the two Moravian brothers Frey, and their sister Léopoldine; André-Marie Guzman, the Spaniard, who actually so far ingratiated himself into the confidence of Marat that the last letter the famous terrorist ever wrote was to him; Webber, the Englishman, whose mission it was to obtain plans of French fortified towns, and paid twelve thousand francs for one of Douai; one Greenwood, who was specially employed to give dinners to distressed Royalists; Mrs. Knox; and especially the two famous Pitt-et-Cobourgs, Dickson and Winter, who braved the Terror, the Directory, the Consulate and the Empire, and only gave up business in eighteen hundred and fifteen. It was pretty well known to the police, when our fat friend alluded to the Three Muses, that an intricate and elaborate network of intrigues, plots and counterplots, existed for the release of Sir Sidney Smith; that neither money nor men were wanting to effect this, should an opportunity occur; and that persons secretly powerful were working night and day to bring that opportunity about. This is why the English Commodore had been so particularly recommended to Citizen Lasne, and why the fixed idea I have mentioned was so prominent in that patriot's mind.

"You will pardon me, Citizen Commodore," the gaoler continued, rising, but casting a loving look at the decanters, "but I don't like to see you look thoughtful. Thinking means running. I must go and examine all the locks, and order the night-watch to be doubled."

"A man may be thinking of his home and friends, his King and country, without meditating an escape there and then, my good Lasne," Sir Sidney said with a quiet smile.

"Ah," objected the gaoler, shaking his fat head, "but you've too many friends in Paris,

citizen prisoner. Your King sends too many guineas and spies over here. There are hundreds of them between here and the Rue St. Antoine at this moment, I 'll be bound. Very kind indeed to think of your friends, but if you should feel inclined to say bonjour to them, my only friend would be Charlot (the public executioner)."

If citizen Lasne could have spoken English, and have made a pun, he might have said that that only friend would have cut him. But he was a stupid fat man, and could do neither.

"Make your mind easy, my friend," replied Sir Sidney Smith, "I will promise you not to escape to-night."

"You promise! then it 's all right: you promise mind," ejaculated citizen Lasne, joyfully.

"I give you my word."

"Then give me some more wine," cried this merry fat man. "More Porto, Monsieur Sparkes, my dear, ho! ho!"

With which he sat down, and held out his tumbler with his great fat doughy hand, that looked as if it had just been kneaded, and was ready for the bakehouse.

"More port, more port," grumbled or pretended to grumble Mr. Sparkes, filling the bacchanalian's glass to the brim, "What an old forty-stomach it is. He blows his windbags out like a sail. There 'll be bellows to mend before long. Here 's more port for you."

"'T is good, my friend, 't is an exquisite little wine. Yet a little more. A drop — guggl-gl-gl-gl" — and he continued to drink.

The gaoler knew that Sir Sidney Smith was a man of inflexible honour and integrity; that to him his word as a sailor, a knight, a gentleman, was sacred. So he put the fixed idea out to grass for a time, and drank more port.

But port, though an exquisite little wine, will tell its tale, and have its own way with a man at last, like labour, like age, like death. The citizen Lasne became very talkative indeed, which showed that he was getting on; then he sang a song, which showed that he was getting further on; then he essayed to dance, which showed that he was getting drunk; then he told a story about a pig in the South of France, and cried: which showed that he was very drunk indeed.

"Citizen Commodore," he said all at once, "would you like to take a walk on the Boulevard?"

At this strange proposition Sir Sidney turned his eyes to the barred window. The rays of the setting sun threw the shadows of the bars upon the wall: the bright light was between. And the gentle breeze of the evening came into the room like the whisper of an angel.

The hum and murmur of the great city came up and smote the captive upon the ear, gently,

lovingly, gaily, as though they said, "Come, why tarry? you are invited." And the birds were singing outside upon the gloomy terrace, where the little dauphin used to walk.

"Monsieur Lasne," answered the Commodore, stifling a sigh, "there are subjects upon which it is both unjust and cruel to jest."

"But I 'm not jesting."

"But do you really mean to say that you would consent..."

"Once more, would you like to take a walk on the Boulevard?"

"Would you like to take a walk on the Boulevard?" bawled Sparkes, applying his mouth to his master's ear, as though he were deaf.

"If you are speaking seriously," Sir Sidney said at last, "I can but accept the offer with the greatest gratitude."

"Seriously, of course I am," replied citizen Lasne, rising, and shaking off the load of port wine from his fat form, as though it were a cloak, and really succeeding in standing straight. "First, though, let us make our little conditions. No attempts at escape."

"Oh, of course not," replied the Commodore.

"No speaking to any one you meet on the road. No Muses; no words, gestures; not a nod, not a wink."

"I promise all this."

"On the word of an honest man."

"On the word of an English gentleman," answered the Commodore firmly.

"Come along then," cried the gaoler, as if perfectly satisfied, linking his arm in that of his prisoner, and moving towards the door: "you shall see of what stuff the boulevards of Paris are made, Citizen Commodore."

Although this fat turnkey had drunk a prodigious quantity of port wine, he did not seem, once on his legs, so very much the worse for liquor. He gave one of his legs a little pat as if to reproach it for having been shaky, and took a last gulp of port by way of a final clench or steadier. Only his little eyes began to flame and sparkle greatly, which from the general dulness of his countenance gave him the appearance of having an evening party inside his head, and having had the windows lighted up.

The pair were going out when Citizen Lasne was aware of Mr. Sparkes, who leaned against the sideboard with his arms folded, looking anything but contented with the general aspect of affairs.

"A citizen who has poured me out so many tumblers of good wine," said the gaoler, graciously, "deserves some little consideration at my hands. Pass your word for him too, Commodore, and Citizen Spark shall come with us."

"You have my word," Sir Sidney said, laughing. "Sparkes shall make no attempt at escape."

"You might have asked me for

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my word," grumbled Mr. Sparkes. "That would have been quite sufficient. A nice republican you must be to think that the word of a gentleman's servant is not as good as that of a gentleman. Is that your fraternity, or equality, or whatever you call it?"

"Liberty, equality, and fraternity," replied Citizen Lasne, with vinous gravity, "are very pretty to look at on the two-sous pieces; but the heart of man is deceitful. However," he added, "may I pass for a ci-devant, Citizen Spark, if I think that you would play me false. Citizen, come along. Citizen Secretary (to Captain Wright) I recommend myself to your distinguished consideration till we return. Au Boulevard!"

He led the Commodore away, and Sparkes followed close at their heels, as a well-bred gentleman's servant should do. A few minutes afterwards the three were outside the great gate of the Temple. The Commodore had taken care to wrap himself in a cloak, and to slouch his hat over his head. As long as the sun remained on the horizon the party wandered about the Dædalus of narrow little streets which then surrounded, and even now to a certain extent surround the Temple. As it grew dark, the Commodore proposed that they should take the promised walk on the Boulevard.

Now Citizen Lasne, in regard to liquor, was somewhat of a spongy nature and temperament. He could suck up an astonishing quantity of moisture, but such moisture was very easily expressed by a few minutes' exercise, and then the citizen was dry, porous, on the alert and ready for more. When Citizen Lasne left the Temple with his prisoners he was considerably more than seven-eighths drunk. He had not been long in the fresh air before the fixed idea began to dominate over his mind with redoubled force. He began to repent of his somewhat too chivalrous confidence in the parole of his captives. He began to repent heartily of his imprudence. He began, finally, like Falstaff, to perceive that he had been an ass; and, worse than all, that he had effected that undesirable metamorphosis himself.

As they walked he scrutinized narrowly the countenances of the passers by to see if any marks of recognition passed between them and his companion. And almost incessantly he glanced over his shoulder to assure himself of the whereabout of Citizen Spark. That trusty servant was contented with treading most faithfully upon his gaoler's heels, and with saying, when he caught his eye,

"All right, citizen — all right."

If the fumes of the wine had been completely, instead of very nearly, evaporated from the cerebellum of Citizen Lasne, he would have remarked a little circumstance which might have led him to entertain very grave suspicions concerning the safety

of his prisoners. Ever since the party had quitted the Temple, they had been followed, step by step, by a female figure closely shawled and veiled; and Sir Sidney could distinctly hear, though the gaoler from a trifling singing and buzzing in his ears, could not, the sound of steps behind them, regularly keeping time with their own.

The night was dark, and Lasne, determined to keep his word at all hazards, proceeded towards the Boulevard. At the moment when the three were turning the angle of the Rue Charlot a hand was laid on the arm of Citizen Sparkes, and a timid voice whispered —

"Monsieur le Comte."

Sparkes turned his head round, without slackening his pace.

"I saw you start," whispered the veiled female, for she was the owner of the hand and voice. "I have informed my sisters. Rochecotte and De Phélippaux are in readiness. One word and the Commodore shall be rescued from the hands of that wretch."

"But the Commodore will not say that word," answered Citizen Sparkes, in very pure and elegant French.

"And in heaven's name, why?"

"He has given his word, as a gentleman, not to attempt to escape to-night."

"And you —" the veiled figure continued.

"Oh, as for me — the Commodore was security for me — but —"

The night grew darker, and darker, and the three strange companions, with the phantom in the veil, were lost in the tumultuous sea of life upon the great Boulevards.

There was no Boulevard des Italiens then; no Rue de la Paix, no Madeleine, no Asphalte pavements, no brilliant passages, no gas-lamps. But the Boulevards were still the Boulevards, unequalled and unrivalled; the crowds of promenaders and loungers were still the same, though attired in costumes far different from those they wear now. They passed some dozen of theatres, they passed Monsieur Curtius's wax-work exhibition; they passed numberless groups of tight-rope dancers, jugglers, mountebanks, learned dogs and quack doctors. All at once, just as they had arrived at the spot where the Passage Vendome has since been constructed, Citizen Lasne uttered an exclamation of horror and surprise.

"By heavens!" he cried, "Spark has disappeared!"

It was but too true, the body servant of Sir Sidney Smith was no where to be seen.

In his terror and agitation the unlucky gaoler quite forgot his republican character. He was within a hair's breadth of making the sign of the cross; but remembering that religion had been done away with according to

law long since, he twirled his moustache instead.

"May heaven grant," said the Commodore to himself, "that the poor fellow has really succeeded in making his escape." Then he added, aloud, "Sparkes has no doubt lost us."

"Lost us," cried the concierge, furiously, "lost us! — yes, to find himself in London. I am ruined, destroyed. Citizen, citizen, I am a poor man, the father of a family, I have a head — I know I shall lose it — let us hasten home like the very devil."

He seized the Commodore's arm tightly as he spoke, and quickened his pace; and Sir Sidney had no alternative but to walk as fast as his companion. They ascended the Boulevard, and then rapidly descended the Rue du Temple.

But the tribulations of Citizen Lasne had not yet reached their culminating point. At the top of the Rue Meslay they found the thoroughfare obstructed by a numerous crowd. Men of equivocal appearance hovered about, and formed suspicious groups. Some carts and barrows had been over-turned in the roadway, evidently with the intention of forming a barricade. Lasne cast round him a desperate look. A gaoler, he scented a conspiracy from afar off.

"And where may you be taking this honest man, citizen," asked a man, placing himself directly in Lasne's way. The man wore a coarse blue blouse, but the ill-buttoned collar showed something most suspiciously like a lace shirtfrill beneath.

"Room there!" cried Lasne, to whom despair lent courage.

"You 're in a hurry, Citizen Donkey. If I relieve you of the care of that ci-devant who is hanging on your arm, don't you think you could walk faster?"

"Room there!" repeated the gaoler in a hoarse voice. "Room in the name of the Directory, in the name of the Republic —"

"One and indivisible!" interrupted the man in the blouse. "We know all about it. Hallo! attention there!"

The groups closed up. Citizen Lasne felt himself hustled, buffetted, half-strangled. Then he was violently dragged down a bye-street and thrust into a doorway. When he recovered his scattered senses, he was alone — the Commodore had disappeared.

"Oh my children, my poor children," murmured Citizen Lasne, pursuing his solitary walk towards the Temple. "What will become of them? Oh accursed be Pitt and Coburg! O thrice accursed be the wine of Porto!"

A fat man in a fright is not a pleasant sight to see. He always puts me in mind of a pig just poniarded by the butcher, and running about in extremis. The legs of Citizen Lasne quivered under him. A cold perspiration broke out all over him. He felt like a lump of ice in his back-

bone. The ends of his hair pricked his forehead; the singing in his ears loudened into a yell. The pores of his flesh opened and shut like oysters; and the whole of his inside became incontinent one mass of molten lead.

As he neared the Temple, the opposite sides of the street formed themselves into a horrible proscenium, and in the middle an infernal drama was being acted. He saw, painted all in red, somebody having the hair at the back of his head shaved off by somebody else hideously like M. Samson, otherwise called Charlot, the public executioner; then somebody being strapped upon a plank and thrust head downwards between two posts, in grooves of which ran a huge triangular axe. And the axe fell with a "thud," and somebody's head fell into a red basket full of sawdust, and the fiends that were yelling in his ear called out "Citizen Lasne, Citizen Lasne, agent of Pitt et Coburg." And the devil danced before the theatre, playing upon a pipe.

The unhappy gaoler reached the Temple gate. He rang and was about to enter, when he heard a voice behind him.

"Will you permit me also to enter, Monsieur Lasne?"

The citizen could hardly believe his ears. Much harder was it for him to believe his eyes, when, turning round, he recognised Sir Sidney Smith.

"May I be consumed," (he used a stronger term than this), cried Citizen Lasne, "if the word of a gentleman is not worth all the bolts and bars in the Temple."

Notwithstanding his high eulogium upon a gentleman's word, Citizen Lasne did not forget to see the bolts and bars properly secured as soon as he got inside. But a vigorous pressure from without prevented the closing of the great door, and a voice was heard crying, —

"Let me in! let me in! 'T is I, Sparkes."

"And where the wonder," (he used even a stronger term this time), "do you come from?" asked Citizen Lasne, when the Commodore's body-servant had been admitted.

"Where! why from looking after you to be sure. Do you call this fraternity and equality, locking a man out of his own prison. A pretty country, where, instead of prisoners running away from the gaolers, the gaolers run away from the prisoners."

Citizen Lasne was too delighted at the safe recovery of his prisoners to resent Mr. Sparkes's reproaches. He insisted upon lighting the Commodore to his apartments; he overwhelmed him with compliments and thanks. He positively wanted to embrace him. The Commodore repulsed him gently.

"You owe me nothing, M. Lasne," he said. "I had promised, I have kept my word. But

dating from this moment I withdraw my parole."

"Wait till to-morrow," exclaimed Lasne, in a supplicating voice. "Only wait till to-morrow, Commodore, I'm so sleepy."

Mr. Sparkes pinched the arm of Sir Sidney Smith. "Give your word till to-morrow morning," he whispered.

"Well, so be it," pursued the Commodore. "Till to-morrow morning I will give my word to remain quiet. But after that I shall court the Muses as much as I please."

"I wish to-morrow morning were this day month," murmured Citizen Lasne, as he bid the prisoners good night, and left them to their repose.

"To-morrow morning may bring forth great things, Sir Sidney," remarked Mr. Sparkes, suddenly rising from the body-servant into the friend. "You have kept your word in neither escaping nor planning escape. I have kept the word you gave for me in not escaping. We shall see, we shall see."

The historian relates, with what accuracy I know not, that when Citizen Lasne had retired for good for the night, Mr. Sparkes took off no less than five waistcoats, and also relieved his arms and legs from much superfluous padding; that underneath his red hair he had some closely-cropped silky black locks; that the freckles on his face were removable by no stronger cosmetic than ordinary soap and water; and that in less than one quarter of an hour after the departure of the gaoler, the bluff English body-servant had unaccountably assumed the likeness of an accomplished French gentleman.

The next morning, very early, a yellow post-chaise, drawn by four horses, drove up to the great door of the Temple. On the box sat two individuals, who at a glance could be recognised as gendarmes in plain clothes. Two more gendarmes, but in uniform, descended from the chaise, and assisted to alight no less a personage than Citizen Auger, adjutant-general of the army of Paris.

Shortly afterwards, the Commodore was sent for to the prison lodge, and there he was shown an order, signed by the Minister of the Interior, for the transfer of the persons of Sir Sidney Smith and his servant, John Sparkes, Anglais, to the military prison of the Abbaye.

"And many a poor fellow have I seen transferred to the prison of the Abbaye, who has only left it to be shot in the Plaine de Grenelle," murmured Lasne. "However, tout est en règle,—all is correct. I will just enter the warrant in the books, if you will be kind enough to sign a receipt for the bodies of the prisoners, Citizen Auger."

The citizen signed his name to the prison register, "Auger, Adjutant-General," followed by a tremendous paraphe or flourish.

He declined the escort of six men which Lasne was kind enough to offer him, saying that the four gendarmes were sufficient, and that, besides, he would depend on the honour of Sir Sidney Smith not to compromise him. The Commodore begged Lasne to accept the remainder of his stock of port wine, shook hands with him, took an affecting leave of poor Captain Wright, and with Sparkes entered the post-chaise. Citizen Auger followed; the two gendarmes in plain clothes mounted the box, and the carriage drove away. For aught Sir Sidney Smith knew, he was riding to his death.

The next morning, the newspapers teemed with accounts of the audacious escape of Commodore Sir Sidney Smith from the prison of the Temple, by means of a forged order of transfer. Citizen Adjutant-General Auger was no other than the proscribed emigré, the Marquis de Rochecotte, and the gendarmes were doubtless agents of the indefatigable Pitt-et-Coburg. As for Mr. John Sparkes, it was subsequently elicited that he was a certain Count de Tergorouac, a nobleman of Britanny, who had resided for a long time in England, and to whom it had luckily occurred, when taken prisoner, to assume the disguise of an Englishman.

The French police performed prodigies of strategy to arrest the fugitives, but all in vain. They reached Calais, crossed the Channel in a smuggling-vessel, and arrived safely in England.

As for Citizen Lasne, he could come to no harm; for, though the order was forged, the signature of the minister appended to it was undoubtedly genuine. It was never known by what stratagem the signature had been obtained. The fat citizen finished the commodore's port wine gaily, and drank his health, and that of "ce digne Spark," in their now unoccupied chambers in the Temple.

CHIPS.

STEALING A CALF'S SKIN.

Aubrey, a gossipping antiquary, who has preserved some curious facts and half-facts, relates of Shakespeare that, when a boy, he exercised his father's trade of a butcher, "and when he killed a calf he would do it in a high style, and make a speech." How the boy Shakespeare addressed a calf as he skinned it, it is not difficult to imagine — perhaps in the King Cambyses vein (certainly a high style), perhaps in a vein like that in which Burns indulged when he turned up a mouse's nest with his plough (certainly a touching style). What value Shakespeare set upon a calf's skin we may gather from the contemptuous clothing assigned to Austria by Constance and Falconbridge —

And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

But how little could he have foreseen what punishment was to be assigned in this England of his and ours to a poor woman for the crime of stealing a single calf's skin. Had he been possessed of second-sight, he would have felt as the famous John Howard felt, whose active sympathy with a poor woman overpunished for stealing one calf's skin we are enabled to publish for the first time, and in his own words. The case has escaped the numerous biographers of that benevolent man. The time is the year seventeen hundred and eighty-eight, when George the Third was king, and Howard thus puts her story to the then secretary of state for the home department: —

To the Right Honourable Lord Sydney.

Elizabeth Baker, of the parish of Uffington, in Berkshire, was committed September 1st, 1785, and on the 20th of March, 1786, was convicted of felony for stealing one calf's skin, and sentenced to be transported for seven years. By a letter from Lord Sydney, dated 25th November, 1786, she was ordered to be removed on board the ship Dunkirk, at Plymouth; but being then ill, and since becoming a cripple, she still continues in the county gaol at Exeter. This woman has been married near eighteen years, has had fifteen children; six are now alive, one of whom is blind. Her husband, a sober man, works constantly at his trade in the prison, and has uniformly declared he will never leave her.

Now, my lord, from the consideration of these circumstances, I earnestly implore her free pardon.

This petition, I am persuaded, will not be denied me, as amidst the many objects of distress in prisons that I have long been conversant with, this, my lord, is my first application.

(Signed)

JOHN HOWARD.

London, Dec. 12, 1787.

This touching story of overpunished crime, is lying, in John Howard's own manly hand, before us. After many years' knowledge of gaols, in almost every country, this was his first application to the secretary of state in England. No wonder he was roused. Seven months elapse between committal and conviction, and seven years' transportation is adjudged for what is now only punished with three months' imprisonment. The incident of the husband working constantly at his trade in the prison with his wife, and his uniformly declaring that he will never leave her, will bring tears to many eyes. Was John Howard's application acceded to? Did Elizabeth Baker return to Uffington in Berkshire through John Howard's manly appeal to government in her behalf? We hope so. Of the six surviving children some may yet be living, unconscious of the touching story in their parents' lives, or of the interest which Howard took in procuring the free pardon of their mother.

LEECHES.

It appears from a report by M. Souberain to the French Academy of Medicine, that some one is trying to do with leeches as

others are trying to do with edible fish — culture them or nurse them from the embryo. M. Borne, an inhabitant of St. Arnault, in the Department of Seine-et-Oise, after long study succeeded in establishing a regular leech-factory near his native place. It consists of a sort of bog, two or three acres in extent, surrounded by a trench filled with water. M. Borne found by observation that leeches are wont to deposit their eggs in small galleries, which they form in the soft earth on the borders of ponds; and, accordingly — on the principle sometimes adopted in society of leading a man by letting him do what he likes — the experimentalist formed a number of zig-zag channels reaching to the edge of the water, and covered them over with the stiff mud which he had removed. He found, by observation that leeches are wont to warm themselves in the sun in winter and lie in the shade in summer; and, accordingly, he constructed small earthen promontories, one facing the south and the other the north, where they might congregate as instinct dictated. His mode of feeding them is this: — He beats a quantity of blood with switches to separate the fibrin, which he has found to injure them; he places a number of leeches in a flannel bag; he plunges the bag into the sanguine fluid, and there he leaves the leeches to have their fill. He seems to know what is good for their health and their age; he takes them out when he judges they have made a judiciously hearty meal, washes them in tepid water, to make them dainty and clean; and restores them to their former habitat. The actual receptacles for the leeches are large pits sunk in the ground, and filled with water. When eggs have been deposited in the little zig-zag channels, the leech-rearer removes them from time to time, and places them in a small pit by themselves, where they are carefully tended during the hatching process. The trench or ditch of water, which surrounds the boggy island, is destined to preserve the leech from enemies, of which he appears to have many. In a little wooden hut lives a man, the bog-king, whose sole duty it is to combat the birds, and the water-rats, and the insects, which would otherwise be likely to make short work with the leeches.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

Dr. Hood, of Bedlam Hospital, in his work on criminal lunacy, shows from indisputable data, that the largest portion of the inmates of our prisons and asylums is contributed by agricultural counties. That there should be less crime and insanity in towns and manufacturing districts, we may at once perceive; because there the poorer classes find within their reach factory schools, mechanics' institutes, and free libraries. Their mental

faculties are sharpened and kept in a state of wholesome activity.

It is far otherwise in rural districts. During the long dreary winter evenings the 'ploughman or the hedger is without resource. Their only refuge is the village ale-house; where, by the abuse of beverages which might, taken in moderation, be no detriment to him, the rustic beclouds his already heavy faculties.

It is certain, therefore, that the best correction for this state of things must be, a greater diffusion of rural lending-libraries for such as can read, schools for those who cannot read, and wholesome recreation for all.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO VARNA.

If any lady or gentleman should think proper to set out with me for my scamper, I recommend them to be careful in stepping into the crazy little caïque which stands moored beside the official residence of the Pasha of Tophana. My imaginary friend must take care to step right in the centre of this ricketty little boat, for, I may as well mention, that a stout lady of my acquaintance, who neglected to attend to this precaution after it had been suggested to her by a mutual friend, was only saved from drowning in the Bosphorus by the rotundity of her figure and the swelling circle of a remarkably respectable silk dress.

Our servants and luggage must follow in another crazy little boat, as there is not room for them in ours. So, swift over the sulky December waters then — past many a battered hulk which shows sad signs enough of the wild hurricanes in the Black Sea; — past transport ships by the score, and smug oily commissariat officers, a little the worse for their previous night's entertainment, but keeping good hope of an appetite again by and by at the hospitable board of a contractor — past barges with a score of extremely dirty fellows, gentlemen in fezzes and baggy breeches, labouring at a multitude of oars slowly toiling along towards some ship bound for Sebastopol, there to give up their dismal and disheartened cargo of astounded peasants from the far away interior, and who are bound chiefly against their wills for the good of glory.

Away — past men of war with jovial officers chatting to admiring visitors over the ship's side, and making light of the dangers they bore so nobly but yesterday, and will court again to-morrow. One's very heart warms towards the blue-jackets, and one cannot help contrasting their frank, open, fearless looks with the anxious, sly, shuffling appearance of the commissariat fellow who pulled past us in stealthy talk with a wily trader, just now.

And salutes are firing from the ship and battlement, and gentle ladies of high degree flit swiftly by us in their gilded boats to visit the sick at Scutari. I vow and declare there goes Miss Nightingale, and yonder, in the great official caïque, sits kind Lady Stratford and her daughters fair. They are braving wind and weather, as they have been doing ever so long on the same kind errand, to carry to the sad couch of the wounded in a distant land, the meet tribute of Woman's sympathy and admiration. Let us look our last at a scene which has surely grown on my mind like affection for a friend. There stands rambling Scutari — dismal enough, though the neighbourhood around is beautiful — yonder is Leander's Tower, with its pretty legend of captive beauty and conquering love. There is the ricketty old wooden bridge, my favourite walk so long. There go, fussing and puffing away, the busy little steamers for Therapia and the villages of the Bosphorus. And I see through my glass that the shore is as usual crowded with a rabble rout of Greeks, Jews, Armenians, sailors, soldiers, tinkers, tailors, sutlers, gaily dressed young ladies, and all the dirty crowd of a sea-port.

There, some tearful widow who has left her world behind her, on the hard-fought field or the stormy sea, is being assisted into a boat by some kind friend whose stout arm is now perhaps trembling almost as much as her own pale hand, which is laid upon it. She is going aboard yon steamer where the union jack is hoisted, and she will return to her mockery of a home — now lonely ever more — in fatherland. She will keep holy the memory of the brave man whose living love was hers; who died, may be, with her name the last word upon his lips.

There are horses embarking and disembarking, and fat bales of merchandise toiling along, near the smart boats of sea captains and the flashing caïques of Pashas and ministers. Here raves a Frenchman, there roars a German, or yells a Greek; and the shrill boatswain's whistle skims the deep.

Of all the steamers with which it was ever my misfortune to become acquainted, I have not the smallest hesitation in asserting that the Austrian Lloyd boat, the Stamboul, plying between Varna and Constantinople, is the dirtiest and most inconvenient. I scrambled, and tumbled, and slipped through a variety of people and things. At last the decks were cleared of hotel servants, who had been forgotten and who had come to claim some preposterous little account which had been forgotten too, according to the custom of their tribe. The last Greek huckster had given his last wily counsel to his supercargo, and the last Jew had wrangled with the last boatman, who, Greek as he was, wearied

soon in the contest — and we were off.

Oh no! We should have been off anywhere but in Turkey. As it was, we beat about for several hours in the cheerfulest and most obliging manner, to wait for some impossible individual; who finally appeared to have changed his mind, and declined making the voyage with us.

It is the dusk of evening when we at last flit rattling down the Bosphorus, and already our keel leaves a bright track of phosphorus light on the darkening sea, like the steps of a water fairy.

Away, past the pretty villages on the shore, where I have wiled away so many an enchanted summer day; away, past tower and fort and sleepy hollow. By the low rambling wooden houses of the great pashas, with their barred and guarded harems, and by quiet cemeteries with their turbaned dead. By the tomb of the Lesbian admiral, Barbarossa, the conqueror of Algiers; and past the palace of Sardanapalus. Past diplomatic Therapia and cockney Bujukdère. So out into the Black Sea, as the moon rises mournfully and mistily.

The captain, a gaunt, melancholy Don Juan, I see, has been alarmed by the recent accidents: so have we; and therefore it is with some inward satisfaction — though we would scorn to express it — that we see he is making all taut and trim in case of sudden storm in the night. Some light skirmishing clouds to the northward look rather like mischief; but suppose we go down stairs and have some supper? We shall find, to be sure, nothing but a powerful species of cheese. But even that is better than nothing; and a short pipe, with some brandy and water afterwards, will quite warm our noses, which are cold, and I am sorry to say have been so for some time.

And here I wish to improve the occasion, by hinting to the docile traveller that one of the most dangerous things he can allow to occur to himself in Turkey, is in any way to get chilled. I would also suggest that the nose, especially if long, is an excellent natural thermometer, always at hand when you like to touch it. Now, if the temperature of the nose be colder than that of the finger under ordinary circumstances — if it tingles or misconducts itself in any way whatsoever — the possessor of that nose, if a judicious man and willing to be guided by the counsels of experience, will immediately warm it either by active exercise or by means of the most zealous anti-teetotal remedies. I personally am inclined to advise the latter method, supposing the said proprietor of the said nose to have already tired himself on the slippery deck of a Varna steamer, and being otherwise disposed for rest, as we were.

We passed Burgash in the night, and were dashing away merrily enough over waters hardly disturbed by a ripple when I

woke in the morning. I was first up of our party; and so I ought to have been, for I had slept in far more agreeable quarters. They had retired uncomplainingly to the dismal little holes in the wall which the steward had obligingly pointed out to them. I, on the contrary, had taken that functionary aside, and held sweet converse with him; till he was thereby induced to make me up a very little bed on one of the sofas in the great cabin, where I had more leg and elbow room, with better smells; though I am bound to confess that the odour of the powerful cheese we had had for supper was perceptible during a part of the night — say till I got used to it, and went to sleep.

We had a pretty good breakfast, the steamer cook being a deacon of his craft; ham, fish, beefsteaks, caviar, macaroni, and the sort of things it requires a traveller's appetite to put under his waistcoat at ten o'clock in the morning. The steamer library was also remarkably good and very well chosen. There were just the kind of books that give spice and zest to a journey in a half civilised country. Cooper, Scott, Washington Irving (the kindest, gentlest, most amusing of all the rovers that have ever written). There were also Leake's Travels in Greece, and the transactions of some German antiquarian society, for those fond of solid things when sea-sick.

I do not know that anything occurred during our voyage worth notice, except that we met with immense flocks of migratory wild ducks bearing with quivering flight and outstretched bills away for the marshes of Bulgaria and the Principalities. We had a discussion with one of the officers about our fare, however. I note it, because the same thing has occurred to me before on these Lloyd's boats, and cries loudly for notice. We had neglected from want of time to take our passage at Constantinople, and consequently had to pay on board. The officer, an ill-conditioned fellow, if there ever was one, determined to turn this circumstance to account, and mulcted us of precisely two shillings in every Turkish pound above the legal exchange at Varna or Constantinople. This wants sadly looking into; and therefore it is well to be explicit, and add that the officer, whose misconduct was very gross, was not one of the stewards, who are apt enough to do such things, but one of the superior officers appointed by the Company. It has been objected to these kind of details that they show something like a settled intention to complain. Well, so be it, a traveller who only complains of things really complainable cannot complain too much. The fact is, few people will take the trouble to complain, and therefore folks should be the more obliged to those who will.

It is said that Varna has about it a dirtiness peculiarly its own, but I incline rather to the opinion

that it is merely Turkish dirtiness, and that there is nothing whatever remarkable about this little military hothouse. We landed not without some difficulty and danger. The note of military preparation was pealing everywhere. Officials belonging to the commissariat, and unused to riding, were holding on to the pommels of their new saddles, and jogging about uncomfortably in many directions. Officers were conversing in groups and in astounding uniforms, supposed to be that of the body guard of his majesty the King of Candy, in whose service they had been, and from whom they had obtained all sorts of impossible ranks and decorations. I never saw so many colonels and generals at once in all my born days.

It was pleasant to see many a rollicking Irishman or canny lad from beyond the Tweed, who had obtained an introduction to the cutty-stool in early life, and had become the scandal of his elders — it was refreshing, I say, to see them shining away here as pashas, and knights, and generals. They were quite in their element.

There they were, eating and drinking together like gipsies or mosstroopers; drinking brandy and water, to keep off cholera, out of their embroidered caps; and cutting up tough fowls with their doughty sabres. There they were lending money to each other out of purses slender enough probably; disputing with consuls about unpaid tailors' bills for the wonderful uniforms; laughing together; quarrelling together, making it up with tears and assurances "that Jack was the best fellow under the sun, only, hang him, he is always coming the general over me so." There they were, believing in each other, and believing in themselves, talking about their uncles who lived in parks, which were always the finest in the part of the United Kingdom in which they were situated. There they were talking of their sisters, who were all trumps of girls, and who had often helped to pay (perhaps out of a governess's salary) for the wonderful uniforms — when they *were* paid for, which was not often. There they were, talking of their wives, who had mostly behaved badly. Puncturing their breasts and arms with tattooed letters of the names of splendid women they had left behind at Bucharest, or bold devices like Erin-go-bragh or Rule Britannia. Many a fine fellow, as he lies stiff and stark beneath the inclement skies of the Crimea, shall be found by some dauntless friend among the thickest of the fallen, wherever glory was to be won, or the wildest valour dared to spur, and he shall be known by those brave words upon his breast, and buried with a tear, which shall not be the last shed over him. Yes, there will be mourners enough for them among bright-eyed women and true men. Among fathers, of whom they

were still the pride, and among mothers, who will not be comforted when they hear that their bold sons have fallen. The sons with the open brows and hazel eyes, with the hot tempers and hearts of gold. Sons who, in spite of reckless habits, made little hoards — stolen often from the necessaries of life — to send some token of their unaltered and enduring love to far-away homes and relatives, who had looked coldly enough on them; who wrote letters, telling of their brightened fortunes; who wrote letters which had made the old folks stare and hold up their heads again, and given rise to paragraphs in county papers; who wrote letters full of high hopes and honest simple-hearted projects for the future; and who never wrote again.

Then there were sparkling little French officers making jokes about their chances of promotion; and prosy, good-natured soldiers (no one on earth is so prosy as a French private) telling extraordinary stories, perfectly unintelligible, of course, to British grenadiers, and Scotch or Irish soldiers listening to them with polite and tipsy gravity. There were doctors hurrying about to and from the hospital, and orderlies galloping hither and thither over the blackened ruins of the Greek fire, for Greek it really does seem to have been. There were army chaplains, with curious recipes for making curry, who stopped obliging linguists in the streets, and wanted to know "the Greek for Cayenne pepper?" There were French and Italian hucksters driving roaring trades; and impromptu hotels cheating many travellers; for the military messes have all been broken up, and even the ex-officers of the King of Candy — usually such sticklers for military etiquette, and capital authorities on culinary matters, as indeed on all others, are obliged to dine by twos and threes.

We adjourned with some of them to the house of the consular interpreter. He was a grandiloquent man, as all Greeks in office are. He immediately took us mentally and bodily into a sort of custody. He implored us, as we trusted in his honour and abilities, to free ourselves from the smallest thought or trouble about anything. We found him, of course, a fearful scamp, and his house seemed merely a windy, wooden, trap, for vermin, and bad smells — the latter coming quite unexpectedly and in stifling gusts. The former absolutely turned us out of bed, descending on us in such countless hosts when we put out the lights, that there was no keeping the field against them.

The food we got here was, of course, bad: the Greeks having no idea of eating and drinking, except on festival days. The bill was so preposterous that it called forth a rather energetic remonstrance from the Almoner of our party.

"Sare," whined the Greek, in defence of his charges, and with all the misplaced pride of his race, "I am not a common man."

"No, faith," replied the Purse-bearer, wincing, "you seem to me a most uncommon rogue."

We were glad to get away, touzled, bitten, dirty, comfortless, and sleepless, to go plashing along through the lonely moonlight to the sea-shore where a boat was waiting for us.

A YARN ABOUT YOUNG LIONS.

When I hear people talking about the decadence of England I generally go for a day or two to Portsmouth. It is so pleasant to see the fleet of a third-rate power big enough, and heavy metalled enough, to hold its own against all other navies whatsoever; and to feel that though we are sunk into insignificance and contempt, it is an insignificance of a very peculiar kind, consisting of a hundred sail at Spithead, mounting upwards of two thousand guns. So sinks a great Lord into poverty when his creditors make him an allowance of a hundred thousand a year; so sinks Lucullus into fasting and abstinence when his table is reduced to four courses and a dessert.

Being very much depressed in [illegible]its last week, after reading [illegible] German pamphlets which [illegible]ed that England was ruined, [illegible]everal Irish and American newspapers which positively asserted that the sun of tyrannical Albion had sunk for ever, I betook myself to the Boscawen Arms on Portsmouth Hard, which is next door to the Benbow, which is next door to the Cloudesley Shovel, which is next door to the Earl St. Vincent, so that it seems like a set of stout volumes of the Lives of the British Admirals ranged on a library shelf, — and, by means of the smell of tar and salt water, and the sight of a crowded harbour, and the echo of a thousand hammers in the dockyard, I soon got into a more comfortable frame of mind, and began already to believe that we should have a very fair chance against the King of the Two Sicilies, or even Otho of Greece. I don't know how it is, but whenever I am in any part of Portsmouth I always feel as if I could lick any amount of foreigners with the greatest ease; I feel a strange twitching in the shoulders, and a desire to hitch up my lower integuments, as if the braces had broke; and I find myself occasionally trying to expectorate in a free and manly manner, as if I never had a quid out of my right cheek. The manner in which my legs flourish about, evidently believing they are on a quarter-deck in a considerable gale of wind, has often caused me great uneasiness as to the opinion my friends may entertain of the cause of so unsteady a gait; but as everybody in Portsmouth seems to heel over and

sway from side to side pretty much in the same manner, let me hope they either don't notice the obliquity of my motion, or attribute it to the right cause — a marine sympathy which it is impossible to resist. By the same peculiar action of the sea-breezes, my language becomes almost unintelligible to my friends, and sometimes even to myself. Do you think I could say I was walking down High Street? No; I'd see you in Davy Jones's locker first! I always either steer or bear down High Street, and wouldn't "walk" for the world. I always weigh anchor when I leave a room, and bring up when I sit down to dinner; and yet — would you believe it? — I hate the real thing in spite of this strange, and, I believe, involuntary imitation. I am seasick on the voyage from Gosport to Ryde, and never was on board a man-of-war in my life. In fact I have never been able very distinctly to understand how any body ever got on board a man-of-war, except in dock. It seems to me impossible to clamber up such an immense height with only the help of a rope, and the uncertain footing of the planking seams, — for stairs, I understand, are done away with in blue water, and chairs let down for none but ladies. However, in spite of these drawbacks, I am conscious I have the soul of a Nelson in the body of a landlubber, and feel positively certain that I would sing Rule Britannia and Hearts of Oak at the point of death. I do it constantly now — or when I don't sing the words I whistle the tunes: "We burn them, and sink them, or drive them on shore; And if they won't fight us what can we do more?" Ah! What, indeed?

The water in the harbour is generally smooth, and I hire a boat by the day, and sail up and down for ever. Past the glorious Victory — past the Excellent — past the huge hulks we go, and up into a city of hooded houses, with port-holes for windows, lying upon their shadows opposite Portchester Castle, and waiting only to be called on to doff their roofs, and stick in their masts, and hoist their sails — and behold the quiet line of sleepy monsters transformed into leviathans afloat, with their bulwarks on the brine, ready for all weathers, and as gay with pennon and streamer as a new made bride! Thirty-six hours would send these vessels at any time to Spithead in case of necessity — "For you see, sir," said Bill Windus to me, "there's four thousand of us 'long-shore men 'tween S'thampton and Selsey Bill, all old sailors, and with the help of some landsmen, we could man a famous fleet for home defence, till our sea-going ships could get at 'em from the Downs and Plymouth." Now, Bill Windus is my boatman, a man of very quick hands in managing a boat, but very slow comprehension in mastering an idea. For instance,

all his notion of an enemy whom it would be his duty to oppose is strictly limited to a Frenchman of the old school. It has not yet reached his mind that there may be others whom it behoves us to take or destroy; and whenever he talks even of "them Rooshans" he has an invariable habit of chucking his thumb over his right shoulder, in the direction of Cherbourg. Whether he thinks the French have taken a new name, or are masquerading in the dress of Muscovites, as sometimes they painted their frigates like merchantmen to come down upon our homeward bound, unawares, I do not know; but it is very clear that Bill has not yet turned his attention to the fact of our present alliance. He has a deeply-grounded belief that it would be a great stroke of policy to bring the Imperial squadrons as fair captures to Spithead. "'Cause why?" he says, "if they 're all so kind and friendly, we can do the work ourselves; and if they 're not, it 's better to draw their teeth in time, and then they can do no harm."

But Bill is an old Tory, and a bad politician, though he has an excellent boat and handles her like a pilot of the fleet. The last day of my visit he asked permission to take an old chum with us up the harbour, and as I was rather tired of Bill's eloquence I was very glad of a change. A very different person from Bill was Harry Sparks — a man of action — a man of intelligence — a man of few words, and an immense deal of tobacco, with a large mouth filled from side to side with amazingly yellow teeth, and a round close cropped head, that looked very like a sixty-eight pounder, sprinkled slightly over with shreds of oakum. A pleasant man to look at, for he never flinched from your eye, but exposed his ruddy countenance, as if he had never in all his life done anything to be ashamed of. He was almost as great an enthusiast in maritime affairs as myself, and we were friends in a moment. His enthusiasm was shown by a series of well-directed squirts over the side of the boat, when I spoke of the magnificence of our first-rates; and many approving nods with his bullet-shaped head when I dilated on the grandeur of our position as the first of maritime nations, and holding the trident of Neptune, which I explained to him was the sceptre of the world.

"I seen it," he said, "in Plymouth Dock, and a rare good house it is, particular the egg-flip."

We spent a delightful time of it on the water, and, on parting, I gave Harry Sparks an invitation to a "pipe and can" in the Boscawen Arms. At seven o'clock a knock came to the door, a figure made its appearance in clean shirt and a very loose blue jacket, very wide Russia-duck trousers — the image of Mr. T. P. Cooke in the sailor's hornpipe — and ducked its head three or four

times, while it kept it steady by holding on vigorously by a long lock of hair in front. I recognised my friend Harry Sparks in his quarter-deck manners and Sunday clothes.

"Here I am, yer honour, and 'most ashamed of my company, for I ben't used to it."

This, I perceived, in spite of the grammatical construction, was a compliment to my superior rank, and, with the help of a large bottle of Hollands — I prefer that spirit to all other drinks whatever — a large kettle of water, and a couple of stout tumblers, I soon put him at his ease, and the flow of soul began. It was at my expense for a long time. I was educated at a classical academy in Suffolk, and gave him an account of a Carthaginian galley and a Roman trireme. Mr. Sparks would have liked no better fun than to have swept the seas, both of Pompey and the pirates, with a revenue cutter like the Dart, mounting four guns, also a picked crew and a good captain — "For you see, sir, it's a man that makes all the differ." I agreed with him on this point in a very decided manner, and we filled again. "You 're right, Harry," I said; "for what 's the use of all these noble ships at Spithead, if they are manned by muffs and commanded by an aged pump, fit only to be a churchwarden or a lord chancellor? Now, Harry, you 're a man of experience, also of extensive observation, and you, perhaps, can tell us, have we the man we want?" — "Dozens!" said Mr. Sparks, and, with a sound like the Maelstrom engulfing a ship, he engurgitated his grog, till I considered it a great mercy that he did not choke himself with the spoon. "Dozens, sir!" he repeated, dinting his tumbler on the table with a force that nearly broke it; "and, first and foremost, there 's old Nero — which some calls him the Lyon — in the Black Sea — which will take Semastyfool, as sure as the Scar of Rooshia has got skin on his nose, afore the summer 's begun. I knows him, I do, that 'ere Nero; and he 's done harder things afore — 'cause I knows 'em very well, though, mayhap, I can't tell 'em so clear as you would, sir. Sir, you 're a eloquent gentleman, I must say, and I drink your health again, sir, with many thanks for the same."

By this time our pipes had diffused a dim but very agreeable atmosphere through the apartment: the fire burned cheerily, the water was always hot, as the kettle rested on the hob; and, in a very pleasant frame of mind, I swayed back on the hind legs of my chair, and listened attentively to the anecdote delivered with great unction by my now communicative friend.

"When old Nero was young — as in course, he was once — he was first-mate aboard a ship on the India station, which was a prime station at the time, for we

was at war with the Dutch, and spices and pepper is the best of prize-money, besides sugars and rum. The whole of that 'ere sea, I 've heard say, is spotted over with islands, as if the ocean had the small-pox, and the islands was the pits — and very fine islands they be to look at, for the trees are wonderful large, and the fruits delicious, and the flowers — for them that like such things — the brightest and beautifullest in the world. All this I 've only hearn, for I never served beyond the Cape, but I 've heard of them so often I seem to have been born and bred among them cedars and camellias and seringas. The Dutch ain't a stupid set of people when left to their own ways, and would never have quarrelled with England if it had not been for that 'ere Napoleon Bonaparte which set 'em on like a Highland terrier on a mastiff dog. Howsomever as they showed their teeth it was necessary for us to knock 'em down their throats, and according we did it all the time of the war. Now, one day, says the captain to young Nero, 'You go,' he says, 'in the tender, with twelve men of your choice, and bring us word what the mynheers is a doing on in the island two hundred knots to our eastward, and let me know, d'ye hear; for it 's reported that they 've sent a large army from Java, and I daresay the big breeches,' says he, 'are arter some mischief.' So young Nero touched his hat, named his men, and thought himself the king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and all the world beside, when he seen his flag for the first time, and bore away for his destination with all the canvas he could spread. The captain was a very strict man, and had given orders to run no manner of risk, but to be very careful both of vessel and men. So they came late one evening within sight of the island; and high over all the rich trees that crowned all the coast, they saw far inland the Dutch standard a flapping on the flag-post, and even in the still air heard the military band a-playing on the parade ground of the castle, as if it was a playing a welcome to young Nero and his crew. This was remarkable civil in the Dutch, and Nero beckoned Will Hatch and says, 'They don't seem to be much on the look out,' says he, 'or surely they would have seen our sails as we rounded the high point. Now you see, Will,' says he, 'if they 're so off their guard, and seem so fond of their fine tunes, it would only be respectful in us to go a little nearer, and pay them the compliment of a call. So tell nine of the lads to take two or three pistols apiece and a cutlass — run us into one of them deep creeks, where the brushwood is higher than our mast — tuck in a precious good supper, and be ready to follow me ashore.' Away through the thick jungle went the ten men, all their ears open,

and their forefingers on the trigger; and after struggling through the shrubs, which smelt like ladies' scent-bottles, all of a sudden they come to a clear space, and found themselves within fifty yards of the castle walls. It was now nearly dark — a heavy sort of a night, as if the air was too thick with heat and perfume to be seen through — in them parts it 's never so pitch black as here. At the other side of the fortress either another band was a playing fine Italian music, or it was the same they had heard before, only moved away, perhaps, on their road to the barracks. Well, this was all the information as could be picked up, and Nero didn't think the captain would be satisfied if he only took him back a list of the tunes they played; so he says, 'Come nearer,' he says, 'and make no noise till we get under the guns, for just at this present they could point them to where we stand, and blow us into convulsions.' On tiptoe they hurried for'ard, and when they got close to the wall, they found the drawbridge down and gate open, and just at this time the music ceased, and it seemed as if the whole family had gone to bed and left the big doors of the citadel open to air the town. 'Now 's the time, boys,' says young Nero; 'follow me at the run, shoot the first sentinel you find, shout with all your might, fire off your spare pistols, split into parties of twos and threes, but always keep in hearing, and see what our luck will be!' The boys could scarcely keep from laughing, it was such a capital contrived lark; but still they managed not to laugh too loud, and did as they were told. There was firing and shouting in a few minutes all over the place. The sentinels thought five thousand English at least had fallen upon them as the advanced guard of a tremendous expedition, and made off — those that wern't shot — and told the general what they thought. He was a very famous commander, and would do nothing contrairy to the rules of war; so he determined to lead his men into the open country and wait for reinforcements to enable him to retake the place. And away they went by the inland gates, which Nero instantly ordered to be closed, and set all hands to work. They spiked the guns — there were sixteen of 'em — and threw them into the moat; they burned the barracks; broke all the arms they found; filled their pockets and hankerchers with anything that took their fancy, and before daylight evacuated the castle in the greatest order, locking the gate behind them, and rasping through the main hinge of the drawbridge by way of preventing pursuit. In as great silence as they had made their approach, they pursued their way through the forest to the creek, — got quietly on board and warped out into deep water. You may guess what fun they had when morning

dawned, to see the castle still a smoking, and no flag hoisted on the wall. The Dutch general followed the most scientific plans he could hear of in books, and made his approaches in such a skilful way that it was three days afore he got into the deserted fortress, and wrote home an account of how he had repulsed nine thousand British soldiers with the loss of three men; for which exploit he was made a baron on, and adwanced a step in rank.

"Now, when young Nero got on board his ship the captain asked, why the Wickeds he hadn't gone down to that there island, as he had ordered? 'I 've been, sir,' said Nero, very sharp, 'and got all the information we require.' Whereupon he told him all, just as I 've told it to you, sir. But the captain was a gentleman that didn't approve of things out of the common, and he says, very coldly, 'You have unnecessarily exposed the men's lives, and His Majesty's vessel, and you 'll consider yourself under arrest. I will write an account of your behaviour to the admiral, and you will probably be dismissed the service.' So he wrote a full history of all that young Nero had done, tied it all up in the reddest of tape as he had, and was very fain to send him home at once as a dangerous character. But as soon as a fast sailing frigate could come from the admiral — which was a friend of Nelson's, and knew the Nelson touch as well as any man alive — the captain was forced to call young Nero on the quarter-deck and, in the presence of all the ship's company, present him with a acting order to serve as lieutenant, and to join the admiral's ship without delay. All the twelve of the crew wanted to go with him, but he could only get leave for Will Hatch, which has never left him since, and is, at this moment, casting a loving eye on the batteries of Semastyfool, so let that there Scar of Rooshia look out, for Nero will take it as sure as a gun."

Mr. Sparks rewarded himself for this interesting account with a rather copious infusion of fresh matter into his tumbler. And now that the flood-gates of speech were opened he poured forth: — "I s'pose, sir, as I never seen you before, I never told you the story of how young Nero got his ship ashore, and as near as possible lost his commission. Well, sir, here it is — short and straight, for you haven't time to be a listening here all night. You 've heard, perhaps, of love, sir, — a many songs have been written about it, and if you never met with it yourself you may know it by the descriptions. It 's something like the meesels or hooping-cough, sir; everybody must have it once in their lives, and if by chance it comes a second time, it 's always exceeding mild. Well, when young Nero was first took with the eruption, he was in command of a sloop,

and stood away for where his lady lived, though it was out of the bounds of the station where he was placed. But it was just out of bounds, and he thought by clever handling he might run close in shore, and post with quick horses up to where his sweetheart was, and be back on his station again afore his absence was noticed. His sweetheart was a lady of high rank, and Bill Hatch, which went with him in the chase, has told me that better liquors was nowhere in England than he had that night in the servants' hall. Oh! there was singing and dancing, and what not in the drawing-room: and I 'll be sworn a good specimen of the same in the kitchen, too, for I 've heard Bill crack a tumbler by the noise he made in 'Cease rude Boreas;' and as to dancing, he would wear a hole in an oak plank afore he 'd give over the shuffle. So, when the gentlefolks was a thinking of going to bed, a little tap comes to the door; and Will Hatch, which was in the middle of the Jolly Young Waterman at that very moment, felt a shock as if something was a going to happen; and a footman goes to the door, and Will hears a voice which said, 'Tell Will Hatch to tell the captain she 's bumped, bows on, and will only have five foot water at low tide.' The footman looked surprised, and asked who "she" was; but Will Hatch had gone to the door, discovered the captain of the foretop, and heard it was all true. A message was sent into the drawing-room, and young Nero come out into the passage. What was to be done? It was two o'clock in the morning — the tide would fall for another hour. In five minutes he and Will Hatch and the messenger was on their way: in a hour and a half they was on board. All the ship's company knew the scrape the captain was in. How they worked with the boats; how they lightened the ship; how they landed some of the guns; how they toiled with heart and hand till morning light! And then the tide was still on the rise — higher — higher — and the work of unloading still went on. There was a coast-guard station near, and a line of telegraphs that held palavers over hills and walleys with a great arsenal to the east. If the authorities heard of the accident, there would be a tremenduous kick up — salvage — court-martial — dismissal. And still the tide come on! But suddenly went up a cursed straight rod of the telegraph, that meant 'ship' — followed in a moment by a little arm that pointed downwards, and that meant 'ashore.' So in three minutes it was known all over the port as a ship was on shore. Come on! come on! blessed tide! For in an hour and a half the captain of the harbour will be here; and lighters will be here; and reporters for Times newspapers will be here! Well it rose, and it rose, and at last with all the ship's boats a tugging at her

stern, she heaved once or twice majestically, and slipt her bows off the land — it was only a spit of sand and no harm done — and glided away into deep water as if nothing had happened. Then the work began. The cargo had to be taken on board, the guns replaced, the disorder rectified; and just when the last stroke was done, and the vessel was fit for service, a long line of craft was seen coming round the point! There was the harbour-master's yacht, and the admiral's barge, and three or four lighters, and two or three sloops from Lloyd's; and they all backed sail with astonishment as they seen the beautifulest sloop in the Royal Navy, alooking as spick and span as if that moment out of dock. And then she hoisted a signal — Good morrow, gentlemen — and bore quietly out of the narrow into the wide sea. Some of the disappointed salvors went ashore, and gave the telegraph men as good a licking as ever they had in their lives. Well, sir, Nero was tried for the accident, and received a slight reprimand; with such a high compliment for his zeal and activity in getting his ship off again that he got his promotion in a month or two, and took command of a frigate of forty-four guns."

Other stories were told me by Harry Sparks, all tending to the same result; namely, that there really was a MAN on whom the country can rely, with courage and discretion equally mixed. The heat, the tobacco, the grog, the excitement, the glaring eyes of Mr. Sparks, his prodigious mouth, his yellow teeth, his bullety head, all conspired to put me into the highest state of satisfaction with this ruined, weakened, disgraced, and powerless England.

"Sparks," I said, "I was born in an inland county, sir; but, far from the dash of the wild sea I heard the music of Britannia's thunder, and felt that if all the world were to combine against us, we should still our foot-steps insupportably advance, and Britons never never never shall be slaves! — hurrah!"

Mr. Sparks entered fully into my feelings, though perhaps he did not understand the grandeur of my language, which was also rather obscure to myself; and the last thing I remember was his scratching his oakum locks for a minute, and then engulphing his head in the tumbler, after saying, "The same to you, sir, and many happy returns!"

THE ROYAL BALLOON.

BLUEBEARD'S wife is a faithful type of our common human nature, male as well as female. The secret chamber is the room we all want to penetrate into. One unburnt book from the Alexandrian library would be more attractive to bibliomaniacs than a whole college-full of learned folios that stand ready-ranged on their dusty

shelves. The last volume, spared by the Sibyl, only increased the longing after those that were irrevocably gone. Who would not give a trifle for a peep at some of the treatises which those who used curious arts in the early days of Christianity, brought together and burned before all men? Dr. Young, since grown old, found more pleasure in contemplating an obelisk-side of hieroglyphics, than in running through the London Gazette; doubtless for the simple reason that he could read the one and could not read the other. Herschell's delight was to hunt after stars, invisible or dimly seen, which seemed to dive deeper into distant space the harder he tried to get a peep at them. We can easily fancy the intense delight of the great modern interpreter of Ninevite literature, when he believes he has inserted the wedge of a lucky guess into a cuneiform inscription, and has a chance of splitting it up into sentences and words. The higher the wall that surrounds a garden, the sweeter, longing mouths and noses suspect, are the fruit and flowers inclosed within. The thick morning mist that veils a landscape makes us the more eager to discover its beauties. The clouds, the glaciers, and the treacherous snow, which ought to render the mountain-top inaccessible, only serve to invite the adventurous spirit to plant his foot where prudence and practicability forbid. What we cannot have, we resolve to have; what we cannot know, we insist upon knowing.

From this craving after forbidden lore I pretend to be no more exempt than my neighbours. A wayside monument has had the same effect upon me, haunting my dreams and fancies by night, and intruding on my waking thoughts by day. It has intrigued me, to borrow a French expression, beyond all bearing.

The churchyard of the village of Wimille, about four miles north of Boulogne-sur-Mer, skirts the imperial road to Calais. Just at the middle of the boundary-wall a stone tablet rises, inscribed with small capitals, and surmounted at the top with something which is very like a petrified cauliflower. It is meant to represent a balloon on fire. The inscription (in French) runs to the following effect: — "In this cemetery are interred Francois Pilâtre de Rosier and Pierre Ange Romain, who, desiring to pass over to England in an air-balloon, in which they had combined the agency of fire and of inflammable air, by an accident whose veritable cause will always remain unknown, the fire having caught the upper part of the balloon, they fell from the height of more than five thousand feet between Wimereux and the sea." The inscription is repeated in a Latin duplicate, for the benefit of travelling strangers who do not understand French. The said travellers are also

apostrophised: — "Passers-by, mourn their lot, and pray God for the repose of their souls!" Annual masses for their soul's repose, at the date corresponding to their rapid descent, were founded in the parish church of Wimille; whether or not the ninety-three revolution swept away the masses I cannot say. The Curé would give an answer to those who wish to know. Their lot was mournful; but even stronger than our pity is the feeling which urges us to find out how the deuce it happened. I resolved to try what could be done to that effect, and at last made out a theory which may, or may not, be the true one.

The churchyard memorial was not the only one that was raised to mark the horrible catastrophe. In the camp of Wimereux, just behind the Café du Petit Caporal, which is next door to the Estaminet du Ballon, a small obelisk of marble from the neighbouring quarries of Ferques, built without any, or with the least possible mortar, and not more than eight or nine feet high, rises on the spot where the aëronauts were dashed to the ground. When I first knew it, it stood in solitude in the midst of a grassy, down-like waste, half undermined by moles, and almost pushed off its pedestal by the cattle who used it as a rubbing-post. The parties that seemed to favour it with the longest notice, were the mushrooms who peeped above-ground from time to time, some singly, some in little family groups of three or four, but all apparently considering, under their broad-brimmed hats, whether it would not be an act of charity to the memory of the deceased, to surround their half-ruined monument with a railing. That also bears its record, in French, supplying a few additional particulars: "Here fell from the height of more than five thousand feet, at thirty-five minutes past seven in the morning, the unfortunate aëronauts Pilâtre de Rosier and Romain the elder, who started from Boulogne at five minutes after seven, in the morning of the fifteenth of June, seventeen hundred and eighty-five. The first was found dead upon the spot; the second gave a few signs of life during one or two minutes."

The best means, I thought, of solving the problem of their fall, was to find up any persons who had witnessed it. I was more fortunate than might have been expected, with an event occurring sixty years ago. In a hamlet to the north of Wimereux, I found an old woman more than a hundred years old, who had seen the balloon ascend from Boulogne. She was dosing and dreaming over a fire of dry furze, staring at the sparks with her filmy eyes. I wonder whether she could see with those eyes, even after she turned them on me as I entered her hovel.

"What do you want with me?" she said, in a voice that belonged

to the other world. "You don't know me, and I don't know you. I'm of no use to anybody, now."

"But I know you," my companion said. And then he began to talk about their acquaintance, and then about the obelisk, and then about Pilâtre de Rosier.

"I saw him and his friend go up," she said, suddenly waking, as if inspired. "I was close to them. He was a handsome man, and looked so smiling. As the balloon rose, he saluted and bowed to all the people, and waved his flags continually in this way, so, until he had mounted quite high in the sky." And then she suited the action to the word, waving her arms in imitation of poor De Rosier. "My arms then were not like this;" she continued, pulling the skin which hung loosely about them. "I had handsome arms once. Yes; he waved his arms so." And then she fell again into her dreamy state, the precursor of the long sleep of death, from which nothing could rouse her. All the further information we could extract was, that he waved his arms, comme ça, and that hers were once handsome arms.

It struck me that the excellent Museum at Boulogne might contain some relics of this tragical tumble. I found them there, and better than them. Monsieur Duburquoy, senior, an intelligent old man, the father of the present well-informed curator of the museum, was at Wimereux when the aëronauts fell, and helped to lift them from the ground. He was thirteen years of age at the time. He told me that De Rosier, quite dead, had one of his legs broken, and that the bone pierced through the tight fitting trouser; and that Romain heaved three or four deep sighs, and then expired. He picked up a piece of bread, partially eaten, that fell with them. A bottle of wine, that had been uncorked, and had had a glass or two drunk from it, accompanied them in their fall, and most extraordinarily was not broken.

The museum has the portrait of De Rosier in powdered wig and frilled shirt, besides a coloured medallion in wax. He is styled "the first aëronaut of the universe;" to which title there would be nothing to object, if we were but perfectly cognisant of the atmospherical conditions of every other sun, planet, and satellite in the universe. There are besides, his barometer, thermometer, speaking-trumpet, and the wand to which his little waving flag was attached. There is the painted cloth which surrounded the gallery of the Montgolfière, or flying fire-place, which helped him to ascend; there is a little piece of the taffetas or oiled-silk, covered with goldbeater's skin, which contained his float of hydrogen gas; and that is all the material evidence to be found.

Our readers may remember that Pilâtre de Rosier was ambitious

to be the first to cross the English channel in a balloon.* He had already the honour of being the first man who ascended in the earth's atmosphere, in a captive balloon as a first experiment, and afterwards in one at liberty to rise and wander whither it would, in which bold excursion he was accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes. The first living creatures that made a balloon ascent, were a sheep, a cock, and a duck, conjointly travellers through the region of clouds. Since then, equestrian ascents have been made by terrified horses, mounted by fool-hardy men. In all these latter cases, it may be believed, that an ass made one of the party.

In crossing the channel, De Rosier was forestalled by *his* countryman (Blanchard) and *our* compatriot (Jefferies), who started from Dover and landed in the forest of Guînes on the seventh of January, seventeen hundred and eighty-five. Nevertheless, he had drawn upon government funds; and he still adhered to his purpose of passing in a balloon from France to England, as his more fortunate rival had done from England to France. The latter feat has been several times repeated, the former has never yet been accomplished. De Rosier had given the Comptroller-General of Finances to understand that, if he would pay the expense of the expedition, he (Pilâtre) would execute it. His request was granted; he received forty-two thousand francs (sixteen hundred and eighty pounds sterling) as a first instalment, which was afterwards said to be increased till it amounted to the enormous sum of a hundred and fifty thousand francs. Romain, who then enjoyed a great repute for manufacturing balloons, made an agreement with Pilâtre, by which he bound himself to construct one of thirty feet diameter, or thereabouts, for the sum of three hundred louis-d'ors. Pilâtre, whose business was to find the work-room, obtained from the governor of the Tuileries, the Salle des Gardes, and another apartment. The work, begun at the end of August seventeen hundred and eighty-four, was completed six weeks afterwards. Six hundred ells of white taffeta were employed in fabricating this ill-starred machine.

Romain had strictly kept to himself the secret of rendering taffeta impermeable to gas. He was careful beyond measure to conceal his mode of preparation. He worked in solitude, like an alchemist, and was only known to have one single companion of his studies, who aided him gratuitously in the construction of his balloon. The whole secret consisted in covering the taffeta with a coat of linseed oil made capable of drying by sugar of lead, and in pressing in till it only felt greasy in the hand. Every strip was then covered

* See "Over the Water," Vol. XXI. p. 6.

with gold-beater's skin, that was made to adhere by ordinary size, in which was incorporated a mixture of honey and linseed oil These ingredients gave suppleness to the size, and prevented the united superficies from cracking. A second and third layer of gold-beater's skin were added; and the balloon, when finished, thirty-three and a half French feet in diameter, and ornamented with tinsel in different parts, weighed three hundred and twenty pounds, including the cylindrical apparatus that helped to fill it. So impermeable was it that it remained distended with atmospheric air for two months, without showing a single wrinkle. If De Rosier had then ascended from Paris, it would have carried him almost whithersoever he would. At the end of two months, the balloon, carefully packed, was transported to Boulogne, which Pilâtre had chosen as his starting-point. Of course, the packing and transport for so long a distance by land-carriage, rendered it still more difficult to preserve uninjured so perishable an article as a balloon, with the little previous experience of managing it that had been acquired. A montgolfière also travelled with it, twenty feet high, whose cupola was formed of chamois leather. It was tested before its departure for the coast, and its success corresponded to the care that had been bestowed upon it.

The montgolfière, or fire-balloon, was, either accidentally or purposely, directly or indirectly, the immediate cause of Pilâtre's fearful end. He had announced some new combination of the means of ascent, which he shrouded as far as he could in mystery. It seems to have been his idea, that the gas-balloon would be sufficient to carry him, while the fire-balloon would give him great command of equilibrium, by increasing or diminishing the fire in it, so as almost to render him independent of ballast. His confidence in the long-sustaining power of his machine was one means of procuring him pecuniary aid from the government. Whatever might be the aërostatic advantages gained, the danger was increased enormously. Either a gas-balloon or a fire-balloon, alone, was infinitely safer than the two united. To crown the whole rash scheme, the hydrogen gas must necessarily float above the montgolfière. As his friend, Professor Charles, remonstrated with him, "you are putting a chafing-dish under a barrel of gunpowder."

Pilâtre arrived at Boulogne on the twentieth of December, seventeen hundred and eighty-four, followed by the anxious wishes of the subscribers to his scientific Lyceum, and also of numerous ladies of the court, who had requested him to bring back innumerable small articles from England to serve as New Year's Day presents. Two days after his arrival he was informed of the preparations which Blan-

chard was making in England for a voyage which should compete with his own. He became alarmed. He went to Dover; saw Blanchard; and, for a moment, entertained the hope (on account of the dilapidated condition of the balloon, from which the gas oozed in many places) that the rival ascent could not take place. His anxious fears soon resumed their power; he returned to Boulogne; left there Romain and his brother, who had accompanied him, and went to Paris in a feverish state of mental torture.

Meanwhile, Blanchard and Jefferies ascended from Dover, and reached the Forest of Guînes safe and sound. Pilâtre's pride received a mortal wound at failing to be the first to cross the sea. He entreated to be excused attempting the voyage. Some say that the Controller of Finances consented, merely claiming the surplus of what had not been disbursed about the balloon. But the wretched Pilâtre, sure of success, had already spent it in enriching the experimental department of his Lyceum. Others state that when he explained his doubts and apprehensions to M. de Calonne, the minister, he met with a cold and even rough reception.

"We have not spent a hundred and fifty thousand francs," he said, "merely to help you to make an inland trip. You must turn the balloon to some useful account, and cross the channel with it."

However, in the impossibility of fulfilling the first conditions, and under the necessity of at least attempting the second, he returned to Boulogne, prepared for, and evidently expecting, the worst.

It may appear strange that a minister of the crown should be so anxious about the accomplishment of a mere scientific whim, — as the balloon passage from France to England would seem to be, — and should advance so large a sum of money to further it. But there was more than a scientific result in the background, and De Rosier was probably well aware of it. It was the common report of that day, that the grand object of Pilâtre's attempt was to effect the escape of Louis the Sixteenth and his family to Great Britain, by an aërial route, since terrestrial ways, it was instinctively felt, were already closed against their departure. It was already foreseen by acute observers of the signs of the times, that the royal family of France was already doomed. The King's want of energy, Egalité's profligacy, Necker's vanity, the obstinate pride of the aristocracy, and the wrongs and sufferings of the people, all tended to one inevitable catastrophe. The King, even then, had not a will of his own; his house was not his castle, nor his actions free. He was drifting down the stream with that increased rapidity which denotes unmistakeably that a cataract is

near. No person of ordinary penetration would be surprised to find him not long afterwards a prisoner in the Tuileries, walking in the gardens with six grenadiers of the milice bourgeoise about him, with the garden gates shut in consequence of his presence, to be opened to the public as soon as he entered the palace. He might order a little railed-off garden for his son, the Dauphin, to amuse himself in; but the poor boy could not be permitted to work with his little hoe and rake without a guard of two grenadiers. Louis's most attached friends, as well as his most implacable enemies, foresaw all this, and what followed it. A balloon was one of the schemes to rescue him; and Pilâtre de Rosier was the man pitched upon to manage it.

It was a desperate chance, the most sanguine will admit. Even had they been launched propitiously with a favourable wind, a sudden change of that fickle element might have swept them hopelessly towards the arctic horrors of the North Sea, or to the interminable waters of the Atlantic Ocean. We shudder to imagine such a dreadful fate as possibly awaiting a delicately-nurtured king with his wife and children; we reflect, however, that such a speedy termination to their sufferings, arriving at latest in the course of a few days, would have been mercy in comparison to what they were afterwards really made to endure.

Pilâtre, then, seriously prepared for his departure. He sent off numerous pilot balloons, which were constantly driven back to the continent by adverse west and north-west winds. All this caused considerable delay, during which the balloon, exposed to the wear and tear of the elements, was considerably damaged; it was even nibbled by rats. Henceforward, the machine on which such care and expense had been bestowed, became leaky and worthless, in consequence of ill-treatment and want of shelter.

A better prospect opened at last; and as the wind was favourable, blowing from the south-east, the departure was fixed for the fifteenth of June. As the weather was exceedingly hot, preparations were commenced at daybreak, and all was ready by seven o'clock. A salute of artillery announced the launch into air. The ascent was majestic. The balloon rose perpendicularly to its greatest elevation; it then sailed in a northerly direction, over the top of the cliff of La Crèche, when a current from the upper regions of the atmosphere, which had been foreseen by sailors best acquainted with Channel navigation, wafted it gently towards the continent. Twenty-three minutes had elapsed since the ropes were loosed which held the machine captive; the acclamations of the spectators had not ceased; every eye was strained to gaze after the

aërial voyagers, when, just as the wind drove them back to France, cries of alarm from the united crowd announced the fearful calamity which it witnessed. A bright light burst from the upper balloon; a volume of smoke succeeded it; and then commenced the rapid fall which filled all present with consternation. The scene was frightful; the crowd shuddered with apprehension of what was immediately to follow, and swung backwards and forwards like tempest-tossed waves. After the first shock of terror, a great number of people rushed to Wimereux, in the vain hope of rendering some assistance. They arrived only to find the adventurers past all human aid.

I cannot help entertaining a suspicion that Pilâtre de Rosier perished by suicide; that he wilfully set fire to the balloon when he found there was an end of all his hopes. It is true that the almost fulminating arrangement of his apparatus might have caused the explosion to result from accident or indiscretion; and therefore no more than a suspicion ought to be suggested. But persons who watched the progress of the balloon with telescopes, assert that the valve of the hydrogen balloon was not secured. Pilâtre, too, was a doubly ruined man; ruined in money, and ruined in prestige. Blanchard had robbed him of his crowning ambition; and now an adverse puff of wind forbade his ever being allowed to attempt the transportation of the royal family. Pilâtre's coolness, presence of mind, and faculty of avoiding impending danger, were notorious; so also were his vanity, pride, violence, and recklessness of life. A man who, in prosperity, could fill his mouth with hydrogen gas, and set fire to it there, and who could expose himself repeatedly to be struck dead in hazardous electrical experiments, was not likely to hesitate when he had to choose between disgrace and despair. His friend Charles had threatened to blow his brains out, if the timid king persisted in forbidding him to make an ascent that threatened danger, and which, wisely on his part, was his first and last ascent, or rather two consecutive first and last ascents on one day. We know, too, the immense interest which the court (the queen particularly) felt in Pilâtre's success. These, and numerous other minor scraps of evidence, all lead to the inference that De Rosier's death was even more tragical than has been currently believed. If there be the slightest truth in the notion, Romain is even more greatly to be pitied. He had refused the Marquis of Maisonfort's offer of two hundred louis-d'ors to resign his place.

The spot where they fell is a very, very little way from the sea. The conflagration must have taken place almost immediately after the direction of

their course was altered. I have several times asked, of people competent to judge, whether, if they had fallen into the sea, instead of upon the land, they could by any possibility have escaped with life. The answer has been that perhaps they might. Conceive the idea of talking face to face with a man who had fallen from the height of more than five thousand feet!

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

FROM VARNA TO BALAKLAVA.

THE anchor is weighed, and we are standing out to sea. The prospect around is not very cheering. The sky is of a dull heavy lead-colour as if charged with snow and tempests. To the extreme northward a dense mass of cumbrous, fantastically-shaped clouds seem to menace the waters with their wrath, and they have that black, sullen look I have often observed on the eve of a storm. The short waves, which are a peculiar characteristic of the Euxine, chop fitfully against each other, and their angry spray shoots upwards with a hissing sound. A thick mist rises along the coast and soon hides it from our view, then it spreads along the sea, and seems to settle in a thin, penetrating rain which comes in sudden fretful gusts, and then subsides; to return again presently and unexpectedly. It is bitterly cold. That clammy, deadly, cold of these climates, against which no clothes seem able to protect you. It is a cold which is not felt in the chest, nor hands, nor feet, as our cold in Europe is; but it is sure to strike first at the stomach. You were well just now, and, trying with all the philosophy at your command to be jovial under difficulties, suddenly you are seized with agonising pains just below the chest. In vain you try to make light of it. You are obliged to lean for support against the first thing or person at hand. Your extremities have become chilled and useless — you sit and double yourself up, hoping something from warmth and quiet — at last you lie down and writhe in the intensity of your pain. If you are driven to take brandy (*hot* brandy and water is best) you feel a peculiar sickness for some minutes, and then the pain slowly subsides; but it leaves you stupid and depressed for hours afterwards; and trembling, and nervous. The only way to give yourself a chance of escape is by winding some twenty yards of silken or wollen sash tightly round your loins and abdomen. It is the custom of the country; the dress of the peasant and the prince, and you will soon understand that it has not been adopted without a reason. This was the commencement of that sickness which carried off numbers of our troops. The doctors called it cholera; it was only cold.

Nothing can be much more dreary and dispiriting than our voyage. There is a good deal of brandy-drinking and a brisk consumption of cigarettes and pipes; but it does not mend our spirits much. We know all about the wreck of the Prince and the gallant merchant fleet which carried the winter-clothing for the army. Sad accounts have reached us of the fate of dear friends, and of relatives exposed to melancholy privations. A few among us may be anxious for their own fate when they join the army which has hitherto so vainly beleaguered Sebastopol. See yonder pallid lieutenant. He was sent invalided to the hospital at Scutari. He recovered; care and good-living soon brought him round. Then he begged the doctors so hard to let him rejoin his regiment that they consented. But already he feels the numbing hand of the malady which laid him low before, and he will return soon, or die. There is a fixed and steady light in his eye; such as I can fancy may have been witnessed, though unread, by those who stood round Arthur Conolly when he died at far Bokhara. It is the light which has been seen often in the eyes of true brave men who were prepared to fulfil their duty simply and unflinchingly, whether death stood in the way, or not. Indeed this officer seems to have laid this truth to heart: that he who does not know how to die, if [illegible] be, should hardly be a soldier. He tells me this as we talk together over the ship's side, merely expressing what is part of his quiet, noble creed.

We leave the Isle of Serpents, and the mouths of the Danube on the larboard. Now and then we descry a war-steamer paddling up through the haze, with despatches, and there is an exchange of signals between us; but the ships look shadowy and unsubstantial as phantoms, so that, a moment after they have been signalled, the straining eye searches vainly for them. Still we are glad to make out a friendly sail, or to see the smoke of a funnel. It relieves the weariness of the voyage, and makes the slippery deck, and cumbered hold more cheerful.

We do not make much way, for we are heavily laden. We are carrying all sorts of fresh provisions and stores: yet we know that our burthen will disappear, among so many, like a drop of water in the sand; and this is another reason why we are glad to see other vessels steering toward the same point. At last, however, as we draw near land, the heavy snow-storm which has been brooding so long in the air, descends with an effect that is quite blinding. Then we go below, and try to amuse ourselves as well as we can. It is too dark to read with comfort, except at night, when the candles are lighted; and then we are most of us drowsy. So we play at cards and tell each other

stories, quite familiarly; although, wonderful to say, we may not have been acquainted before. It is curious to mark how tolerant we are of each other's little weaknesses; and how closely we seem to be drawn together by the mere tie of national brotherhood. I have never witnessed anything like it before amongst Englishmen.

In about forty hours from the time we left Varna we anchored at Balaklava. We could hear now and then the stray boom of cannon to windward; and we could see the flag of England flying from the heights. We had scarcely cast anchor, when we were boarded by a tumultuous and motley crowd of officers off duty, looking pale and haggard enough. Doctors with anxious faces and hurried looks, brawny boatmen, and lean slovenly servants on foraging expeditions. You could hardly recognise them as the trim smart grooms who had left Constantinople a short time ago. I must own also to some surprise at being accosted by touters, who perceiving, I suppose, by my speculative and abstracted looks, that I was not a military gentleman, obligingly offered to procure me quarters for a con-si-de-ra-tion. Come, thought I, after all, things cannot be quite so bad as we've heard say, if a young fellow of no account, like this, is able to get me food and shelter. Whereupon I fell into a train of reflections.

Our greatest curse in the Crimea has been our ignorance. We were obliged to do everything in the dark — to feel our way at every step. Thus we knew that the casual visit of a Frenchman about sixty years ago had first given political importance to the Crimea. We knew that the name of that Frenchman had been of course forgotten. We should like to hear the name of the Frenchman who suggested the building of old Westminster Bridge or any other work on which our national pride reposes. I warrant it would be as hard to come at as that of the founder of Sebastopol.

Then we knew that there was a bay which Strabo called the Ctenus, and a Tartar village by the name of Aktiar (ancient). We knew that the appellation of Sebastopol was altogether an invention of the respectable but lively Catherine. Indeed, there was no end to the things we knew which were not of the smallest importance for anybody to know. Of ancient Cherson, we knew all that Dubois de Montpéreux and Kohl had to say upon the subject, and that I am sure was confusing enough — especially to read when slightly sea-sick. With regard to Balaklava specially, we knew all about the colony of Symbolum (the Cembalo of the Genoese); also about Ulysses and the Læstrigonians. We were well up in various matters relating to

Diana: her fondness for roasted strangers, the elegance of her temple, and the mysterious functions of her friend Theos; while we need, of course, scarcely allude to Orestes and Pylades, who have been, so to say, old familiar friends of ours these five-and-twenty years. We could have recognised their lodging even by the description of a Zouave, who offered himself as a sort of amateur laquais de place. The imperious Iphigenia was also a lady with whom we were well acquainted by repute, and we were fully instructed about subterranean Inkermann and the Arians. Our education, indeed, like that of most of our clear-headed practical countrymen, had been altogether in this direction — so of course we could not be expected to know anything about the wild wind-gusts which come on unexpectedly here, and one of which absolutely blew our ship's boat bottom upwards, and drifted it away like a straw before we were aware of it — so completely were we taken by surprise in consequence of an event which an officer's Greek servant told me subsequently was quite an every-day occurrence at this season of the year, and a very well-known peculiarity of the climate. The captains of the little Greek boats which ply about these seas in peace time, are always very well prepared on these occasions. Some of these men would have been invaluable as pilots; but it seems the naval authorities are now afraid to employ them — another fine illustration of our far-sighted and able policy towards the Greeks at the outbreak of the war. A little prudent concession would have placed them completely on our side. Now, however, I have no doubt that the naval authorities have good reason for their suspicions, and that many a Greek pilot would risk his life to punish us. Indeed, the melancholy story of the Tiger is proof enough of it.

These thoughts positively haunt me as our boat (recaught and brought back after a good deal of delay) is being hustled forward by a pair of short fat oars towards the shore, and moderately bumped and jockeyed by the more lively craft going in the same direction. We land at last amid slush, and snow, and slippery loose stones. The sky over our heads is inky black, and the clouds on the verge of the horizon look white. The ships in the pretty harbour (for pretty it is, in spite even of the scowl of winter), are indistinct and shadowy from the thick fall of snow which lies upon every spar, amid the folds of their drooping pennants, — on their paddle-boxes, and their light sticks aloft, — on the rim of the captain's hat, as he paces the deck thoughtfully; wondering, perhaps, if the little worm which eats holes in the bottoms of vessels when at anchor in these seas, is already silently feasting

upon his; or perhaps he is too well-educated to know anything about so unclassical a subject as this voracious little worm — a terrible reality, nevertheless.

The doctors have spurred hurriedly away, so have the officers and the foraging servants, though their horses look gaunt and shaggy. In colour they are quite rusty, as if their coat were made of iron wire which had been for some time exposed to the rain.

There is an old, old look about Balaklava; a tumble down air which especially belongs to things and places that were once in the possession of those strange trading Italians of the middle ages. The town, a miserable place, lies at the foot of a range of hills on the east, — and the sea, shut in by the mountains, makes the harbour look almost like a lake. The ruins of an old Genoese fortress frown grimly down upon it, and seem as shadowy and indistinct as the ships in its covering of snow. On the hills towards Baidar lie the tents of the Highlanders and Turks, together with a contingent of marines and some sailors.

We are soon made aware of the near neighbourhood of Turks and sailors.

Sailor (with great contempt, and at the top of his voice). "Blow them Turks! I say, you bono Johnny, — drat you! ahoy! ahoy! you beggar."

Turkish soldier (with much courtesy). "Bono Johnny! oo, oo, oo, Bono Johnny!" he waves his pipe blandly as he speaks, and assumes an air of puzzled jocularity, as if he was aware that there was some pleasantry going forward, without being clearly able to divine the nature of it.

Sailor (now roaring with tremendous energy). "Ahoy! I say, give us a light! Do you think nobody wants to smoke but yourself, you son of a sea-cook?"

Turk (swaying his head from side to side smilingly). "Bono Johnny! Bono Johnny, oo, oo, oo."

Sailor (speechless with indignation for a moment, as if this were really too much for him). "None of that, or I 'm jiggered if I don't spoil your old mug for you. Give us a light. Why don't you come, you beggar? I speak plain enough, and loud enough too, don't I?"

Turk (perceiving at last that there is to be another row with an infidel, though unable to understand why) drops his arms by his side, and looks, blushing and wondering, at the excited seaman. He twiddles his thumbs, he shuffles with his feet, he looks the picture of listless incapacity, like most of his countrymen when in difficulties.

The sailor meantime marches up to him and attempts to light his pipe. The Turk is a petty officer. He has formerly been the aga of a village, and he looks upon this proceeding as a direct insult, an action at variance with all his previous ideas of

courtesy and good breeding. It is indeed an action similar to that which eating out of the plate of a stranger or drinking out of his glass, unasked, would be in England.

The Turk withdraws his pipe therefore, and his looks display how deeply he thinks his dignity is wounded.

And the sailor takes him by the ear — by the left ear, for I paid particular attention to the circumstance. He then stands upon one leg, and begins to execute a species of hornpipe, tugging at that ear to time. It is a singular, though not to me a very agreeable sight, to see the Turk tucking in his two-penny, and following the stout tar in these agile movements. Were he to do otherwise he must make up his mind, I fear, to part with his left ear altogether, for the sailor holds it with a grasp like a vice, and gives satisfactory evidence how far human flesh and how far human patience can stretch.

"Hulloh, Jack! What are you about with that poor fellow?" says a small man smothered in clothes, who now approaches the pair. "Here, I 'll give you a light and some baccy too."

"Lord love you, guv'ner, them beggars aint fit for nothing else but monkey's allowance, they aint. Why, I 'm blessed, guv'ner, if I wasn't a hallooin' to un for an hour, to give us a light, and he wouldn't! Howsomedever, they 'll larn by and by, how this here is British ground; won't they, sir?"

"Ay, ay, Jack."

The truth was, the sailor was as racy a tar as ever chawed a quid; and the Turk was perhaps as good a Mussulman as any going. But the best folks do not always agree, when they try to force their ideas on each other.

"What! No mustard with your beef, sir?" cried Matthews, stranger, at the coffeehouse. "Confound you, sir, you *shall* have mustard!" How often have I seen that stranger applying his principles to other things than steaks and spices!

On the whole, Balaklava appeared to be "the thing," and it was generally expected of us to express the utmost satisfaction at being there. Every one we met spoke of it in the holiday language used by country cousins who came up to London from the wilds of Lincolnshire before the invention of railroads. In fact, there seemed an impression that all things might be had here, even to the luxury of something eatable. My companion, therefore, looked at me with considerable surprise, when I told him ruefully, that I had some preserved meats and fruits carefully packed in tin cases somewhere among my luggage (a dreary pile), I did not clearly know where; for my faculties were frozen. "Preserved things in tin cases," said my friend, brightening up when he clearly understood me. "Oh, we can

send those on to the camp. Here we have got all sorts of things — salt beef and pork — and pork and beef — and, and — well, not much more, but we are fairly in clover compared with the rest of the fellows."

It was quaint to hear my companion, a regular London swell — whom I remembered very well with nerves, and a damaged digestion — thus lauding the accommodations of Balaklava. It is but a village — a mere collection of huts. In ordinary times it must be inexpressibly dreary; but now the General Post Office ten minutes before closing time is hardly fuller of bustling, and hustling, and scuffling. Rusty, impatient individuals on short leave from other places, flounder about hurriedly, yet with an odd air of business and authority in all they do, which bespeaks the stranger on a hostile soil. They are armed also — needlessly just here — but who among them knows when he may be summoned to the front, and find himself hand to hand with the enemy? It is well, therefore, to ride prepared even when foraging within your own lines. They are strangely altered, some of those bucks and bloods I see stride slouchingly up the broken street, now in a mud hole, now out of it, now sending the splashes from a half-melted snow puddle flying right and left on each side of them. They hardly look the same men who used to step mincingly out of their cabs and strut daintily into their clubs. Barring a few soiled and torn remnants of what was once a uniform, and still looks something like one when you get quite close to it, they might be so many Californian Diggers. They are begrimed, gaunt, grim, famished, and luckless enough. They have the boldest contrivances to keep themselves dry and warm. Wherever an article of fur or wool can be worn by any one who is fortunate enough to possess it, there it is. Round their waists are twisted immense gay-coloured scarfs, bought at fabulous prices. On their feet, are coverings which might be the seven-leagued boots of the giant Blunderbore.

The occupation of almost everybody seems to be connected with eating. Little knots of fellows adjourn for impromptu feasts to all sorts of places, and dispense with knives, and forks, and plates with the utmost readiness. They have at length acquired that branch of Turkish politeness, which consists in eating with the fingers; others more fortunate have invitations to cosy little things on board some of the ships in the bay. Lucky dogs!

Meantime, I wander about leisurely, nobody minding me — by-and-by, at dinner time, there will be some conversation, but not now. So I get among the hovels near the shore, and enter one, knocking my head distinctly, as I do so. It looks not unlike

an all-sorts shop at Wapping. Rolling about in oozy, frozen barrels, is an immense quantity of salt pork—that prime delicacy recommended for its being easier cooked, and keeping better than beef: also recommended, perhaps, because swine's flesh is precisely the sort of meat which is forbidden to be eaten by the inhabitants of those latitudes. Trim kegs of rum, piled up one over the other, look cheerily at us from corners. Something is carefully packed in sacking, and steadily lying in soak as it were between the wet ground and the snow. This, I am told, is part of the fresh supply of warm clothes sent from Constantinople or Bucharest since the loss of the Prince. There are stacks of guns, too, and piles of ammunition, also some cannon. Everything seems in a wretched disorderly plight. Out of doors there is a crowd fully equal to that of Whitechapel on a Saturday night, barring the ladies. There is quite as much shouting and hallooing, however, for provisions are being landed from the transports and then hurried away to the camp. It is not very far off, but the road there is "too bad, sir, entoirely!" as an Irishman has just told me. Neither horse nor man can make sure of reaching it when he goes hence, and a pound weight difference to their burthen may render the journey impossible to either.

Wandering about, I find that Balaklava boasts a low wall, singularly useless and ill-built; down a break-toe street also is a well, quite impregnable, I should say, from the difficult and ancle-wrenching nature of its natural fortifications. Farther on, are some melancholy hypochondriacal trees, four of them, I think, as straight and dull as so many gigantic vegetable policemen. Balaklava possesses also a good-for-nothing old Genoese fortress, a church of no account, and a brisk colony of a small Crimean insect which seems to have a wonderful partiality for fresh stranger considered in an alimentary point of view. This energetic little race provides me with considerable occupation: it is with satisfaction also that I notice several other persons furnished with employment similar to mine, and performing their allotted task with much diligence and apparent pleasurable feeling.

Yes; Balaklava is a wretched little place enough; yet I dare say there are some who would rather not ride away from it through the fast falling snow to-night; and I feel that many a bold fellow must turn longing glances at the lights which glow out of the snug cabin windows, and the blazes seen through the open doorway as his friends bid him good bye, and his lank horse plods wearily campwards.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

RALPH THE NATURALIST.

A STRANGE dreamy fellow was Ralph Jessett, always wandering about the woods and fields by himself, and finding out more secrets of nature, in his queer shambling way, than he would have ever learnt from science had he gone through all the triposes of Cambridge. He knew where almost every nest in the garden was, from the tomtit's, in the wall of the old arbour, to the shy linnet's, hidden low among the shrubbery trees; and the sitting birds never flew away from Ralph Jessett's looking at them. They seemed to know that he was a friend, and would not harm them. He would tell marvellous stories of the intelligence of all creation, from snails to dogs; and as for spiders, and earwigs, and centipedes, and all manner of creeping, crawling, wriggling creatures, why to hear him, you would think that Newton and Shakspeare were mere humbugs compared to them. He had no antipathies either. It was quite curious to see the unconcern with which he would handle slugs, toads, water-newts, — every kind of entomological abomination; saying, with his sweet smile and embarrassed humility, "The more one knows, the more one loves all things in nature." And then he would give long accounts of the loveworthiness of these creatures, the very mention of which would have made many a young lady scream and shudder; but after hearing Ralph's biographies, one felt quite respectfully towards efts, and cleggs, and stag-beetles, and hundred-legs of every race, and almost ashamed somehow of being a man, and not an insect.

He had always been queer, this poor relation of the rich Temples of Manor House. His mother used to fret about him a great

deal before she died; for she fancied he was not quite "canny," as the Scotch say, and that he would never make his way in the world, left as he was without fortune, and with such unprofitable tastes only. For he cared only for natural history, and only for that experimentally, not scientifically. When quite a little fellow — an obliged to stop at home alone, and not take part in any sort of game or play, because he was so sickly — he might be heard talking to the butterflies and birds flying low about him, holding long conversations with them, and telling them that he loved them, — oh! far better than anything else in the world; which he did, excepting his dear mother.

In the days of witchcraft and fairy-folk, Ralph would have been thought an elf-child to begin with, and a wizard as he went on. As it was, he was such a withered, quaint, odd-looking creature, with so much irregular learning, and so much simplicity of character, that it was a puzzle to many whether he were cute or simple, as the country people say. And when he went to live at Manor House, on his mother's death, it was thought quite a charity in Mr. Temple to take him, (though he received payment for his education and maintenance), and a very great honour for Ralph to be admitted to his establishment. They were cousins though; and in early life Ralph's father had been of infinite service to Mr. Temple. But Ralph thought it an honour with the rest, and said so loudly; for he had not a very exalted notion of his own dignity, and was far more inclined to gratitude than to self-assertion. His birds and insects taught him humility, he used to say.

The Temples were very kind, in their way, to Ralph. Mrs. Temple took great interest in him, and supplied him with books, and encouraged his tastes, so far as she could. For she was a sweet, placid, fair-faced woman, — one of those women who go upstairs very slowly, and who breathe very hard while they are doing so, — an indolent gentlewoman, who was never seen to run since her teens, and who was never known to be cross since she cut her teeth, — a woman whose most positive acts were those that should make other people happy, and whose only incentive to exertion was that she would do a kindness to another. She petted Ralph a good deal. Her husband — a hard pompous man, who carried everything before him in the parish by dint of quickness in figures and a deep voice — said she spoilt the boy. He did not approve of poor relations with quaint tastes and inquiring minds. He thought they ought to be practical, — "fit for clerkships and counting-houses, sir; not always living in snail-shells and dog-kennels." But now he was obliged to confess that patronage might be worse

bestowed than on that "loose-jointed awkward fool of a fellow, who, by Jove, sir, would not kill the slugs off my peach-trees, nor shoot the blackbirds in the cherry-trees, nor take the crows'-nests, nor shoot the sparrows, — who would not even chop up a worm when he was digging in the garden!" But at last he got accustomed to Ralph and his odd ways; and, partly perhaps because all his energies were absorbed in opposing an obnoxious churchwarden whom he used to call a viper and a traitor to the blessed constitution, he let him alone, and allowed his wife to dispense her sweet charities at her will. So Ralph wandered about, looking after grubs and caterpillars, or sat by the fire reading about ants, and emmets, and song-birds, and dormice, till he knew as much about them as one of themselves, — and perhaps more.

Little Miss Temple and Ralph Jessett were great friends. She was a little lady of about five or six years old when Ralph came to Manor House, — he a boy of eighteen or nineteen; and they soon became the firmest and fastest allies possible. The way in which the little thing used to cling to him, follow him about the garden, and perch on his knee to hear his stories about creeping things, was quite beautiful. All the servants said that Master Ralph was the only one in the world who could manage Miss Letty, — "the plague of the whole house," they used to add savagely, and truly; for that she was this domestic inconvenience there is no denying, I fear. What can a healthy well-organised child be but a plague, if all her youth and energy of life be placed under the harrow of conventionality? Miss Letty was no exception to the rule that force must have an object, and that energy must be expanded; still less to that which makes healthy children of high spirits family torments, unless they are allowed to live somewhat according to the necessities of their being. However, she was very good to Ralph, and did not tease him much. And Ralph, in return for her patronage, instructed her in a great deal of insect lore, and taught her the names of birds, and the habits of fishes, and the wonderful virtues of plants, — Letty sitting on his knee down in the old arbour, where the tomtit's nest was, wondering if she should ever be as clever as Ralph Jessett, and what a pity it was her doll could not hear him as well as she did. So Ralph and Letty were great cronies, and believed in each other implicitly.

Time gradually unfolded one after another of his huge iron books of years; till the little Letty had grown into a fine handsome girl of eighteen, with eyes as blue as the sky on a hot summer's day, and hair as golden as the sun's. She was a magnificent specimen of a Saxon girl, with

perhaps more animation in that fresh, round face of hers than many of the Saxon race "pure blood," — with a pair of large round shoulders as white as snow, and arms and hands that would have made the fortune of a modeller, if he could have copied them correctly. Her lips were as fresh and red, and her skin was as white as human flesh may be; and altogether she was as superb a being as you would see anywhere in England, and was consequently a great pride to the parents, and the acknowledged beauty of the county. She herself quite conscious too, in a good-tempered way, that she was beautiful and admirable, — vain as a high-bred hunter would have been vain, if conversant with his own peculiar points of beauty, — not like a peacock, but in a free, half-laughing, gallant manner, quite content to admire herself, but not fretting after the admiration of all the world beside; perhaps because she had it. And all the time she had been developing into this grand creature — all the time she had been growing stronger and handsomer, and fuller of life and more powerful — Ralph Jessett had shrunk and shrunk, till now, at a little more than thirty, he was bald and gray, and withered and wrinkled; shyer and more awkward than ever; a better naturalist certainly, but stranger, more shambling and less worldly than he was when, as a boy of eighteen, he first came to Manor House as Mr. Temple's poor relation, — more loved than ever by everybody. Even the squire sometimes condescended to exchange a few kindly words with him, and sweet Mrs. Temple, stouter and lazier than in olden times, smiling on him placidly, as she kept him holding skeins for her to wind off his hands, by the hour together; Miss Letty only changing somewhat in her demonstrations, eschewing now that particular form of friendship which she and her doll used to indulge in, ten years ago, down in the tomtit's arbour, but capital friends still with Ralph, although she did no longer sit on his knee, and try to poke out his eyes; but counting him as entirely her property and creature as Dido, her spaniel, or Frisk, her pony, — Ralph nothing loth to be so classed, as much for love of his co-subjects as for their queen.

As Miss Letty grew out into this brilliant womanhood, Ralph's manners were observed to change. Always respectful, even to the little girl, he became reverential to the young lady; and while his anxiety to please her increased tenfold, his embarrassment and shyness increased tenfold as well. She herself saw it at last, and scolded Ralph soundly, for she was a free-spoken, free-hearted girl, and hated mysteries and misunderstandings. She told Ralph once, that if he was dissatisfied with her, and spoke to her in that ridiculous way — why she wasn't

an eastern princess! — he had better go; for she hated people to be unhappy because of her, and what had she done to make him so cool and reserved? A speech which made Ralph cry as if his heart was breaking; partly from distress at having offended her, and partly from gratitude at her condescension in taking any notice of his manners at all. At which Miss Letty said, she thought he must be really half an idiot — Ralph looking as delighted as if she had called him an angel — for how could people have been brought up together without getting fond of each other, and had they not been good friends all their lives? so why shouldn't she care for him like her own brother now? Which was such a pleasant ending to their quarrel, that Ralph had no sleep all night in consequence.

About this time Mr. Temple took it into his head that Ralph Jessett should "commence a career of usefulness." He had his choice of every profession under the sun, said the squire; but choose one he must. So Ralph, after a great deal of hesitation, chose that of an analytical chemist, which, at least, was a branch of natural science, he said. People laughed at the notion of such an awkward fellow ever making delicate experiments. "Why he would be frightened at his own chemicals," they all said; but Ralph blushed and fidgetted, and told them he should get over that, perhaps, if it were necessary; at any rate he would try. Good Mrs. Temple aided him in the way he was going as usual; and Miss Letty, too, said he was right to obey papa, and do as he told him; but she cried when the time came for him to go, and pouted a great deal. Ralph went almost beside himself at the sight of her tears, and was nearly giving up the plan, and bearding Mr. Temple in his den — the library — in a fit of enthusiastic rebellion, had he not been afraid of Mrs. Temple, who fortunately was in the room at the moment. But it was dreadful. He used to wonder afterwards at his own firmness, and always felt like a murderer whenever he thought that he had once made Miss Letty cry. However, Letty dried her eyes, which began to smart, and old Ralph went away to a chemist's in Edinburgh; and in a short time Miss Letty grew accustomed to his absence, and gradually re-organised her life without him. For she was not a very reflective young lady; nor one whose affections went much beyond the limit of her vision. A joyous, red-lipped, white-armed girl, life was all before her, and pleasure for the present, hope for the future, but no regret for the past, bound her in a silver chain, strung through with flowers. So, while Ralph studied the properties of gases, and dreamed of Miss Letty by turns, the foot-prints of the past were being slowly effaced from that

young lady's heart by the rising waves of new associations.

Miss Letty went a visiting. To the Delaforces, of Delaforce House, — an old French emigrant family, which, by intermarriage with English heiresses, had gradually raised themselves to opulence and consideration. There was one son now in the family, a young man just of age, owning a dog-cart and a pair of moustachios. There was also a daughter of Letty's own age; who, as often chances with sisters possessing handsome brothers, was the especial darling of all the young ladies in the place, and chief of all with Letty Temple, the heiress of Manor House. When Letty went, she was gay; when Letty came back, she was dull. Her father and mother both saw the change, and asked the reason; but Letty pouted or laughed, according to her humour, and refused to give any. "There was none," she said, "it was all papa's fancy;" and then she ran away down into the shrubbery at the end of the garden, where she had half-a-dozen hiding-places no one but Ralph and herself knew of; and there they were obliged to leave her, till she chose to emerge of her own accord. And as in a short time she forgot to be quite so dull as when she first came home, and as she looked well, and eat well, and slept well, and was only rather cross at times, her father and mother ceased to ask her any questions on the subject, or, indeed, to think of her changed manner at all. Mrs. Temple only said, sometimes, "My love, I am sure you are bilious to-day."

Miss Letty was in love. The reader knows that, though the squire did not. But young Mr. Delaforce, who had had a love in London, had declared to his sister Julia, that "Miss Temple was not at all his style of beauty, and that he did not admire her the least in the world." Which complicated matters not a little.

In the mean time Ralph came home for a vacation from his gases and retorts, and soon Letty and he were on their old terms of confidence together. Letty told him all that moved in her world, and he told Letty all that he thought and felt in his. But as yet the name of Montague Delaforce had not been mentioned between them.

"Ralph," said Letty, suddenly. They were in the arbour together, at the bottom of the garden; the arbour in the shrubbery, where the old tomtit's nest used to be, when Letty was a child. "Ralph, do you think me pretty?" She did not look merely pretty when she asked that question, but superbly handsome.

"Yes," said Ralph, nervously, "I do, Miss Letty: very pretty," with emphasis.

"Would every one, Ralph?"

"I should think so, Miss Letty, every one who had eyes, and knew what beauty was when they saw it."

Letty appeared to reflect; her thoughts were never very profound, but this time she did think. And then she said, suddenly, "Then, Ralph, why does not Mr. Delaforce like me better?"

A question poor Ralph was quite unable to answer; excepting by a vague invective against Mr. Delaforce, for daring to have any thought about Miss Letty Temple but one of reverence and awful admiration.

"I wish you would tell him all that," said Letty, when he had ended.

"Why, Miss Letty?"

"Because he does not like me," said Letty, bluntly; "and I wish he did."

Ralph was indignant at Miss Letty's holding herself so cheap. He thought she ought to be indifferent to Mr. Delaforce, and every other Mr. in the world. Why, there was not one fit to tie her very shoe-strings, he said angrily — quite savagely, for him — and why did she care for Mr. Delaforce or any one like him? A set of senseless puppies that wanted cropping — what was there to care about in them?

"But I do care," persisted Letty. "And I don't like Mr. Montague to slight me as he does; it is not pleasant. So, dear old Ralph, you must make him think better of me; for I am so fond of Julia, that it is quite disagreeable her brother hating me as he does," she added, almost crying. And I daresay she thought she did care as much for Julia as she did for Julia's brother.

Of course Ralph could only do as he was bid, and further his young queen's wishes to the utmost. So now, whenever he saw the Delaforces; which, owing to Miss Letty's excessive attachment to Miss Julia, was frequent, he lost no opportunity of extolling that young lady's perfections; especially before Mr. Montague, though it almost choked him to do so, to gain the admiration of such a puppy as that for his sovereign mistress. In which process of exaltation Ralph grew sadder and paler daily, though he could not himself have told what was the matter with him.

One particularly fine day in Spring, Mr. Montague's love in London married Captain Wilkie of the Blues. They had been engaged for the orthodox time, unknown to Mr. Montague Delaforce; who, being an heir to a good estate, the young lady — a practised politician — had kept in her train lest Captain Wilkie should desert. But he came to the point after a great deal of by-play, and so the young civilian was dismissed; whereupon Mr. Montague the heir came down to Delaforce House in a rage, and buried himself among the elms and the oaks in the park, like a Bond Street Timon as he was. To divert the heir from his misanthropy, or rather from his misogyny, and to retune his mind to social harmonies again, and make him fling off his mud boots and

shave, the Delaforces thought of Miss Letty Temple; to whom an invitation was sent on the plea of Miss Julia's ardent affection, and the necessity that young lady was under of teaching her a new pattern in crochet. A necessity Miss Letty fully accepted, though she handled a crochet-needle about as deftly as an Amazon would, in the days of Theseus and his Athenians.

The scheme seemed about to fail. Mr. Montague, full of that London love with black eyes, found no solace in those large liquid blue eyes which looked so frankly into his. He was even profane enough to call them like boiled gooseberries, in his eagerness of admiration for Mrs. Captain Wilkie of the Blues. Her hair he called like flax — like tow he meant — and then raved frantically about the "beauty of ebon tresses; which spoilt an educated eye," he added disdainfully, "for anything so fâde as Miss Temple."

Of course Letty knew nothing of all these disparaging comparisons. She only thought that Mr. Delaforce was very cold to her, and that she wished he was kinder; but she did not know that he positively despised her handsome face and noble carriage, and that he preferred a little dark Celtic creature, as Mrs. Wilkie was, to her large Saxon loveliness, which a savage would have thought came direct from heaven. I don't know what this large-eyed, white-shouldered girl would have done, if she had known the truth. Most probably offended pride would have driven every other feeling out of her head. So perhaps it was a pity she did not know. But a change came about. In this wise.

One evening Miss Letty was asked to sing. She sang one of those delicious songs one sees advertised with pathetic titles, that make young ladies violently sentimental. It was something about loving for ever; and "Forget thee, no!" Miss Letty sang it with emphasis, looking as if she had really a lover whom she was called on to abide by, or to renounce. This song touched the sore place in Mr. Delaforce's heart. It has been credibly affirmed that tears came into his eyes; for he was thinking of that London love of his, who once had given him her bouquet, and once had pressed his hand — he was sure of it — when he pressed hers, in the quadrille chaine des dames: and he felt grateful to Miss Letty for bringing his woe so soothingly before him. When she had ended, he went and sat down on the sofa by her, and began to talk sentiment; which being sad trash, we shall not attempt to transcribe. It broke the ice between them, however; and made poor Letty very happy — silly child! — for she thought his romantic commonplaces the highest point to which the poetry of human feeling could go, and she began to cherish an intellectual esteem, as well as a personal ad-

miration, for Mr. Montague Delaforce, which would have astonished none more than that young gentleman himself, had he known it. He had been twice plucked at Cambridge for his little-go.

In the midst of this incipient love-making, Ralph Jessett came shambling over with a sad face, to tell Miss Letty that her father was ill, and she must go home. The carriage would come for her in a few minutes; and Miss Letty had better pack up her things before it did come, for they wanted her back directly.

As Letty was an affectionate daughter, she began to cry violently on receiving this news. Ralph was overwhelmed at the sight of her grief. He had never known that she was so fond of her father; and he called himself all sorts of names, like dolt and idiot, because he had told her too suddenly, and had shocked and scared her. Letty only sobbed the more, as she turned her back full on poor old Ralph, and clung round Julia's neck, as if Julia had been her guardian angel entering on a term of banishment. And Julia cried too, and said, "ssh! ssh!" patting Miss Letty's back with both her hands. It was a formula of consolation that had not much effect on the patient. And then the carriage came, and the fatal moment; and poor Miss Letty was obliged to say farewell; Mr. Montague looking the deepest tragedy as he handed her into the barouche; and Ralph feeling somehow that he had incurred everybody's displeasure, and stood at that moment in the position of a moral Ishmael: which position Miss Letty kept him in all the way home — it was eight miles — not deigning to look at him nor speak to him once during that whole drive, but making him profoundly sensible that she considered herself injured by him, and that she was his victim and his prisoner.

"Ralph," she said the next day, "I behaved very ill to you yesterday."

"No, Miss Letty; not ill to me. You were only unhappy, and so behaved ill to yourself."

"Nonsense, Ralph; you know that I did. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, Miss Letty, if you did; but" —

"Well, never mind buts. Will you walk over to Delaforce House for me, this afternoon?" She spoke very quickly, and looked down.

"Yes, Miss Letty."

"And take a letter from me to Julia? I want to tell her that papa is better, and that it is nothing catching."

"But who ever said it was?" asked Ralph, in astonishment. "I did not bring that message yesterday."

"Never mind," retorted Letty; "take the letter, and don't ask questions."

Which closed Ralph's mouth at once.

So the letter was written, and Ralph set out through the woods to Delaforce House; miserably unhappy, and with the kind of feeling he would have had if there had come stealing on a perpetual eclipse of the sun. But he got to the house at last, and delivered his credentials; and Miss Julia made her ringlets dance as she ran off to Montague, saying, "Oh, Monty, we can go to the Manor when we like!" A piece of news that made that young gentleman smile below his moustache gaily; and declare his intention of riding over to-morrow. And when his sister had embodied that intention in a small three-cornered note, Ralph was sent home again, dimly conscious that he had been instrumental in a plot, he did not know how.

But the plot went on, under the same instrumentality. Ralph Jessett was soon installed regular postman between the Manor House and the Delaforces; and did actually go twice in one day to please Miss Letty. He walked thirty-two miles on a hot summer's day, to the end that Mr. Montague Delaforce should know the right meaning of this phrase: "You are very cruel to doubt me. If I tell you to wait until papa is better, it is not that I am indifferent to your feelings, but only more careful of the future than you are;" which, Mr. Montague — being a youth more gifted with beauty than with brains, and being moreover one of those sensitive people who are always taking offence at nothing — considered to be a phrase wounding to his dignity and common sense; requiring explanation before things could go on any farther. And thus matters continued. When Mr. Temple grew better, the plot exploded, the mystery was dissolved, and Mr. Montague Delaforce, asking for the honour of Miss Temple's hand, and accepted, opened Ralph's eyes as with the touch of a magic wand. And, amidst a storm of agony and grief such as one would not have imagined that such a gentle creature as he could have felt, he came to the knowledge suddenly that he had been unconsciously the instrument of his own sorrow — the innocent suicide of his own happiness. So long as Miss Letty was unmarried, and he, Ralph Jessett, could live near her and with her; could read to her, wait on her, do her pleasure, attend to her commands, devote his whole life to her, and live as a slave in the shadow of the altar, he would have been quite as blessed as he desired — and, as he thought, deserved — in his unconscious love and unselfish adoration. For, Ralph thought it was joy and honour enough for him to be allowed to love Letty in his own way. But now — taken from him, and married to a man he thought as little worthy of her, in spite of his curling hair and grand moustache, as if he had been a blackamoor from Africa: it was more like his own death than her marriage. If Mr.

Montague had been better; if he had been wiser, and older, and steadier — then indeed; but as it was! Oh! his queen, his darling, his little Letty, who used to sit on his knee, and ask him for stories by the hour; his gracious young lady who had always been so good and condescending to him! Ralph could not bear it. With a wailing stifled cry he fell back against the old oak tree; and, for a long time, all nature and all grief alike were shut out from him. But when the faintness passed, and he was obliged to remember again, he turned away with a breaking heart from the blank of his future; feeling that his life without Miss Letty as its queen and guiding star, would be a mere desert without shade or verdure. Even his earwigs and his emmets lost their charm: chemistry seemed a mere phantasmagoria of flitting vapours, without form or object.

He would go away again, he said. His vacation was over, and he would go back to Edinburgh. He was of no use here: a queer fellow like himself was out of place in such times as weddings. He looked so ill and worn when he said this, that Mrs. Temple noticed it, and asked him, breathingly, what was the matter with him? So did Miss Letty, even in the midst of all her rose-coloured excitement and most fervent girlish love. She went to him, after breakfast, and pouted in her old way of command, and told him, for the thousandth time in their joint lives together, that he was an idiot and an old baby, and asked what was wrong now?

"Oh, Miss Letty!" began Ralph; but he could get no farther. He gave a loud sob, and rushed from the room, down the garden to that favourite retreat the shrubbery, where he burrowed in among the trees, and remained all the day. He was a little consoled by finding a new red fungus and a variety of ladybird.

"Can Ralph be jealous?" thought Miss Letty, with her blue eyes very wide open.

However, Ralph was not allowed to go away before the wedding. Letty, who, of course, had no idea of the truth, insisted on his staying. She should not feel happy; she should not feel married, she said; unless Ralph was there. So Ralph smothered his own feelings and obeyed her, and found a certain amount of happiness for the time, as usual, in his obedience. It was something to suffer at her command! But, when the wedding-day came, and he had seen her given away, his pride, his joy, his life, his own soul — given away to the keeping of a handsome, foolish, petulant fop — when there was no longer any joy on earth for him, no longer any hope, even of the moonlight pleasure of his life — when, standing in the dusty road to see her pass, taking off his hat as to a queen, and letting his long gray hair stream in the summer breeze as he gazed his last

look at her, lying back in the carriage in all her white wedding loveliness and glory — when, on her turning back again and again, leaning out to see him so long as she could, and waving her hand and handkerchief to him kindly, she saw him still standing there, like a statue without life or motion — and when the carriage finally disappeared behind the trees — then Ralph plunged wildly into the woods, and wandered away from Manor House for ever. Wandering through the world in poverty and privation, a gentle, harmless, half-crazed naturalist, who knew the haunts and habits of every tiny creature to be found in England, and who sometimes in his restless sleep — large tears rolling quietly down his withered cheeks — murmured plaintively, "Miss Letty!" and "Lost! lost!"

OUR BEDFORDSHIRE FARMER.*

It was harvest-time when we went down on our first visit to the friend whom for anonymous distinction we will call the Bedfordshire farmer. We travelled by railroad of course, and were set down on a platform almost within sight of his hospitable chimney. In this roadside station, which is in effect an inland iron port, to a purely rural district, we have a specimen of one of the mechanical revolutions of modern agriculture. The fat beasts and sheep of this parish formerly required four days to travel along the road to market, at a loss of many pounds of flesh, beside growing feverish and flabby with excitement and fatigue; they now reach the same market, calm and fresh, in four hours. If news of a favourable corn-market have arrived by the morning's post, fifty quarters of wheat can be carried from the stack, thrashed out by steam-driven machinery, sold, and the money returned in much less time than it would have taken merely to thrash out fifty quarters by the hand-flail.

The farmer himself met us on the platform — a disappointing personage, considering that he had been more than twenty years getting a living by growing corn and sheep; for he had not an atom of the uniform associated from time immemorial with the British farmer — no cord-breeches, no top-boots, not even gaiters, no broad-brimmed hat, not a large red face or ample corporation — in fact, was not half so much like the conventional farmer as my friend and fellow-traveller Nuggets, of the eminent firm of Nuggets and Bullion, who cultivates eight and a half acres at Brixton, on the most scientific principles, at an annual loss of about twenty pounds an acre. The Bedfordshire farmer looked and was dressed very much like any other gentleman not obliged to wear professional black and

* See Beef, Mutton, and Bread, page 86 of Volume XXVIII.

white. His servant, too, who shouldered our carpet bags, wore neither smock-frock nor hobnailed shoes; he might have been the groom of a surgeon or a parson.

The Grange presented what amateurs in French would call more disillusionment. A modern villa-cottage, with one ancient gable and one set of Elizabethan chimneys, planted in the midst of a well-kept garden, with the regular three sitting-rooms of a suburban villa, reminded us that times were changed since Bakewell received crowds of visitors of the highest rank, including royalty, "clad in a brown metal-buttoned coat, a red waistcoat, leather breeches, top boots, sitting in the chimney corner of his one keeping room, hung round with dried and pickled specimens of his famous beasts." The bookshelves in one of our friend's rooms are filled not only with works on agriculture, but with histories, biographies, novels, and poems. The windows, fringed with monthly roses, look out upon the gardens, across a fence to where a steep hill of pasture rises, once a deer park, still studded over with fine trees. There Suffolk horses, a long-tailed gray mare, some dairy cows, and Southdown sheep are feeding, and are chewing the cud in the shade.

Our first visit was to the farm buildings, divided by a road from the nag stables and offices of the house, which therefore is not troubled with either the smell or the dirt of the farm-yard. A picturesque untenanted dovecote, half-covered with ivy, is the only remaining monument of the farming days when five-year-old mutton was fed, and wooden ploughs were used. Pigeons don't pay in cultivated countries. On one side of the occupation road leading to the first field of the farm, were the sheds for carts and implements; on the other the cattle yards, the feeding houses, the cart stables, the cow-house, and the barn-machinery and steam-engine. One-horse carts were the order of the day, a system far preferable to waggons, when each horse is well up to his work. Our friend's horses are always in good condition. The implements made a goodly display, eight or nine of Howard's iron ploughs, light and heavy, harrows to match the ploughs, a cultivator to stir the earth, and a grubber to gather weeds, drills and manure distributors, and horse-hoes, a Crosskill's clod-crusher, and a heavy stone-roller, a haymaking-machine and horse-rakes. These were all evidently in regular use; some for strong clay, others for light sand.

The cattle yards form three-sided squares, the open side facing the road and the sun, the other three sides bordered with covered feeding-sheds, or verandahs, about which there was nothing remarkable, except that the roofs were all carefully provided with spouts, by which the rain that would otherwise flow

into the cattle yards and saturate the straw, was effectually carried away into the main drains. The floors of these yards are dish-shaped, slightly hollow. In winter a thin layer of mould, covered daily by fresh straw, imbibes every particle of liquid manure. Under the treading of the beasts, which are turned in as soon as grass fails, there to feed on hay, turnips, and mangold wurzel, or corn, or cake, in turn, according to relative price and supply of the last — nothing is cheaper than oil-cake when it can be bought at a penny a pound — the straw made on the farm is converted into manure of the richest quality, which is in due time returned to the fields.

In every yard was an iron tank filled with pure clean water, by a tap and ball, which regulated a constant supply from a spring-filled reservoir, established on the hill that overlooked the Grange. These iron tanks were substitutes for those foul inky ponds, to be found as the only drinking places on too many old-fashioned farms. In the stable, which was carefully ventilated, we found a team that had done a day's work of ploughing, munching their allowance of clover and split beans. They were powerful, active, clean-legged animals, as unlike drayhorses as possible; the harness of each was neatly arranged in a harness-room, not tumbling above the dirty stable, as too often seen. The feeding house, where twenty-five beasts could be tied up and fed, was placed conveniently near the granary, and here again at every beast's chain-pole a perpetually full tank was to be found. The doors opened, so that the manure of the feeding houses could straightway be added to the accumulation of the yard.

Our Bedfordshire farmer does not indulge in fancy, in purchasing his cattle. Noblemen and owners of model farms adhere rigidly to some one breed, Devons, Herefords, or Scots, and have to pay an extra price to make up their number. He purchases every spring or summer, at the fairs where cattle are brought from Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Devonshire, Herefordshire, and Yorkshire, for the purpose, one hundred good two-year-old Devons, Herefords, or Short-horns, or three-year-old Scots or Anglesea runts. These he runs on the inferior sward until winter; then takes them into the yards and stalls, and feeds them well with hay and roots — not exceeding a hundredweight of turnips a day — more would be wasted; to this he adds from time to time linseed and barley meal, in preference to oil-cake, which he generally reserves for sheep. He has experimented with cooked food, but has not found the result in weight pay the cost and trouble. In the spring these beasts are put on the best grass, and sent off to market as fast as they become ripe, having left behind them in

the yards a store of manure available for all the land within easy carting distance.

On our autumn visit we saw in the empty yards and in the styes a few pigs of no particular breed, but all of that egg-shape which betokens rapid fattening. As there is no dairy, the Beds farmer finds it does not pay to breed pigs or feed more than just enough to consume what would otherwise be wasted.

Lastly, we came to a compact building forming the one side or wing of the cattle yards, marked by a tall chimney: here was a high-pressure steam-engine of six-horse power, under the care of a ploughboy, which put in motion the barn machinery, thrashed and winnowed the corn, separated it into wheat, first and second, tailings, cavings, and chaff, and carried the straw into the straw house, and the wheat into the granary. The same engine also put in motion stones for grinding corn or linseed, or crushed beans, and worked a chaff-cutter.

The steam-driven barn apparatus has more advantages, and creates more profit to the farmer, than can be explained in a few words. Under the hand flail system, a great barn was needed, where it was necessary to thrash, not when you wanted to send to market, but when thrashers could be had, and then very slowly, with great loss by imperfect thrashing and systematic pilfering. Our Bedfordshire farmer having had the building provided by his landlord, put up the steam-engine and machinery himself, at a cost of five hundred pounds; and now, with coals costing fifteen shillings per ton, his steam-engine thrashes and dresses two hundred bushels of wheat in one day, at a cost of one penny a bushel, which, with horse-power, would cost fourpence, and with flail thrashing, sixpence a bushel. Besides this economy in time and money, there is an economy in space, as the corn can remain in the rick in the field, until wanted.

Some very pretty things have been said about the flail; and thrashing does make a very pretty picture, although it is a most soul-deadening occupation. But to a thoughtful mind, there is something much more beautiful in the regularity with which the sheaves, delivered from the cart, are consumed and distributed. The steam-driven barn machinery was not a complete piece of work until linked, by the railway, with the corn-market. In Scotland machine-thrashing has long been universal, but in England it makes way slowly, and is introduced with excuses in some counties — our poor-laws having been in the way.

We next mounted our friend's hacks and climbed [illegible] hill to take a bird's eye [illegible] of the farms before descending [illegible] tails.

On our way we crossed a broad belt of grass fields which sur-

round the house and garden, and are always mowed, other fields farther off being always grazed; by this arrangement it is thought that the best kinds of grass for feeding are cultivated on the one, and the best for mowing on the other; while the hay so grown is near the yards where it is to be consumed, and near the manure heaps which restore fertility to meadows. Meadows round a house are, it must be admitted, much more agreeable than ploughed land, besides having the advantage of keeping the cattle and horses grazing within an easy distance if not within sight. After ascending a hill, considered steep in the midland counties, we stood upon a sort of inland promontory, marking the division of the farm, all above being sand-land of the character well known as Woburn sand, and nearly all below stiff clay, being part of the rich valley which runs on to the sea at King's Lynn in Norfolk.

From this promontory we could review, as in a panorama, the farmer's crops — wheat in great fields of forty, fifty, and sixty acres — a golden sea, fast falling before the scythe and the sickle; barley not so ripe, some of it lying here and there in rucks as if a great flood had rolled over it; too much manuring swelled the ears without stiffening the straw enough, and so anxiety to raise a large crop had defeated itself. There were oats too, verdant and feathery; beans, dark ugly patches on the landscape; mangold, with rich dark green luxuriant leaves; and fields of something that was not grass, though like it in the distance, being, what is called in farmer's phrase, seeds, that is to say, artificial grasses, such as Italian rye grass, red clover, or white clover and trefoil mixed, which form a rotation crop only to be grown once in four or in eight years, according to the soil.

Experience and scientific investigation have but slightly and slowly added any new crops for the use of the farmer. When any one loudly announces a new crop, which will supersede all others in utility and profit, we may as safely set him down as a quack as if he announced a universal medicine. For England wheat, barley, and oats, are the best cereal crops; rye, except green to feed stock, is not in demand; wheat in many varieties fits itself to suitable soils, the finest kinds cannot always be carried to a distant country without degeneration. The finest barley for malting is grown in a few counties on light soil, while oats attain a perfection in Scotland and Ireland rarely to be found in districts where oatmeal is not the food of the people.

The proportions which a farmer should grow of each crops will depend on his soil and on his market, supposing always that the landlord is, like our friend's landlord, sufficiently intelligent to allow his tenant to make the

best of his land. For instance, having six fields on his clay land of about fifty acres each, he has found it convenient to adopt the following rotation: — First year, either a fallow or a fallow crop, such as cole-seed, tares, early white turnips, mangold, &c.; second year, wheat; third year, beans; fourth year, barley; fifth year, clover; sixth year, wheat, instead of the Scotch rotation, in which beans stand fifth, and the land becomes too full of weeds for a good crop. On the sand land the rotation is — first, turnips; second, barley; third, clover; and fourth, wheat; white and red clover being used alternately.

It will be observed that root crops form the foundation of this style of farming. Root crops do two things for the farmer; they prepare the land for corn crops, and they supply food for a great number of lambs and sheep. Under the old system, two hundred acres of this farm were poor grass pasture. Under the rotation named they feed more live stock than before, in addition to the crops of wheat twice in six years. Of course on six fields two are always in wheat. But on hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile *under-rented* land, the intelligent cultivation of roots is quite unknown; indeed, without security of tenure in lease or agreement, it cannot be practised, because it takes six years to complete a never-ending circle of improvement. There are landed baronets, who having gone so far ahead as to adopt the short-horn, which superseded their grandfathers' long-cherished, long-horned, thick-skinned, Craven beasts, still look askance at guano and superphosphate — the best food for root crops — as condiments of revolutionary origin; and as for leases, you may as well speak of confiscation at once.

As we looked down the beautiful fertile valley, and gossipped over the cardinal principles of good farming, we could see the marks in the shades of vegetation, and here and there a landmark in a stately tree, where four miles of fences had seven years previously been cleared away, and superseded wherever fences were needed at all, by double ditches, and rails arranged with mathematical regularity to protect growing thorns from the assaults of the beasts and sheep feeding around. Before coals came by canal and railway, hedges gave faggots for winter fires.

Turning our nags' heads upwards, we next traversed the sand half of the farm, an undulating four hundred acres, sprinkled over with many pretty wooded dells and bordered deep belts of plantation, where our friend, having the game in his own hands, kept up a fair head of pheasants and hares. Farmers seldom object to the game they may shoot themselves.

On the sand we found a dif-

ferent rotation, viz., turnips, barley, clover, and wheat; neither mangold or beans.

The prettiest sight was our farmer's breeding flock of South Downs, feeding on a hill of seeds: four hundred black-faced, close-fleeced, firkin-bodied, flat-backed, short-legged, active animals, without a hollow or a bump on any part of their compact bodies, as like each other as peas, and as full of meat.

They were under the amiable care of an old shepherd, a boy, and a dog of great discretion — a real Scotch colley, who also attend to the whole sheep stock. It had cost our farmer twenty years of constant care to bring this flock to their present perfection, during which time he has tried and given up the long-woolled Leicester, of which half his sheep stock formerly consisted, finding the South Down more hardy and profitable on his land and with his market. The total sheep stock always kept on this farm amounts to one thousand head, of which what are not bred on the farm are bought. Thus in the course of the year about one thousand sheep and lambs, and one hundred and fifty bullocks, are sent to market.

Now we had seen all the raw material for growing corn and wool.

Bullocks fed in yards in autumn and winter, on roots grown on well-drained, and hay on well-manured land, with corn and cake to finish them — these produce while getting fat, and tread down and solidify manure which is ready in the spring to be carted out where wanted, for growing more roots for green or hay crops. On the other hand, light land is consolidated and enriched by a flock penned upon it, and there feeding with turnips, corn, or pulse and cake. If they are store-sheep they are allowed to gnaw the turnips on the ground for part of the year; if they are young and to be fatted, the turnips are drawn, topped, and tailed, and sliced for them by a boy with a portable machine — a simple affair, and yet one of the most valuable of agricultural inventions. Thus, feeding in the day, and penned successively over every part of a field at night, the sheep fertilise, and with their feet compress more effectively than any roller, light, blowing sand, and prepare soil which once would scarcely feed a family of rabbits on an acre for such luxuriant corn crops as we saw waving around.

What neither farm-yard manure nor sheep-treading will do toward stimulating vegetation and supply the wants of an exhausted soil, is done with modern portable manures, which do not supersede, but aid the home-made fertilisers of our forefathers.

Cantering on, now pausing to examine a root crop, then pushing through a pheasant cover,

then halting to chat with the reapers, we came to a field of wheat on sand inferior to the rest. The choicest seed from the Vale of Taunton Dean had been used; but it seemed that, in this instance, what suited a Somersetshire valley did not thrive on a Bedfordshire hill. Such special experience a good farmer is continually collecting. Again: repeated trials had convinced the farmer that guano, the most valuable of all portable manures, was wasted on the sand; as, in the event of a dry season, the fertilising powers were evaporated and entirely lost. On another fifty-six acres of wheat a most wonderful crop was being mowed, estimated at six quarters to the acre. The extra weight could only be accounted for by the field having been rolled with more than ordinary care with a heavy iron roller. Nevertheless, amateurs must not rush off to roll their wheat fields, because on a plastic soil it would be total ruin to reduce a field after rain to the consistence of smooth mortar.

I have advisedly said, mow, not reap, several times in this narrative. The Bedfordshire farmer has no doubt of the superior advantages of the former plan. Nevertheless, he reaps a few acres as shelter for the partridges. Mowing is done by piece-work, at per acre. Formerly the harvesters received so much money per acre, and five pints of beer for a day; but the farmer having one July day expressed his discontent to a party of mowers snugly lying in the shade, pipe in mouth and beer-can in hand, at the slow progress of the work, was answered with fatal candour by a jolly foreman — "Maister, we come here to drink your good beer, and as long as you gie us five pints a day we beant agoin' to hurry the work." From that season an additional shilling per acre replaced the five pints of the mowing charter; and there is no lagging. Mowers are not the only people who like idleness and five pints of beer a day.

It was brilliant weather on the second day of our visit. Carts, each drawn by one cleaned-legged horse, were at work at a pace that would have choked the old hairy-legged breed. The picturesque wagon, with its long team, is disappearing fast from modern harvest-fields. The horse-rake, following the binders, leaves little for the gleaners.

While the carts were at work in one field and the mowers and binders in another — for there were two hundred acres of wheat on this farm — in a fallow-field a party of boys were cross-ploughing with some of Howard's beautiful wheel ploughs, which can be managed by boys of thirteen, for such work the object being only to pulverise the land. On almost any land the superiority of the iron-wheel plough is incontestable.

We rode back through a great grass field, well dotted with shady trees, under which short-horns, Devons, Herefords, and black Anglesea runts were comfortably chewing the cud; all the different breeds being found profitable to feed when bought at a proper price, as the account-books of our friend, carefully kept for twenty years, distinctly show. From the horned stock and the sheep, a draught of the fittest and fattest were sent to Smithfield every week from May to the following March, and replaced by fresh purchases from the neighbouring fairs.

After dinner, while looking out between rosebushes at the cattle on the hills, we talked, of course, of farming past and present — of what practice and science had done, and what it could and could not do for farmers.

In what we had seen there was nothing startling, although the results, as to quantity of produce in corn and meat in a year, would have been incredible if foretold to any brown-coated farmer in seventeen hundred and fifty-four. There was no land wasted by fences or devoured by weeds; there was no time lost — one crop prepared the way for another; there was no labour lost — horses and men and boys were fully employed. The live stock for market was always full fed; the breeding-stock was kept up by retaining only the best-shaped ewe lambs, and hiring or buying the best rams from skilled Southdown breeders. So the farm was continually sending to market a succession of lamb, mutton, and beef.

All this requires for success some considerable skill and experience, and not a little expense. Twelve or thirteen hundred pounds a-year for rent, and as much more for wages; two hundred a-year poor's-rates, no tithes; three hundred a-year for corn and cake purchased; one hundred and fifty pounds for portable manures. A capital laid out in two hundred store beasts, which cannot be bought for less than ten pounds each, and four hundred breeding ewes, worth two pounds ten shillings each — also thirty carthorses, worth forty pounds a-piece on the average, and all the agricultural implements, too. So, in round numbers there was evidently, without asking impertinent questions, some ten thousand pounds invested.

The labour of this farm would in its number astonish a farmer of the old school of anti-guano and anti-steam-engine prejudices, as much as the implements. It consists of about twenty men and thirty boys. Of these, six men are ploughmen, and have the care of four horses each, being assisted by eight ploughboys. The boys are divided into two sets, of which the younger consists of fifteen boys between the ages of eleven and thirteen, who are under

the command of a steady experienced farm-labourer. He never has them out of his sight; under his orders they do all the hand-hoeing of wheat, thin out turnips, spud thistles out of grass-land, gather the turnips into heaps for tailing, carry away the straw from the threshing-machine, bring the sheaves from the stack to the man who feeds the machine, and do other work suited to their strength. When the harvest is off, and repeated ploughings have brought the couch-grass roots to the surface, they gather it in heaps and burn it. A great bare field dotted over with heaps of this troublesome weed, each on fire, and each industriously fed and tended by an active little boy, presented a very amusing sight to us in a second visit to Bedfordshire, in October.

Thus these boys are trained to work regularly at all kinds of farm-labour, and form a regiment of militia from which the regular army of the farm is recruited. The most intelligent are promoted to be ploughboys, and grow up to be very useful men.

They receive three shillings a-week wages, and every week, if well-behaved, a sixpenny ticket, which, once a year, in September, is converted into money to be laid out in clothes. The stoppage of a ticket — a very rare occurrence — is considered not only a loss, but a disgrace. In harvest time they receive double wages, and double tickets.

Such is a short view of the system on a well-managed corn and wool farm.

If able to lay out the needful capital skilfully, and manage the men, boys, and horses needed for a thousand acres of average corn and sheep land, the farmer, on an average of years, can reap a fair return for his risk and labour. He cannot under ordinary circumstances, expect to make a fortune except by saving out of ordinary income; for there are no patents, or secrets, or special undiscovered markets for farmers, as there are for clever manufacturers. Those who undertake to do wonderful things in agriculture invariably sacrifice profit to glory. But the skilful farmer is not tied to a day, a week, or even a month, except at harvest or seed time; he lives among pleasant scenes, socially and hospitably, and runs not the risks and endures not the sleepless nights of the manufacturer, whose fortune depends on the temper of a thousand hands, and the honesty or good fortune of debtors on the other side of the globe.

FATALISM.

One of the popular tales current among the Servians — which we take from a collection made by Wuk Stephanovitsch Karadschitsch — emphatically illustrates

a well-known oriental doctrine, and suggests how stern a curse such doctrine becomes to the people among whom it isonce admitted.

Once upon a time there were two brothers who lived together. One was industrious and did everything, the other was lazy and did nothing except eat and drink. Their harvests were always magnificent, and they had plenty of oxen, horses, sheep, pigs, bees, and all else. The brother who did everything said to himself one day, "Why should I work for this idler? It is better that we should part." He said, therefore, "My brother, it is not just that I should do everything, whilst thou doest nothing but eat and drink. I have decided, therefore, that we ought to part." The other sought to turn him from his purpose, saying, "Brother, let not that be so; we prosper as we are, and behold all things are in thy hands, as well those which belong to me, and those which are thine. Thou knowest also that whatever thou wilt thou doest, and I am content." But the elder persisted in his resolution, and the younger yielded, saying, "If it must be so, yet I will have no part in this act. Make the division as thou wilt." The division was then made, and each brother took what was his portion.

Then the idler hired a herdsman for his cattle, and a shepherd for his sheep, another herdsman for his goats, a keeper for his swine, and yet another for his bees; and said to them all, "I entrust my property to you, and may God keep you." Having done that, he continued to live as before.

The worker, on the contrary, continued to exert himself as he had always done. He kept no servants, but himself attended to his own affairs. Nevertheless all went wrong with him, and he became poorer every day, until at last he did not possess even a pair of shoes, and was obliged to walk about barefooted. Then he said to himself, "I will go to my brother and see how it is now with him."

His way was over land covered with grass. He saw a flock of sheep feeding there unattended by a shepherd. Near them sate a beautiful girl, who was sewing with a golden thread. After having saluted her, he asked to whom the flock belonged; and she answered, "To whom I belong, these sheep also belong."

"And who art thou?" he inquired.

She replied, "I am the Genius of thy brother."

Then was this man's soul filled with rage and envy, and he said to her, "But my Genius, where is she?"

The girl said, "Ah! she is far from thee."

"Can I find her?" he asked.

She answered, "Yes; after long travel."

And when he heard this, he went straightway to his brother;

who, when he saw his wretched state, was filled with grief, and, bursting into tears, said to him, "Where hast thou been so long?" And when he had heard all, and knew that his brother wished to go in search of his far-distant Genius, he gave him money and a pair of shoes.

After the two brothers had remained some days together, the elder one returned to his own house, threw a sack upon his shoulders, into which he put some bread, took a stick in his hand, and set out to walk through the world to seek his Genius. Having travelled for some time, he found himself at last in the midst of a great wood, where he saw, asleep under a bush, a frightful hag. He strove long to awaken her, and at last in order to do so put a snake down her back; but even then she moved with difficulty, and only half unclosing her eyes, said to him, "Thank Heaven, man, that I am sleeping here; for had I been awake thou wouldst not have possessed those shoes."

He said, "Who then is this that would have prevented me from having on my feet these shoes?"

And the hag replied, "I am thy Genius."

When the man heard that, he smote himself upon the breast, and cried, "Thou! Thou my Genius? May Heaven exterminate thee! Who gave thee to me?"

And the hag replied, "It is Fate."

"And where is Fate?" he asked.

The answer he received was, "Go and search for him." And the hag disappeared.

Then the man went in search of Fate. After a long, long journey, he again entered a wood; and, in this wood, found a hermit, whom he asked whether he could tell where Fate was to be found. The hermit said, "Go up that mountain, my son, and thou wilt reach his castle; but, when in his presence, do not speak to him. Whatever thou shalt see him do, that do thou, until he questions thee." The traveller having thanked the hermit, took the road which led up the mountain.

But, when he had arrived at the castle, he was much amazed at its magnificence. Servants were hurrying in all directions, and everything around him was of more than royal splendour. As for Fate, he was seated at a table quite alone; the table was spread, and he was in the act of supping. When the traveller saw that, he seated himself, and ate with the master of the house. After supper, Fate went to his couch, and the man retired with him. Then, at midnight, there was heard the rushing of a fearful sound through all the chambers of the castle; and, in the midst of the noise a voice was heard crying aloud "Fate! Fate! To-day such and such souls have come into the world. Deal with

them according to thy pleasure!" Then, behold, Fate arose, and opened a gilt coffer full of golden ducats, which he sowed upon his chamber floor, saying, "Such as I am to-day, you shall be all your lives!"

At the break of day, the beautiful castle vanished; and, in its place, stood an ordinary house; but a house in which nothing was wanting. When the evening came Fate sat down to supper, and his guest sat by his side; but not a word was spoken. When they had done supper they went to bed. At midnight the rushing sound was heard again; and, in the midst of the noise, a voice cried, "Fate! Fate! Such and such souls have seen the light to-day. Deal with them according to thy pleasure!" Then, behold, Fate opened a silver coffer; but there were no ducats therein, only silver money, with a few gold pieces mingled. And Fate sowed this silver on the ground, saying, "Such as I am to-day, you shall be all your lives!"

At break of day this house also had disappeared; and, in its place, there was one smaller still. Every night the same thing happened, and every morning the house became smaller and poorer, until at last it was nothing but a miserable hovel. Then Fate took a spade and dug the earth, the man doing the same. And they worked all day. In the evening Fate took a piece of bread and broke it in two pieces, and gave one to his guest. This was all they had to eat; and, when they had eaten it, they went to bed. During all this time, they had not exchanged a word.

At midnight the same fearful sound was heard, and the voice which cried, "Fate! Fate! Such and such souls have come into the world this night. Do unto them according to thy pleasure!" And, behold, Fate arose, and opened a coffer, and took out of it stones, and sowed them upon the earth, and among the stones were small pieces of money. This he did, repeating at the same time, "Such as I am to-day, you shall be all your lives."

When morning returned the cabin had disappeared, and the palace of the first day had come back again. Then, for the first time, Fate spoke to his guest, and said, "Why camest thou here?" The other told him truly all the story of his journey, and its cause, namely, to ascertain why Fate had awarded to him a lot so unhappy. And Fate answered, "Thou didst see how, on the first night, I sowed ducats, and what followed. Such as I am in the night wherein a man is born, such will that man be during all his life. Thou wert born on a night when I was poor, and thou wilt remain poor all thy days. As for thy brother, he came into the world when I was rich, and rich will he be ever. Yet, because thou hast laboured hard to seek me, I will tell how thou mayst aid thyself. Thy brother has a daughter named Miliza,

who was born in a golden hour. When thou returnest to thy country take her for thy wife. Only take heed that of whatsoever thou shalt afterwards acquire, say that it is hers, — call nothing thine."

And the man, thanking Fate, departed. When he had come back to his own country, he went to his brother, and said, "Brother, give me Miliza; for thou seest that without her I am alone." The brother answered: "I am glad at thy request. Take her, for she is thine." Therefore he took her to his house; and, from that time, his flocks and herds began to multiply, so that he became rich. But he was careful to exclaim aloud, every day, "All that I have is Miliza's!"

One day he went to the field to see his crops, which were all rustling and whispering to the breeze songs of plenty; when, by chance, a traveller passed by, who said to him: "Whose crops are these?" And he, without thinking, replied, "They are mine." Scarcely had he finished speaking, when, behold the harvest was on fire and the flames leapt from field to field. But, when he saw this he ran with all his speed after the traveller, and shouted, "Stop, brother! I told you a lie. These crops are not mine, they are my wife's!" The fire went out when he had spoken, and from that hour he continued to be — thanks to Miliza — rich and happy.

FAST AND LOOSE.

If the Directors of any great joint-stock commercial undertaking — say a Railway Company — were to get themselves made Directors principally in virtue of some blind superstition declaring every man of the name of Bolter to be a man of business, every man of the name of Jolter to be a mathematician, and every man of the name of Polter to possess a minute acquaintance with the construction of locomotive steam-engines; and if those ignorant Directors, so managed the affairs of the body corporate, as that the trains never started at the right times, began at their right beginnings, or got to their right ends, but always devoted their steam to bringing themselves into violent collision with one another; and if by such means those incapable Directors destroyed thousands of lives, wasted millions of money, and hopelessly bewildered and conglomerated themselves and everybody else; what would the shareholding body say, if those brazen-faced Directors called them together in the midst of the wreck and ruin they had made, and with an audacious piety addressed them thus: "Lo, ye miserable sinners, the hand of Providence is heavy on you! Attire yourselves in sackcloth, throw ashes on your heads, fast, and hear us condescend to make discourses to you on the wrong you have done!".

Or, if Mr. Matthew Marshall of the Bank of England, were to be superseded by Bolter; if the whole Bank parlour were to be cleared for Jolter; and the engraving of bank-notes were to be given as a snug thing to Polter; and if Bolter Jolter and Polter, with a short pull and a weak pull and a pull no two of them together, should tear the Money Market to pieces, and rend the whole mercantile system and credit of the country to shreds; what kind of reception would Bolter Jolter and Polter get from Baring Brothers, Rothschilds, and Lombard Street in general, if those Incapables should cry out, "Providence has brought you all to the Gazette. Listen, wicked ones, and we will give you an improving lecture on the death of the old Lady in Threadneedle Street!"

Or, if the servants in a rich man's household were to distribute their duties exactly as the fancy took them; if the housemaid were to undertake the kennel of hounds, and the dairymaid were to mount the coachbox, and the cook were to pounce upon the secretaryship, and the groom were to dress the dinner, and the gamekeeper were to make the beds, while the gardener gave the young ladies lessons on the piano, and the stable-helper took the baby out for an airing; would the rich man, soon very poor, be much improved in his mind when the whole incompetent establishment, surrounding him, exclaimed, "You have brought yourself to a pretty pass, sir. You had better see what fasting and humiliation will do to get you out of this. We will trouble you to pay us, keep us, and try!"

A very fine gentleman, very daintily dressed, once took an uncouth creature under his protection — a wild thing, half man and half brute. And they travelled along together.

The wild man was ignorant; but, he had some desire for knowledge too, and at times he even fell into strange fits of thought, wherein he had gleams of reason and flashes of a quick sagacity. There was also veneration in his breast, for the Maker of all the wondrous universe about him. It has even been supposed that these seeds were sown within him by a greater and wiser hand than the hand of the very fine gentleman very daintily dressed.

It was necessary that they should get on quickly to avoid a storm, and the first thing that happened was, that the wild man's feet became crippled.

Now, the very fine gentleman had made the wild man put on a tight pair of boots which were altogether unsuited to him, so the wild man said:

"It 's the boots."

"It 's a Rebuke," said the very fine gentleman.

"A WHAT?" roared the wild man.

"It 's Providence," said the very fine gentleman.

The wild man cast his eyes on

the earth around him, and up at the sky, and then at the very fine gentleman, and was mightily displeased to hear that great word so readily in the mouth of such an interpreter on such an occasion; but, he hobbled on as well as he could without saying a syllable, until they had gone a very long way, and he was hungry.

There was abundance of wholesome fruits and herbs by the wayside, which the wild man tried to reach by springing at them, but could not.

"I am starving," the wild man complained.

"It 's a Rebuke," said the very fine gentleman.

"It 's the handcuffs," said the wild man. For, he had submitted to be handcuffed before he came out.

However, his companion wouldn't hear of that (he said it was not official, and was unparliamentary), so they went on and on, a weary journey; and the wild man got nothing, because he was handcuffed, and because the very fine gentleman couldn't reach the fruit for him on account of his stays; and the very fine gentleman got what he had in his pocket.

By and by, they came to a house on fire, where the wild man's brother was being burnt to death, because he couldn't get out at the door: which door had been locked seven years before, by the very fine gentleman, who had taken away the key.

"Produce the key," exclaimed the wild man, in an agony, "and let my brother out."

"I meant it to have been here the day before yesterday," returned the very fine gentleman, in his leisurely way, "and I had it put a-board ship to be brought here; but, the fact is, the ship has gone round the world instead of coming here, and I doubt if we shall ever hear any more about it."

"It 's Murder!" cried the wild man.

But, the very fine gentleman was uncommonly high with him, for not knowing better than that: so the brother was burnt to death, and they proceeded on their journey.

At last, they came to a fine palace by a river, where a gentleman of a thriving appearance was rolling out at the gate in a very neat chariot, drawn by a pair of blood horses, with two servants up behind in fine purple liveries.

"Bless my soul!" cried this gentleman, checking his coachman, and looking hard at the wild man, "what monster have we here!"

Then the very fine gentleman explained that it was a hardened creature with whom Providence was very much incensed; in proof of which, here he was, rebuked, crippled, handcuffed, starved, with his brother burnt to death in a locked-up house, and the key of the house going round the world.

"Are *you* Providence?" asked the wild man, faintly.

"Hold your tongue, sir," said the very fine gentleman.

"Are *you?*" asked the wild man of the gentleman of the palace.

The gentleman of the palace made no reply; but, coming out of his carriage in a brisk business-like manner, immediately put the wild man into a strait-waistcoat, and said to the very fine gentleman, "He shall fast for his sins."

"I have already done that," the wild man protested weakly.

"He shall do it again," said the gentleman of the palace.

"I have fasted from work too, through divers causes — you know I speak the truth — until I am miserably poor," said the wild man.

"He shall do it again," said the gentleman of the palace.

"A day's work just now, is the breath of my life," said the wild man.

"He shall do without the breath of his life," said the gentleman of the palace.

Therewith, they carried him off to a hard bench, and sat him down, and discoursed to him ding-dong, through and through the dictionary, about all manner of businesses except the business that concerned him. And when they saw his thoughts, red-eyed and angry though he was, escape from them up to the true Providence far away, and when they saw that he confusedly humbled and quieted his mind before Heaven, in his innate desire to approach it and learn from it, and know better how to bear these things and set them right, they said "He is listening to us, he is doing as we would have him, he will never be troublesome."

What that wild man really had before him in his thoughts, at that time of being so misconstrued and so practised on, History shall tell — not the narrator of this story, though he knows full well. Enough for us, and for the present purpose, that this tale can have no application — how were that possible! — to the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five.

A GHOST STORY.

I WILL relate to you, my friend, the whole history, from the beginning to nearly the end.

The first time that — *that it happened*, was on this wise.

My husband and myself were sitting in a private box at the theatre — one of the two large London theatres. The performance was, I remember well, an Easter piece, in which were introduced live dromedaries and an elephant, at whose clumsy feats we were considerably amused. I mention this to show how calm and even gay was the state of both our minds that evening, and how little there was in any of the circumstances of the place or time to cause, or render us liable

to — what I am about to describe.

I liked this Easter piece better than any serious drama. My life had contained enough of the tragic element to make me turn with a sick distaste from all imitations thereof in books or plays. For months, ever since our marriage, Alexis and I had striven to lead a purely childish, common-place existence, eschewing all stirring events and strong passions, mixing little in society, and then, with one exception, making no associations beyond the moment.

It was easy to do this in London; for we had no relations — we two were quite alone and free. Free — free! How wildly I sometimes grasped Alexis's hand as I repeated that word.

He was young — so was I. At times, as on this night, we would sit and laugh like children. It was so glorious to know of a surety that now we could think, feel, speak, act — above all, love one another — haunted by no counteracting spell, responsible to no living creature for our life and our love.

But this had been only for a year — I had thought of the date, shuddering, in the morning — for a year, from this same day.

We had been laughing very heartily, cherishing mirth, as it were, like those who would caress a lovely bird that had been frightened out of its natural home and grown wild and rare in its visits, only tapping at the lattice for a minute, and then gone. Suddenly, in the pause between the acts, when the house was half-darkened, our laughter died away.

"How cold it is," said Alexis, shivering. I shivered too; but it was more like the involuntary shudder at which people say, "Some one is walking over my grave." I said so, jestingly.

"Hush, Isbel," whispered my husband, reprovingly; and again the draught of cold air seemed to blow right between us.

We sat, he in the front, I behind the curtain of our box, divided by some foot or two of space and by a vacant chair. Alexis tried to move this chair, but it was fixed. He went round it, and wrapped a mantle over my shoulders.

"This London winter is cold for you, my love. I half wish we had taken courage, and sailed once more for Hispaniola."

"Oh, no — oh, no! No more of the sea!" said I, with another and stronger shudder.

He took his former position, looking round indifferently at the audience. But neither of us spoke. The mere word Hispaniola was enough to throw a damp and a silence over us both.

"Isbel," he said at last, rousing himself, with a half-smile, "I think you must have grown suddenly beautiful. Look! half the glasses opposite are lifted to our box. It cannot be at me, you know. Do you remember telling me I was the ugliest fellow you ever saw?"

"Oh, Alex!" Yet it was quite true — I had thought him so, in far back, strange, awful times, when I, a girl of sixteen, had my mind wholly filled with one ideal — one insane, exquisite dream; when I brought my innocent child's garlands, and sat me down under one great spreading, magnificent tree, which seemed to me the king of all the trees of the field, until I felt its dews dropping death upon my youth, and my whole soul withering under its venomous shade.

"Oh, Alex!" I cried, once more, looking fondly on his beloved face, where no unearthly beauty dazzled, no unnatural calm repelled; where all was simple, noble, manly, true. "Husband, I thank heaven for that dear 'ugliness' of yours. Above all, though blood runs strong, they say, that I see in you no likeness to —"

Alexis knew what name I meant, though for a whole year — since God's mercy made it to us only a name — we had ceased to utter it, and let it die wholly out of the visible world. We dared not breathe to ourselves, still less to one another, how much brighter, holier, happier, that world was, now that the Divine wisdom had taken — *him* — into another. For he had been my husband's uncle; likewise, once my guardian. He was now dead.

I sat looking at Alexis, thinking what a strange thing it was that his dear face should not have always been as beautiful to me as it was now. That loving my husband now so deeply, so wholly, clinging to him heart to heart, in the deep peace of satisfied, all-trusting, and all-dependent human affection, I could ever have felt that emotion, first as an exquisite bliss, then as an ineffable terror, which now had vanished away, and become — nothing.

"They are gazing still, Isbel."

"Who, and where?" For I had quite forgotten what he said about the people staring at me.

"And there is Colonel Hart. He sees us. Shall I beckon?"

"As you will."

Colonel Hart came up into our box. He shook hands with my husband, bowed to me, then looked round, half-curiously, half-uneasily.

"I thought there was a friend with you."

"None. We have been alone all evening."

"Indeed! How strange."

"What! That my wife and I should enjoy a play alone together?" said Alexis, smiling.

"Excuse me, but really I was surprised to find you alone. I have certainly seen for the last half-hour a third person sitting on this chair, between you both."

We could not help starting; for, as I stated before, the chair had, in truth, been left between us, empty.

"Truly our unknown friend must have been invisible. Nonsense, Colonel; how can you turn Mrs. Saltram pale, by thus peo-

pling with your fancies the vacant air?"

"I tell you, Alexis," said the Colonel (he was my husband's old friend, and had been present at our hasty and private marriage), "nothing could be more unlike a fancy, even were I given to such. It was a very remarkable person who sat here. Even strangers noticed him."

"Him!" I whispered.

"It was a man, then," said my husband, rather angrily.

"A very peculiar-looking, and extremely handsome man. I saw many glasses levelled at him."

"What was he like?" said Alexis, rather sarcastically. "Did he speak? or we to him?"

"No — neither. He sat quite still, in this chair."

My husband turned away. If the Colonel had not been his friend, and so very simple-minded, honest, and sober a gentleman, I think Alexis would have suspected some drunken hoax, and turned him out of the box immediately. As it was, he only said:

"My dear fellow, the third act is beginning. Come up again at its close, and tell me if you again see my invisible friend, who must find so great an attraction in viewing, gratis, a dramatic performance."

"I perceive — you think it a mere hallucination of mine. We shall see. I suspect the trick is on your side, and that you are harbouring some proscribed Hungarian. But I'll not betray him. Adieu."

"The ghostly Hungarian shall not sit next you, love, this time," said Alexis, trying once more to remove the chair. But possibly, though he jested, he was slightly nervous, and his efforts were vain. "What nonsense this is! Isbel, let us forget it. I will stand behind you, and watch the play."

He stood. I clasping his hand secretly and hard. Then, I grew quieter; until as the drop-scene fell, the same cold air swept past us. It was as if some one, fresh from the sharp sea-wind, had entered the box. And, just at that moment, we saw Colonel Hart's, and several other glasses levelled as before.

"It is strange," said Alexis.

"It is horrible," I said. For I had been cradled in Scottish, and then filled with German superstition; and my own life had been so wild, so strange, that there was nothing too ghastly or terrible for my imagination to conjure up.

"I will summon the Colonel. We must find out this," said my husband, speaking beneath his breath, and looking round, as if he thought he was overheard.

Colonel Hart came up. He looked very serious; so did a young man who was with him.

"Captain Elmore — Mrs. Saltram. Saltram, I have brought my friend here to attest that I have played off on you no unworthy jest. Not ten minutes

since he, and I, and some others saw this same gentleman sitting in this chair."

"Most certainly—in this chair," added the young captain.

My husband bowed; he kept a courteous calmness, but I felt his hand grow clammy in mine.

"Of what appearance, sir, was the unknown acquaintance of my wife's and mine, whom everybody appears to see, except ourselves?"

"He was of middle-age, dark-haired, pale. His features were very still, rather hard in expression. He had on a cloth cloak with a fur collar, and wore a long, pointed Charles-the-First beard."

My husband and I clung hand to hand with an inexpressible horror. Could there be another man — a living man, who answered this description?

"Pardon me," Alexis said faintly. "The portrait is rather vague; may I ask you to repaint it as circumstantially as you can."

"He was, I repeat, a pale, or rather a sallow-featured man. His eyes were extremely piercing, cold, and clear. The mouth close-set — a very firm but passionless mouth. The hair dark, seamed with gray — bald on the brow —"

"O heaven!" I groaned in an anguish of terror. For I saw again — clear as if he had never died — the face over which, for twelve long months, had swept the merciful sea waves, off the shores of Hispaniola.

"Can you, Captain Elmore," said Alexis, "mention no other distinguishing mark? This countenance might resemble many men."

"I think not. It was a most remarkable face. It struck me the more — because" and the young man grew almost as pale as we—"I once saw another very like it."

"You see — a chance resemblance only. Fear not, my darling," Alexis breathed in my ear. "Sir, have you any reluctance to tell me who was the gentleman?"

"It was no living man, but a corpse that we picked up off a wreck, and again committed to the deep — in the Gulf of Mexico. It was exactly the same face, and had the same mark — a scar, cross-shape, over one temple."

"'T is he! He can follow and torture us still; I knew he could!"

Alexis smothered my shriek on his breast.

"My wife is ill. This description resembles slightly a — a person we once knew. Hart, will you leave us? But no, we must probe this mystery. Gentlemen, will you once more descend to the lower part of the house, whilst we remain here, and tell me if you still see this figure sitting in this chair."

They went. We held our breaths. The lights in the theatre were being extinguished, the audience moving away. No one came near our box; it was perfectly empty. Except our own two selves, we were conscious of no

sight — no sound. A few minutes after Colonel Hart knocked.

"Come in," said Alexis, cheerily.

But the Colonel — the bold soldier — shrunk back like a frightened child.

"I have seen him — I saw him but this minute, sitting there."

I swooned away.

It is right I should briefly give you my history up to this night's date.

I was a West Indian heiress — a posthumous, and soon after birth, an orphan child. Brought up in my mother's country, until I was sixteen years old; — I never saw my guardian. Then he met me in Paris, with my governess, and for the space of two years we lived under the same roof, seeing one another daily.

I was very young; I had no father or brother; I wished for neither lover nor husband; my guardian became to me as the one object of my existence.

It was no love-passion; he was far too old for that, and I comparatively too young, at least too childish. It was one of those insane, rapturous adorations which young maidens sometimes conceive, mingling a little of the tenderness of the woman with the ecstatic enthusiasm of the devotee. There is hardly a prophet or leader noted in the world's history who has not been followed and worshipped by many such women.

So was my guardian, Anastasius — not his true name, but it sufficed then and will now.

Many may recognize him as a known leader in the French political and moral world — as one who, by the mere force of intellect, wielded the most irresistible and silently complete power of any man I ever knew, in every circle into which he came; women he won by his polished gentleness, — men, by his equally polished strength. He would have turned a compliment and signed a death-warrant, with the same exquisitely calm grace. Nothing was to him too great or too small. I have known him, on his way to advise that the President's soldiers should sweep a cannonade down the thronged street — stop to pick up a strayed canary-bird, stroke its broken wing, and confide it with beautiful tenderness to his bosom.

O how tender! — how mild! — how pitiful! — could he be!

When I say I loved him, I use for want of a better, a word which ill expresses that feeling. It was — Heaven forgive me if I err in using the similitude — the sort of feeling the Shunamite woman might have had for Elisha. Religion added to its intensity; for I was brought up a devout Catholic; and he, whatever his private dogmas might have been, adhered strictly to the forms of the same church. He was unmarried, and most people supposed him to belong to that order called — Heaven knows how unlike Him from whom they

assume their name — the Society of Jesus.

We lived thus — I entirely worshipping, he guiding, fondling, watching, and ruling by turns, for two whole years. I was mistress of a large fortune, and, though not beautiful, had, I believe, a tolerable intellect, and a keen wit which he used to play with, as a boy plays with fireworks, amusing himself with their glitter—sometimes directing them against others, and smiling as they flashed or scorched — knowing that against himself they were utterly powerless and harmless. Knowing, too, perhaps, that were it otherwise, he had only to tread them out under foot, and step aside from the ashes, with the same unmoved, easy smile.

I never knew — nor know I to this day, whether I was dear to him or not. Useful I was, I think, and pleasant, I believe. Possibly he liked me a little—as the potter likes his clay, and the skilful mechanician likes his tools — until the clay hardened, and the fine tools refused to obey the master's hand.

I was the brilliant West Indian heiress. I did not marry. Why should I? At my house — at least it was called mine—all sorts and societies met, carrying on their separate games; the quiet, soft hand of M. Anastasius playing his game — in, and under, and through them all. Mingled with this grand game of the world was a lesser one — to which he turned sometimes, just for amusement, and because he could not cease from his métier — a simple, easy, domestic game, of which the battledore was that said white hand, and the shuttlecock my foolish child's heart.

Thus much have I dilated on him, and my own life in the years when all its strong, wild current flowed towards him; that, in what followed when the tide turned, no one may accuse me of fickleness, or causeless aversion, or insane terror of one who after all was only man, "whose breath is in his nostrils."

At seventeen I was wholly passive in his hands; he was my sole arbiter of right and wrong—my conscience—almost my God. As my character matured, and, in a few things, I began to judge for myself, we had occasional slight differences — begun, on my part, in shy humility, continued with vague doubt, but always ending in penitence and tears. Since one or other erred, of course it must be I. These differences were wholly on abstract points of truth or justice.

It was his taking me to the ball at the Tuileries, which was given after Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had seized the Orleans property, and it was my watching my cousin's conduct there, which made me first question, in a trembling terrified way — like one who catches a glimpse of the miracle-making priest's hands behind the robe of the worshipped idol—whether, great as M. Ana-

stasius was as a political ruler, as a man of the world, as a faithful member of the Society of Jesus, he was altogether so great when viewed beside any one of those whose doctrines he disseminated, whose faith he professed.

He had allowed me the New Testament, and I had been reading it a good deal lately. I placed him, my spiritual guide, first in venerating love, then, with a curious marvelling comparison, beside the fishermen of Galilee, beside — reverently be it spoken — beside the Divine Christ.

There was a certain difference.

The next time we came to any argument — always on abstract questions, — for my mere individual will never had any scruple in resigning to his — instead of yielding and atoning, I ceased the contest, and brought it afterwards privately to the one infallible rule of right and wrong.

The difference grew.

Gradually, I began to take my cousin's wisdom — perhaps, even his virtues — with certain reservations, feeling that there was growing in me some antagonistic quality which prevented my full sympathy with both.

"But," I thought, "he is a Jesuit; he follows only the law of his order, which allows temporising, and diplomatising, for noble ends. He merely dresses up the Truth, and puts it in the most charming and safest light, even as we do our images of the Holy Virgin, using them for the adoration of the crowd, but ourselves worshipping them still. I do believe, much as he will dandle and play with the Truth, that, not for his hope of Heaven, would Anastasius stoop to a lie."

One day, he told me he should bring to my saloons an Englishman, his relative, who had determined on leaving the world and entering the priesthood.

"Is he of our faith?" asked I indifferently.

"He is, from childhood. He has a strong, fine intellect; this, under fit guidance, may accomplish great things. Once of our Society, he might be my right hand in every Court in Europe. You will receive him?"

"Certainly."

But I paid very little heed to the stranger. There was nothing about him striking or peculiar. He was the very opposite of M. Anastasius. Besides, he was young, and I had learnt to despise youth — my guardian was fifty years old.

Mr. Saltram (you will already have guessed that it was he) showed equal indifference to me. He watched me sometimes, did little kindnesses for me, but always was quiet and silent — a mere cloud floating in the brilliant sky, which M. Anastasius lit up as its gorgeous sun. For me, I became moonlike, appearing chiefly at my cousin's set and rise.

I was not happy. I read more in my Holy Book and less in my breviary: I watched with keener,

harder eyes my cousin Anastasius, weighed all his deeds, listened to and compared his words: my intellect worshipped him, my memoried tenderness clung round him still, but my conscience had fled out of his keeping, and made for itself a higher and diviner ideal. Measured with common men, he was godlike yet — above all passions, weaknesses, crimes; but viewed by the one perfect standard of man — Christian man — in charity, humility, single-mindedness, guilelessness, truth — my idol was no more. I came to look for it, and found only the empty shrine.

He went on a brief mission to Rome. I marvelled that, instead of as of yore wandering sadly through the empty house, its air felt freer for me to breathe in. It seemed hardly a day till he came back.

I happened to be sitting with his nephew Alexis when I heard his step down the corridor — the step which had once seemed at every touch to draw music from the chords of my prostrate heart, but which now made it shrink into itself, as if an iron-shod footfall had passed along the strings.

Anastasius looked slightly surprised at seeing us together, but his welcome was very kind to both.

I could not altogether return it. I had just found out two things which, to say the least, had startled me. I determined to prove them at once.

"My cousin, I thought you were aware that, though a Catholic myself, my house is open, and my friendship likewise, to honest men of every creed. Why did you give your relative so hard an impression of me? And why did you not tell me that Mr. Saltram has, for some years, been a Protestant?"

I know not what reply he made; I know only that it was ingenious, lenghty, gentle, courteous — that for the time being it seemed entirely satisfactory, that we spent all three together a most pleasant evening. It was only when I lay down on my bed, face to face with the solemn Dark, in which dwelt conscience, truth, and God, that I discovered how Anastasius had, for some secret — doubtless blameless, nay, even justifiable purpose, told of me, and to me, two absolute lies!

Disguise it as he might, excuse it as I might, and did, they were lies. They haunted me — flapping their black wings like a couple of fiends, mopping and mowing behind him when he came — sitting on his shoulders, and mocking his beautiful, calm, majestic face — for days. That was the beginning of sorrows; gradually they grew until they blackened my whole world.

M. Anastasius' whole soul was bent, as he had for once truly told me, on winning his young nephew into the true fold, making him an instrument of that great purpose which was to bring all Europe, the Popedom itself, under the power

of the Society of Jesus and its future head — Anastasius.

The young man resisted. He admired and revered his kinsman; but he himself was very single-hearted, staunch, and true. Something in that strong Truth, which was the basis of his character, struck sympathy with mine. He was very much inferior in most things to Anastasius — he knew it, I knew it — but, through all, this divine element of Truth was patent, beautifully clear. It was the one quality I had ever worshipped, ever sought for, and never found.

Alexis and I became friends — equal, earnest friends. Not in the way of wooing or marriage — at least, he never spoke of either; and both were far, oh how far! from my thought — but there was a great and tender bond between us, which strengthened day by day.

The link which rivcted it was religion. He was, I said, a Protestant, not adhering to any creed, but simply living — not preaching, but living the faith of Our Saviour. He was not perfect — he had his sins and shortcomings, even as I. We were both struggling on towards the glimmering light. So, after a season, we clasped hands in friendship, and with eyes steadfastly upward, determined to press on together towards the one goal, and along the self-same road.

I put my breviary aside, and took wholly to the New Testament, assuming no name either of Catholic or Protestant, but simply that of Christian.

When I decided on this, of course I told Anastasius. He received the tidings calmly. He had ceased to be my spiritual confessor for some time; yet I could see he was greatly surprised, afterwards he became altogether changed.

"I wish," said I, one day, "as I shall be twenty-one next year, to have more freedom. I wish even" — for since the discovery of my change of belief he had watched me so closely, so quietly, so continually, that I had conceived a vague fear of him, and a longing to get away — to put half the earth between me and his presence — "I wish even, if possible this summer, to visit my estates in Hispaniola."

"Alone?"

"No; Madame Gradelle will accompany me. And Mr. Saltram will charter one of his ships for my use."

For, I should say, Alexis was, far from being a Roman Catholic priest, a merchant of large means.

"I approve the plan. It will be of advantage to your health. But Madame Gradelle is not sufficient escort. I, as your guardian, will accompany and protect you."

A cold dread seized me. Was I never to be free? Already I began to feel my guardian's influence surrounding me — an influence once of love, now of intolerable distaste, and even fear. Not that he was ever harsh or

cruel — not that I could accuse him of any single wrong towards me or others: but I knew I had thwarted him, and through him, his cause — that cause whose strongest dogma is that any means are sacred, any evil good, to the one great end — Power.

I had oppressed him, and I was in his hand — that hand which I had once believed to have almost superhuman strength. In my terror I believed it still.

"He will go with us — we cannot escape from him," I said to Alexis. "He will make you a priest and me a nun, as he planned — I know he did. Our very souls are not our own."

"What, when the world is so wide, and life so long, and God's kindness over all — when too, I am free, and you will be free in a year — when" —

"I shall never be free. He is my evil genius. He will haunt me till my death."

It was a morbid feeling I had, consequent on the awful struggle which had so shaken body and mind. The sound of his step made me turn sick and tremble; the sight of his grand face — perhaps the most beautiful I ever saw, with its faultless features, and the half-melancholy cast given by the high bald forehead and the pointed beard — was to me more terrible than any monster of ugliness the world ever produced.

He held my fortune — he ruled my house. All visitants there came and went under his control, except Alexis. Why this young man still came — or how — I could not tell. Probably because in his pure singleness of heart and purpose, he was stronger even than M. Anastasius.

The time passed. We embarked on board the ship Argo, for Hispaniola.

My guardian told me, at the last minute, that business relating to his order would probably detain him in Europe — that we were to lie at anchor for twelve hours, off Havre — and, if he then came not, sail.

He came not — we sailed.

It was a glorious evening. The sun, as he went down over the burning seas, beckoned us with a finger of golden fire, westward — to the free, safe, happy West.

I say us, because in that evening we first began unconsciously to say it too — as if vaguely binding our fates together — Alexis and I. We talked for a whole hour — till long after France, with all our old life therein, had become a mere line, a cloudy speck on the horizon — of the new life we should lead in Hispaniola. Yet all the while, if we had been truly the priest and nun he wished to make us, our words, and I believe our thoughts, could not have been more angel-pure, more free from any bias of human passion.

Yet, as the sun went down, and the sea-breeze made us draw nearer together, both began, I repeat, instinctively to say we,

and talk of our future as if it had been the future of one.

"Good evening, friends!"

He was there — M. Anastasius! I stood petrified. All the golden finger of hope had vanished. I shuddered, a captive on his compelling arm — seeing nothing but his terrible smiling face and the black wilderness of sea. For the moment I felt inclined to plunge therein — I had often longed to plunge into the equally fearsome wilderness of Paris streets — only I felt sure he would follow me still. He would track me, it seemed, through the whole world.

"You see I have been able to accomplish the voyage; men mostly can achieve any strong purpose — at least some men. Isbel, this sea-air will bring back your bloom. And, Alexis, my friend, despite those close studies you told me of, I hope you will bestow a little of your society at times on my ward and me. We will bid you a good evening now."

He gave his nephew my powerless hand; that of Alexis, too, felt cold and trembling. It seemed as if he likewise could not resist the fate which, born out of one man's indomitable will, dragged us asunder. Ere my guardian consigned me to Madame Gradelle, he said, smiling, but looking through me with his eyes,

"Remember, my fair cousin, that Alexis is to be — must be — a priest."

"It is impossible!" said I, stung to resistance. "You know he has proved the falseness of your creed; he will never return to it. His conscience is his own."

"But not his passions. He is young — I am old. He will be a priest yet."

With a soft hand-pressure, M. Anastasius left me.

Now began the most horrible phase of my existence. For four weeks we had to live in the same vessel; bounded and shut up together, — Anastasius, Alexis, and I; meeting continually, in the soft bland atmosphere of courteous calm; always in public — never alone.

From various accidental circumstances, I knew how, night and day, M. Anastasius was bending all the powers of his enormous intellect, his wonderful moral force, to compass his cherished ends with regard to Alexis Saltram.

An overwhelming dread took possession of me. I ceased to think of myself at all — my worldly hopes, prospects, or joys — over which this man's influence had long hung like an accursed shadow; a sun turned into darkness, — the more terrible because it had once been a sun. I seemed to see M. Anastasius only with relation to this young man, over whom I knew he once had so great power. Would it return — and in what would it result? Not merely in the breaking off any feeble tie to me. I scarcely trembled for that, since, could it be so broken, it was not worth

trembling for. No! I trembled for Alexis' soul.

It was a soul, I had gradually learnt — more than ever perhaps in this voyage, which every day seemed a brief life, so full of temptation, contest, trial — a soul pure as God's own heaven, that hung over us hour by hour in its steady tropic blue; deep as the seas that rolled around us. Like them, stirring with the lightest breath, often tempest-tossed, liable to adverse winds and currents; yet keeping far, far below the surface a divine tranquillity, — diviner than any mere stagnant calm. And this soul full of all rich impulses, emotions, passions, — a soul which, because it could strongly sympathise with, might be able to regenerate its kind, M. Anastasius wanted to make into a Catholic Jesuit priest, — a mere machine, to work as he, the head machine, chose!

This was why (the thought suddenly struck me, like lightning) he had told each of us severally those two lies. Because we were young, we might love — we might marry; there was nothing externally to prevent us. And then what would become of his scheme?

I think there was born in me — while the most passive slave to lawful, loving rule — a faculty of savage resistance to all unlawful, unjust power; also a something of the female wild-beast, which, if alone, will lie tame and cowed in her solitary den, to be shot at by any daring hunter; whereas if she be *not* alone — if she have any love-instinct at work for cubs or mate — her whole nature changes from terror to daring, from cowardice to fury.

When, as we neared the tropics, I saw Alexis' cheek growing daily paler, and his eye more sunken and restless with some secret struggle, in the which M. Anastasius never left him for a day, an hour, a minute, I became not unlike that poor wild-beast mother. It had gone ill with the relentless hunter of souls if he had come near me then.

But he did not. For the last week of our voyage, M. Anastasius kept altogether out of my way.

It was nearly over, — we were in sight of the shores of Hispaniola. Then we should land. My estates lay in this island. Mr. Saltram's business, I was aware, called him to Barbadoes; thence again beyond seas. Once parted, I well knew that if the power and will of my guardian could compass anything — and it seemed to me that they were able to compass everything in the whole wide earth — Alexis and I should never meet again.

In one last struggle after life — after the fresh, wholesome, natural life which contact with this young man's true spirit had given me — I determined to risk all.

It was a rich tropic twilight. We were all admiring it, just as three ordinary persons might do

who were tending peacefully to their voyage-end. Yet Alexis did not seem at peace. A settled, deadly pallor dwelt on his face, — a restless anxiety troubled his whole mien.

M. Anastasius said, noticing the glowing tropic scenery which already dimly appeared in our shoreward view,

"It is very grand; but Europe is more suited to us grave Northerns. You will think so, Alexis, when you are once again there."

"Are you returning?" I asked of Mr. Saltram.

My cousin answered for him, "Yes, immediately."

Alexis started; then leaned over the poop in silence, and without denial.

I felt profoundly sad. My interest in Alexis Saltram was at this time — and but for the compulsion of opposing power, might have ever been — entirely apart from love. We might have gone on merely as tender friends for years and years, — at least I might. Therefore no maidenly consciousness warned me from doing what my sense of right impelled towards one who held the same faith, and whose life seemed strangled in the same mesh of circumstances which had nearly paralysed my own.

"Alexis, this is our last evening; you will sail for Europe — and we shall be friends no more. Will you take one twilight stroll with me?" — and I extended my hand.

If he had hesitated, or shrunk back, one second, I would have flung him to the winds, and fought my own warfare alone; I was strong enough now. But he sprang to me, clung to my hand, looked wildly in my face, as if there were the sole light of truth and trust left in the world; and as if, even there, he had begun to doubt. He did not, now.

"Isbel, tell me! You still hold our faith — you are not going to become a nun?"

"Never! I will offer myself to Heaven as Heaven gave me to myself — free, bound by no creed, subservient to no priest. What is he, but a man that shall die, whom the worms shall cover?"

I said the words out loud. I meant M. Anastasius to hear. But he looked as if he heard not; only when we turned up the deck, he slowly followed.

I stood at bay. "Cousin, leave me. Cannot I have any friend but you?"

"None, whom I believe you would harm and receive harm from."

"Dare you" —

"I dare nothing; there is nothing which my church does not dare. Converse, my children. I hinder you not. The deck is free for all."

He bowed, and let us pass, then followed. Every sound of that slow, smooth step seemed to strike on my heart like the tracking tread of doom.

Alexis and I spoke little or nothing. A leaden despair seemed

to bind us closely round, allowing only one consciousness, that for a little, little time, it bound us together! He held my arm so fast that I felt every throbbing of his heart. My sole thought was now to say some words that might be fixed eternally there — so that no lure, no power might make him swerve from his faith, the faith which was my chief warrant of meeting him — never, oh never in this world! but in the world everlasting.

Once or twice in turning we confronted fully M. Anastasius. He was walking, in his usual slow pace, his hands loosely clasped behind him — his head bent, a steely repose, even pensiveness, which was his natural look — settled in his grave eyes. He was a man in intellect too great to despise, in character too spotless to loathe. The one sole feeling he inspired was that of unconquerable fear. Because you saw at once that *he* feared nothing either in earth or Heaven, that he owned but one influence, and was amenable but to one law, which he called "the Church," but which was, himself.

Men like M. Anastasius, one-idea'd, all-engrossed men, are, according to slight variations in temperament, the salvation, the laughing-stock, or the terror of the world.

He appeared in the latter form to Alexis and me. Slowly, surely came the conviction that there was no peace for us on God's earth while he stood on it; so strong, so powerful, that at times I almost succumbed to a vague belief in his immortality. On this night, especially, I was stricken with a horrible — curiosity, I think it was — a wish to see whether he could die, — whether the grave could swallow him, and death have power upon his flesh, like that of other men.

More than once, as he passed under a huge beam, I thought — should it fall! as he leaned against the ship's side — should it give way! But only, I declare before Heaven, in a frenzied speculative curiosity, which I would not for worlds have breathed to human soul; especially to Alexis Saltram, who was his sister's son, and whom he had been kind to as a child.

Night darkened, and our walk ceased. We had said nothing, — nothing, except that on parting, with a kind of desperation Alexis buried my hand tightly in his bosom, and whispered, "To-morrow?"

That midnight a sudden hurricane came on. In half-an-hour all that was left of the good ship Argo was a little boat, filled almost to sinking with half-drowned passengers, and a few sailors clinging to spars and fragments of the wreck.

Alexis was lashed to a mast, holding me partly fastened to it, and partly sustained in his arms. How he had found and rescued me I know not; but love is very

strong. It has been sweet to me afterwards to think that I owed my life to him — and him alone. I was the only woman saved.

He was at the extreme end of the mast; we rested, face to face, my head against his shoulder. All along, to its slender point, the sailors were clinging to the spar like flies, but we two did not see anything in the world, save one another.

Life was dim, death was near, yet I think we were not unhappy. Our Heaven was clear; for between us and Him to whom we were going came no threatening shadow, holding in its remorseless hand life, faith, love. Death itself was less terrible than M. Anastasius.

We had seen him among the saved passengers swaying in the boat; then we thought of him no more. We clung together, with closed eyes, satisfied to die.

"No room — off there! No room!" I heard shouted, loud and savage, by the sailor lashed behind me.

I opened my eyes. Alexis was gazing on me only. I gazed, transfixed, over his shoulder, into the breakers beyond.

There, in the trough of a wave, I saw, clear as I see my own right hand now, the up-turned face of Anastasius, and his two white, stretched-out hands, one of which had the well-known diamond-ring — for it flashed that minute in the moon.

"Off!" yelled the sailor, striking at him with an oar. "One man's life 's as good as another's. Off!"

The drowning face rose above the wave, the eyes fixed direct on me, without any entreaty in them, or wrath, or terror — the long-familiar, passionless, relentless eyes.

I see them now; I shall see them till I die. Oh, would I had died!

For one brief second I thought of tearing off the lashings and giving him my place; for I had loved him. But youth and life were strong within me, and my head was pressed to Alexis' breast.

A full minute, or it seemed so, was that face above the water; then I watched it sink slowly, down, down.

We, and several others, were picked up from the wreck of the Argo by a homeward-bound ship. As soon as we reached London I became Alexis' wife.

That which happened at the theatre was exactly twelve months after — as we believed — Anastasius died.

I do not pretend to explain; I doubt if any reasoning can explain a circumstance so singular — so impossible to be attributed to either imagination or illusion. For, as I must again distinctly state, we saw nothing. The apparition, or whatever it was, was visible only to other persons, all total strangers.

I had a fever. When I arose from it, and things took their

natural forms and relations, this strange occurrence became mingled with the rest of my delirium, of which my husband persuaded me it was a part. He took me abroad — to Italy — Germany. He loved me dearly! He was, and made me, entirely happy.

In our happiness we strove to live, not merely for one another, but for all the world; all who suffered and had need. We did — nor shrunk from the doing — many charities which had first been planned with Anastasius — with what motives we never knew. While carrying them out, we learnt to utter his name without trembling — remembering only that which was beautiful in him, and which we had both so worshipped once.

In the furtherance of these schemes of good, it became advisable that we should go to Paris, to my former house, which still remained empty there.

"But not, dear wife, if any uneasiness, or lingering pain, rests in your mind in seeing the old spot. For me, I love it! since there I loved Isbel, before Isbel knew it, long."

So I smiled; and went to Paris.

My husband proposed, and I was not sorry, that Colonel Hart and his newly-married wife should join us there, and remain as our guests. I shrunk a little from re-inhabiting the familiar rooms, long shut up from the light of day; and it was with comfort I heard my husband arranging that a portion of the hotel should be made ready for us, namely, two salons en suite, and leading out of the farther one of which were a chamber and dressing-room for our use — opposite two similar apartments for the Colonel and his lady.

I am thus minute for reasons that will appear.

Mrs. Hart had been travelling with us some weeks. She was a mild sweet-faced English girl, who did not much like the Continent, and was half shocked at some of my reckless foreign ways, on board steam-boats and on railways. She said I was a little — just a little — too free. It might have seemed so to her; for my southern blood rushed bright and warm, and my manner of life in France had completely obliterated early impressions. Faithful and tender woman, and true wife, as I was, I believe I was unlike an English woman or an English wife, and that Mrs. Hart thought so.

Once — for being weak of nature and fast of tongue, she often said things she should not — there was even some hint of the kind dropped before my husband. He flashed up — but laughed the next minute; for I was his, and he loved me!

Nevertheless, that quick glow of anger pained me — bringing back the recollection of many things his uncle had said to me of him, which I heard as one that heareth not. The sole saying which remained was one which, in a measure, I had credited —

that his conscience was in his hand, "but not his passions."

I knew always — and rather rejoiced in the knowledge — that Alexis Saltram could not boast the frozen calm of M. Anastasius.

But I warned tame Eliza Hart, half jestingly, to take heed, and not lightly blame me before my husband again.

Reaching Paris, we were all very gay and sociable together. Colonel Hart was a grave honourable man; my husband and I both loved him.

We dined together — a lively partie quarrée. I shut my eyes to the familiar things about us, and tried to believe the rooms had echoed no footsteps save those of Mrs. Hart and the Colonel's soldierly tread. Once or so, while silence fell over us, I would start, and feel my heart beating; but Alexis was near me, and altogether mine. Therefore, I feared not, even here.

After coffee, the gentlemen went out to some evening amusement. We, the weary wives, contented ourselves with lounging about, discussing toilettes, and Paris sights, and the fair Empress Eugénie — the wifely crown which my old aversion Louis Bonaparte had chosen to bind about his ugly brows. Mrs. Hart was anxious to see all, and then fly back to her beloved London.

"How long is it since you left London, Mrs. Saltram?"

"A year, I think. What is to-day?"

"The twenty-fifth — no, the twenty-sixth of May."

I dropped my head on the cushion. Then, that date — the first she mentioned — had passed over unthought of by us. That night — the night of mortal horror when the Argo went down — lay thus far buried in the past, parted from us by two blessed years.

But I found it impossible to converse longer with Mrs. Hart; so about ten o'clock I left her reading, and went to take half an hour's rest in my chamber, which, as I have explained, was divided from the salon by a small boudoir or dressing-room. The only other entrance was from a door near the head of my bed, which I went and locked.

It seemed uncourteous to retire for the night; so I merely threw a dressing-gown over my evening toilette, and lay down outside the bed, dreamily watching the shadows which the lamp threw. This lamp was in my chamber; but its light extended faintly into the boudoir, showing the tall mirror there, and a sofa which was placed opposite. Otherwise, the little room was dusky, save for a narrow glint streaming through the not quite closed door of the salon.

I lay broad awake, but very quiet, contented, and serene. I was thinking of Alexis. In the midst of my reverie, I heard, as I thought, my maid trying the handle of the door behind me.

"It is locked," I said; "another time."

The sound ceased; yet I almost thought she had opened the door, for there came a rift of wind, which made the lamp sway in its socket. But when I looked, the door was closely shut, and the bolt still fast.

I lay, it might be, half an hour longer. Then with a certain compunction at my discourtesy, I saw the salon door open, and Mrs. Hart appear.

She looked in, drew back hurriedly, and closed the door after her.

Of course I immediately rose to follow her. Ere doing so, I remember particularly standing with the lamp in my hand, arranging my dress before the mirror in the boudoir, and seeing reflected in the glass, with my cashmere lying over its cushions, the sofa, unoccupied.

Eliza was standing thoughtfully by the stove.

"I ought to ask pardon of you, my dear Mrs. Hart."

"Oh, no, — but I of you. I did not know Mr. Saltram had returned. Where is my husband?"

"With mine, no doubt! We need not expect them for an hour yet, the renegades."

"You are jesting," said Mrs. Hart, half offended. "I know they are come home. I saw Mr. Saltram in your boudoir not two minutes since."

"In your boudoir, I repeat. He was lying on the sofa."

"Impossible!" and I burst out laughing. "Unless he has suddenly turned into a cashmere shawl. Come and look."

I flung the folding doors open, and poured a blaze of light into the little room.

"It is very odd," fidgetted Mrs. Hart; "very odd, indeed. I am sure I saw a gentleman here. His face was turned aside, — but of course I concluded it was Mr. Saltram. Very odd, indeed."

I still laughed at her, though an uneasy feeling was creeping over me. To dismiss it, I showed her how the door was fastened, and how it was impossible my husband could have entered.

"No; for I distinctly heard you say, 'It is locked — another time.' What did you mean by another time?"

"I thought it was Fanchon."

To change the subject I began showing her some parures my husband had just bought me. Eliza Hart was very fond of jewels. We remained looking at them some time longer, and then she bade me good night.

"No light, thank you. I can find my way. The boudoir is not dark. Good night. Do not look so pale to-morrow, my dear."

She kissed me in the friendly English fashion, and we parted.

She went through rapidly, shutting my bed-room door. A minute afterwards she re-appeared, breathless, covered with angry blushes.

"Mrs. Saltram, you have deceived me! You are a wicked French woman."

"Madam!"

"You know it, — you knew it all along. I will go and seek my husband. He will not let me stay another night in your house!"

"As you will," — for I was sick of her follies. "But, explain yourself."

"Have you no shame? Have you foreign women never any shame? But I have found you out at last."

"Indeed!"

"There is — I have seen him twice with my own eyes — there is a man lying this minute in your boudoir, — and he is — *not* Mr. Saltram!"

Then, indeed, I sickened, — A deadly horror came over me. No wonder the young thing, convinced of my guilt, fled from me, appalled.

For, I knew now whom she had seen.

* * * * *

Hour after hour I must have lain where I fell. There was some confusion in the house — no one came near me. It was early daylight when I woke and saw Fanchon leaning over me, and trying to lift me from the floor.

"Fanchon, — is it morning?"

"Yes, Madame."

"What day is it?"

"The twenty-sixth of May."

"It had been *he*, then. He followed us still.

Shudder after shudder convulsed me. I think Fanchon thought I was dying.

"Oh! Madame! oh, poor Madame! And Monsieur not yet come home."

I uttered a horrible cry — for my soul foreboded what either had been, or would be.

Alexis never came home again.

An hour after, I was sent for to the little woodcutter's hut, where he lay dying.

My noble husband had in him but one thing lacking — his passions were "not in his hand." When Colonel Hart, on the clear testimony of Eliza, impugned *his* wife's honour, Alexis fought and fell.

It all happened in one night, when their blood was fiery hot. By daylight, the Colonel stood, cold as death, pale as a shadow, by Alexis' bedside. He had killed him, and he loved him!

No one thought of me. They let me weep near him — unconscious as he was — doubtless believing them the last contrite tears of an — adulteress! I did not heed or try to deny that horrible name — Alexis was dying.

Towards evening he became stronger, and his senses returned. He opened his eyes and saw me, but they closed with a shudder.

"Alexis — Alexis!"

"Isbel, I am dying. You know why. In the name of God — are you" —

"In the name of God, I am your pure wife, who never loved, even in thought, any man but you."

"I am satisfied."

He looked at Colonel Hart, faintly smiling; then opened his arms and took me into them, as if to protect me with his last breath.

"Now," he said, still holding me, "my friends, we must make all clear. Nothing must harm her when I am gone. Hart, fetch your wife here."

Mrs. Hart came, trembling violently. Woman-like, seeing my misery, even she caught my hand and wept. My husband addressed her.

"Who did you see? Answer, as to a dying man who to-morrow will know all secrets. Who was the man you saw in my wife's chamber?"

"He was a stranger. I never met him before, anywhere. He lay on the sofa, wrapped in a fur cloak."

"Did you see his face?"

"Not the first time. The second time I did."

"What was he like? Be accurate, for the sake of more than life — honour."

My husband's voice sank. There was terror in his eyes, but not *that* terror — he held me to his bosom still.

"What was he like, Eliza?" repeated Colonel Hart.

"He was middle-aged; of a pale, grave countenance, with keen, large eyes, high forehead, and a pointed beard."

"Heaven save us! I have seen him, too," cried the Colonel, horror-struck. "It was no living man you saw, Eliza."

"It was M. Anastasius!"

My husband died that night. He died, his lips on mine, murmuring how he loved me, and how happy he had been.

For many months after then I was quite happy, too; for my wits wandered, and I thought I was again a little West Indian girl, picking gowans in the meadows about Dumfries.

The Colonel and Mrs. Hart were, I believe, very kind to me. I always took her for a little playfellow I had, who was called Eliza. It is only lately, as the year has circled round again to the spring, that my head has become clear and I have found out who she is, and — ah, me! — who I am.

This coming to my right senses does not give me so much pain as they thought it would; because great weakness of body had balanced and soothed my mind.

I have but one desire: to go to my own Alexis; — and before the twenty-fifth of May.

Now I have been able to complete nearly our story. Reader, judge between us — and *him*. Farewell.

ISBEL SALTRAM.

Post-Scriptum. — I think it will be well that I, Eliza Hart, should relate, as simply as veraciously, the circumstances of Mrs. Saltram's death, which hap-

pened on the night of the twenty-fifth of May.

She was living with us at our house, some miles out of London. She had been very ill and weak during May, but towards the end of the month she revived. We thought if she could live till June she might even recover. My husband desired that on no account might she be told the day of the month — she was indeed purposely deceived on the subject. When the twenty-fifth came she thought it was only the twenty-second.

For some weeks she had kept her bed, and Fanchon never left her. Fanchon, who knew the whole history, and was strictly charged, whatever delusions might occur, to take no notice whatever of the subject to her mistress. For my husband and myself were again persuaded that it must be some delusion. So was the physician, who nevertheless determined to visit us himself on the night of the twenty-fifth of May.

It happened that the Colonel was unwell, and I could not remain constantly in Mrs. Saltram's room. It was a large but very simple suburban bedchamber, with white curtains and modern furniture, all of which I myself arranged in such a manner that there should be no dark corners, no shadows thrown by hanging draperies, or anything of the kind.

About ten o'clock Fanchon accidentally quitted the room, sending in her place a nursemaid who had lately come into our family.

This girl tells me that she entered the room quickly, but stopped, seeing, as she believed, the physician sitting by the bed, on the further side, at Mrs. Saltram's right hand. She thought Mrs. Saltram did not see him, for she turned and asked her — "Susan, what o'clock is it?"

The gentleman, she says, appeared sitting with his elbows resting on his knees, and his face partly concealed in his hands. He wore a long coat or cloak — she could not distinguish which, for the room was rather dark, but she could plainly see on his little finger the sparkle of a diamond ring.

She is quite certain that Mrs. Saltram did not see the gentleman at all, which rather surprised her, for the poor lady moved from time to time, and spoke, complainingly, of its being "very cold." At length she called Susan to sit by her side, and chafe her hands.

Susan acquiesced — "But did not Mrs. Saltram see the gentleman?"

"What gentleman?"

"He was sitting beside you, not a minute since. I thought he was the doctor, or the clergyman."

And the girl, much terrified, saw that now, there was no one there.

She says, Mrs. Saltram did not seem terrified at all. She only pressed her hands on her forehead; her lips slightly moving — then whispered: "Go, call Fanchon and them all, tell them what you saw."

"But I must leave you. Are you not afraid?"

"No. Not now — not now."

She covered her eyes, and again her lips began moving.

Fanchon entered, and I too, immediately.

I do not expect to be credited. I can only state on my honour, what we both then beheld.

Mrs. Saltram lay, her eyes open, her face quite calm, as that of a dying person; her hands spread out on the counterpane. Beside her sat erect, the same figure I had seen lying on the sofa in Paris, exactly a year ago. It appeared more life-like than she. Neither looked at each other. When we brought a bright lamp into the room, the appearance vanished.

Isbel said to me, "Eliza, he is come."

"Impossible! You have not seen him?"

"No, but you have?" She looked me steadily in the face. "I knew it. Take the light away, and you will see him again. He is here, I want to speak to him. Quick, take the light away."

Terrified as I was, I could not refuse, for I saw by her features that her last hour was at hand.

As surely I write this, I, Eliza Hart, saw, when the candles were removed, that figure grow again, as out of air, sitting by her bedside.

She turned herself with difficulty, and faced it. "Eliza, is he there? I see nothing but the empty chair. Is he there?"

"Yes."

"Does he look angry or terrible?"

"No."

"Anastasius." She extended her hand towards the vacant chair. "Cousin Anastasius!"

Her voice was sweet, though the cold drops stood on her brow.

"Cousin Anastasius, I do not see you, but you can see and hear me. I am not afraid of you now. You know, once, I loved you very much."

Here — overcome with terror, I stole back towards the lighted door. Thence I still heard Isbel speaking.

"We erred, both of us, Cousin. You were too hard upon me — I had too great love first, too great terror afterwards, of you. Why should I be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man, whose breath is in his nostrils? I should have worshipped, have feared, not you, but only God."

She paused — drawing twice or thrice heavily, the breath that could not last.

"I forgive you — forgive me also. I loved you. Have you

anything to say to me, Anastasius?"

Silence.

"Shall we ever meet in the boundless wide spheres?"

Silence — a long silence. We brought in candles, for she was evidently dying.

"Eliza — thank you for all! Your hand. It is so dark — and"—shivering — "I am afraid of going into the dark. I might meet Anastasius there. I wish my husband would come."

She was wandering in her mind, I saw. Her eyes turned to the vacant chair.

"Is there any one sitting by me?"

"Dear Isbel; can you see any one?"

"No one — yes" — and with preternatural strength she started right up in bed, extending her arms. "Yes! There — close behind you — I see — my husband. I am quite safe — now!"

So, with a smile upon her face, she died.

SPRING LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

THE breeze and showers of coming Spring
Will waken many sighs and tears,
Her early blossoms cannot bring
The old delights of peaceful years;
The primrose colour of her sky,
Th' aroma of her budding bowers,
Will but recall the joys gone by,
While Grief is sitting 'mid the flowers.

Beside the rusted cannon-ball
On daisied slopes the lamb will sleep,
Beneath the shelled and battered wall
The deep blue violet upward peep.
In Inkermann sweet buds will blow: —
On Balaklava's blood-stained clay,
Where England's sons rode down the foe,
Children amid the wildflowers play.

Spring-flowers again will deck the sod,
Which heavy-wheeled artillery crushed;
Bloom where the fiery war-horse trod,
And wave where marching columns rushed:
On mountain height, in deep ravine,
Will be in all their beauty found,
As if the silence of the scene
Had ne'er rung back War's trumpet-sound.

Along highways where warriors went,
Last bluebell-time, with fife and drum,
Spring-flowers will throw their sweetest scent,
And belted bees amid them hum.
Where muskets sang the funeral hymn,
They 'll show no traces of the dead,
Unless the daisy's silver rim
Be dappled with a deeper red.

Laburnums their gold chains will swing,
Hawthorns in star-like May be 'rayed,
Lilacs their early perfumes bring,
Roses the wildbriar branches braid.
And lovely forms amid them mourn,
Who fondly hoped, when they should bloom,
He — crowned with victory — would return,
Who now sleeps in a soldier's tomb.

Some with the swallow o'er the sea,
To cottage-homes in tranquil dells
Will come — and 'neath the orchard-tree,
Once more hear the sweet village bells.
And as the Spring her gentle rain
Sheds on the bending buds below,
Their thoughts will stray to comrades slain,
Who sleep where other wildflowers blow.

Spring's gathered blossoms soon will throw
Their light shapes on the rustic floor,
Bees through the open casement go, —
While in the sunshine at the door
The childless sire will sit for hours,
A statue in his deep distress: —

Where his loved boy once gathered flowers
There will not be a bud the less.

Through the dim golden mists of dawn,
And the blue twilight's dewy fall,
Loved eyes will look across the lawn —
From the bay-windows of the hall —
For him whose shadow never more
Along the pathway quaint and trim,
Will send his likeness on before,
To call them out to welcome him.

Nor morning red, nor ev'ning grey,
That presence dear shall ever bring,
Nor starry night, nor sunny day,
Nor all the bright hopes of the Spring.
Many lost shadows lengthen'd out
Into a gloom profound and grand,
From the far East will close about —
A shadow upon all the Land.

HOUSES IN FLATS.

Of course, where there are mills there are millowners and operatives; where there are ships there are sailors; where there are houses built there are people to tenant them: but, just as you may have Edwin and Emma — foolish and fond pair — doubling each other's bliss in a hard stone house in the High Street, and Thumbscrew the usurer at Woodbine Retreat in the suburbs, buried among roses and laurustinuses, so you may have practical town-populations shelled in romance, and highly imaginative communities with nothing but a dull crust over them. You can no more tell what is in a town than you can tell what is in a pie, till you begin your diggings into it. We have been wofully deceived by pies, and by towns also.

For example, we have been deceived by London. The bachelor, or any other man whose domestic wants happen to be limited, has a right when he comes to London to believe — if faith can be put in town exteriors — that he has come to a matter-of-fact place, in which he may settle down methodically, get what he wants, and never be perplexed by any nonsense. Oxford Street, Cheapside, and the Strand, are manifestly mere places of business. It is impossible to give rein to the fancy and become sentimental in presence of Somerset House. The strongest emotion it can excite is by reminding one of a half-year's income-tax which has to be paid. But how dreadful a mistake will the young bachelor have made, who judges Londoners by London in this way!

Let him attempt to settle down among them. How will he live? He will go into lodgings, or he will take a house. Perhaps the gentleman is not a bachelor, but a man with a small family, and an income not particularly large. He would prefer a house, and looks about accordingly. Soon he discovers that the great bulk of the professional and trading classes must be particularly well to do; for house-agents laugh at the possibility of any one who is able to keep decent broadcloth on his back paying less than forty pounds a year for house-rent, exclusive of taxes. Far out of town, and

in some suburbs of equivocal respectability, thirty-five pound houses may be found, in which a government clerk, a retired tradesman, or anyone holding a like position, could, by chance, get a dwelling suited to his circumstances. But, unless it be distant enough from town to cease to be a London residence, even the occasional house offered at that rent to a tenant from the middle classes of society, is scantily supplied with the things necessary to a civilised existence. It contains but an imitation of a kitchen, probably no pantry, and a little nook for coals under the bed-room stairs. Its cistern holds only water enough to make a little scrubbing possible after the kettle has been supplied, and enough water taken for the washing of a few hands and faces. As for the washing of bodies by a free use of the bath daily, no such thing can be attempted in a thirty-five pound house. The majority of houses at this rent, and nearly all houses at a lower price in London, are intended for the tenancy of people, who pay for them at a rate above their means; small milliners, journeymen carpenters, bricklayers' foremen, working shoemakers, chimney-sweeps, and so forth. They do what the young surgeon does, who screws his brass plate on a door in some street leading from a square, and pays upwards of a hundred pounds of rent and taxes out of ninety pounds of income, — each, "having a larger house than he requires, desires to let a portion." The streets of London and its suburbs, are in fact, except in a few quarters, lines of make-believe. They are full of houses which are in no degree proportioned to the incomes of their tenants. The master and mistress of a house often pass strange boots on their way to bed, have too often the smell of strangers' dinners steaming from their kitchen, and the hats of men who despise them, hanging in their hall. The master or the mistress of the house is, in three instances out of four, more justly to be called its servant. For the most part the house of the Londoner is not his castle; the home of the Londoner is not a refuge from the world; it is no haven of peace; but the ring in which landlord, or landlady, spars with lodger from sunrise until after sunset.

There is an incessant tax upon the fancy. Mr. Watson is the renter of a dwelling, and his friends are to suppose that the house is his. Watson himself thinks so, though he lets the drawing-room floor to the Mopsons, and sells to them with it, the command over his kitchen. Also, notwithstanding that he has lodged Mr. Kinderbogie, a despotic foreigner, in his front parlour, and in his most [illegible] bed-room, Kinderbogie's friends are required to suppose, when they visit Kinderbogie, that they

see him in his house; and there can be no doubt that the Mopsons, who are polite people, would forfeit a month's hire, and quit their apartments instantly, if Watson, who pays the rent for his house, were to assert his right to it, by putting his own name on the front door. As for a row of bell-handles with Watson, Mopson, Kinderbogie, under each, respectively, not one of the three would submit to it. There is the make-believe of the whole house for each, one bell labelled "visitors," and one ditto "servants," for them all, one slovenly and weary maid of all-work waiting upon them all.

Furthermore, we need only mention the vast calls upon the fancy made in such houses in connexion with the most matter-of-fact things, — the ghostly disappearances of tea and sugar, — the magical transformation to which hams are often subject between breakfast-time and breakfast-time; the miraculous loss of power suffered by eggs, which go by scores into puddings, and there leave no trace of their existence; the mysterious book of the landlady, with which she conjures in a way bewildering to ordinary business men. No more of this:

> "For 't[illegible] a chronicle of day by day,
> Not matter for a breakfast."

We hold it to be, beyond doubt, that London lodging-letting is the black art of the nineteenth century, and it is dreadful to know, as it is known by the statistical, that in no less than three out of four of all the houses in London this art is practised. Thus London streets tell nothing of the truth of London life; and the housekeeping of the majority of Londoners is simply and entirely fiction.

Weary of one British capital, let the same bachelor betake himself, or the same small family betake itself, to another. Try Edinburgh. There the case is reversed. Out of doors all is romance. In the Old Town, houses of stone, piled as by a dreamer, story over story; a High Street, full of fantastic pictures, lined with shops that rarely are content with simple labelling, but crowd the way with emblems to the right hand and the left. Mambrino's helmet, the very same brass basin that was precious in Don Quixote's eyes, is represented over every barber's door; the golden fancy of the chemist is pestle and mortar; and the watchmaker hangs out a vast gold watch, that clearly belongs by natural right to a pantomime, and dangles of course, at the door, for a clown to pocket. At the top of this dreamy hill, is Edinburgh Castle, open freely to all comers, where Mons Meg occupies a place of honour, and the crown and sceptre worn by Scottish kings and queens in the old days of chivalry glitter mysteriously in an illuminated vault. There, the kilted Highlander, off duty, will point up to the window

of Queen Mary's room, and tell how a young prince was let down in a basket from that window long ago, hundreds of feet down, by the steep side of the rocks. At the bottom of the steep, fantastic street, Holyrood Palace and the ruins of the chapel are almost as free to all comers as the castle. For a sixpenny fee one may have all the story of it told, be shown the stairs in the wall by which the conspirators went up to murder Rizzio, the very tapestry from behind which they entered Mary's room, the bed on which Queen Mary slept, the bower in which she dressed, the glass by which her features were reflected, the antechamber, — a grim cupboard now half filled with Darnley's armour, — in which she was supping with Rizzio when the murderers entered, the (apocryphal) stain on the floor made by the soaking all night through it of Rizzio's blood, let out by six and thirty wounds. Bridges leap across a valley edged with gardens, to connect the old town with the new, and in the valley live the great steam dragons. Then there is the new town, an idea in stone, without a crook in one of its straight lines, or a flaw in one of its circles, — no twisting hither and thither in obedience to this interest and that; but broad, straight, uniformly intersecting streets, that seem to have sprung up together in the same hour, at the touch of an enchanter's wand. There is the Calton Hill, littered over with waste fancies — a rubbish heap of the imaginative architecture — a hill to be looked from, with an elevation of the spirit, but to be looked at with an elevation of the nose. And finally to press the seal down tightly on the impression of Edinburgh as a city of romance, there is the newest glory of the town, — a monument which dwarfs the proportions of the Castle Hill, — to Walter Scott, the citizen of whom the city is most proud — a mere writer, my English lords and gentlemen, of romances.

But, our bachelor who, judging from all these appearances, makes up his mind that he has found his way to a community of imaginative, unbusinesslike people, very soon becomes aware of his mistake. He finds that the romance is out of doors, and that within-doors everything is adapted in a straightforward way to the wants of the various sections of a middle-class community. We say nothing of the poor in wynds and closes, as we have said nothing of the tenants of the London alleys. In London, it is not only the poor whom house-builders neglect. In Edinburgh, there is no other class left unconsidered. A large division of the towns-people is composed of what are termed in a material sense, respectable persons, who soon reach the limits of their income. It is judged in Edinburgh more proper to furnish such people with dwelling-places of the character and price required by

them, than to force them into the tenancy of houses priced above their means, and to compel them to destroy all their domestic comfort by going into slavery to lodgers, in order that they may pay out of artificial income, artificial rent.

In Edinburgh, as in some continental towns, this problem is solved by the adoption of a system of house-building which is refused to the inhabitants of London—the system of building in flats. There are complete houses of two, three, four, or even ten stories, for those who require them, cheaper, of course, proportionately than in London. For those who require less than this, there are the flats, which are, generally speaking, to be defined as one-storied houses, built one over the other, and because they are so built, the street by which they are approached takes, of course, the form of a stone flight of stairs. One of these independent flats sometimes includes two stories, in which case it has its domestic staircase perfectly distinct from the common-stair, which is in truth, as before said, a form of street. Each flat is, in every respect, a private dwelling, and contains, or should contain, every requisite convenience. It may consist of four, five, six, or more rooms; and by renting a flat suited to his wants, a bachelor, a married couple without children, or a small family, may secure absolute independence and retain any degree of social standing as the occupant of a home containing what is wanted in it, and no more, and which, at the same time, costs only what can be afforded.

The common-stair is at night well lighted with gas. It is sometimes quite open below to the street, sometimes closed by a door which corresponds to the gate often set up at the opening to private streets in London. It is not usual in Edinburgh, as in Paris, to give custody of this entrance to a porter. Bell-handles communicating with each flat are fixed in the street, and to each bell-handle is attached the name of the person with whose house it communicates. The servant of the person whose bell is rung, is at the trouble of opening the great entrance door, not by going down to it; but by machinery like that used often in London offices for causing front doors to fly open, as if of their own accord. The visitor, thereupon, ascends the private street of stone steps until he comes to the house of his friend, and enters.

It is much more a matter of necessity in London than in Edinburgh and Paris, that many of the inhabitants should live over their neighbours' heads, and not merely side by side with them. Already we do so in a wretched way by occupying one another's houses, interfering with each other's privacy and comfort. It is a wretched thing to be a Lon-

don lodger; but it is yet a more wretched thing to be a London letter of lodgings. Already the size of London causes the distances traversed in the course of business to consume a serious amount of time. The cost of ground-rents also rises. Why do our builders then refuse to entertain this idea — anything but a new-fangled one — of building in flats one-storied houses, solidly constructed and piled one over the other, so that they may reduce ground-rent to a trifle as they rise, and are capable of being let at rentals varying frow twenty pounds to forty. Tens of thousands who have been thrust into a false position by the want of properly constructed homes of this description would be eager to become their tenants.

They would need to be well built, with good material, and that is no doubt one of our great difficulties. The builder should work solidly on solid means, but the number of substantial builders seems in London to be yearly lessening. We have been credibly informed that in and about London the race of bricklayers has been demoralised by the immense preponderance of flimsy, slovenly erections, and that it is not very easy to get men capable of executing brickwork of the best description. Men without capital speculate successfully in bricks, and look no farther than the present speculation. We have had occasion to observe, how, with a capital of fifty pounds, a terrace may be built, by mortgaging, and selling now and then, and building house after house so rapidly as to get rentals soon, from which to pay a trifle on account of future bills for brick and timber.* The terrace is soon built and sold; out of the fifty pounds have been made several thousands, and the public has been furnished with residences which it is not likely to enjoy.

It may be that houses built in this fashion can be offered for sale at a price which deters many honest men from venturing no building speculations. We do not know how that may be. We have a strong conviction that if district surveyors did all that they are bidden to do by the Building Act, and were not — as they now seem to be — ashamed of being active, houses would not tumble down as they do, and often would not tumble up as they do. We fancy that we could be more grateful than we sometimes feel towards the whole profession of surveyors, if it would but effect all that it can effect for the promotion of the public health and safety. But it is no easy thing to affirm surely of any given surveyor or civil engineer that he has not performed his duty. It very commonly appears upon inquiry that he has done all for which he held himself responsible. We are reminded, for example, of a case in which we undertook to be particular, that

* See Vol. XXII. p. 281.

of the Croydon Drainage. There were some awkward errors made in the first execution of the work; a Blue Book whispered grave hints implying stupidity in the surveyor under the Local Boare at Croydon; and from a gravd authority came more than a hint that he owed his appointment to some undue influences.

Let us take up again our tale of bricks. Given a capitalist, who is disposed to be a benefactor to the London race with profit to himself, let him set to work about the building of a perpendicular street or two with some such notions as the following. The doors on each side of the street (which is, of course, a spacious staircase) are to be understood as opening not from so many floors of a house, but from so many distinct houses: the ceiling of one being the foundation of the other. Every such house is to be parted from the one below it and the one above it, not by mere timber, lath, and plaster, but by brickwork — hollow bricks being the best for use in such positions — or some solid combination of iron with concrete or plaster, that shall be at least as fireproof as an ordinary parting wall. This also will stop a little more effectually than many of our parting walls now do, the passage of sound from one tenement into another. Which is essential, be it observed, to the comfort, honesty, and success of such an enterprise.

The same capitalist must, in the next place, take counsel for the ventilation of each set of premises. Although immeasurably superior to the London plan of parcelling a house that has only conveniences for one family into residences for two, three, or four separate establishments, the Edinburgh system of flats is yet by no means entirely perfect. The staircase in an ordinary London house goes far to make it airy. In the flat there is no shaft of this kind communicating by a hall-door with the street; and it needs much opening of windows to secure fresh air to the tenants, if no special means are employed to secure its circulation through the building. But it is not difficult to connect the kitchen fires all the way up with a ventilating shaft, that shall be set in action by them, and maintain a constant upward current of spoiled air, for which compensation can be provided by a shaft for the introduction of pure air, that can be also warmed, if necessary. Provision of this kind for a pile of flats would not by any means be costly; and it should not be left out of any attempt to introduce the flat system into London. Also, to save much bodily labour, there should be a moveable stage for the lifting up of coals or heavy supplies to the level of any of the landings.

There has been sent to us a pamphlet by two architects and

civil engineers — Messrs. Ashpitel and Whichcord — on the erection of fire-proof houses in flats, which pays all proper attention to these points, contains profit and loss calculations, and plans for the construction of flats in a way suitable to the requirements of those to whom it is of importance whether they pay twenty, thirty, or forty pounds of rent. We may say that the lowest price at which these gentlemen consider it possible to supply in London, in the form of flat, a living-room and three bedrooms, with scullery, and all the necessary accommodation suitable for the family of a person in receipt of good wages or small salary, is sixteen pounds ten shillings a-year. This payment covers — not rent only, but also rates and taxes, with the cost of a free supply of gas and water. Its yield to the capitalist would be eight per cent. upon his outlay.

The pamphlet suggests that Londoners would not freely adopt the Paris system of a gradation of rank in the character of the flats, as one ascends the common stair. Therefore they would give equal accommodation to all the eight or ten houses opening on each little street of staircase. Then the degree of climbing necessary to get home would indeed be considered in the rent; but not to an extent great enough to make any serious difference in the rank of persons living over the same plot of ground. This mounting to one's house-door, be it remembered, is an exchange for all the climbing daily done indoors under the present system; not the imposition of an extra task.

The architects to whom we have referred illustrate their ideas freely by a set of plans appended to their pamphlet, which are certainly worth the attention of any person practically interested in this subject. And who is not? They suggest very agreeable methods of turning to account, plots of ground yet vacant in or near town, by grouping sets of flats into handsome little squares, with private dwellings approached from and looking out upon a garden plot, and with shops fronting the street. At the entrance to the garden within such a square they would establish a porter. The centre of such a plot, surrounded by the houses of mechanics, might contain a small building capable of being used as a reading-room, with baths and wash-houses.

There is no good reason why residence in flats should not become popular among us, and being popularised, become even to be recognised by fashion. The Albany is but a set of first-class flats, spread out upon the ground, and since we have no longer ground to waste, and the business or the pleasure of the Londoner is already interfered

with by the necessity of constant walking or riding over all the miles of ground we occupy at present, why may we not change our tactics, and have little Albanies built up into the air?

Still there will be letters of apartments, because furnished lodgings are a necessary town accommodation. But one need go no farther than Edinburgh to find out how the flat system operates on the subletting of apartments, furnished or unfurnished. The woman who in London takes a presentable house, and pays a hundred a year for it, in rent and taxes; besides struggling very hard to get the furniture together, is to be half forgiven if she preys upon the public. She has so much to do to find herself in bread and butter, that she may well be tempted to eke out her dinner from her tenant's meat. In Edinburgh, lodging-letting is a business of a much less speculative kind. A flat may be taken and all rooms but two sublet. The speculation is not great, and the return tolerably certain. When it appears prudent and safe to extend the business, a second flat can easily be added to the first. The landlady, in fact, attempts only what she can do, and, being sure enough of the power to live honestly, is all the less disposed to cheat. The price of furnished apartments in London would fall by one-third if the flat system were extensively adopted, and the lodging-letters would nevertheless be better off than they are now.

And, after all, one of the best advantages of the change, would be the banishing from London of a swarm of social fictions which tend to demoralise society. Our false method of house tenancy has much to do with the trouble given themselves by so many people in this town to enlarge the world's opinion of their incomes. It is connected with a false system of balls and dinner parties, which are admirable things in themselves, and in their season, but which become unseasonable always when, instead of being honest gatherings of friends, they are mere shows painfully got up to cheat a little public of acquaintances. In this matter, too, London may learn wisdom from Edinburgh, where not only house-keeping but hospitality is set upon its most natural footing. In each case the thing itself becomes more real as well as more habitual. We believe that in Edinburgh the proportion of domestic servants to the population, is greater than in any other town in the three kingdoms; this being caused mainly by the ease with which every person of moderate means establishes for his own household — thanks to the flats — a comfortable home.

TOM D'URFEY.

One of the oddest epitaphs in London is to be seen on the south wall of the church of Saint James's, Piccadilly. Sculptural character it has none. It is at the best a common piece of Yorkshire flag, with a very brief inscription: —

Tom D'Urfey
Dyed Febry ye 26th, 1723.

We have a kind of Old Mortality interest in this monument, paying periodical visits to it — not from any particular admiration for the poor inhabitant it seeks to commemorate — but purely from a desire that some architect may not remove it as unsightly, or some churchwarden destroy it as of no manner of use.

These periodical visits to Tom D'Urfey's tomb extend over a quarter of a century. Many have looked at it besides ourselves. Some few have evidently known "all about" Tom D'Urfey. Some have a rude guess that he was a clever and companionable fellow. Some have shrugged their shoulders before it, and passed on with a "Well, I 'm sure — brief enough for any residuary legatee." Others have laughed before it, and cried "Poor Tom's a-cold;" and it was but the other day that we detected a charity-boy trying a hard ball against Tom's crumbling tablet, thinking perhaps it would have been a good bit of fun to have "done for the old buffer." We have a liking for Tom, and have actually dived into Tom's history, and collected what no bookseller has yet collected — Tom D'Urfey's works.

Tom was half a Frenchman, half an Englishman. His uncle was that D'Urfé who wrote the romance of Astree — a kind of French Arcadia and New Atalantis — which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu delighted to read, and was we suppose the last woman who did delight to read. His father, the son of a Frenchman, was married to a gentlewoman of Huntingdonshire, of the family of the Marmions; and Tom was born, it is believed, in Exeter, in the year sixteen hundred and forty-nine.

He was intended for the law, but Coke upon Littleton had no attractions for so volatile a student; and the two theatres existing when Tom was a boy, in Drury Lane and Dorset Gardens, tore him away from Plowden and the Inns of Court. "My good or ill stars," he says, "ordained me a knight-errant in the fairy land of poetry." We first hear of him in sixteen hundred and seventy-six, in his twenty-seventh year, when he produced at the King's Theatre a tragedy, full of bombast and fustian, called "The Siege of Memphis; or, the Nubitian Queen."

The work bearing this alarming title was his first work, and for the next six-and-forty years Tom was a constant caterer for the Lon-

don stage and country squires. He tried his hand at tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce, and found favour with the public in all four. Great actors and actresses played in many of his pieces — Hart, Betterton, Doggett, and Mrs. Bracegirdle. It was in a play by D'Urfey that Doggett was first pre-eminently distinguished as a great actor.

Tom lived and died a bachelor. He was poor to marry, and the life he led was not one particularly adapted to the state of matrimony. He existed, we might say flourished, for forty-six years and more on the chance profits of the stage, on benefit nights, on the money any bookseller would give for his copy, on the sale of his songs, and on the bounty of many patrons, from King Charles the Second and Queen Anne, to the witty Earl of Dorset and the mercurial Duke of Wharton. He was a welcome guest wherever he went; for Tom was funny and could stand a jest. And though he stuttered, he could sing a song as well as any one of the twenty-four fiddlers in whose music the merry monarch took such rapturous delight.

We have said that Tom stuttered, and we have two anecdotes to offer in illustration of what we state. Tom was cheapening a shoulder of mutton in Clare Market (long the resort of English actors), but the butcher was immoveable — he would not take a penny off. Tom was importunate, the butcher still deaf. At last, as if to get rid of a customer he did not care for, the butcher said he should have it for nothing if he would ask for it without stuttering. Whereupon, Tom — who had words and music at will — asked for the shoulder in an extempore song, which came from his tongue without a single stammer or even a rough note. The astonished butcher surrendered the mutton, and Tom left Clare Market triumphant. This is told by Goldys.

"There 's nothing," says Tom Brown, "like bearing an injury or a jest, heroically."

"The town may da-da-damn me for a poet," said D'Urfey, "but they si-si-sing my songs for all that."

It is Tom (now of St. James's churchyard), who gave us that very agreeable collection of songs, in six volumes, called Pills to Purge Melancholy. He was long the poet, as Pope tells Cromwell, of tolerable reputation among country gentlemen; and Pope significantly adds, "Dare any one despise him who has made so many men drink?"

When Rowe died, Arbuthnot wrote to Swift, that his place as Poet Laureate should be filled up thus suitably, — "I would fain have Pope get a patent for the place, with a power of putting in D'Urfey as deputy;" and Tom would really have made a good Poet Laureate — of the kind — when required; for Tom knew the humour of the town and what was proper for diversion. His

Joy to Great Cæsar would have swelled the chapel-royal throat in a true Laureate-like manner.

The muse of D'Urfey was not confined to Whitehall; on court occasions it went into the city; and Tom accompanied Charles the Second to a Guildhall banquet, and sung a song about an Ignoramus Jury and a Loyal Lord Mayor.

Queen Anne was diverted with his witty catches and songs of humour suited to the spirit of the times, and gave him fifty guineas for singing a song against the Princess Sophia, then the heir apparent to her throne.

> The crown is too weighty
> For shoulders of eighty.

For Anne delighted in any compliment to her own youth at the expense of her expectant but more aged successor. It was, however, at Newmarket that Tom was heard to the greatest advantage. There, as Gay observes, he ran his muse with what was long a favourite racing song, —

> To horse, brave boys, to Newmarket to horse,
> You 'll lose the match by longer delaying.

But the three houses in which Tom D'Urfey was happiest, were Knowle, in Kent, the princely seat of the witty Earl of Dorset; Leicester House, in Leicester Square; and Winchendon, in Bucks, the stately residence of the able but licentious Philip, Duke of Wharton. Dorset frequently put newly-minted guineas under the plates of the poets he invited to his table; Lord Leicester, when in town, set Saturday apart for the entertainment of poets; and Wharton, in his garden at Winchendon, erected a banqueting-house, called Brimmer Hall, where D'Urfey was a favourite guest. "Many an honest gentleman," says the Tatler, "has got a reputation in this country by pretending to have been in company with Tom D'Urfey. Many a present toast, when she lay in her cradle, has been lulled asleep by D'Urfey's sonnets." "Any man of any quality," says Pope, "is heartily welcome to the best toping table who can roar some rhapsodies from his works."

It was the fashion to laugh at D'Urfey's dramatic efforts, and certainly his tragedies and comic operas afford fit material for contempt. He made Don Quixote the hero of a piece in two parts, and, in a sad extravaganza, called Wonders in the Sun, introduced comical dances of blackbirds and parrots, and seems to have dressed them and to have made them sing in character. When a gentleman, on returning from one of D'Urfey's plays, the first night it was acted, observed inquiringly to Dryden, "Was there ever such stuff? I could not imagine even this author could have written so ill." "O sir," replied Dryden, "you don't know my friend Tom so well as I do; I 'll answer for him, he shall write worse yet."

Pope wrote a drolling prologue for what was said to be his last

play; and Johnson has immortalised him in his well-known prologue, spoken by Garrick, at the opening of the Drury Lane Theatre: —

Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new D'Urfeys yet remain in store.

New D'Urfeys! We have in our own time dramatic productions in every way as low as D'Urfey's; indeed, if we compare them, and may be allowed one of Tom's own Newmarket similies, Tom would distance many competitors by a length and more.

When Tom D'Urfey represented the lyric muse of England, Pindarics were at their highest, and the ever-ready Tom perpetrated and published Pindarics. He rode, it is true, a jaded muse, whipt with loose reins, but he got over a deal of ground notwithstanding, and received as high fees for what he did from the patrons of poetry, as the best of the Pindaric batch. His contemporaries envied his success, and one (it is said Tom Brown) wrote the following epigram upon him:

Thou cur, half-French, half-English breed,
Thou mongrel of Parnassus,
To think tall lines run up to seed,
Should ever tamely pass us.

Thou write Pindarics, and be damned,
Write epigrams for cutlers;
None with thy lyrics can be sham'd,
But chamber-maids and butlers.

In t'other world expect dry blows;
No tears can wash thy stains out;
Horace will pluck thee by the nose,
And Pindar beat thy brains out.

Tom's consolation was no doubt the same as with his plays — "The town may da-da-damn my Pindarics, but they si-si-sing my songs for all that."

We have said that Tom subsisted in part by the dedications to his books. Two anecdotes are told of his doings in this way. He is said to have celebrated a certain lord for the greatest poet and critic of the age, upon a misinformation in a newspaper that his noble patron was made lord chamberlain. But this dedication we cannot find. Of the other anecdote we have evidence before us. One of his dedications is to the then Lord Morpeth, whom he addresses in print as "My dear Lord." For this familiarity he was sadly abused — as Pope was ridiculed not long after for calling himself in a printed letter to Lord Burlington his lordship's *affectionate* humble servant. Anecdotes, slight even as these are, illustrate the manners and breeding of our forefathers.

When old age crept on Tom, and he was no longer able to cater towards the amusements of the town, the good-natured Steele stept in to his assistance, and recommended his claims to the public, in the Tatler, the Guardian, and the Lover. Steele had then the ear of the town, and Tom by the Tatler's influence obtained some benefits of importance to his ways and means. There are few pleasanter papers by Steele than those in which he shows his interest for Tom

D'Urfey. Tom was naturally fond of Steele, though I can find no mention of Sir Richard in his works. The common story is, that Tom was buried at the expense of Steele, but this is not the case; he was buried near the stone which suggested this paper, at the expense of the Duke of Dorset, — the son of his patron — the duke to whom Prior has addressed so readable a dedication of his poems. To Steele, Tom D'Urfey left his gold watch and chain; and Steele followed his friend Tom to this very grave in St. James's, Westminster.

Tom's familiar face and appearance were missed by many in the cities of London and Westminster. That his face was not of the willow-pattern type we may readily gather from his portrait among the poets at Knowle. That his appearance was remarkable we may infer from his being followed in the streets by a servant under age — for Tom, so we are told in the notes to the Dunciad, was the last English poet who appeared in the streets attended by a page. Few poets have had an attendant of the kind: we read of Mr. Dryden's boy, and Mr. D'Urfey's page, and of these only.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS.

We have, previously,* given some account of the Wind-roads of the world, as traced by that indefatigable navigator and philosopher Lieutenant Maury, of the United States navy. We are taught by modern science to regard the wind no longer as the fickle element we were once wont to consider it, but as a beautiful and wonderful agent in the great economy of our system, controlled and guided by laws as fixed as those which regulate the starry firmament, or the movements of our own globe.

When it is remembered that, according to the shipping records at Lloyd's, there are, on an average, fifty vessels annually, of which no tidings are ever received; eight hundred total wrecks, and between three and four thousand casualties of various kinds, amongst the registered shipping, involving a yearly loss of from four to five millions sterling, it must be at once apparent how deeply interesting the labours of those who are spending a large portion of their lives in the investigation of the law of storms must be.

Colonel Reid of the Royal Engineers, and Mr. Redfield, of New York, were, we believe, the earliest labourers in this field of research. They were followed by Mr. Piddington of Calcutta, who has published a Sailor's Horn-book of the Law of Storms, in which the plainest instructions are given for the navigation of ships through the dangerous cyclones of the Indian seas. So great have been the advantages already derived from the study

* See "Air Maps." Vol. XXII. p. 106.

of this subject; and so important is a better study of it considered, that in the autumn of eighteen hundred and fifty-three, a Maritime Conference was held at Brussels, by delegates from the leading nations of Europe and the United States, for the purpose of devising some general and uniform system of observation at sea, to be carried on by the public and private ships of all countries. Already, however, much has been accomplished. Our present acquaintance with the Wind-roads, and the Law of Storms, has been the means of shortening ship's passages in most parts of the world to an astonishing extent, aided, no doubt, by the progressive science of the ship-builder; so much so, indeed, that our Liverpool clipper-ships are beating steam-vessels on the Australian voyage. It is scarcely possible to say how many valuable ships, or how much human life has been saved.

In the high northern latitudes in which we live, storms such as sweep over many parts of the earth and sea, are unknown. At certain seasons of the year, our islands are visited with severe gales of wind, which cause much havoc amongst our coasting vessels, and some damage to property on land; but this is nothing compared with the terrible effects of a cyclone, a typhoon, or a hurricane in the Bay of Bengal, the China Seas, or amongst the West India Islands.

The fearful rotary storms of wind which frequently occur within the tropics, lose much of their violence in passing over the land; yet, the ruin and devastation occasioned by them there, is of a terrible character. In one hurricane which passed over Madras a few years since, a thousand houses were injured or destroyed, many lives lost, nine thousand sheep, and nearly three thousand horses and cattle perished, besides several villages which were entirely swept away, leaving no records whatever. A similar calamity happened at Coringa in eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, when twenty thousand of the inhabitants were said to have perished, besides an incredible number of cattle and stock. Sixty native vessels at anchor in the roads disappeared within half-an-hour, with all their crews, whilst one or two sloops were carried by the united force of the wind and waters to a distance of five miles inland. In eighteen hundred and fifty-three one of these cyclones swept over a portion of Bengal, marking its comparatively narrow track with the ruins of many villages and the bodies of hundreds of natives. The houses were smashed into minute fragments: there was scarcely anything left as large as a brick; and it seemed as though the car of Juggernath had passed its ponderous wheels over those ill-fated villages. Men were found with their brains dashed out against trees or rocks. Some

had been blown against broken bamboos and impaled on their sharp points. Women and children were torn limb from limb, as though by wild beasts; whilst doors, furniture, and other wooden articles, were shivered and splintered into fragments as completely as though cut up by axes. All this was wrought by the mere force of the wind. It occurred many miles inland, away from any sea or river. At the Mauritius, hurricanes are of almost annual occurrence during the first four months of the year. The effect of some of these has been very remarkable. A ship of eight hundred tons burthen, loaded with cargo, was *blown* high and dry upon land, many yards from the influence of the sea. Portions of iron machinery, weighing many hundred weights, were in like manner hoisted from their positions and flung through the air for a hundred yards. Cattle were lifted from their legs, caught up in the whirlwind, and carried across many fields.

These hurricanes are not only more violent on the open seas: but present themselves there with more terrific features. We have, in our time, been in two of these fearful storms. In one the sky and sea took a blood-red tinge, although the hurricane had then well nigh passed over. In the other, near the Bay of Bengal, a ship under bare poles, was laid on her beam ends; the wind roared like one continuous peal of thunder, whilst the air was filled with the foaming crests of many waves torn into blinding spray. We have heard of a ship having its foremast snapped off at the deck, carried aloft by the whirl of the cyclone, and then dropped upon the fore-hatch through which it forced its way, and so became fixed tightly during the rest of the gale. It is not uncommon to hear of ships' boats being blown away from their fastenings and carried aloft into the rigging; or of poop-ladders torn from their staples and smashed; or sails whilst closely furled, being blown away from their yards in shreds.

If these cyclones are to be dreaded in the midst of the open ocean, how much more dangerous must they be to ships in a roadstead, or under a lee-shore—that is to say, with the first burst of the gale blowing dead on the land. There is the record of a typhoon in the China seas in which every native craft along the coast was lost except one. Not fewer than a hundred thousand persons perished afloat and ashore.

Fortunately for navigators, the barometer gives timely warning of the approach of such storms; and in all open ports or harbours in hurricane countries frequented by British shipping the captains of vessels in the roads have early intimation of any signs of bad weather. Signals are hoisted on shore either to make all snug and let go a second anchor, or to slip cable and put to sea, in order to

get clear of the coast before it be too late. In this way, and with the invaluable assistance of the Horn-book of Storms, hundreds of fine ships are annually saved which would, otherwise, have been lost or seriously damaged.

The combined labours of Redfield, Reid, Maury and others have demonstrated beyond a doubt that the hurricanes, tornadoes, typhoons and other named storms, are nearly identical in character, being in fact, vast whirlwinds moving onward by a fixed law, from east to west. It is known, also, that these whirlwinds revolve in contrary directions on opposite sides of the equator: in the southern hemisphere they move round in the same direction as the hands of a watch, from left to right, whilst, in the northern seas, they revolve from right to left. Thus the side of one of these cyclones nearest the equator, in either hemisphere, will be a westerly gale, whilst, on its polar margin, the storm will be from the east.

These cyclones, as they are now termed, do not move in a due westerly direction alone; but attain a polar inclination as they progress, and, towards their termination, recede somewhat to the eastward, so that they form the figure of a section of a circle, gyrating in curves more or less extended according to the rate of progress of the storm. The speed at which these cyclones travel, varies continually between two miles and forty-three miles an hour: at times they have even been known to remain stationary for a considerable period. The gyration of these progressive storms may be fairly represented by an ordinary coil of rope, somewhat opened out, and spread in a quarter circle.

Mr. Redfield's explanations of the cause of the rise and fall of the mercury during these gales, tells us that one of these cycloidal storms which sets a considerable portion of the atmosphere in a state of rapid revolution, diminishes its pressure over that particular track, and most of all so towards the centre of the whirl. Consequently the depth of the superincumbent column of air will be least at the centre; and its weight will be diminished in proportion to the strength of the wind.

This idea may be illustrated by means of a tumbler half filled with water, and put in rapid motion by passing a rod round the inside of the vessel. On looking at the contents of the tumbler it will be perceived that the surface of the water is depressed at the centre, and rises against the side. The centrifugal force exerted, causes this heaping up at the sides of the glass, but the reverse in the case of whirlwinds, which have limits to confine them. The tendency of the atmosphere thus set in rapid rotation is, consequently, to fly off from its centre, lessening thereby the weight of the incumbent air,

and causing a fall of the mercury in the barometer. This flying-off would bring down a portion of the old stratum of the upper atmosphere, which, coming in contact with the humid stratum of the surface, produces a continuous layer of clouds, and a copious supply of rain — the usual accompaniment of cycloidal storms.

Let us see how the knowledge of all this, as set forth by the Hornbook of the Law of Storms, enables the commander of a ship, who will give a little attention to the subject, to take his vessel out of a cyclone with almost certain impunity: Any captain overtaken by, or inadvertently running into such a hurricane, can escape from its influence by ascertaining the ship's position in the cyclone, and endeavouring to reach its outer edge. In ignorance of this, a vessel may be forced into the very centre of the whirl.

To scud or run, either partially or wholly, with the gale, is to be avoided, as only calculated to retain the ship within the gale. The most prudent plan is to bring the ship's head to the wind, — in nautical terms, to "bring her to," — and, in that position, with just sufficient head-sail set for the purpose, to wait the passing-over of the storm. In putting this in practice, however, judgment is required in order to prevent the wind heading the ship, which might cause her to founder. The force of the wind on the masts and rigging alone is sufficient to do this; and it is believed that many ships have been thus lost. The rule of action in such a case, as laid down by the Hornbook, is, "to heave-to on the starboard tack when on the north side of the equator, and on the port tack when on the south side of the equator." A ship so placed will have the gale veer round more towards the stern, when the head could be at once brought close to the wind in its new direction, until at length the cyclone would fairly blow over, and leave the ship in its rear; whereas, if the ship were so laid-to that the next shift of wind took her aback by blowing directly against her head, she would perhaps sink stern foremost.

By keeping the wind on the starboard quarter in the northern hemisphere, and on the port quarter in the southern, a ship may be gradually sailed from the centre of the storm. But there is always one quadrant of the hurricane-circle replete with danger in such a course: it is that portion which would immediately carry a vessel within the path of the centre whirl of the advancing cyclone. With the storm advancing due west in the northern hemisphere, the quadrant of danger would be in its north-western quarter; in the south, it would be in the south-west. In its polar progress, when north, the dangerous quadrant would be in the north-east. On the opposite side of the line it would be in the south-east. An imper-

fect acquaintance with the Law of Storms, or a careless application of it, may lead a commander into more danger than if he had never seen a Hornbook, or had thrown his barometer overboard. It is a law which must be studied attentively, or not at all.

The barometer is not the sole indicator of the approach of a cyclone. The storm sends before it a herald, which, outstripping the swiftness of the hurricane, gives sure and timely warning to those dwellers in tropic islands or navigators of frail barks, who know not the use of scientific instruments. The gale works up the waters of ocean to fierce fury, and the mighty billows roll on with inconceivable swiftness for many hundreds of miles across the sea in every direction. Colonel Reid was in Bermuda when the hurricane of eighteen hundred and thirty-nine occurred, and distinctly heard the sea breaking loudly against the south shores on the morning of the ninth of September, full three days before the storm reached the islands, as recorded in tables of the state of the weather kept at the central signal station. At that time, the hurricane was still within the tropic, and distant ten degrees of latitude. As the storm approached the swell increased, breaking against the southern shores with louder roar and grandeur, until the evening of the twelfth of September, when the whirlwind storm reaching the Bermudas set in there. When the storm had passed over the islands, the southern shore became calm; and the northern reefs presented a white line of surge, caused by the undulations rolled back from the storm in its progress towards Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

During these hurricanes, especially within or bordering on the tropics, the appearance of the sky is often extremely beautiful. In one of Piddington's memoirs on storms, he describes the aspect of a dense mass of heaped-up clouds pushed towards the Ghauts in the Madras Presidency. The great bulk was arrested and collected into a long horizontal wall-like bank of solid aspect and of a deep bluish hue, varied at the edges by flocculent curves and zones of sombre grey, which appeared in vivid distinctness as coruscations of lightning shot up and illuminating portions of the gloomy mass. A few detached higher clouds escaped, and passed slowly to the westward, whilst the upper edge of the cloudbank sometimes curled over the top of the ridge, like the falling crest of a wave dispersing in spray, and descended in a transient shower.

Not less grand is the storm at sea. The ship's log of a captain who passed through the centre of a cyclone, tells us how the sun went down fiery red, his rays dipping and losing themselves almost perpendicularly in the long heavy swell. The rain

fell in torrents during the height of the storm; the lightning darted in awful vividness from the intensely dark masses of clouds that pressed down on the troubled sea. When the hurricane passed off, the scene to leeward was awfully grand: thick masses of the darker purple-coloured clouds were rolling over each other in inconceivable confusion, lighted up in different places by intensely vivid lightning. The hoarse roar of the retiring storm, mingled with the hollow groan of continued thunder, as they slowly retreated with the gale, left an impression on the mind not easily to be forgotten.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A DINNER IN CAMP.

The wind, which has been howling these ten days, is lulled at last. A keen penetrating cold indeed still finds its searching way through our tent, through our matted clothes, which have not been changed so long that we have altogether forgotten the sensation produced by putting on a clean shirt. It finds its way with equal success through the leather leggings of our trousers, and our clumsy cracked boots, through our tangled wiry hair and beards; down the napes of our necks when we move our heads to this side or to that, so as to give it the smallest opening at which to creep in.

We cannot get up and run about, like good boys, to keep ourselves warm, because we are dwelling in a sort of marsh or bog. We should therefore get hopelessly wet and uncomfortable; our fires do not thrive enough to admit of our drying ourselves speedily; and we have no change of clothes. We cannot either afford a bowl of punch just yet, for there is a great scarcity of fresh water. It is imprudent to take little gulps of brandy every now and then to keep up our circulation, because we have but very little of that spirit left, and, besides, the doctors say that such a course of proceeding is very apt to bring on the cholera.

Our tent is a needlessly miserable affair, but we are lucky to have it. Tents, even such as these, are not for everybody. The curse of wanton mismanagement seems upon everything, and I cannot look on the pitiable scene around me without feeling a large personal share in our national humiliation. We have had experience enough of camp life, too, thrust upon us during the last few years. There have been the countless letters of settlers in the new world, almost each containing some valuable practical suggestion, the fruits of dearly-bought experience. There have been whole libraries written about the wants and contrivances of the gold hunters. Sir Stephen Lakeman and Kaffreland had furnished us with lessons, and Sir Richard England, at least,

knows something of the causes which brought about our disgrace in Affghanistan. Yet we have wilfully neglected everything most lamentably; the more so because Englishmen are not given to complaining of mere personal suffering; and, among all of those whom I see around me there is a gallant (I might have written touching) determination to put a bluff gay face upon things.

Therefore we sit (there were four of us) curled up in various attitudes, and joking about the state of things in general, over short clay pipes, almost as black and dirty as ourselves. We sit waiting for dinner, and our host, every now and then, shouts lustily to a servant who is preparing it somewhere outside within hearing. As the servant does not appear however to make much progress, and our appetites goad us at last into extreme measures, we go out to help him, or worry him into greater speed.

Our cook is a tattered, lantern-jawed, hollow-eyed fellow, who would not be recognised as a soldier by any servant-maid in Knightsbridge. We find him in a state of despondency peculiar, I think, to the cooking Englishman. He is kneeling down on the damp ground and blowing testily at some wettish smoky shrub-roots, crammed in a manner inartistic enough into an impromptu fire-place. He looks a fine illustration of shame and anger, he dislikes his job, and he does not know how to perform it.

Let us help him. I know somebody who is not a bad cook at a push, and so, if we can only get some charcoal, I dare say we shall do very well. We are not badly off for prog; there is some ration pork, a lean fowl, some eggs, potatoes, and honey. We have also got an old iron kettle and a coffee-pot, with the lid belonging thereto. They are worth their weight in gold, and I hope we know how to appreciate them.

Modesty prevents my telling how, by frying the pork in the lid of the kettle, we obtained enough grease to fry the fowl; how a mess of bread and honey, and whipped eggs was manufactured, which caused a full chorus of lip-smacking, and which was pensively remembered long after its abrupt disappearance. Then we roasted some potatoes among the embers, and ate them (with the remains of the grease extracted from the pork) as a delicate mouthful to crown our repast; and lastly, it was with all the pride of art, that we stewed some tea in the coffee-pot, and converted it into punch of no common bouquet and flavour.

We must have looked a strange company. All, except myself, were ragged, and oddly arrayed. They wore their full dress uniform, dingy and caked over with dirt, till the colour was undistinguishable. They looked something between the military men-

dicants who prowl about elderly-ladylike neighbourhoods, and fancy portraits of brigands. Their beards appeared to begin at the eyelashes, and to go on till they were lost in the folds of the voluminous scarfs worn round the waist. Between the dark neutral tint of their clothes and that of their hands there was but small difference, and when they removed their caps for a moment, the bit of clean skin underneath presented a contrast quite startling and ludicrous. There was one thing also which struck me particularly, and that was our host's prudent and laudable anxiety with respect to the fragments of our feast. Once I remember, as a soldier passed, chuckling and lugging along a powerful and struggling goose by the neck, the captain cried out, with an eagerness of speech inexpressibly droll, "Hang it, Martin! there goes a fellow with a goose; be quick and cut after him. Perhaps he will let us go halves, or tell you where he got it, if there 's another. Look sharp, or you 'll lose him." I should be sorry to bring anything like an unhandsome charge against the captain's guests, but it certainly was my impression that Ensign Dash placed something in his coat pocket; and that that something was the drumstick of a fowl, and a hunk of precious black bread, done up in a pocket-handkerchief.

I remember, as the night deepened, and we still sat talking, that a certain deep-seated piety and resignation rested upon my companions, which I do not remember to have ever observed in young men before. They appeared to be filled with tenderness and brotherhood, when they spoke of fallen comrades. It seemed as if their own uncertain chances of life gave them a kindred with the dead. Little words passed — perhaps unconsciously enough — among them which may be some day told solemnly, on summer evenings and by winter hearths, as the last yearnings and expressed desires of gallant hearts which shall then be cold. Sometimes what they said had a simple and impressive earnestness, as if the speaker wished that his words should be hereafter faithfully recorded — as if he felt himself among those who are doomed. There was no fear or gloom in our little party that night; only a serious sense of a grave position — which a good man should not reflect on lightly. It drew the bands of kindly friendships closer.

They talked with cheerful pathos about their distant families and friends, so that I felt even then, while I listened, as if I were becoming the depository of many precious secrets, and that I should go upon my way laden with things which, to some, would be held of higher value than an argosy. God be merciful to the bereaved! Of those who sat beside me on that day but one remains; for two were struck with

tardy sickness, and the third fell suddenly in fight. God be merciful to the bereaved! and teach them to think, even in their grief, with a pride which shall be as balm to them, how their kindred have gone to join the radiant band of those who have died uncomplaining, for the pure cause of duty! Let us resolve that they shall be surrounded with respect and active sympathy, which shall not die away in words.

FROST-BITTEN HOMES.

On the closing day of the long February frost I went to see what its effect had been upon the dwellings of the quiet poor. The general distress endured by a large class of the inhabitants of London who commit no crimes and utter no complaints by which to call attention to their sorrow, has been already suggested in this journal.* It is a hard tale to tell twice, but would to Heaven it were told a thousand times, if telling be a step of any kind towards more active sympathy. I had paid a second visit to a number of these people during the past summer, and had found the shadow of the war upon their households. Looms were idle, high prices and the dread of a prevailing pestilence almost destroyed the traffic of the hawkers, and the thousands of our fellow citizens who are so often tempted to

* Volume XXV. page 288.

"Sit down with vacant stare,
And the game of life abandon with the quiet of despair,"

being almost without exception destitute of this world's goods, remained as miserable as they had been in the preceding winter. Let no one suppose from this that he can picture to himself, if he has not seen the horror of their present state. Their crowning affliction was the frost. The defect must be a grave one in our social system which converts one of the best gifts of Nature into a curse for thousands. The cold weather dealt with the unoffending poor as it might deal with the exotics in a hot-house. Nothing that had life among them seemed to have escaped the blight of it.

I saw them on the last day of the frost, when many of them had little more in this world than their lives to lose. Inured to suffering, they bore without rebellion the heaviest privations. On that and the preceding day they were surrounded by bread-riots. Dock-labourers, impatient of a few days' famine, joined by several of the discontented in East London, raised the black flag; and, marching in large crowds, emptied bakers' shops, but with such crowds there went none of these famished sufferers. The men whose need was greatest hungered silently in their frost-bitten homes.

"You have a great many countrymen among these mobs, Mrs.

Sullivan. Your husband has no part in them?"

"He, sir! What has he to do with them? They 're not honest men. My husband would lie down on those stones and die of hunger before he would join hand with such ruffians. They were by here yesterday, five hundred of them, with the black flag and a loaf dipped in blood. They cleared out a poor man over the way, who, though he is a baker, is not much richer than we, God help him!"

The Sullivans once owned a little farm in Ireland by the Lake of Killarney; they are warm-hearted people. The husband, when in Ireland, put his name to a friend's bill for a hundred and fifty pounds, became chargeable with the payment, and sold all to meet it. He then came to London, bringing hither his wife and a young family, with the design of emigrating. There was delay caused by the difficulty of getting shipped from England, and that proved sufficient to complete his ruin. He was forced to abandon his scheme and to remain in London, where, with wife and children, he now adds a drop to the great sea of bitterness in Bethnal Green. I did not find this family in the last stage of destitution. The Sullivans, though they were starving, had not yet sold their table and their chairs for food. They had clothes, too. The garments of many little ones recently washed, hung upon lines about the room, and it was through the grove of tiny frocks and petticoats thus planted that one had peeps of a crone near the scanty fire, who rocked herself in sullen grief, and of a sick girl in the chimney corner, who was eating a few chips of potato from a plate. Mrs. Sullivan is a true woman. When the great distress began and she was herself in want, bread had been offered her. Then she, denying herself, pointed out the greater destitution of a neighbour, one for whom her rich heart had been grieving. "Let me wait," she said. "If there is bread to be given, take the first morsel to her."

"You could have a cottage at Killarney for the price of this room, Mrs. Sullivan."

"O and if we could only be back there again! Time was when we never had a want; when we owned cows and horses; and sure we did not know that there was ever in the world such an unhappy place as this. If we was only at Killarney"—she was half sobbing at the thought, and rubbing her eyes furtively from time to time with the corner of a baby's petticoat that hung beside her face. A little girl slipped in quietly, her feet covered with snow, and her mother, in reply to an inquiry, said, "Yes, she was a good girl, and had just come from the ragged school. The frock she was then wearing had been given to her there."

The poor little thing had slipped to the cupboard in search of

her evening meal, and was peering about it like a hungry kitten.

"It 's of no use, Kitty," said her mother, with another rub against the little petticoat, "there's nothing for you."

The supperless child slipped to the fire without a syllable or gesture of complaint, and bent for warmth over the few ashes that were burning in it.

"Ah," said the mother again, "we little thought at Killarney of a place like this. It 's fit to kill one only to see the sufferings of that poor soul over the way." This was the same neighbour for whom she had pleaded once before, and anxious to engage our sympathy in her behalf, she led us to her room.

"Excuse me for not opening the door to you," said the woman as we entered. "The baby is in my arms, and it is so sick." Her voice died away in a note of the most plaintive tenderness. The poor mother sat with the baby in her lap on one of the two chairs that the room contained: there was a sick boy in the other. Five more children cowered round the grate. The baby had been ill, we found, and had been left for a short time on the previous Sunday, while the mother was at church, in charge of the eldest son, the sick boy whom we saw. He, liable to fits, had been seized with one during that time, fallen with the infant, and so bruised its cheek. Slight injuries produce great wounds on bodies ill-fed and ill-housed; the consequence of the fall was, that a large abscess formed where, in a healthy child, there would have been only a discoloured skin.

"And the boy's foot is bound up?"

"Yes; badly cut. The real truth is, sir, we were forced to part with his shoes, and whether it was ice or broken glass thrown in the road, I don't know, but he came home with a sad wound, and can't go out of doors for some weeks, I 'm afraid."

Inquiry was made as to her means of subsistence. "We have had nothing coming in," she said; "but the baker has not let us starve. He knows we will pay him when we can, and he has trusted us; but yesterday when I went he had no bread to give us, because the rioters had been to his shop and taken all there was in it — so we have had nothing since that."

Mrs. Sullivan, who had followed us into the room, and watched her neighbour with the strongest interest, here broke out into loud denunciations of the ruffians who, in the name of distress, rob the starving. "It's always the honest poor," she said, "who suffer by those noisy blackguards." The sick baby uttered a low wail. There were four coloured Scripture prints over the mantelpiece of this room: upon one of them was the Great Physician. It is not wonderful that in the day of want, though coats and shoes were sold, those prints were kept.

The charitable trust of the baker for which this woman had been grateful was limited by his own poverty and the extent of the distress appealing to his sympathies. When last she had been seen eating, we learnt after we had left her — for herself, her husband, and her seven children, the whole dinner had been two halfpenny loaves.

This household clung to Scripture prints. Almost in all the cold, dismantled rooms we saw, there was some one thing saved to the last which might have been among the first and easiest for any man without a heart to lose. One little family had saved the birds belonging to the children — but there remained only the empty cages, for the birds were dead. Each cage was worth a loaf of bread, and there were two of them, but still they hung upon the wall. A dollmaker — the father of a troubled family — had been accustomed to find solace in a fiddle. He took to fiddling, as some others take to drink, but his little vice gave innocent pleasure to his children, while it soothed himself and helped him to endure the buffetings of fortune. Tables and chairs were bartered, one by one, for bread, and still the fiddle, strong consoler, was retained. The charm of its music helped a hungry family to nestle together of evenings, freed from the sharp consciousness of want. At last, the evil day could be put off no longer, and even the dollmaker's fiddle was exchanged for bread, to the great grief, not only of himself and of his family, but also of his neighbours.

For although many of these suffering people, tortured by hunger, become selfish in urging their demands for bread, and jealous of those whose sorrows are assuaged in preference to theirs; though very many others are attracted by the light and warmth of the gin-palace, and the short exemption from grief to be purchased at its bar; though cursing is to be heard here every day near the church door, and there is one curse uttered elsewhere by the self-righteous that falls heavily here, as in all places, on the child of the poor man — "He shall die without instruction; and in the greatness of his folly he shall go astray;" in spite of all this evil, there is a true spirit of good in this community of people who in good times struggle, and in bad times starve. I saw a woman with a kindly face able to thank God that she had taken an orphan to her house. "It was no loss to them," she said, "for she had turned out a good girl, and many were the times when they 'd have wanted bread but for the work she did." Of another woman in the district I heard a story illustrating in an odd way the same pervading tenderness of spirit. She became actively religious under the influence of some hot preacher, and prayed to Heaven for the knowledge of what she could do

to show herself a Christian. One day she told her husband that her prayer had been answered: the Lord had let her know what she must do. A reprobate hawker — one Skulk — lived in their court, and his neglected children, ruined by familiarity with wickedness and filth, were shame and scandal to the neighbourhood. "I am to take a child," said the poor woman, "and train it up in the right way. Will you ask Bill Skulk for leave to adopt one of his boys?" — "Certainly, my dear," said the husband, who did not like the kind of son suggested, but employed the tact of a domestic Metternich, and, what is better far, the courtesy of a true gentleman towards his wife; "certainly I will do as you wish, but had you not better think it over and ask the Lord again, for it may be some other child, and not one of Bill Skulk's boys, that we are to take." The wife took time to reflect and pray. Very soon afterwards a narrow-weaver died, leaving an innocent child utterly desolate and destitute. "Now," said the wife, "I know, John, whom the Lord calls on us to help." They took the orphan to their home, and were a father and a mother to it.

I go back unwillingly to the actual spectacle of want, but the reader shall be shocked with few more words about it. In such a case as this few words may suffice to beget many sympathetic deeds.

I saw a shoemaker in a room destitute of furniture watching the hungry faces of two children. He possessed nothing but his tools, and there was no work to be done with them. There are three hundred small shoemakers now in the workhouse, and thousands of journeymen out of employ. There is an export trade, I believe, of slop goods arrested by the war. Be that as it may, I saw this man standing in his empty room, wan, unshaven, with no other clothes than a few rags pinned or knotted in an uncouth way about his person. A cruel mockery of bed was in one corner, a little straw — it will not be believed how little — assuredly, for the bed of husband, wife, and children, during a six weeks' intense frost, not more than as much straw as would stuff an ordinary footstool. One hand would suffice to collect and lift it all. A lump of salt was all the food in his possession.

I saw the home of a bricklayer, who, when he has work, earns thirty shillings a week, and lives with a wife and nine children in two rooms. We passed through the first room, from which everything had been taken to get bread. We went into the second room, and found that also stripped. There remained only two chairs, that were not chairs, and had been left simply because they were worthless. They had lost their seats, but one or two sticks laid across the framework made it possible to use them. In one

such chair the wife sat with a naked baby on her lap, her own arms bare. Her gown had gone for bread, her chemise, and the last things sold were her shoes. There was a rag that covered a small portion of the baby — two months old — the rest of its body the mother did her best to cover with what little dressing decency forced her to retain about herself. Eight other children crowded round some dying embers. Their distress was the more pitiful to see because the woman had refinement in her features, was gentle and uncomplaining in her speech, and the condition of the children showed that they had received from her careful nurture. They were all young, all bearing their privations with the beautiful simplicity that belongs only to children. A little boy with a round head and flaxen locks planted himself before one of us, and fixed his wondering blue eyes upon the stranger's face — unconscious of the sorrows of his home — not stirring foot or changing for an instant the direction of his gaze until the marvel had departed. I think these children were not very conscious of privation. It was impossible to look from their well-rounded forms to the thin face of the mother without feeling that for them all sacrifice was made. I did not see the husband, but was told that he was true and earnest like his wife. The bed here was a small heap of the ends of rushes in a corner of the room.

"How do you manage of a night?"

"Those rush ends make a very soft bed. They were in a piece of ticking, but we had to sell the tick. The children sleep there. My husband and I sit up on the chairs."

Surely there are many beds of down less enviable than those two chairs, upon which sitting must have been a sort of torture to the body. In the dark room penetrated by the bitter frost husband and wife, thinly clad sat nightly side by side, that they might leave the little nest of rushes to their children.

I shall recal no more of these cases. In no district of England was the misery occasioned by the late frost so complete as in some parts of London; in no place was the distress borne with such complete tranquillity. Not only were nearly all men labouring out of doors deprived of their resources, but the weavers have no spring trade to prepare for — in war times there will be few gaieties to bring rich dresses into use, and many who would wear them have been by the war thrown into mourning. There are no orders for spring novelties, and weavers, therefore, suffer. In one whole district visited by us there was no breach in the distress, the difference between one house and that next to it was only in the degree of destitution borne by those within.

What can be done? The workhouse provided for the parish to

which this district belongs is calculated to hold eight hundred people, and it contained thirteen hundred at the time of which I speak. To lessen an enormous burden upon ratepayers the workhouse rules are strict, and no sane man would consider it a remedy for that great hitch in our social system which produces such a population as that here described, to build more workhouses and fill them with more poor. Benevolent relief, though it provides no remedy, saves many a day's hunger and preserves many a life.

But for the remedy which lies in the correction of not one or two but twenty social errors, we must look elsewhere. Honourable gentlemen have for some time been pledged to provide two such corrections, but have not redeemed their pledges. The Law of Settlement still compels poor men's communities to stagnate, and practically denies to thousands who cannot live in one place the right of going to some other place in search of better fate. The Law of Partnership still denies to poor men the right of clubbing their small means together in a prudent way, and helping one another to success where they now fail because they are too feeble to work singly. The amendment of these bad social regulations will not convert a pauper neighbourhood into a Paradise, but it will be at least a stirring forward in the right direction. There is a great deal more to be considered and a great deal more to be done. Wholesome dwellings must be furnished, children must be taught. We talk about these things, and have been talking for generations. Fairly considering what is here partly shown, the real urgency of the matter, could we not feel justified in parting with a little of our oratory for the sake of a more needful thing, some vigorous, true-hearted action? Meanwhile we wait, and wait, and wish good speed to the time when Lords and Gentlemen,

"Who act the God among external things,
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind,"

shall have heard enough of their own thunder.

A SET OF ODD FELLOWS.

Pygmies and Polyphemes, by many a name,
Centaurs and Satyrs, and such shapes as haunt
Wet clefts, — and lumps neither alive nor dead,
Dog-headed, bosom-eyed, and bird-footed.
SHELLEY's Witch of Atlas.

FROM the earliest ages, the minds of men appear to have been haunted by ideas of anomalous creatures swarming in earth, air, and sea; some of them mysterious combinations of familiar forms — others, vague and undefinable as the shifting phantoms seen at evening in the clouds. Indeed, Nature herself has prompted and almost justified such fancies; for it would be difficult to surpass in strange fan-

tastic ugliness some of the reptiles and marine animals which we know to exist, and to be reproduced from generation to generation. Spenser, in that romantic and awful journey of Sir Guyon and the Palmer to the Bower of Bliss in the Faery Queene, speaks of the sea-monsters which the travellers encounter as being terrible enough even to appal the power that created them.

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspècts,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame, that ever should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escapèd bee:
All dreadfull pourtraits of deformitee.

And he adds:

No wonder if these did the knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Comparèd to the creatures in the sea's entrall.

These sickening distortions (as they appear to us) of organic life, occasionally beheld in rapid and fearful glimpses by mariners — as well as the slimy and torpid creatures crawling in the mud of ditches and damp places, from which they are scarcely distinguishable in member, joint, or limb, and the terrible quadrupeds to be found in many parts of Asia and Africa, — would naturally suggest, even to the minds of the wisest, in an age when men were more inclined to speculate on abstract theories than to investigate facts, the notion of appalling departures from the ordinary course of Nature; such as accidental combinations of incongruous forms, or hideous and purposeless phenomena, starting into life under some malign influence.

It is curious to observe that, in early times, all nations had a tendency to people countries remote from them with anomalous shapes, as well as other prodigies. Thus Plutarch, in commencing his Lives, says that he could, if he pleased, speak of stranger and more ancient things: — Like as the historiographers, which do set forth the description of the earth in figure, are wont to place in the lowermost part of their mappes the farre distant regions unknowne unto them, and to make in the margent such like notes and reasons as these: Beyond these countries are nothing but deepe dry sands without water, full of fowle ill-favoured venimous beasts, or much mudde unnavigable, or Scythia forsaken for cold, or else the sea frosen with ice. The Greeks were among the most distinguished in this kind of romancing. Arabia was with them chiefly noted as the native country of the mystical Phœnix. Ethiopia was the land of Pygmies, of gods, and of god-like men. And with what indescribable and dream-like presentments (such as those which glare and lighten over the enchanted island of Prospero) did they not make awful the far-removed interiors of India, Scythia, and Africa!

All the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind,

says the Elder Brother, in Comus. In the childhood of society, as in the childhood of the individual, remoteness is always allied to mystery and wonder. Neither child-state can understand the possibility of any of the commonplaces of daily life being repeated in the shadowy regions afar off, which it is supposed must be lulling abodes of rest and pleasure, or else the haunt of startling contradictions to our sense of proportion and fitness. Thus, the Elysian fields were islands of the distant, boundless, and legend-haunted Atlantic, beyond the limits of the known world; and Tartarus, or Hell, was in Spain — a country of which the ancient Greeks were very ignorant. To the Persians and Arabians, the gloomy and desert mountains of Caucasus are rendered sacred by the belief that they are inhabited by Genii and the ghosts of Pre-Adamite Sultans; and when our early European travellers first entered the marvellous lands of the East, they saw, or dreamed they saw, all the hobgoblins and uncouth animals which they had read of in the pages of Herodotus, Pliny, Philostratus (the biographer of Apollonius of Tyana), and other ancient writers.

Chimæras and Anomalies have been frequently introduced into modern poetry, though almost entirely derived from ancient traditions. The first of all, however, — Caliban and the half-human shapes of the Tempest, appearing and disappearing like monstrous visions, with dreary mutterings and stupendous sounds — have in them the true spirit of the wild and shadowy North, superadded to the physical horror of the Greek deformities. One great superiority of Gothic poetry and fable over classic, in such matters as these, is the finer sense of spirituality which pervades it. Something beyond the mere outline and substance is always implied. A vagueness and a darkness, haunted by we know not what, brood over, and enfold as with an atmosphere, the most extravagant creations. The apparitions in the Tempest, for instance, are not simply terrible or beautiful in form, according to their respective natures; but are continually prompting a finer, subtler, and more profound terror or beauty than can be conveyed by any mere superficial appearance. They move before a sky of fluctuating suggestions and cloud-like hints; they issue out of abysses that are their native homes, and carry with them an air of primeval mystery and wonder, that dilates and glides away before the mind that attempts to grasp it; they are psychologically true to the aspects they present. The incarnations of the Greeks were more statuesque, definite, and fixed. Their religion, except in the interpretation of Plato and a few others — was material, rather

than spiritual; and (if we are not pushing the matter too far) their clear and crystal climate, showing distant as well as close objects in all their sharpness of outline, may have encouraged a similar keenly-defined and marmoreal character in their genius. Our climate, on the contrary, casts a sort of veil even over familiar things, and throws the mind in upon itself, forcing it to contemplate the riddle of its own existence.

In a recent number of Household Words* we quoted a passage from Stowe, which appears to have suggested to Shakespeare the idea of Sycorax, Caliban, and the other monsters of the Tempest; but, according to some commentators, he was indebted in this particular to Sylvester Jourdan's account of the discovery of the Bermudas. These islands, from the dreadful storms which were continually raging round them, and perhaps from their far outlying in the lonely sea, as well as from the barren and deserted character of the coasts, were supposed to be enchanted, and to be under the especial patronage of the Devil, after whom, indeed, they were sometimes named; and it is related that when Sir George Somers was wrecked here in the reign of James the First, a sea-monster, having some affinity to a man, had the courtesy to present himself. Pomponius Mela mentions a race of Africans called Blemmii, who, being without heads, had their eyes and mouth in their breasts. Shakespeare was probably acquainted with this fiction, and thus derived a suggestion which he has embodied in the remark of Gonzalo, after the disappearance of the strange shapes which carry in the banquet: —

> When we were boys,
> Who would believe that there were mountaineers
> Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
> Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
> Whose heads stood in their breasts?
> Act iii. sc. 3.

Othello, also, speaks of

> Men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.
> Act. i. sc. 3.

Malone seems to think that Shakespeare derived his knowledge of these phenomena from Sir Walter Raleigh, who gives an account of them in his Description of Guiana — a book, says the commentator, that, without doubt, Shakespeare had read. St. Augustine testifies to the existence of the same hobgoblins in Ethiopia. In his thirty-third sermon, entitled To his Brothers in the Desert, he says: — I was already Bishop of Hippo when I went into Ethiopia, with some servants of Christ, to preach the Gospel there. We saw in this country many men and women without heads, who had two large eyes in their chests. If the bishop stayed long

* See A Scientific Figment, Vol. XXIX. p. 295.

in this surprising land, a man with an ordinary cranium must have been as much a matter of wonder to him as the contrary was at first. An Eastern sorcerer, of the name of Setteiah, is recorded to have had his head in his bosom, and to have otherwise departed from the characteristics of humanity to an extent, and in a manner truly ghastly, though dashed with the ludicrous. He had no bones at all in his body, except in his skull, and at the ends of his fingers. He could neither stand nor sit upright, unless when swollen with anger; and his body was so pliant that, if it was desired to move him from one place to another, he was folded up like a garment; after which, before he could be consulted, it was necessary to roll him backward and forward on the floor.*

Pomponius Mela mentions another race of African prodigies called Ægypani, who were human above the waist and goatish below it, — a kind of satyrs. Well might the poet talk of

> All monsters which hot Africke forth doth send
> 'Twixt Nilus, Atlas, and the southern cape.
>
> FAIRFAX'S Tasso.

But modern speculation has been here, as everywhere else, disenchanting our magic regions, and showing all their wonders to be literal facts exaggerated. Satyrs were baboons or apes; and the gentlemen with their eyes and mouths in their breasts, were simply a race of high-shouldered, short-necked individuals, with heads proportionably depressed, and partly concealed by their shoulders and their long thick hair. Readers of the Tempest, however, will not suffer so matter-of-fact an explanation to enter those far-off marvellous islands, where the very earth is startled into strange life by the ceaseless thunders that surge over it.

Ethiopia, according to Pliny, not only produced pigmies, but also a race of people without any noses — having perfectly plain and flat visages; another without lips; and a third tongueless. Those who were minus the nasal organ were probably negroes, in whom that feature is never prominent. Bion testifies to the existence of a nation called Nigræ, whose king had but one eye to bless himself with; which may have been intended as a covert satire upon the semi-blindness frequently attributed, by the unbelieving, to the kingly office. It does not appear that the subjects of his Polyphemic majesty were at all deficient in their visual powers; but a moiety of what they possessed in full seems to have been the chief prerogative of the head of their army, law, and church, and probably one of the evidences of his divine right. Ethiopia also produces the Troglodytes, or cave-dwellers, who are the swiftest-

* See Price's Essay towards the History of Arabia.

footed of all men, and who feed upon serpents, lizards, and other reptiles. They speak a language like no other, says Herodotus, but screech like bats.

Great, however, as Africa was in the production of marvels, it must yield to India. For many centuries that remote region was to Europeans a land of enchantment and dreams. Whatever was most fantastic, most portentous, most rich and strange, most gorgeous, or most vision-like, had there its natural and long-abiding home. The mountains, rivers, and seas that bound the territory of the Hindus, were to the western nations like the talismanic circles of a magician, holding within themselves all the vastness of the preternatural world. Apollonius of Tyana, dissatisfied with any less prodigious limitation to such a domain of prodigies, has surrounded India with a zone of intertangled dragons. But the very facts that had been ascertained concerning the country, helped to encourage that overshadowing faith in the marvellous in which Europeans were disposed to regard it. The spirit of an awful antiquity seemed to dwell there like a visible presence. The people themselves appeared priestlike, and familiar with mysteries and the remote origin of things. Little being known of their daily life, the wildest shapes of the imagination did not meet with any abrupt contradictions, which might have made them simply ludicrous, but seemed to walk within a sphere of wonder, peculiar to themselves, and uninvaded by the outer world. For, until comparatively recent times, this land of marvels was rarely entered by western visitors; and fiction was left to luxuriate undisturbed, in rich and heavy overgrowth.

Successive generations of travellers and geographical writers, from Ctesias down to Sir John Mandeville, have concurred in filling India with bewildering phantasms. This has been in some measure accounted for by a recent writer, who remarks that Ctesias appears to have taken sculptured symbols for the representation of real existing creatures; all the anomalies described by him being still found represented on the walls of the pagodas or temples, as types of the Hindu mythology. It would be tedious to mention all the monstrous shapes that were the common-places and familiar things of the lands beyond the Indus; but these are some of the most remarkable: — Men and women with dogs' heads, who, says Mandeville, be right fierce, and talk not as other men, but bark as dogs; men with only one leg, warranted by the same authority to be right nimble and fast to go, by leaping and hopping with the one leg; others whose ears reached to the ground;* others with their feet

* In the fourth book (canto seven) of the Faery Queene, we have a wild man

reversed; pigmies (for these were supposed to exist in India as well as in Ethiopia); the dreadful beast mantichora (of whom more presently); dragons, griffins, and four-footed birds as large as wolves. There is also a people of India called Astomi, who dwell about the fountains of Ganges, hairy all over like the down that grows on leaves of trees: they are likewise said to have no mouths. Pliny places them in India; and others, with more probability in the heart of Africke. The original of this fable about them is derived from a custom of certain Africans beyond Senega, a branch of the river Niger. These people, counting it a disgrace to show their faces, gave occasion to others to say they had no mouths.

Mr. M'Farlane, in his amusing Romance of Travel in the East, gives an account of an illuminated manuscript copy of Mandeville's works preserved in the British Museum, in which the artist has vied with the author in the production of the most astounding forms. Here, says Mr. M'Farlane, sprawls a Caliban sort of Ethiopian; he is lying on his back under a scorching sun; he has only one leg, and that is up in the air; but the foot of that leg is so long and so broad that it serves to shade both body and head from its burning rays. [Pliny mentions a race of men called Sciapodes, on account of their sheltering themselves under this singular kind of umbrella; and Apollonius of Tyana heard of, but did not see them when he was in India.] Here again we have the lively effigies of a man with a projecting upper lip, which looks like the truncated trunk of an elephant, covering and totally concealing mouth, chin, and neck. Here are men and women without any head at all, but with eyes in their chests, and gasping, semi-lunar mouths in the front of their bellies. And here our artist gives us a picture of men that have beards as it were cats' tails. He paints us green-faced people, and blue-faced people; but that which surpassed his art was to give the transition stage of a people, described by his author, who change from red to black. As we pass from human form divine to the brute creation, we find our limner or author still more inventive. The hippopotamus is turned into a centaur and cannibal; for, In the kingdom of Bactria be ypotaims that dwell sometimes on land and sometimes in water; and are half man and half horse, and do

of the woods, whose ears reach down to his waist —

More great than th' eares of elephants by Indus' flood.

It is remarkable that the whole description of this monster resembles that given of the one-eyed ogre in the third voyage of Sinbad the Sailor; of whom it is said: His fore-teeth were very long and sharp, and stood out of his mouth, which was as deep as that of a horse; his upper lip hung down upon his breast; his ears resembled those of an elephant, and covered his shoulders; and his nails were as long and crooked as the talons of the greatest birds.

feed on men when they can get them.

It is but fair to Sir John Mandeville to observe with Mr. M'Farlane that he does not pretend to have seen with his own eyes all the marvels he relates; but, in many cases, only repeats information communicated to him by men upon whose veracity he thought he could rely. He seems also to have derived much of his fabulous matter from Pliny and other Roman and Greek writers; besides which, it appears that great liberties have been taken with his text, both in the MS. copies and in the printed editions of his travels. There can be little doubt, however, that Sir John's faith, like that of all his contemporaries, was large and trusting. It was essentially an age of faith. The philosophising Academies of Greece and Alexandria had been long extinct; the Church interpretations of Christianity had opened a larger, but more vague and shadowy, world; and the modern habits of enquiry and ratiocination had not commenced. Mandeville, therefore, lived at the right time for turning geography into romance; and he has not omitted to do so. One reads the voyages of this great wit, says the Tatler (No. 254), with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground and fairy-land.

It is not to be expected that a man like Apollonius of Tyana could travel into India without seeing many marvels and prodigies. He hears, however, of some more wondrous still, which he has not the good luck to behold with his own eyes, and to which his biographer, Philostratus, thinks entire credit should not be given, nor yet altogether withheld, though the Indian sage Jarchas repudiates all knowledge of them. Nevertheless, Philostratus conceives it necessary to describe them in full. Among these, is the half-human beast martichora — or mantichora, as Pliny has it — which is of the number of quadrupeds, has a head like a man's, is as large as a lion, with a tail from which bristles grow of the length of a cubit, all as sharp as prickles, which it shoots forth like so many arrows against its pursuers. — (Life of Apollonius, book iii., chap. 45.) A further account of this tremendous monster is to be found in Pliny's Natural History, book viii., chap. 21; but, for a concentration of all imaginable and unimaginable horrors, take the following rapid definition of him from Florio's Italian Dictionary: — A wild beast in China and India, with three ranks of teeth, cloven-footed, face and ears like a man, bodied like a lion, with a sting in his tail as a scorpion, a voice sounding like a flute and trumpet together; and covets much to feed on man's flesh. There is something in the style of this passage like the

matter-of-fact description of an ordinary runaway culprit, or of the person referred to in a continental passport; yet what a fearful idea does it give one of this many-natured mystery of a beast, who, notwithstanding his ghastly and incongruous features, has a voice that speaks in music! An anomalous creature always derives additional horror from having a resemblance to humanity: but the fluty-trumpet voice of the mantichora has something in it almost pathetic and reconciling. It makes us think that, perhaps, after all, he has a touch of humanity within him, as well as in his exterior aspect; that he has been jostled and huddled, by some grim mistake, into his irreconcileable and self-contradictory form; that he is forced by the same tremendous fate into acts of cruelty and bloody longings for which he has an inward loathing; and that, between his sanguinary fits, he solaces himself with sweet sad tones of melody. Does he ever retire into deserts and still places, this thing, smitten with shame and horror of himself, and there, out of the dreadful human mouth, people the loneliness with sounds of lamentation and remorse? Has he a yearning to be altogether human, inextricably blended and incorporated (like contradictions in dreams) with a shuddering appetite for human blood? Perhaps he is an allegory of those strange anomalies of men in whose natures the bestial and the divine are perpetually struggling for mastery.

It has been thought — and with great appearance of probability — that the mantichora is a poetical exaggeration of the hyena, the face of which animal has a certain ghastly resemblance to humanity, especially when it is grinning. The peculiar sound like laughter, for which it is celebrated, would also encourage the growth of the fiction. Spenser (in book iii., c. 7, of the Faery Queene) thus describes an anomalous beast, which he compares to an hyena: —

> Eftsoones out of her hidden cave she cald
> An hideous beast of horrible aspect,
> That could the stoutest corage have appald;
> Monstrous, mishapt, and all his back was spect
> With thousand spots of colours queint elect:
> Thereto so swifte, that it all beasts did pas.
> Like never yet did living ele detect;
> But likest it to an hyena was,
> That feeds on women's flesh, as others feede on gras.

The designation man-tegar, or man-tiger, applied to a species of ape, has been derived from a misinterpretation of the meaning of the word mantichora.

Another explanation of this fable is suggested by the alleged fact that, in the northern parts of India (as the readers of Household Words have already been made aware), wolves have been known to carry off human children — some of whom have been suckled and reared by the females, and have been subsequent-

ly discovered horribly degenerated into a kind of wild beasts. If this phenomenon be true, it brings our childhood's story of Orson, as well as the classical tradition of Romulus and Remus, within the bounds of possibility.

Fable also tells us of a bird with a human countenance and cannibal tendencies, which dies of horror of itself. Fuller, the Church historian, thus finely alludes to this awful creature: — I have read of a bird which hath a face like, and yet will prey upon, a man; who, coming to the water to drink, and finding there, by reflection, that he had killed one like himself pineth away by degrees, and never afterwards enjoyeth itself. Lamb, after quoting this passage in his Essays, remarks: — I do not know where Fuller read of this bird; but a more awful and affecting story in Natural History, or rather in that fabulous Natural History where poets and mythologists found the phœnix and the unicorn, and other strange fowl, is nowhere extant. It is a fable which Sir Thomas Browne, if he had heard of it, would have exploded among his Vulgar Errors; but the delight he would have taken in the discussing of its probabilities would have shown that the truth of the fact, though the avowed object of his search, was not so much the motive which put him upon the investigation, as those hidden affinities and poetical analogies — those essential verities in the application of strange fable — which made him linger with such reluctant delay among the last fading lights of popular tradition, and not seldom to conjure up a superstition, that had been long extinct, from its dusty grave, to inter it himself with greater ceremonies and solemnities of burial. This subtle piece of criticism should be borne in mind by the reader. Fiction is often the symbol of those perceptions beyond thought which dwell in the remote solitudes of the soul.

Scythia, as well as Africa and India, was celebrated among the ancients for its monstrous productions. This country was perhaps less known to the Greeks and Romans than any other, of the existence of which they were at all aware; and the imagination would therefore naturally run riot with regard to it. Even the grave and judicious Herodotus tells us of the one-eyed Arimaspians, who steal gold from the jealous guardianship of gigantic griffins (see book iii., chap. 116); a tradition which furnished Milton with a grand simile in the second book of Paradise Lost. To vindicate his veracity, the historian concludes his account by an assurance that he does not believe "that men are born with one eye, and yet in other respects resemble the rest of mankind. However," he adds, as though desirous that the case should be stated fairly on both sides, "the extremities of the world seem to surround and enclose the rest of the earth, and to

possess those productions which we account most excellent and rare." The one eye of the Arimaspians has been said to mean nothing more than that they closed one eye when shooting with the bow.

Herodotus also speaks of men who are naturally bald all their lives, from their birth to their death; of a race of mountaineers with goats' feet (which "to me," he says, "is incredible"); of men who sleep six months at a time ("but this I do not at all admit"); and of others who can at their pleasure turn themselves into wolves, and with equal ease resume their natural shape. There was also a Scythian race, called Panoti, whose ears covered their whole bodies; and one of the chief kings of the country, whose name was Scythes (whence Scythia), was half a man and half a serpent. According to Herodotus, he was a son of Hercules, by a half human, half-snaky mother.

Of the well-known monsters of classic fable, Gorgons, Hydras, Centaurs, the Sphinx, the Chimæra (properly so called), the Minotaur, the dog Cerberus, and others, it will be unnecessary here to speak, since all are acquainted with them; but we should not be discharging our task fitly, were we to omit glancing at the fearful progeny of the sea, — of the "great abyss of waters," which Milton emphatically calls, "the monstrous world." We have observed, at the commencement of this paper, that many of the animals really existing in the ocean, appear to our human perceptions more like the result of some accidental combination of matter than the harmonious creations of an all-wise Providence. There is something shudderingly horrible and dreary in the aspect of (for instance) the sea-devil, with its bat-like wings — the hippocampus, half horsy and half serpentine — the orbis, a mere lump of flesh joined to a tail and fins — the toad-fish, with a face like a shattered human visage occupying nearly the whole body, — and many others. We fancy that we can see in the eyes of some of these bewildering shapes, a sense of the weight and loneliness of the eternal waters. This, it is true, is but the transference to them of our own earthly sensations; for the dwellers in the deep are doubtless as happy in their element as we are in ours. But we have no means of sympathising with creatures whose lives are so totally distinct from humanity; who seem to have no home, no abiding-place, no nest, no haven for repose and love, nothing beside the vastness, and the solitude, and the weltering of the ancient sea.

Fantastic, however, as Nature herself has been in this part of her domain, Superstition has surpassed her. Poetry, also, has not forgotten her divine mission to create. Romance has been out upon the pathless waters, and brought back news of its inhabitants, mingling facts with fancies.

And. Investigation itself, in its early days, has babbled to the world of prodigies within the ocean depths as strange and appalling as any within the limits of acknowledged Fable.

We have already quoted a passage from the Faery Queene, touching sea-monsters; but the catalogue which the poet goes on to give us, is so fearfully fine, and is such a condensed cyclopædia of fabulous marine zoology, that we cannot forbear appending it: —

Spring-headed hydres, and sea-shouldering whales;
Great whirlpools, which all fishes make to flee;
Bright scolopendraes, armd with silver scales;
Mighty monoceros, with immeasured tayles;

The dreadfull fish that hath deserved the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew;
The griesly wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnes to pursew;
The horrible sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme;
Huge ziffins, whom mariners eschew
No lesse than rockes, as travellers informe;
And greedy rosmarines, with visages deforme.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise and hollow rombling rore
Came rushing, in the fomy waves enrold.
Book ii. c. 12.

What a passionate earnestness, as though the writer had been really scared with his own imagination, is there in the above repetition of the word "thousand!"

Olaus Magnus Archbishop of Upsal, in Sweden, who lived in the sixteenth century, is one of the chief authorities in support of the wild stories which were once in circulation respecting sea-monsters. He tells us of a species of fish seen on the coast of Norway, whose eyes, which are eight or ten cubits in circumference, appear, when glaring upward from the black chasmy water-depths, like red and fiery lamps; of the "whirlpool," or prister, who is "two hundred cubits long, and very cruel," — who amuses himself by upsetting ships, which he securely fastens by entangling them in the windings of his long tail, and who is most readily put to flight by the sound of a trumpet of war, cannon-balls being utterly ineffective; of a sea-serpent (resembling that astounding phantom of the deep of which we have heard so much lately) who goes ashore on clear summer nights, to regale himself on calves, lambs, and hogs, and who "puts up his head like a pillar, and catcheth away men" from off the decks of ships; and of other marvels too numerous to mention. But we are, even yet, so imperfectly acquainted with the multiform vitality of the ocean, that we must take care we are not treading unawares upon the remote twilight boundaries of fact. Are scientific enquirers yet sure that those strangely vanishing islands,

which at times appear and disappear in the solitary northern seas, are not the prominent parts of some stupendous kraken?

Sindbad, in his First Voyage, beholds certain "fishes about a cubit in length, that had heads like owls;" and a commentator on the Arabian Nights, says, that Martini (a Jesuit of the seventeenth century, who resided many years in China) "mentions fishes with bird's faces in the China seas." In his Third Voyage the Arabian Ulysses perceived near one of the oriental islands, "a fish which looked like a cow, and gave milk," and the skin of which was "so hard that they usually made bucklers of it." He also saw in the same locality, a sea-monster "which had the shape and colour of a camel." But these are nothing in comparison with a fish seen by our English mariner, Philip Quarll, off the coast of his desert island. This phenomenon, which, in its incongruous components, somewhat resembles the mantichora, is described as "a form without likeness, and yet comparable to the most terrible part of every frightful creature: a large head, resembling that of a lion, bearing three pair of horns, one pair upright like that of an antelope, another pair like a wild goat's, two more bending backwards; its face armed all round with darts like a porcupine; vast great eyes, sparkling like a flint struck with a steel; its nose like a wild horse, always snarling; the mouth of a lion, and the teeth of a panther; the fences of an elephant, and the tusks of a wild boar; shouldered like a giant, with claws like an eagle; bodied and covered with shells like a rhinoceros; and the colour of a crocodile."

We do not know of more than one singing fish, and that is the individual who was celebrated in one of Master Autolycus's ballads, and who "appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday, the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. It was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true." (Winter's Tale, Act fourth, Scene third.) The "truth" of this narration, it appears, was attested by "five justices' hands," besides a host of less worshipful witnesses. The most extraordinary sea-beast, however, of which we have ever heard, is one which was beheld by an old Mahometan traveller of the fourteenth century — Ibn Batuta — in the likeness of a ship illuminated by many torches, and which made periodical visits off the coast of one of the Maldive Islands!

With these "most delicate monsters" we must conclude our list of marine and other prodigies, or we shall be so addled as not to be able to recognise common things for what they are.

THE CHINAMAN'S PARSON.

ACCORDING to the Shooking, one of the most ancient of the Chinese classics, it was, about four thousand years ago, a Chinese custom, each year, at the opening of spring, for a certain personage to deliver instructions to the people, travelling up and down the highways, and calling their attention thereto, by striking on a wooden cylinder, or drum. The object of the drumming was to rouse the people, so that on the return of spring they might bestir themselves, and go to work with all their wits about them.

One or two thousand years later, under the Chow dynasty, part of the first day of every month was devoted to an expounding of the Chinese laws; but the custom grew into desuetude on the establishment, about two hundred years since, of the Tartar dynasty, now tumbling from the throne, the practice of public lecturing was revived, and is now in force twice a month, at new and at full moon. Although in the provinces the preacher shirks his work, in the chief towns one may often have an opportunity of hearing him.

A few years ago I witnessed the ceremony in the city of Shanghai, on the first day of new moon, in the grand hall of the city temple. Shortly after sunrise, the civil and military authorities of the place met in full dress at the public office of their chief official. At a given signal, the procession moved; the officers in their sedans, servants on foot, every man placed according to his rank. The approach of the show towards the temple was announced by gongs and the shouts of runners calling on the public to keep silence and retire. A salvo of three popguns announced the arrival of the company at the gates of the great hall that had already been duly decorated for the occasion. After the officers had left their sedans, the master of ceremonies ordered them first to stand up, each in his own place, and then to kneel three times; bowing their heads nine times, their bodies directed, towards Peking, the residence of the emperor, and before a small tablet that bore an inscription in honour of his long-lived majesty. They were next called upon to rise and retire into a small chamber, where tea and refreshments were served.

The spectators, having nothing more to see in this direction, gathered round a narrow platform, on which stood the public reader, with a desk and book before him. The crowd consisted of mere saunterers, a few fishmongers and other people from the neighbourhood. When silence was obtained the public instructor announced the maxim, or text, appointed for the day — it was selected from the book

upon his desk — and he proceeded to explain its meaning.

The service being concluded, the authorities moved off much in the same order in which they came, and the assembled multitude retired.

The book from which the expounder gave out the lesson is the one universally used on these occasions, and the only one sanctioned by government for this especial purpose. It is named the "Shing-yu," a book sometimes known to foreigners as "The Sacred Edict," though more properly translated, The Book of Sage Maxims, or wise sayings. It is large, although not bulky — a manual in clear print. The ground-work consists of sixteen special apothegms, originally delivered in an edict by Kanghee, the second Tartar emperor, not long before his death. These sixteen texts bear upon the several duties of life, or what his Imperial Highness deemed the points most necessary to be punctually observed by his subjects. Their intention, and of all the preaching founded on them, was, of course, political. They were copied out of the imperial ukase in which they originally appeared, and inscribed on slips of bamboo, which were stuck up in public offices; some of these slips, it is said, are extant at the present day. Yoong-ching, son and successor of the Emperor Kanghee, further to carry out the designs of his father, drew up a commentary on the sixteen texts. In explanation of his object, he remarks: "We have, with the most profound care, searched out these sixteen lofty maxims, explained their meaning, and amplified the style by the addition of some ten thousand words; so that we may denominate it a full explanation of the wise sayings. We have drawn our illustrations from every available subject, and have used every method to find appropriate expressions by which the sense could be clearly given."

Subsequently, it was still found that the grand object sought for by the imperial authors was not easily secured. The people did not profit so much as had been expected. The language of the Commentary, being artificial and classical, was too high for the majority of readers and hearers. Accordingly, those officers who felt peculiar anxiety to be real teachers of the people, thought fit to give an easier interpretation by help of the vulgar dialects. Wang-yewpo, on the other hand, in the province of Shensee, put the imperial work into the Mandarin language, and enlarged it by the introduction of common sayings, colloquial phrases, and a variety of significant illustrations. This Mandarin paraphrase is now generally printed and bound up along with the general maxims of Kanghee and the Commentary of his son Yoong-ching.

Some officials, again, not quite

satisfied that the Mandarin tongue can be adequately caught by the crowding throngs, require that the text of Wang-yewpo should, as far as possible, be read off in the vulgar patois of the districts under their rule. In a Tartar community the Mantchoo version is used. In the case under my own experience, the address was delivered in the Shanghai dialect proper to the spot.

I have by me a Canton edition of the "Wise Maxims," published in the year eighteen hundred and fifteen, during the reign of the Emperor Kiakeng, the preface to which was penned by a local officer of some standing in the province of Canton. As editor, he says, "This interpretation of Wang-yewpo's was written in the northern dialect, most perspicuously and fully, not leaving any part of the sense unexplained. Having received it and read it, your Majesty's humble servant became insensibly delighted with the paraphrase, and ordered the academical officer to search among the second class of literary candidates, and select four individuals whose teeth and mouth seemed formed for clear and distinct enunciation, that on the first and fifteenth of each moon they might read the original text in the Canton dialect. These said Maxims your humble servant has widely distributed throughout the districts in this province, and has given it to the local officers, who, in fact, are appointed to be the pastors of the people, requiring that they should extensively proclaim the same, and not leave one person (even in the huts that may be thinly scattered along the coast) ignorant and perverse.

Thus far we have dwelt chiefly on the word of mouth proclamation of the texts of the preacher, Kanghee. But the press is also active in issuing the same maxims in sundry shapes, and circulating them throughout the empire. Several officials of repute, at different times and in various places, have on their own responsibility printed editions for free distribution among their people. At present there is circulating through the empire a vast supply of this Book of Sage Maxims, in full and abridged editions; in the largest and the smallest text; in handsome volumes, and in cheap, crabbed little reprints. The Sixteen Maxims are not found only in books; sometimes they are inscribed on slips of bamboo or wood, sometimes engraved on seals. Then, again, the work has been versified, for the benefit of children. There are now upon my desk three different samples of it. One is the full-sized edition; another is of a watch-pocket size; the third is a stamp, or seal (the face of which is one inch wide by half an inch deep), with the sixteen maxims carved upon its face.

Enough has been said to make it proper that I should add a translation of these proverbs, and

I should begin by noting that each of the sixteen consists of seven characters — the first three conveying the lesson, the last three the object to be gained; the middle character being the same in each, and equivalent to the English "in order to," "so that." The following are the maxims themselves:

First. — "Pay all necessary regard to filial and fraternal duties, so that you may give due importance to the various relations of life.

Second. — "Respect your whole kindred, so that you may display genuine harmony.

Third. — "Let concord prevail between neighbouring clans, so that you may put an end to quarrels and strifes.

Fourth. — "Let just importance be placed on agriculture and the cultivation of the mulberry-tree, so that we may secure a sufficient supply of food and clothing.

Fifth. — "Be particular in habits of economy, in order to be careful in the expenditure of money.

Sixth. — "Set the highest estimate possible on academical learning, so that you may advance the scholar.

Seventh. — "Put away all strange notions, in order to pay the profoundest respect to the instruction that is correct and upright.

Eighth. — "Explain the laws, in order to warn the ignorant and stubborn.

Ninth. — "Make yourself clearly acquainted with the rules of politeness and propriety, so that you may improve your manners.

Tenth. — "Let each man attend to his own calling; so that decision of character may be given to the mind of the public mass.

Eleventh. — "Instruct the rising generation, in order to check evil habits and practices.

Twelfth. — "Put down false speaking and accusation, so that you may protect and rescue the honest and the innocent.

Thirteenth. — "Carefully warn people against concealing fugitive deserters, so that they may not fall into the same mischief with them.

Fourteenth. — "Pay up all the taxes as early as possible, in order to stop the dinning application of the tax-gatherer.

Fifteenth. — "A strict police surveillance ought to be kept up in every town and village, so that you may have effectual means of checking theft and robbery.

Sixteenth. — "Do not cherish any feeling of revenge or animosity, in order that you may set a proper value upon human life."

The principles embodied in the Sage Maxims of Kanghee, and in their commentaries or paraphrases, are, so far as they go, unexceptionable, being worthy of the dictates of common sense, and inferences from human experience and observation. Nevertheless, it is to be observed that, professing, as the book does, to define the whole duty of man, there is nothing said in it of relations that are beyond man, earth, and time. In this respect, then, then morality of these "words of wisdom" must be pronounced to be found wanting. Their final object is laid down by the emperor Yoong-ching in the words, "that all cherishing the spirit of kindness and courtesy, might enjoy an eternal reign of peace." To promote political morality, to get the taxes punctually paid, and to save trouble to the occupier of the throne, securing for him, rather than for his subjects, "the reign of peace," was obviously the purpose of the Tartar maxims. Nevertheless, they are not to be blamed. The religion of the Chinese rarely takes a higher flight. Seldom does the Chinese preacher, never does the Chinese hearer, look beyond the world in which he lives.

HONOUR.

Honour is tender human love,
Late seen and touched by each of us,
Again descended from above,
And changed to be ubiquitous.
Noli me tangere! 'T is grown
Conscious of self: yet if the way
Of Honour is to have his own,
'T is but in care that others may.
He plies no self-suspecting strife
His own repute with men to raise;
He thinks them just; and lives his life
Conferring, not beseeching praise.
He greatly scorns their faithless mood
Who, traitors to the social tie,
Believe the ill before the good,
And benefit of doubt deny;
And nobly, when he cannot know
Whether a 'scutcheon's dubious field
Carries a falcon, or a crow,
Blazons a falcon on the shield:
Yet careful ever not to hurt
God's honour who creates success,
His praise of even the best desert
Is but to have presumed no less;
And, should his own deed plaudits bring,
He 's simply vex'd at heart that such
An easy, yea, delightful thing
Should move the minds of men so much.
His home is home; his chosen lot
A private place and private name;
But, if the world's want calls, he 'll not
Refuse the indignities of fame.

BRIGHT CHANTICLEER.

It must have happened to most reasonable persons who have practically studied the "Trivia" of Mr. John Gay, and have endeavoured to adapt its maxims to common use in the difficult feat of walking the streets of London, to have made a miserable mistake in the attempt to accomplish a short cut from the Strand to Oxford Street, and after some hours of desperate and frantic marching, and countermarching, to discover themselves hopelessly and irretrievably lost in Seven Dials. I ought to be tolerably well up in my Dials, for I lived in Great Saint Andrew Street, once; yet I declare that I never yet knew the exact way, in or out of that sevenfold mystery. There is always one thing wanting to solve the topographical enigma. My first, my second, and so on — up to my sixth — inclusive, of this charade of streets, I have, after long years of study and experience, mastered; but my seventh is yet in the limbo of things unknown; and, for want of it, I can't unravel the riddle of Seven Dials at all. So have I known, and know. I know a most estimable young married lady who has an admirable recipe for plum-pudding; aye, and could make it as admirably, but for one little thing. What that little thing is — salt, sugar, spice, an egg the more, or a table-spoon of flour the less — she, I, no one can tell, — but for the want of the one little thing unknown the pudding is invariably spoilt — to the casting of gloom over Christmas and the overflowing of tears from the hostess. Many of the delicious condiments stick to the cloth, and what does come to table of the meritorious, because the well-meant pudding is a stodgy mass of geology boiled soft — the clayey formation very apparent, and the red sand-stone uppermost.

Supposing the peripatetic to have well lost himself in Seven Dials; supposing him to have pa-

as to "what it was fur?" and how he managed to effect his escape; many of a misanthropic turn of mind pronounce the whole transaction "gammon" — but buy a halfpennyworth, notwithstanding; while one individual who stands a little aloof, chewing the cud of reflection and a flower-stalk — a gentleman whose jacket is of velveteen, greasy; whose trousers are of corduroy, also greasy; whose neck is of the bull's, whose mouth of the mastiff's, whose eye of the wolf's; about whose breast-pocket there is a certain bulging, as if he kept his life-preserver there; this gentleman says nothing; but, as William Cockburn descants upon the horrors of transportation, he softly whistles, and I really think he could if he chose tell William Cockburn a few things concerning Woolwich, broad arrows, fetters and bayonets, which would astonish him. I think, too, that he could produce a more interesting piece of reading than one of William's halfpenny cocks, in the shape of an unpretending parchment document, which Lord Viscount Palmerston has taken the trouble to sign and Lieutenant-Colonel Jebb to endorse, and which is commonly known as a ticket, and of leave. And I think that the policeman who comes up all at once like a sirocco, and scatters the whole assemblage — William Cockburn, fetters, banner, and audience and all — to the four winds, shares my opinion; for he looks at the flower chewer, and the flower chewer looks at him, and so takes his life-preserver, his ticket of leave, and himself down an infamous alley, and is seen no more.

While the fetters of Cockburn the transported, jingle away into the extreme distance, another dealer starts up on the opposite side of the way. Banner, water-coloured cartoons, pile of papers: he has all these; but he is simply clad in a shabby suit of black, and wears nor fetters, nor parti-coloured prison dress. A red nose, in passing, I may remark, is common to the whole confraternity. The man in black is bellowing forth the recital of the horrid, cruel, and barbarous murder of a clergyman and five children by gipsies in the north of England, all for one halfpenny. In the next street another banner, another pile of paper, and a Seven Dials Demosthenes in the midst of a philippic on some curious passages in the life of the Reverend Mr. B— and the widow of General S—, with the whole of the correspondence between the parties; only one halfpenny. Some half dozen yards from him may be another industrial, declaiming the particulars of the Dreadful Assassination of a Lieutenant in the Navy by a young Lady of Quality whom he had deceived and deserted — the perfidious lieutenant being represented in the ordinarily violent water-colours, as receiving his death-blow from the explosion

of a pistol, held by the young lady, who is in pink satin with many flounces. Further on, we have Revelations of High Life in connection with the late Mysterious Affair, by the unfortunate Earl of C—; an imaginary conversation between the Pope of Rome and the Earl of Aberdeen, and one between the Emperor of Russia and the Devil. Further on again, a full account of the late serious Catastrophe between a certain Judge and a well-known Countess; Death-bed Confession of Doctor Richard G—; and Awful and feariocious cruelty of a Mother in humble life, attaching black beetles confined in walnut shells upon the eyes of her four young children, and in that state sending them out to beg in the public streets: these, all illustrated by the water colours on the banners, mostly interspersed with snatches of doggrel verse and hoarse melody, and all price one halfpenny, are among the thousand and one bright chanticleers that form the Seven Dials day and night entertainments.

Now, all these chanticleers, the crowing whereof you may hear any time you happen to lose your way in Seven Dials, and with which, to a smaller extent, you may be favoured in most of the back streets — in Clare, Newport, and Portman Market, in Holborn, Leather Lane, the Brill at Somer's Town, Tottenham Court Road, the New Cut, and the Waterloo Road — are all egregious, barefaced falsehoods. The lieutenant in the navy has been assassinated by the young lady of quality any time these twenty-five years; the unfortunate Earl of C— is the unfortunate earl of nowhere; the story of the Reverend Mr. B— and the widow of General S— is as old and as trustworthy as that of the unfortunate Miss Bailey and her garters; the death-bed confession dates from the time of the Princess Charlotte's death; and William Cockburn probably never suffered any greater judicial inflictions than were comprised in an occasional month upon the treadmill as a rogue and vagabond. The public — particularly the Seven-Dials public — must always have some excitement. It is fond of a good war; it is fonder still, much fonder, of a good murder; it does not turn up its nose at a shipwreck or a fire, when the particulars are sufficiently horrifying, and the number of lives lost sufficiently numerous. But the public cannot always be accommodated with a good war, murder, shipwreck, or fire. It will sometimes happen that nations will shake hands, and individuals with the bump of destructiveness will refrain from cutting up their near relatives, and sending them off, packed in tarpaulin, by railway. Ships do sometimes reach their destinations with[illegible] any tribulation to the under[illegible]iters at Lloyds, and Mr. Bra[illegible] is now and then enabled

a peaceable night's rest. Then, the chief of the London Fire Brigade, the unfortunate Earl of C— is roused from his slumbers in a back garret; the naval officer who used the young lady of quality so cruelly, is deservedly put once more to the torture of the printing-machine, and worked off into so many quires; the inhuman mother again places walnut-shells, with live black beetles in them, upon the eyes of her helpless children, as she has been accustomed to do on and off during the last half-century; and the barbarous and cruel murder of the clergyman in the North of England is repeated.

The inhabitants of the Dials never seem to become tired of these absurd figments. To some old and middle-aged Dialists, the stories, the doggrel verses, the wretched daubs on the banners must have been familiar since they were little children; yet to them the monstrosities shouted forth by the hoarse voices of the patterers, seem always as welcome, though quite as stale, as the threadbare jokes of Mr. Merryman, the clown at the circus. I have studied Seven Dials in their connection with patterers these fifteen years durant; and I am of opinion that the older the cock the more it is admired. It takes a long time for a new thing to impress itself upon the Seven Dials mind. Soap, although patent, is scarcely yet [illegible] in that district. Water [illegible] looked upon in the light of a frivolous innovation, and clean shirts are regarded as new-fangled inventions. Thus it is in more places than Seven Dials. Tradition, ridiculous, obsolete, barbarous, hurtful as it may be, is ever looked upon with some sort of reverence and affection; and the good old joke, the good old cesspool, the good old tax, the good old job, the good old gallows, and the good old times, abandoned, and are called good because they are pertinaciously retained or reluctantly are old.

Thus, though a printed broad-sheet with a full and particular account of the capture of Sebastopol, the assassination of the Emperor of Russia by the King of Prussia (while excited by champagne); or the blowing up of the New Houses of Parliament by some modern Guy Fawkes, might cause a transitory excitement in the Dials; while a few new steps might be hewn out of Parnassus by a doggrel ballad upon some passing subject — Bloomerism, Popery, Potichomania, or Cochin China fowls — the Diallian interest will always be found to revert to the old murders and ballads. The day passes, these chanticleers pass not away. Fresh assassins are hanged month after month; but the last dying speech and confession of John Thurtell or William Corder, still continue to serve for the valediction of every murderer executed. Seven Dials are eminently conservative. Sam Hall only found favour in their

eyes because he was hanged as far back as the reign of Queen Anne (and it is possible that even then the ruffianly sweep was only a hash up of some footpad of the reign of James the First). Willikins and his Dinah are tolerated in the Dials as a popular melody; but the veterans of the neighbourhood know the song to be as old as the hills. Lord Bateman and the Fair Sophia flourished in front of those houses of seven times seven gables, long before Mr. George Cruikshank undertook to illustrate the life of that roving nobleman who employed the proud young porter; and the germ of Lord Lovell and his milk-white steed was sprouting in the poetic garden of the Dials, years before the present favourite singers of that legend were born.

The water-colour placards are all manufactured, the half-penny broadsides all printed, in the immediate vicinity of Seven Dials; and from the mysterious recesses of the courts and alleys round about sally forth the men with the red noses, the hoarse voices, and the shabby clothes, who address the mixed audiences of the Dials. But it will sometimes happen that business (a robbery, a fire, or a razzia on an overturned fruit barrow) or pleasure, such as a mad-dog to hunt, an idiot to hoot and pelt, an accident to follow, a newly-opened public-house to visit, or a favourite fried fish shop to fight outside of; or temporary satiety — leading the Dialists to lean moodily against posts, or gamble secretly at knuckle-down or poker behind hoardings and piles of bricks, or gaze misanthropically into yawning sewers — will bring chanticleers into considerable depreciation and discount for a time, and cause an almost total dearth of the harvest of halfpence which the patterers strive so hard to reap. Then do these industrious men fly the regions of the Dials, and betake themselves to work the districts inhabited by those favoured ones of humanity — the nobs at the Westend. The stories, however, which would attract admiration and coppers in the Dials would not be quite suitable for Eaton Place or Lower Grosvenor-street. It would scarcely be consonant with delicacy to trumpet forth the misfortunes of the Earl of C— opposite to the mansion possibly inhabited by his Lordship; and however merited may have been the revenge taken by the young lady of quality upon the person of the dastardly lieutenant who had destroyed her illusions and blighted her existence, it would scarcely be prudent to allude to the circumstances in the vicinity of the residence of the parents of (perhaps) the young lady of quality herself. So the bill of fare is altered. About nine or ten o'clock in the evening have you never heard, in the silent aristocratic streets, the voices of the patterers calling forth in sonorous, almost sepulchral accents, accounts of pestilence, battle, murder, and

sudden death: the assassination of this emperor, the storming of a certain fortress, accompanied, of course, by a dreadful massacre? For, observe, though personal reflections upon the aristocracy do not go down among the nobs at the Westend, horrors are always sure of a sale. The inhuman mother with the black beetles is a great favourite in the areas — that sober insect, the beetle, coming familiarly home to the serving man and woman's mind in connection with the kitchen dresser and the coal-cellar — and ofttimes, as a patterer dwells, with grim minuteness, upon the horrible perticklers of the murder; or the agonies of the small children under the walnut shells; or, as with grisly unction he describes Vyenna in flames; the red flag of the Marsellays histed over Paris; the Kezar's hanser to the Hemperer; war to the last rubble and the last knife; the Preston strike hended in blood, the hartillery called out; or (a very favourite device), fearioicious hattempt upon her Majesty by a maniac baker; you will see John the footman, or Mary the housemaid, steal up the area steps and into the street, purchase a halfpennyworth of dire intelligence, which, shallow cock as it is, is read with trembling eagerness and enthralled interest, in kitchen or servants' hall, till the cat puts her back up [illegible]he fire, and the hair of the [illegible]e footpage stands on end. [illegible] shabby men with the solemn voices who perambulate the Westend streets at nightfall are own brothers to, if not the very same eloquent individuals who carry the banners in Seven Dials; and they again are descendants of the old flying stationers, the pleasant lying vagabonds who were wont to waken the stillness of the streets in the old French war-time, crying "Great news!" "Glorious news!" when there were no news at all.

The etymology of the cock mendacious, is as uncertain as that of the kingdom of Cockaigne. Is the word derived from the "cock and pye" of Justice Shallow — a thing said, but not the more believed in? Perhaps cock may have originated in the patterer being frequently a coquin or rogue, or from the cock and bull story which Mr. Shandy's novel is ultimately settled to have been about. Or, does cock — a lie, a tale of news having no foundation whatever in fact, but still made public and persisted in — spring from the famous political hoax in which Lord *Coch*rane was said to have been implicated: the scandalous cock which for stock-jobbing purposes, in the year eighteen hundred and fourteen, gave out Bonaparte to have been torn to pieces by Cossacks, and which had such disastrous consequences for one of the bravest officers of the British navy?

This last theory, although sufficiently vraisemblable, is militated against by the indubitable

existence of these Chanticleers long anterior to Lord Cochrane's time. Their antiquity is highly respectable. Butler, who has something to say about almost every subject within the compass of human knowledge, has a wondrous appreciation of them in substance, if not in name. Listen to what he says in Hudibras, apropos of Fame: —

There is a tall, long-sided dame,
(But wondrous light) ycleped Fame,
That like a thin cameleon boards
Herself on air, and eats her words;
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist.
With these she through the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies;
With letters hung, like Eastern pigeons,
And Mercuries of furthest regions;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation,
And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.
About her neck a packet mail,
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale;
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And cows of monsters brought to bed;
Of hailstones big as pullet's eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;
A blazing star seen in the west
By six or seven men at least.

This quotation brings me to a topic which I have been meditating upon from the commencement of this article, and without which it would be singularly incomplete: I mean newspaper Chanticleers. In snug little corners of that British Press, of which we are all so justly proud and jealous, eccentric gallinaceous figments nestle, crow, and clap their wings exceedingly. They are periodical in their appearance. Long debates, interesting news from abroad, great exhibitions, religious uproars, violent controversies as to whether Biffin calling Miffin a rascal meant therein anything to the prejudice of Wiffin; who, as a rascal, would be of course and for ever compromised in the opinion of both Chiffin and Piffin: these will occasionally drive Bright Chanticleer out of the columns of the London newspaper, and compel him to betake himself to those of the provincial journal. He will crow harmlessly till the metropolitan public begin to be satiated with the realities of authentic news; till the Episcopalians and Dissenters, magnanimously forgetting their former differences, combine heart and hand to fall foul of the Bhuddists; till Biffin assures Miffin that he never considered him a rascal at all, but rather as something nearly approximating to an angel. Then, and especially in the piping times of peace and profound tranquillity, doth Chanticleer move modestly Londonward again.

Let me see if I cannot enumerate a few favourite newspaper chanticleers. I will not insult your understanding by allusion to the enormous gooseberries, singular freaks of nature, showers of frogs, cats found in gas-pipes, discoveries of Roman remains, and human skeletons; which are the oldest, weakest, flimsiest known. They have passed into

jokes long ago; and newspapers with even a shadow of modesty are ashamed to give insertion to them now. But there are others more insidious, less derisively scouted. There is the French war-steamer which hovers about the coast of Lincolnshire, somewhere between Saltfleet and Great Grimsby; the officers of which are continually making soundings, or are landing to take sketches of the coast and adjacent scenery; all with an evident view to an approaching invasion, and to the infinite dismay of that great grandfather of lies, the oldest inhabitant; the plunging into newspaper correspondence of our esteemed townsman, Mr. Flubbers, who remembers the invasion panic of eighteen hundred and four, and suggests that now is the time for government to purchase the secret of the Flubbers' explosive sabre and the Flubbers' asphyxiating (long range) syringe; and the display of one hundred per cent extra vigilance by our active and experienced commander of the coast-guard, Lieutenant Lopside. Dear me! How many times that French war-steamer has turned up. Off St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall; off the Orknies and Shetland islands; off Mull and Bute and Arran; off Galway, Brighton, Torquay, and Beechey Head. She has always been ready, at a newspaper pinch, off Dover. The daily increasing intimacy and cordiality of our relations with France, though, have brought this belligerous vessel into some little disfavour; and for it there have begun to be frequently substituted such anecdotes as — "There is now in the possession of Mr. Spong of this town a double-barrelled pistol of antique workmanship, presented to his ancestor Captain Hugh Spong by Marshal Turenne, during the campaign of the allied English and French armies in sixteen hundred and fifty-six—seven." Or, "our readers will be pleased to learn that it was the proud privilege of our worthy host, Bootjohn, of the Royal Leathers hotel, to confer a considerable obligation upon the present ruler of the French nation some years since. The illustrious personage who was then staying at the Royal Leathers, being in temporary difficulties, Bootjohn not only forgave him the amount of his score, but also, and without the least hope of return, lent him one and ninepence and a clean shirt. We rejoice to learn that the whole amount has been most honourably repaid by h—s l—p—l M—j—y: the remittance being accompanied by a highly flattering autograph letter from N—p—n the Third."

There is also at this present moment a highly favourite little chanticleer crowing most lustily, and attributing English, Scotch, or Irish extraction, and even existing relatives, to the imperial family of France, their generals, courtiers, and dependents. Thus, we have been informed (Slug-

borough Herald) that the Empress's maternal uncle is now residing as a cheese and bacon factor at Epidermisnock, Argyleshire. It may be interesting to know (Foggington Courier) that the present Emperor of F—e was clandestinely married in eighteen hundred and thirty-six to Miss Chilian Pickles of this town. The I—p—l bride died soon after the incarceration of her adventurous husband in the citadel of H—m; but four children, the off-spring of the marriage, are yet alive, two of whom are receiving a brilliant though solid education at the establishment of the Misses W—, not a hundred miles from here.

As to our own beloved Sovereign, the chanticleers that go the round of the papers are innumerable and unnumbered. The Queen enters Highland cottages; eats bannocks; tastes the whisky (the real Glenlivet, as the historian takes care to inform us); adopts children, and pensions octogenarians. She asks the way down by-lanes and across commons of country boys, and slips sovereigns into their hands when she leaves them; writes Victoria with a diamond ring upon cottage window-panes, and makes anonymous water-colour drawings in the albums of private families. As to Prince Albert, he carries schoolboys pickaback, makes the Prince of Wales (with some touching moral remarks) present his patent leather shoes to a beggar, and matches his cob against the trotting pony of a butcher (whom he meets of course accidentally, and who addresses him, unconscious of his exalted rank, as Governor), and whom he beats in the race triumphantly.

Multitudes of other chanticleers there be, to which I can but barely allude. The gallant gay Lotharios who elope with the lady of a highly respected baronet, to the consternation of the county and the ultimate employment of the gentlemen of the long robe; the heartless monsters who marry four different young ladies at four different churches on the same day; the would-be Benedicks who advertise for a wife — a lady having a small independence — and are entrapped into correspondence with gentlemen writing disguised female hands, and make appointments and keep them, and are ultimately brought to great shame and ridicule; the faithless swains who leave their intended brides at the church-door, and bolt off to Australia; the brutes who eat two legs of mutton, half a dozen live rats, and a pound of candles, for a wager; the criminals who were hanged twenty years ago, and are now alive and universally respected in Lower Canada; the railway navvies who come into fortunes of fifty thousand pounds, and immediately go mad with joy; the gentleman wearing eight watch-chains, who is continually travelling up and down

the London and North Western Railway; the stingy nobleman at a fashionable watering-place, whose wife is saved from drowning by an honest boatman, and who recompenses the hardy son of Neptune with twopence; the nonogenarian paupers whose demise is recorded under the heading, "Death of a character;" the cuckoos that sing so early and the blackbirds that sing so late; the weather which is so astonishingly mild, and the Swedish turnips that have attained so extraordinary a size: these are a few of the newspaper chanticleers. They are, in a general way, harmless enough. And if the country newspapers who pay that Cochin-China chanticleer, "Our London Correspondent" for his weekly letter, find their account in it, so be it. I never knew him to be right about anything; but he *may be*, some day.

A VERY LITTLE TOWN.

We live (my aunt and I) in a very little town somewhere, through which, once upon a time, ninety stage-coaches daily passed to London, and where now hardly one public conveyance of any sort is ever seen; where, once upon a time, the great big inn was kept by a great big landlord (as I have heard), who received some very great people at his door; where post-horses were kept, and where carriages and four were quite a common sight; but where now there is nothing but emptiness and solitude. The great inn yard-gate grows rusty on its hinges, and the stable windows are all broken, dirty, and full of cobwebs; the inn-door is closely padlocked, and all its windows are black and bare, as if every one inside were dead and all the linen had been sent to the wash. The sign of the British Lion, standing erect on one hind leg, like a ballet-dancer, threatens to fall from its supporters every windy night; so does the great kitchen chimney; and moss grows on the hearth-stones in the great big bed-rooms, with the great big beds in which the very great people slept, once upon a time.

There are many other deserted houses near, with shutters always closed; dull, blank, melancholy looking buildings, like faces with sightless eyes; and the road is very quiet, and knows business, fashion, pleasure, no more. The stream of prosperity and patronage has been turned, and flows now to the nearest railway station, leaving nothing to our very little town but the remembrance of the past. In short, we have gone through the rise and fall which are said to be proper to all human affairs and empires, with the utmost neatness and propriety, and having now accomplished the business and subsided into insignificance, we hope to be left to follow our own

little devices in peace, without further interference from fashion or modern improvements.

Like most other dwellers in the country, we can find no more important occupation than that of fighting and quarrelling with each other about everything or nothing. Of course, the most fruitful sources of disagreement are our pets. Only last week my aunt fell out with Miss Brooks because her large dog was inconveniently taken ill in the sitting-room at tea-time; and the very week before that, a ten years' friendship between Mrs. Blythe and Miss Carter was interrupted by a dispute concerning the propriety of giving castor-oil to sick canaries. Indeed, sometimes when the village has been particularly dull and stagnant, I have had serious thoughts of requesting my aunt to keep a pig, or some other obnoxious animal, for the express purpose of giving rise to a little pleasing excitement in the way of annoyance to our neighbours, quarrels, misunderstandings, and reconciliations. Why, for two whole years our village had no other amusement than watching and commenting on a dispute between Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Carter concerning a cow! This is the truth of the story: — Mr. Tomkins had a favourite Alderney cow — a very pretty little creature, and Mr. Carter had a favourite fence, a cross-barred fanciful affair, in which he took great pride and delight. When the cow first appeared in Mr. Tomkins's field, Mr. Carter took an amazing fancy to it, admired it quite extravagantly, thought it an ornament to the view from his windows, allowed it even to come sometimes into his own little paddock, and there let it wander about at its own sweet will. One summer, however, it grew suddenly bold; would be found sitting in flower-beds; once put its head in at the dining-room window; would take a walk on the lawn, and once or twice attempted to eat the creeping plants on a summer-house, which it converted, Mr. Carter said, into a highly picturesque ruin. He particularly admired it when it rubbed itself against one especial tree with a background of sunset; he said it gave an Arcadian character to his grounds. Until one day — one fatal day — he found his beautiful cross-barred fence broken down in two places. Every man in the village was accused, and every woman, and every boy, and, last of all, Mr. Carter's own gardener was accused, and indeed I think he was the culprit, but he had always cherished a peculiar hatred to the cow, and so laid the blame upon it — and instantly Mr. Carter (by a sort of inspiration, he said), was convinced, and hated it too. He began to see that there was a deep design of annoyance in the whole matter; that the cow had been trained to break down cross-barred fences, and had

destroyed his in accordance with its master's express orders and commands. It was immediately declared to be a nuisance, a mischievous creature; all its misdeeds, which had been formerly of no consequence, were magnified into murder, — and every time the wretched creature was seen trespassing even on the outskirts of Mr. Carter's hedges and ditches, he became dreadfully excited. He was continually confounding the poor cow, and chasing it, and making everybody else chase it; and at last, overcome by a feeling of injured innocence and insulted dignity, he wrote a grand epistle to Mr. Tomkins, demanding in the most exalted language that the cow should be tied by the leg, or otherwise confined to its master's own grounds. It was indeed a very fine piece of composition, all about the scales of justice, and what the Romans did or would have done under similar circumstances; and Mr. Carter was very proud of it, and felt sure it would quite annihilate both Mr. Tomkins and his cow. It remained unanswered for a week, and then Mr. Tomkins wrote a short note, to the effect that if Mr. Carter didn't like the cow in his grounds he had better turn it out. Next day Mr. Carter watched all the morning for Mr. Tomkins, and seeing him at last in the distance, put on his hat and sallied forth with crossed arms and a fierce countenance and went to meet him, on purpose to cut him dead. After that, Mr. Tomkins would never meet Mr. Carter, and Mr. Carter would never meet Mr. Tomkins at our tea-parties; and whenever they met accidentally they never saw each other in the least. We ladies were very nervous when these tremendous encounters took place, and the excitement of them lasted a whole week.

There are some few philosophers amongst us, however, who do not fight about their pets; but these are our poorer neighbours, who have something else to do and to think about. One of them, indeed — old Mrs. Hill, — is quite a noted philosopher, and many a lesson on forgiveness of injuries and contentment have I received from her. She lives in a cottage of her own, in a large orchard, at the end of a very crooked path; and whenever you go there, you find it in a state of the greatest disorder and confusion; and Mrs. Hill always says, "Oh, ma'am! if you had but come to-morrow! I was just going to clean up, and put things tidy."

She is an old, old woman. Such a face she has! All hideous with wrinkles and loss of teeth. I believe she was once handsome, and she has still a fine upright figure, and lively blue eyes.

"Well, Mrs. Hill," said I this morning, "and how is Tibby to-day?"

"Thank you, miss, she 's much better. She'd a very good night."

"Has she recovered her appetite?"

"Yes, miss, she eat a good breakfast. I give her the gruel as you sent me, and I hope as she 'll soon be out again. Do you know, miss, she 's the forty-second black cat as has been born in our house?"

"Really?"

"Yes, miss, and she 's quite a companion to me when my husband 's away. She goes out with me every morning when I takes my husband to his work, and comes back with me, she do!"

"Does your husband still work for Mr. Carter?"

"Yes, miss, he do; it 's rather hard for him now; it 's a long way, you see, and he don't like leaving his old home."

I looked at the wretched little tumble-down cottage, and said, "You are a very happy couple!"

"Thank the Lord, that we are! I am up every morning between four and five, and get my husband's breakfast ready, and that 's a recommendation for the young ladies, miss, if you 'll excuse me. He don't come home from work till late, and then there 's supper to be got, and we 're not in bed till ten, for there 's all the little arrangements to make for next morning. I put the things ready for breakfast and for lighting the fire; that 's my post; I always light the fire."

"And you are always in good health?"

"The best of health, miss, praise the Lord; and a week after Lord Mayor's Day was two years, I shall be eighty years old. As I said to a lady the other day, miss —

Thirty years I was a maid, fifty years I 've been a wife,
If I live twenty more, it will be time to end my life.

She gave me half a pound of tea directly, miss, from King's shop, close here."

You cunning old thing, thought I. "Well," "I said, you are contented, and contentment is wisdom."

"Thank you, miss — oh, yes — if we 're only happy in Heaven, it don't matter here." And in this consoling belief I left her.

Our other philosopher is old Dale, the shepherd — a man without a nose, who spends half his days and nights out of doors, gazing at a flock of sheep. He hails passers-by over a hedge sometimes, and holds conversations with them about his two favourite subjects — Solomon and the weather. With a sheepskin on his back, his crook in his hand, and his dog at his heels, he looks very picturesque leaning over a fence to talk to his friends. The first time he addressed me I was rather startled.

"Beg your pardon, mum," he cried; "very cloudy weather."

"Very cloudy indeed."

"A good deal of wind, too, mum."

"You must find it very cold standing about in the fields all day," said I.

"Bless you, mum, I be used to it, I be. Lord, I stands here reading all day. You see, mum, I learnt myself. Yes, mum; I never had a day's schooling, but a lady she gave me a Bible thirty year ago, and I couldn't read a word of it, but I learnt myself. I 've got it now, mum, and a fine Bible it is, but, you see, I can't put it in my pocket, and I ain't got time to read at home; but in the fields — Lord, mum! I knows it all as well — look here, mum," he said, pulling out his blue-check pocket handkerchief, in which an old Bible was carefully wrapped up, and leaning on the fence, marking his words with a certain emphatic motion of his right hand; "here is Solomon, mum. Well, he warn't no great shakes, not he. How many wives had he? Three hundred. Yes, mum, three hundred, and seven hundred other sort. He warn't a man after God's own heart, like David. No, mum, no; there was a deal o' difference between 'em. And what was it as led Solomon's heart astray? Aye, mum — what was it? Why it was the woman-folk! Ah, yes! the woman-folk, it was. Yes, mum, yes — the woman-folk. He warn't a man as temptation couldn't reach. He were easy hagged on. No great shakes, mum — no, no."

I had heard that old Dale was not at all under female rule — being, indeed, rather addicted to beating his wife on Sundays and other holidays, by way of agreeable recreation to all parties — so I was not surprised by his scorn of Solomon, though I confess he took a view of the subject which had never occurred to me before. I have disputed the matter two or three times with him, endeavouring to convince him of the advantages consequent upon following the example of Solomon's complaisance to ladies (so far as not beating them goes), but I fear without much effect. Nevertheless he looks quite romantic, leaning on a sheep-fold in the midst of his flock, conning his Bible: with the near horizon behind him and the darkening sky above, across which black and stormy clouds are sailing.

The gaieties of our very little town are usually of a very simple kind — being merely small tea parties, the principal amusement of which consists in eating and drinking. The fashionable dinner hour is five — so that we take tea at seven, and, if we are careful to be a long while over it, as soon as we have finished, it is time for refreshments; and then, before we walk home, of course we must take something strengthening and comfortable in the way of supper. This being the usual state of affairs, it may easily be imagined what great and delightful excitement was produced the other morning by the appearance of a long printed bill on all the genteelest breakfast tables in the place, announcing, in the very largest and blackest capitals, that a Mr.

Dulby would that evening deliver, in the national schoolroom, by leave of the Reverend John Holdenough (our rector), a lecture on astronomy and on ecclesiastical architecture; and also exhibit dissolving views of an immense and choice variety of objects. No event of equal importance had occurred for at least two years, and the sensation was consequently tremendous. Our establishment (one maid) came up in a body, and asked leave — with humble words, but a very resolute appearance — to go to the show; and, in half an hour more, all our most particular friends were gathered around us, discussing the propriety of granting this request, and of ourselves joining in such an unusual piece of dissipation. At last, it was agreed that we should go at once to the school-house and make inquiries of Mr. Long the master; and that, if we found it was to be all quite correct and proper, we should engage good places for ourselves and servants.

We found Mr. Long full of bustling importance on the occasion — quite ready to answer, and, indeed, expecting inquiries about Mr. Dulby. He said that Lady Harrow had graciously been pleased to notify her intention of honouring the evening's entertainment with her presence, and that many other persons of less dignity had followed her ladyship's example; also, that reserved seats must be paid for at the rate of one shilling each, but that the others were to be had for sixpence. We were also informed that Mr. Dulby was actually to use the room rent free, on condition of his admitting twelve of the eldest school children without payment. This appeared to me rather an Irish way of paying no rent, but I was instantly put down by the rest of the party, who were loud in their admiration of this liberal arrangement, for which they hoped poor Mr. Dulby would be eternally grateful. The report we took home to my aunt (a maiden lady of strict principles), was so satisfactory that she rang for Lucy, and, in a solemn address, gave her full permission to go to Mr. Dulby's improving entertainment, warning her, however, against the dangers of late hours and dissipated acquaintances, and hinting mysteriously at the thorough knowledge she would have of all her proceedings, although she herself would not be present. The fact is, we are rather afraid Lucy has a lover, and, as it would be impossible to imagine what would become of us if she were to leave us, we are very careful to prevent interviews. My aunt has brought up Lucy on purpose for herself, and she knows all our ways — understands curling my aunt's wigs, and never talks about them in the village — and submits to our sumptuary laws against flounces and artificial flowers. She is, unfortunately, a good-looking

girl, very neat and pleasant in her general appearance, and possessed of a natural talent for being fallen in love with, which she cultivates with extraordinary industry; and she never omits an opportunity of making herself agreeable in conversation to the other sex. Not that she is silent with us, however, for she has always a great deal of interesting matter to talk about. Every morning when she comes into my room, as the clock strikes six in summer and seven in winter, I know whether there is any news going about, for whenever that is the case, she makes rather more clatter with the blinds and the crockery than is quite indispensable, in order to attract my attention and induce me to speak (she being far too respectful to begin a conversation herself), and, as I understand the signal now, I say quite naturally, whenever the jugs and basins knock together more than usual, "Well, Lucy, what is it?" Then comes the exciting intelligence: "Oh! ma'am, Mrs. Hore have got another little boy at five this morning, and I see all the clothes in the tub at ten last night;" or else, "If you please, miss, farmer Lane's fatted turkey 's fell off its roost in a fit;" or "Mr. Tomkins's dun cow, ma'am, her with the white face, have got a calf — such a pretty little dear, with the longest legs ever you see." In short, before I am up, I know everything of importance that has occurred since yesterday. On Sundays, Lucy adorns herself as gorgeously as she can without breaking the law already mentioned against flowers and flounces. She puts on a dress of some material bearing a strong resemblance to silk: also a cap of decidedly townified and pert appearance. It is generally made of lace, is much cut away at the ears, and sticks up a little behind, were it is embellished with a bow of some smart coloured ribbon — once, I grieve to say, it was yellow! I am much afraid she has a strong taste for the vanities of fashion, for sometimes, when I have gone up to bed earlier than usual, and have caught her bringing up my hot water, or brushing my aunt's night wig, I have fancied that I perceived actually a polka on her shoulders, and a beautiful diamond brooch made of glass (really very like real stones, only prettier), under her chin. At such times she glides away with remarkable celerity, and when she reappears these vanities are no longer to be seen. I suspect, therefore, that she dresses more finely for kitchen company than for ours. Certainly the polka and the brooch must be levelled at somebody, and when we have been coming home from church we have sometimes seen her standing in a pensive attitude at the corner of the road by our house, with a gentleman in groom's livery at her side — he evidently pretending to be devoted, and looking extremely smitten. But

the door is close by, so this vision soon disappears. I have asked Lucy, in the most innocent manner I can devise, who the man is — but she gives me only the rather vague information that he is somebody she knows. I do my best to save her, and to persuade her to be an old maid like my aunt, who often harangues her on the advantages of single blessedness, and, indeed, takes advantage of every opportunity to warn her against the well-known miseries of marriage and deceitfulness of men; but Lucy only laughs 'and says, "yes, miss," and "certainly, miss;" and once she said "she did not, think all men could be so very hopstreperous," which I am afraid is a bad sign. It was not therefore, without anxiety that we sent her, although under proper chaperonage, to the evening's lecture.

No one who walked through our very little town that evening had ever before seen it in such a disturbed condition. Mr. King, the butcher and shoemaker, had put two candles in his window, and Miss Pink, the bonnet and apple-shop — our Howell and James — the same. We overtook a crowd of four people and no less than one spring-van from Ryton, our post-town; and in the schoolroom we found every seat, except those reserved for ourselves, occupied. The children and the Ryton shopkeepers and nursery-gardeners were ranged on benches; and in front of them were the village gentry, seated on chairs more or less provided with backs and weak in the legs. There was something quite awful in the artificially-produced darkness of the room, and the subdued murmur of whispered conversation, and the certainty that Lady Harrow and her party were sitting in all their grandeur somewhere in the gloom. A large sheet was stretched across the further end of the room, from floor to ceiling, bearing decorations of honour for long service, in the shape of every variety of darn; and on this Mr. Long directed us to fix our expectant gaze. Just as we were beginning to grow a little tired of that amusement, we heard a faint clapping of hands from the back benches, and on looking again more attentively at the sheet, we perceived a pale shadow upon it, which Mr. Dulby was kind enough to tell us was intended to represent the earth, adding the information that its shape is circular. He then proceeded to prove this assertion, which he did in such an ingenious way as made me feel more than doubtful whether the earth really is round after all; indeed, when he ceased speaking, my impression was that the earth is certainly square. Then came the moon, which Mr. Dulby said he had every reason to believe was inhabited; and then appeared the sun, with the planets circling round it in a rather unsteady manner — like a ghost on the stage or a lame person in private

life. Hereupon, Mr. Dulby requested us to observe the skill with which those heavenly bodies avoid knocking their heads together, observing in this respect, he said, a sort of "courtly a ticket" — probably meaning etiquette. This allusion to high life was received with great favour: a murmur of applause arose. Then came the ecclesiastical architecture, in the shape of a very faint vanishing view of the temple of Jerusalem; and this ended the business part of the show. Then we saw visions of old gentlemen with red noses, having their gouty toes trodden on by their worthless grandchildren, and others supposed to be comical figures, which called forth bursts of laughter from the younger part of the audience. At this vulgar stage of the proceedings, the occupants of the chairs arose and prepared to depart. Only those people who were indifferent to public opinion remained after that. We were not of the number, and so came away at once. Lucy was thus left to her own devices; and as I quitted the room I thought I saw a gold hat-band close to her bonnet, glimmering in the light of the two tallow candles Mr. Long had lighted for the accommodation of Lady Harrow. My aunt was very nervous, and stood in the passage with her watch in her hand until Lucy came in, and I am almost sure I saw another shadow besides that of her chaperon gliding away from our door when I closed it. I am afraid it was injudicious to let her go. I do hope we may not soon be obliged to look out for a new maid — and yet I fear. However, Lucy waited upon us very collectedly and with an unconscious face that same evening at tea (for we gave a party in honour of the occasion), so perhaps it is only a false alarm, after all. That party brought forth some very important results. Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Carter, finding that the lecture had started a new subject of conversation, and that their dispute was no longer an object of interest and attention, made themselves remarkable in another way by shaking hands and swearing eternal friendship over our hot supper; and Miss Brooks and my aunt shed a few tears of reconciliation privately in a corner, where Miss Brooks was putting on a shawl. Mrs. Blythe and Miss Carter also patched up a peace (but, I fear, a hollow one), on the canary question; and when they left, the whole party voted my aunt and me, dear comfortable creatures. Indeed, Miss Carter, who has a serious turn, and is fond of a little something warm to drink, began to talk about the sinfulness of human nature; and, in short, they all went away in the highest spirits, declaring that they had never spent such an instructive and pleasant evening in all their life before.

STARVATION OF AN ALDERMAN.

THE following account of a tragedy which is now filling with consternation many persons resident in the neighbourhood of Clump Lodge, Brixton, and which has caused despair among the friends of the afflicted parties, will probably occasion great distress, and in that hope I request its publication. The subject of my communication, sir, is no less than the starvation of an alderman, with his entire family, a calamity which, I grieve to add, only one event can arrest, and that is the complete re-organisation of society. My sole hope for the attainment of this truly important end lies, Mr. Conductor, in the printing of this narrative. Permit me, then, I intreat you, to appeal through your pages to an awe-stricken universe on behalf of my papa, Mr. Alderman Crumpet, my mamma, and myself, Marie Crumpet, the family in question. An eminent poet has well observed:

I do entreat your grace to pardon me;

and goes on to remark, in his lovely Midsummer Night's Dream, for I allude here to the celebrated Shakespeare:

I know not by what power I am made bold;

and, yet, I shall be pardoned, I feel sure.

More than two years have now elapsed, since my respected father suffered from the horrors; meaning the upholstery and appointments of his happy home, as wickedly condemned by the authorities at Marlborough House. He suffered alone, and he himself described to you the nature of his complaint at page two, six, five, of your vol. six. I will only observe here, that his sufferings were all owing to his having caught the correct-principles-of-taste at a place which he ought never to have visited. Happily ma and I were not infected by his fever, and he has himself long recovered from it. But now, alas! a much more serious calamity weighs on us all. In the midst of abundance — we are starving.

The circumstance arose in this way. On Tuesday week last, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Frippy, with their nursemaid and their sweet babe, Aunt Sally Lunn, with her son James, and an old and respected member of our family, my grandmother upon mamma's side, the widow of T. Cake, Esq., who was in her youth a favourite toast and is still beautiful, were to dine with us on the occasion of my reaching the age of twenty. Some time before the day arrived, the Alderman, my papa, said to me one morning:

"Polly" — it is his way to call me Polly — "you are old enough to be a cook."

"A what, pa, dear!" I said, unable to suppress a little scream.

"Why," said the alderman, with his usual jocosity, "now that you have left the teens and got

among the ties, you'll be thinking about knots, and we shall have the parson tying you to somebody. You'll have to bless young Lunn."

"Never young Lunn," I said, and here I repeat that decision publicly. "And how can *I*, pa, whom you frown at so cruelly for quoting the dear Shakespeare and for displaying such ornaments as gems of thought, how can *I* bring content to *any* husband?"

"There is only one way, Polly," said pa, "you must learn to feed him. Buy a good cookery book to-morrow, study it well, leave off writing verses, and be the author of your birthday dinner. We'll tell the Lunns that you composed it, and believe me you will get more credit for setting well before us, your three courses of victuals, than if you read us thirty cantos of your verse."

"But, papa," I replied. "How can you tell that when you have never heard me read my Ship of Melesinda?"

"No doubt, Polly, it is profound. I grant you are a great poet; now scale another height, be a great cook."

Mamma seconded his entreaties, and I was not stubborn. I accepted their commands as fate, and in the words of the interesting Prince of Denmark, answered them that I would nerve myself against Tuesday to do my best, and if possible produce a soup in particular that should surprise the Frippys and the Lunns. My fate, I said:

> "Cries out,
> And makes each petty artery in this body
> As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve."

Immediately after breakfast, I addressed a note to the alderman, my pa's bookseller, requesting him to be so obliging as to send, without delay, the latest scientific work upon the mysteries connected with the preparation of food. In reply to my note, a parcel arrived in the evening containing an exceedingly large book with a title that quite made me jump — "Food and its Adulterations; comprising the Reports of the Analytical Sanitary Commission of the 'Lancet,' for the years 1851 to 1854 inclusive, revised and extended: being records of the results of some thousands of original microscopical and chemical analyses of the Solids and Fluids consumed by all Classes of the Public," and so on, by Arthur Hill Hassall, M. D., Chief Analyst of the Commission, and so on, and so on. How frightful to be sure, but I was nerved, as I have said already, and it did seem to me a proper thing that the first application of a mind like mine to the business of the kitchen should be worthy of its superior organisation. "Some kinds of baseness," as my Shakespeare says, "are nobly undergone," and if I stooped to the base things of the kitchen, I would apply the torch of science to the fire of

genius already laid within my soul, and throw a blaze of light over the whole range of my new department. I determined, therefore, to begin with a chemical and microscopical comprehension of the solids and fluids consumed by all classes of society, and read till I grew haggard over Dr. Hassall's book. I went to bed a miserable girl.

"Papa," said I next morning, at breakfast, when I had handed his cup to the alderman; "is your tea endurable?"

"Agreeable you mean, child."

"No," I said, "I shall never ask that question again. Mixed tea it is, and what is it a mixture of? Exhausted tea leaves, leaves other than those of tea, beech, elm, sycamore, horse chesnut, plane, plum, fancy oak, willow, poplar, hawthorn, and sloe, lie tea, paddy hush, Dutch pink, rose pink, indigo, Prussian blue, mineral green, turmeric, logwood, Chinese yellow, verdigris, arsenite of copper, chromate and bichromate of potash, gypsum, mica, magnesia" —

"My child, my child!" the alderman exclaimed.

I went on hysterically, "black lead" — my mother laid her cup down — "China clay or kaolin, soapstone or French chalk, catechu or Japan earth, gum, sulphate of iron. And, oh! the commonest of all adulterations are with catechu, a dangerous astringent, to give a roughness that is like strength to the taste, and with sulphate of iron, green vitriol — poisonous stuff that acts upon a solution of tea chemically, blackens it, and gives a semblance of strength to the eye. It's catechu they put in tea-improvers that poor women buy, and a great deal of the tea is so doctored in China that an attempt has been made to import some of it as manufactured goods, and though the tea-dealers in this country are pretty honest — oh! please how are we to know, when we haven't got a laboratory and a microscope, whether we drink tea or black lead and catechu for breakfast?"

"Make me some coffee, Polly; make it this minute!"

"Oh, pa!" I said, "you mean chicory, which is a sort of dandelions. You know, papa, you sent away the coffee-mill, because it ground your sleep out of you every morning, and there 's no faith in ground coffee; no, there is none, indeed, in spite of orders of the government. Just turn to Dr. Hassall's book, look here, papa. Sample of 'finest Turkey coffee' — 'much chicory and some roasted corn, very little coffee.' Would you, as an alderman, condescend to breakfast upon corn and dandelions? Look at the 'delicious family coffee' — 'one-fourth coffee, three-fourths chicory.' Look at the 'coffee as in France' — 'principally chicory.' Since the government order which relates to the adulteration with chicory, coffee has been tested by the 'Lancet' commissioners, purchased as coffee in forty-two

shops, and found to be partly chicory, sometimes nearly all chicory, with, now and then, corn or mangold wurzel, in no less than thirty-one instances. As for canister coffees, out of twenty-nine samples purchased indiscriminately, twenty-eight were adulterated, chicory forming, in many instances, the chief part of the article. There is no faith in man. Let me read this to you, papa, which is said of a sample purchased at a shop in one of the great thoroughfares of London; I could show you more of the sort. The following is a copy of a written placard, of gigantic proportions, placed near the shop door: —

GENUINE COFFEE.

NO ADULTERATION.

We conceive that it is our duty to caution our friends and the public against the present unjust and iniquitous system pursued by many grocers in adulterating their coffee with

Roasted beans,
Dog-biscuit,
Chicory, and tan.

Our advice to purchasers of coffee is, to buy it in the berry, and grind it yourselves; if you cannot do this, purchase it of respectable men only; pay a fair and honourable price for it; you may then depend upon a GOOD and GENUINE article.

"Now see what is the comment of the analyst upon this article — 'Adulterated: with a very large quantity of chicory.'"

"That man's fair and honourable price was sixteen pence for a mixture of less value than that which another tea-dealer can afford to label, Mixture of Chicory and Coffee, and to sell for eightpence."

"But," said the alderman, "chicory is harmless stuff."

"Ah, no, papa. I used to think so; but Dr. Hassall says certainly not. He says that he has made experiments, and finds a breakfast of pure chicory infusion to produce drowsiness and weight at the stomach; commonly headache, sometimes diarrhœa. When mixed with coffee to the extent common in shops, it frequently produces diarrhœa. He attributes to the increased use of it the increased frequency of a distressing internal disorder, and he says that Professor Beer, of Vienna, on account of its effect upon the nervous system, includes chicory among the causes of amaurotic blindness. Furthermore, chicory was in eleven cases out of two-and-twenty not to be had pure. They adulterate even that with carrot, mangold wurzel, roasted wheat and sawdust."

"I tell you what it is, Mary," said mamma — "we will in future have cocoa for breakfast."

"My dear mamma, out of fifty-six samples of cocoa bought indiscriminately in various parts of London, only eight were genuine."

My papa's countenance had by this time begun to assume an expression of despondency. "After all," he said at last, "one cannot die of thirst while there is water in the cistern."

"But, if you please, papa, just

look at these pictures. That 's a drop of New River water as seen under the microscope, full of nasty long sticks, lobsters, and shaving-brushes: that 's a drop of the Lambeth Company's water, with an immense maggot in the middle: that 's the Southwark and Vauxhall, full of animals all spikes, like suns revolving round each other, a fat shrimp with a prickly tail, leeches, caterpillars, shaving-brushes, and cigars: that 's the Grand Junction, full of things like bell-ropes, and a five legs, and a horrible long snake: that 's the Hampstead Company's water, full of the most frightful water monsters, each with eight claws to a toe. Oh, papa, don't these beings make you think about

'The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen;
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage —'

"Child," said my father, "say no more. Hand me the bread."

"Bread!" I cried. "Ha! ha! A bakement of aluminised paste!"

"Then let us breakfast on the anchovies!"

"Anchovies! How many of these things are anchovies? Dutch, French, Sicilian fish, anchovies or no anchovies, all of them poisoned with paint — coloured with bole Armenian and Venetian red. You have bole Armenian in potted beef, in potted shrimps, in potted bloaters. Out of twenty-eight samples of potted meat and fish examined, twenty-three were befouled with this red earth. Of the anchovies sold in shape of fish not more than a third are really anchovies. Anchovy sauce and almost all other red fish sauces are saturated with bole Armenian — drenched with it even more completely than the potted meats. Five samples of India soy were examined, and they were all full of treacle and salt. In a famous fish sauce was found much oxalate of lime and charred deal. That brings me to the birthday dinner, papa. I do not see how we can have any fish. It is insipid by itself, and sauce, you see, is quite out of the question."

"No," said papa, who was getting more and more dejected. "No fish."

"And I have been thinking, too, papa, about the soup; because if they poison the cayenne pepper —"

"Poison — cayenne!"

"O, yes, indeed they do, with brickdust and deal sawdust, turmeric, vermilion, and red-lead. Out of twenty-eight samples tested, only four were genuine; most of the others contained poisonous proportions of either red-lead or vermilion."

"Soup is impossible."

"Then I thought, papa, of curry — but of curry-powders, only seven in six and twenty were found genuine, and this world is so very wicked that although the 'Lancet' published the names of the people who sold genuine things, how can I tell

which of them will go straightway, and adulterate upon the strength of their good character. How can I — after reading such a revelation as this is — have any faith in any person who sells eatables! O dear! O dear!"

"Child," said papa, "starvation stares us in the face. Ring for cold meat directly."

"Oh, sir, you never will be so bold! You know you cannot eat cold meat except with pickle."

"Well. There is pickle in the house I hope."

"A dreadful poison, copper — more or less of it — has been found in every bottle of pickle that has been examined. They use it to make pickles green. Besides that, in nineteen out of twenty cases there is oil of vitriol in the vinegar."

"Amen to cold meat," said poor mamma.

"We've preserves in the house and bottled fruits — which is all one can have at this time of the year, — but I dare not make them into pies and puddings, because they are drugged with copper, too."

We ate no more breakfast, and papa spent the whole morning with me studying in Dr. Hassall's book. We decided that it was impossible to go on taking our meals, and that our dinner-party must be put off until I had had time to reconstitute society and make the dealers in food honest, as I hope they will become, when they have heard how dreadfully we suffer. I really think that if the public health is cared about by anybody, somebody will establish something that shall be a check upon all poisoners of victuals, and make it as necessary in law to call things by their honest names as to use honest weights and measures. Also I hope, sir, that it will not be long before you make public this humble representation, because we are starving until it shall have performed its work by causing a revulsion in the public feelings. Our case is the more eminently horrible, inasmuch as when we had determined to still the cravings of hunger, by keeping in our mouths lozenges and comfits, we were cut off even from that resource by the discovery that these little consolations are denied us by the dread we must have of swallowing plaster of Paris, cochineal, lake, red-lead, vermilion, Indian-red, gambouge, lemon orange and deep chrome yellows, indigo, ferrocyanide of iron, Antwerp blue, artificial ultramarine, verditer, arsenite of copper, the three Brunswick greens, brown ferruginous earths as umber, sienna and vandyke brown, carbonate of lead, and white lead.

There may be persons in this country who, being warned of all these frauds and dangers, know how to protect themselves. The alderman, my pa, mamma and I, do not belong to that number, and we believe there are some others who don't; therefore we beg to be protected. And, in

the mean time, while we beg, let me repeat that we are starving.

SISTER ROSE.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, Monsieur Guillaume, what is the news this evening?"

"None that I know of, Monsieur Justin, except that Mademoiselle Rose is to be married to-morrow."

"Much obliged, my respectable old friend, for so interesting and unexpected a reply to my question. Considering that I am the valet of Monsieur Danville, who plays the distinguished part of bridegroom in the little wedding comedy to which you refer, I think I may assure you, without offence, that your news is, so far as I am concerned, of the stalest possible kind. Take a pinch of snuff, Monsieur Guillaume, and excuse me if I inform you that my question referred to public news, and nôt to the private affairs of the two families whose household interests we have the pleasure of promoting."

"I don't understand what you mean by such a phrase as promoting household interests, Monsieur Justin. I am the servant of Monsieur Louis Trudaine, who lives here with his sister, Mademoiselle Rose. You are the servant of Monsieur Danville, whose excellent mother has made up the match for him with my young lady. As servants, both of us, the pleasantest news we can have any concern with is news that is connected with the happiness of our masters. I have nothing to do with public affairs; and, being one of the old school, I make it my main object in life to mind my own business. If our homely domestic politics have no interest for you, allow me to express my regret, and to wish you a very good evening."

"Pardon me, my dear sir, I have not the slightest respect for the old school, or the least sympathy with people who only mind their own business. However, I accept your expressions of regret; I reciprocate your Good evening; and I trust to find you improved in temper, dress, manners, and appearance, the next time I have the honour of meeting you. Adieu, Monsieur Guillaume, and Vive la bagatelle!"

These scraps of dialogue were interchanged on a lovely summer evening, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-nine, before the back-door of a small house which stood on the banks of the Seine, about three miles westward of the city of Rouen. The one speaker was lean, old, crabbed, and slovenly; the other was plump, young, oily-mannered, and dressed in the most gorgeous livery costume of the period. The last days of genuine dandyism were then rapidly approaching all over the civilised world; and Monsieur Justin was, in his own way, dressed to perfection, as a

living illustration of the expiring glories of his epoch.

After the old servant had left him, he occupied himself for a few minutes in contemplating, superciliously enough, the back view of the little house before which he stood. Judging by the windows, it did not contain more than six or eight rooms in all. Instead of stables and outhouses, there was a conservatory attached to the building on one side, and a low long room, built of wood gaily painted, on the other. One of the windows of this room was left uncurtained, and through it could be seen on a sort of dresser inside, bottles filled with strangely-coloured liquids, oddly-shaped utensils of brass and copper, one end of a large furnace, and other objects, which plainly proclaimed that the apartment was used as a chemical laboratory.

"Think of our bride's brother amusing himself in such a place as that with cooking drugs in saucepans," muttered Monsieur Justin, peeping into the room. "I am the least particular man in the universe; but, I must say, I wish we were not going to be connected by marriage with an amateur apothecary. Pah! I can smell the place through the window."

With these words Monsieur Justin turned his back on the laboratory in disgust, and sauntered towards the cliffs overhanging the river.

Leaving the garden attached to the house, he ascended some gently-rising ground by a winding path. Arrived at the summit, the whole view of the Seine with its lovely green islands, its banks fringed with trees, its gliding boats, and little scattered waterside cottages, opened before him. Westward, where the level country appeared beyond the further bank of the river, the landscape was all aglow with the crimson of the setting sun. Eastward, the long shadows and mellow intervening lights, the red glory that quivered on the rippling water, the steady ruby-fire glowing on cottage windows that reflected the level sunlight, led the eye onward and onward, along the windings of the Seine, until it rested upon the spires, towers, and broadly-massed houses of Rouen, with the wooded hills rising beyond them for background. Lovely to look on at any time, the view was almost supernaturally beautiful now, under the gorgeous evening light that glowed upon it. All its attractions, however, were lost on the valet; he stood yawning, with his hands in his pockets, looking neither to the right nor to the left; but staring straight before him at a little hollow, beyond which the ground sloped away smoothly to the brink of the cliff. A bench was placed here, and three persons — an old lady, a gentleman, and a young girl — were seated on it, watching the sunset, and by consequence turning their backs on Monsieur Jus-

tin. Near them stood two gentlemen, also looking towards the river and the distant view. These five figures attracted the valet's attention, to the exclusion of every other object around him.

"There they are still," he said to himself discontentedly. "Madame Danville in the same place on the seat; my master, the bridegroom, dutifully next to her; Mademoiselle Rose, the bride, bashfully next to him; Monsieur Trudaine, the amateur apothecary brother, affectionately next to her; and Monsieur Lomaque, our queer land-steward, officially in waiting on the whole party. There they all are indeed, incomprehensibly wasting their time still in looking at nothing! Yes," continued Monsieur Justin, lifting his eyes wearily, and staring hard, first up the river, at Rouen, then down the river, at the setting sun; "yes, plague take them, looking at nothing, absolutely aud positively at nothing, all this while."

Here Monsieur Justin yawned again; and, returning to the garden, sat himself down in an arbour and resignedly went to sleep.

If the valet had ventured near the five persons whom he had been apostrophising from a distance, and if he had been possessed of some little refinement of observation, he could hardly have failed to remark that the bride and bridegroom of the morrow, and their companions on either side, were all, in a greater or less degree, under the influence of some secret restraint, which affected their conversation, their gestures, and even the expression of their faces. Madame Danville — a handsome, richly-dressed old lady, with very bright eyes, and a quick suspicious manner — looked composedly and happily enough, as long as her attention was fixed on her son. But when she turned from him towards the bride a hardly-perceptible uneasiness passed over her face — an uneasiness which only deepened to positive distrust and dissatisfaction whenever she looked towards Mademoiselle Trudaine's brother. In the same way, her son, who was all smiles and happiness while he was speaking with his future wife, altered visibly in manner and look, exactly as his mother altered, whenever the presence of Monsieur Trudaine specially impressed itself on his attention. Then, again, Lomaque, the land-steward — quiet, sharp, skinny Lomaque, with the submissive manner, and the red-rimmed eyes — never looked up at his master's future brother-in-law, without looking away again rather uneasily, and thoughtfully drilling holes in the grass with his long sharp-pointed cane. Even the bride herself, the pretty innocent girl, with her childish shyness of manner, seemed to be affected like the others. Doubt, if not distress, overshadowed her face from time to time, and the hand which her lover held trem-

bled a little, and grew restless, when she accidentally caught her brother's eye. And yet, strangely enough, there was nothing to repel, but, on the contrary, everything to attract, in the look and manner of the person whose mere presence seemed to exercise such a curiously constraining influence over the wedding party. Louis Trudaine was a remarkably handsome man. His expression was singularly kind and gentle; his manner irresistibly winning in its frank, manly firmness and composure. His words, when he occasionally spoke, seemed as unlikely to give offence as his looks; for he only opened his lips in courteous reply to questions directly addressed to him. Judging by a latent mournfulness in the tones of his voice, and by the sorrowful tenderness which clouded his kind earnest eyes whenever they rested on his sister, his thoughts were certainly not of the happy or the hopeful kind. But he gave them no direct expression; he intruded his secret sadness, whatever it might be, on no one of his companions. Nevertheless, modest and self-restrained as he was, there was evidently some reproving or saddening influence in his presence which affected the spirits of everyone near him, and darkened the eve of the wedding to bride and bridegroom alike.

As the sun slowly sank in the heaven, the conversation flagged more and more. After a long silence the bridegroom was the first to start a new subject.

"Rose, love," he said, "that magnificent sunset is a good omen for our marriage, it promises another lovely day to-morrow."

The bride laughed and blushed.

"Do you really believe in omens, Charles?" she said.

"My dear," interposed the old lady, before her son could answer; "if Charles does believe in omens, it is nothing to laugh at. You will soon know better, when you are his wife, than to confound him, even in the slightest things, with the common herd of people. All his convictions are well-founded — so well, that if I thought he really did believe in omens, I should most assuredly make up my mind to believe in them too."

"I beg your pardon, madame," Rose began tremulously; "I only meant —"

"My dear child, have you so little knowledge of the world as to suppose that I could be offended —"

"Let Rose speak," said the young man. He turned round petulantly, almost with the air of a spoilt child, to his mother, as he said those words. She had been looking fondly and proudly on him the moment before. Now her eyes wandered disconcertedly from his face; she hesitated an instant with a sudden confusion which seemed quite

foreign to her character, then whispered in his ear:

"Am I to blame, Charles, for trying to make her worthy of you?"

Her son took no notice of the question. He only reiterated sharply, — "Let Rose speak."

"I really had nothing to say," faltered the young girl, growing more and more confused.

"Oh, but you had!"

There was such an ungracious sharpness in his voice, such an outburst of petulance in his manner, as he spoke, that his mother gave him a warning touch on the arm, and whispered "Hush!"

Monsieur Lomaque, the land-steward, and Monsieur Trudaine, the brother, both glanced searchingly at the bride, as the words passed the bridegroom's lips. She seemed to be frightened and astonished, rather than irritated or hurt. A curious smile puckered up Lomaque's lean face, as he looked demurely down on the ground, and began drilling a fresh hole in the turf with the sharp point of his cane. Trudaine turned aside quickly, and, sighing, walked away a few paces; then came back, and seemed about to speak, but Danville interrupted him.

"Pardon me, Rose," he said; "I am so jealous of even the appearance of any want of attention towards you, that I was nearly allowing myself to be irritated about nothing."

He kissed her hand very gracefully and tenderly as he made his excuse; but there was a latent expression in his eye which was at variance with the apparent spirit of his action. It was noticed by nobody but observant and submissive Monsieur Lomaque, who smiled to himself again, and drilled harder than ever at his hole in the grass.

"I think Monsieur Trudaine was about to speak," said Madame Danville. "Perhaps he will have no objection to let us hear what he was going to say."

"None, madame," replied Trudaine politely. "I was about to take upon myself the blame of Rose's want of respect for believers in omens, by confessing that I have always encouraged her to laugh at superstitions of every kind."

"You a ridiculer of superstitions," said Danville, turning quickly on him. "You who have built a laboratory; you who are an amateur professor of the occult arts of chemistry, a seeker after the Elixir of Life. On my word of honour, you astonish me!"

There was an ironical politeness in his voice, look, and manner, as he said this, which his mother and his land-steward, Monsieur Lomaque, evidently knew how to interpret. The first touched his arm again, and whispered "Be careful!" the second suddenly grew serious, and left off drilling his hole in the grass. Rose neither heard

the warning of Madame Danville, nor noticed the alteration in Lomaque. She was looking round at her brother, and was waiting with a bright affectionate smile to hear his answer. He nodded, as if to re-assure her, before he spoke again to Danville.

"You have rather romantic ideas about experiments in chemistry," he said quietly. "Mine have so little connexion with what you call the occult arts, that all the world might see them, if all the world thought it worth while. The only Elixirs of Life that I know of, are a quiet heart and a contented mind. Both those I found, years and years ago, when Rose and I first came to live together in the house yonder."

He spoke with a quiet sadness in his voice, which meant far more to his sister than the simple words he uttered. Her eyes filled with tears: she turned for a moment from her lover, and took her brother's hand. "Don't talk, Louis, as if you thought you were going to lose your sister, because —" Her lip began to tremble, and she stopped suddenly.

"More jealous than ever of your taking her away from him!" whispered Madame Danville in her son's ear. "Hush! don't, for God's sake, take any notice of it," she added hurriedly, as he rose from the seat, and faced Trudaine with undisguised irritation and impatience in his manner. Before he could speak, the old servant, Guillaume, made his appearance, and announced that coffee was ready. Madame Danville again said "Hush!" and quickly took one of his arms, while he offered the other to Rose. "Charles!" said the young girl, amazedly, "how flushed your face is, and how your arm trembles!"

He controlled himself in a moment, smiled, and said to her, "Can't you guess why, Rose? I am thinking of to-morrow." While he was speaking, he passed close by the land-steward, on his way back to the house with the ladies. The smile returned to Monsieur Lomaque's lean face, and a curious light twinkled in his red-rimmed eyes, as he began a fresh hole in the grass.

"Won't you go in-doors, and take some coffee?" asked Trudaine, touching the land-steward on the arm.

Monsieur Lomaque started a little, and left his cane sticking in the ground. "A thousand thanks, monsieur," he said; "may I be allowed to follow you?"

"I confess the beauty of the evening makes me a little unwilling to leave this place just yet."

"Ah! the beauties of nature — I feel them with you, Monsieur Trudaine: I feel them here." Saying this, Lomaque laid one hand on his heart, and with the other pulled his stick out of the

grass. He had looked as little at the landscape or the setting sun as Monsieur Justin himself.

They sat down, side by side, on the empty bench; and then there followed an awkward pause. Submissive Lomaque was too discreet to forget his place, and venture on starting a new topic. Trudaine was preoccupied, and disinclined to talk. It was necessary, however, in common politeness, to say something. Hardly attending himself to his own words, he began with a commonplace phrase, — "I regret, Monsieur Lomaque, that we have not had more opportunities of bettering our acquaintance."

"I feel deeply indebted," rejoined the land-steward, "to the admirable Madame Danville for having chosen me as her escort hither from her son's estate near Lyons, and having thereby procured for me the honour of this introduction." Both Monsieur Lomaque's red-rimmed eyes were seized with a sudden fit of winking, as he made this polite speech. His enemies were accustomed to say, that whenever he was particularly insincere, or particularly deceitful, he always took refuge in the weakness of his eyes, and so evaded the trying ordeal of being obliged to look steadily at the person whom he was speaking with.

"I was pleased to hear you mention my late father's name, at dinner, in terms of high respect," continued Trudaine, resolutely keeping up the conversation. "Did you know him?"

"I am indirectly indebted to your excellent father," answered the land-steward, "for the very situation which I now hold. At a time when the good word of a man of substance and reputation was needed to save me from poverty and ruin, your father spoke that word. Since then, I have, in my own very small way, succeeded in life, until I have risen to the honour of superintending the estate of Monsieur Danville."

"Excuse me — but your way of speaking of your present situation rather surprises me. Your father, I believe, was a merchant, just as Danville's father was a merchant; the only difference between them was, that one failed, and the other realised a large fortune. Why should you speak of yourself as honoured by holding your present place?"

"Have you never heard?" exclaimed Lomaque, with an appearance of great astonishment, "or can you have heard, and forgotten, that Madame Danville is descended from one of the noble houses of France? Has she never told you, as she has often told me, that she condescended when she married her late husband; and that her great object in life is to get the title of her family (years since extinct in the male line) settled on her son?"

"Yes," replied Trudaine; "I

remember to have heard something of this, and to have paid no great attention to it at the time, having little sympathy with such aspirations as you describe. You have lived many years in Danville's service, Monsieur Lomaque, have you —" he hesitated for a moment, then continued, looking the land-steward full in the face, "have you found him a good and kind master?"

Lomaque's thin lips seemed to close instinctively at the question, as if he were never going to speak again. He bowed — Trudaine waited — he only bowed again. Trudaine waited a third time. Lomaque looked at his host with perfect steadiness for an instant, then his eyes began to get weak again. "You seem to have some special interest," he quietly remarked, "if I may say so without offence, in asking me that question."

"I deal frankly, at all hazards, with every one," returned Trudaine; "and, stranger as you are, I will deal frankly with you. I acknowledge that I have an interest in asking that question — the dearest, the tenderest of all interests." At those last words, his voice trembled for a moment, but he went on firmly: "From the beginning of my sister's engagement with Danville, I made it my duty not to conceal my own feelings: my conscience and my affection for Rose counselled me to be candid to the last, even though my candour should distress or offend others. When we first made the acquaintance of Madame Danville, and when I first discovered that her son's attentions to Rose were not unfavourably received, I felt astonished, and, though it cost me a hard effort, I did not conceal that astonishment from my sister —"

Lomaque, who had hitherto been all attention, started here, and threw up his hands in amazement. "Astonished, did I hear you say? Astonished, Monsieur Trudaine, that the attentions of a young gentleman possessed of all the graces and accomplishments of a highly-bred Frenchman should be favourably received by a young lady! Astonished that such a dancer, such a singer, such a talker, such a notoriously fascinating ladies' man as Monsieur Danville should, by dint of respectful assiduity, succeed in making some impression on the heart of Mademoiselle Rose! Oh! Monsieur Trudaine, respected Monsieur Trudaine, this is almost too much to credit!" Lomaque's eyes grew weaker than ever, and winked incessantly, as he uttered this apostrophe. At the end, he threw up his hands again, and blinked inquiringly all round him, in mute appeal to universal nature.

"When, in the course of time, matters were farther advanced," continued Trudaine, without paying any attention to the interruption; "when the offer of

marriage was made, and when I knew that Rose had in her own heart accepted it, I objected, and I did not conceal my objections —"

"Heavens!" interposed Lomaque again, clasping his hands this time with a look of bewilderment; "what objections? what possible objections to a man young and well-bred, with an immense fortune and an uncompromised character? I have heard of these objections: I know they have made bad blood; and I ask myself, again and again, what can they be?"

"God knows I have often tried to dismiss them from my mind, as fanciful and absurd," said Trudaine, "and I have always failed. It is impossible, in your presence, that I can describe in detail what my own impressions have been from the first of the master whom you serve. Let it be enough if I confide to you that I cannot, even now, persuade myself of the sincerity of his attachment to my sister, and that I feel — in spite of myself, in spite of my earnest desire to put the most implicit confidence in Rose's choice — a distrust of his character and temper, which now, on the eve of the marriage, amounts to positive terror. Long secret suffering, doubt, and suspense, wring this confession from me, Monsieur Lomaque, almost unawares, in defiance of caution, in defiance of all the conventionalities of society. You have lived for years under the same roof with this man; you have seen him in his most unguarded and private moments. I tempt you to betray no confidence — I only ask you if you can make me happy by telling me that I have been doing your master grievous injustice by my opinion of him? I ask you to take my hand, and tell me, if you can, in all honour, that my sister is not risking the happiness of her whole life by giving herself in marriage to Danville to-morrow!"

He held out his hand while he spoke. By some strange chance, Lomaque happened, just at that moment, to be looking away towards those beauties of nature which he admired so greatly. "Really, Monsieur Trudaine, really such an appeal from you, at such a time, amazes me." Having got so far, he stopped and said no more.

"When we first sat down together here I had no thought of making this appeal, no idea of talking to you as I have talked," pursued the other. "My words have escaped me, as I told you, almost unawares — you must make allowances for them and for me. I cannot expect others, Monsieur Lomaque, to appreciate and understand my feelings for Rose. We two have lived alone in the world together: father, mother, kindred, they all died years since and left us. I am so much older than my sister, that I have learnt to feel towards her more as a father than as a brother. All my life, all my dearest

hopes, all my highest expectations have centred in her. I was past the period of my boyhood when my mother put my little child-sister's hand in mine, and said to me on her deathbed, 'Louis, be all to her that I have been, for she has no one left to look to but you.' Since then the loves and ambitions of other men have not been my loves or my ambitions. Sister Rose — as we all used to call her in those past days, as I love to call her still — Sister Rose has been the one aim, the one happiness, the one precious trust, the one treasured reward of all my life. I have lived in this poor house, in this dull retirement, as in a Paradise, because Sister Rose, my innocent, happy, bright-faced Eve, has lived here with me. Even if the husband of her choice had been the husband of mine, the necessity of parting with her would have been the hardest, the bitterest of trials. As it is, thinking what I think, dreading what I dread, judge what my feelings must be on the eve of her marriage; and know why, and with what object, I made the appeal which surprised you a moment since, but which cannot surprise you now. Speak if you will — I can say no more." He sighed bitterly; his head dropped on his breast, and the hand which he had extended to Lomaque trembled as he withdrew it and let it fall at his side.

The land-steward was not a man accustomed to hesitate, but he hesitated now. He was not usually at a loss for phrases in which to express himself, but he stammered at the very outset of his reply. "Suppose I answered," he began slowly; "suppose I told you that you wronged him, would my testimony really be strong enough to shake opinions, or rather presumptions, which have been taking firmer and firmer hold of you for months and months past? Suppose, on the other hand, that my master had his little —" (Here Lomaque hesitated before he pronounced the next word) — "his little — infirmities, let me say; but only hypothetically, mind that! infirmities — and suppose I had observed them, and was willing to confide them to you, what purpose would such a confidence answer now, at the eleventh hour, with Mademoiselle Rose's heart engaged, with the marriage fixed for to-morrow? No! no! trust me —"

Trudaine looked up suddenly. "I thank you for reminding me, Monsieur Lomaque, that it is too late now to make inquiries, and by consequence too late also to trust in others. My sister has chosen; and on the subject of that choice my lips shall be henceforth sealed. The events of the future are with God: whatever they may be, I hope I am strong enough to bear my part in them with the patience and the courage of a man! I apologise, Monsieur Lomaque, for having thoughtlessly embarrassed you

by questions which I had no right to ask. Let us return to the house — I will show you the way."

Lomaque's lips opened, then closed again: he bowed uneasily, and his sallow complexion whitened for a moment. Trudaine led the way in silence back to the house: the land-steward following slowly at a distance of several paces, and talking in whispers to himself. "His father was the saving of me," muttered Lomaque; "that is truth, and there is no getting over it: his father was the saving of me; and, yet, here am I — no! it 's too late! — too late to speak — too late to act — too late to do anything!"

Close to the house they were met by the old servant. "My young lady had just sent me to call you in to coffee, Monsieur," said Guillaume. "She has kept a cup hot for you, and another cup for Monsieur Lomaque."

The land-steward started — this time, with genuine astonishment. "For me!" he exclaimed. "Mademoiselle Rose has troubled herself to keep a cup of coffee hot for me?" The old servant stared; Trudaine stopped, and looked back. "What is there so very surprising," he asked, "in such an ordinary act of politeness on my sister's part?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur Trudaine," answered Lomaque; "You have not passed such an existence as mine, you are not a friendless old man, you have a settled position in the world, and are used to be treated with consideration. I am not. This is the first occasion in my life on which I find myself an object for the attention of a young lady; and it takes me by surprise. I repeat my excuses — pray let us go in."

Trudaine made no reply to this curious explanation. He wondered at it a little, however; and he wondered still more, when, on entering the drawing-room, he saw Lomaque walk straight up to his sister, and — apparently not noticing that Danville was sitting at the harpsichord, and singing at the time — address her confusedly and earnestly with a set speech of thanks for his hot cup of coffee. Rose looked perplexed, and half-inclined to laugh, as she listened to him. Madame Danville, who sat by her side, frowned, and tapped the land-steward contemptuously on the arm with her fan.

"Be so good as to keep silent until my son has done singing," she said. Lomaque made a low bow; and retiring to a table in a corner, took up a newspaper lying on it. If Madame Danville had seen the expression that came over his face when he turned away from her, proud as she was, her aristocratic composure might possibly have been a little ruffled.

Danville had finished his song, had quitted the harpsichord, and

was talking in whispers to his bride: Madame Danville was adding a word to the conversation every now and then; Trudaine was seated apart at the far end of the room, thoughtfully reading a letter, which he had taken from his pocket, when an exclamation from Lomaque, who was still engaged with the newspaper, caused all the other occupants of the apartment to suspend their employments, and look up.

"What is it?" asked Danville, impatiently.

"Shall I be interrupting, if I explain?" inquired Lomaque, getting very weak in the eyes again, as he deferentially addressed himself to Madame Danville.

"You have already interrupted us," said the old lady sharply, "so you may now just as well explain."

"It is a passage from the Scientific Intelligence, which has given me great delight, and which will be joyful news for every one here." Saying this, Lomaque looked significantly at Trudaine, and then read from the newspaper these lines:

"ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, PARIS. — The vacant sub-Professorship of Chemistry has been offered, we are rejoiced to hear, to a gentleman whose modesty has hitherto prevented his scientific merits from becoming sufficiently prominent in the world. To the members of the Academy he has been long since known as the originator of some of the most remarkable improvements in chemistry which have been made of late years — improvements, the credit of which he has, with rare, and we were almost about to add, culpable moderation, *allowed others to profit by with impunity. No man, in any profession, is more thoroughly entitled to have a position of trust and distinction conferred on him by the state than the gentleman to whom we refer — M. Louis Trudaine.*"

Before Lomaque could look up from the paper to observe the impression which his news produced, Rose had gained her brother's side, and was kissing him in a flutter of delight.

"Dear Louis," she cried, clapping her hands, "let me be the first to congratulate you! How proud and glad I am! You accept the professorship, of course."

Trudaine, who had hastily and confusedly put his letter back in his pocket, the moment Lomaque began to read, seemed at a loss for an answer. He patted his sister's hand rather absently, and said,

"I have not made up my mind; don't ask me why, Rose — at least not now, not just now." An expression of perplexity and distress came over his face, as he gently motioned her to resume her chair.

"Pray, is a sub-professor of chemistry supposed to hold the rank of a gentleman?" asked Madame Danville, without the slightest appearance of any special interest in Lomaque's news.

"Of course not," replied her son, with a sarcastic laugh; "he is expected to work, and make himself useful — what gentleman does that?"

"Charles!" exclaimed the old lady, reddening with anger.

"Bah!" cried Danville, turning his back on her; "enough of

chemistry. Lomaque! now you have begun reading the newspaper, try if you can't find something interesting to read about. What are the last accounts from Paris? Any more symptoms of a general revolt?"

Lomaque turned to another part of the paper. "Bad, very bad prospects for the restoration of tranquillity," he said. "Necker, the People's minister is dismissed. Placards against popular gatherings are posted all over Paris. The Swiss Guards have been ordered to the Champs Elysées, with four pieces of artillery. No more is yet known, but the worst is dreaded. The breach between the aristocracy and the people is widening fatally almost hour by hour."

Here, he stopped, and laid down the newspaper. Trudaine took it from him, and shook his head forebodingly, as he looked over the paragraph which had just been read.

"Bah!" cried Madame Danville. "The People, indeed! Let those four pieces of artillery be properly loaded, let the Swiss Guards do their duty; and we shall hear no more of the People!"

"I advise you not to be sure of that," said her son, carelessly: "there are rather too many people in Paris for the Swiss Guards to shoot, conveniently. Don't hold your head too aristocratically high, mother, till we are quite certain which way the wind really does blow. Who knows if I may not have to bow just as low, one of these days to King Mob, as ever you curtseyed in your youth, to King Louis the Fifteenth!"

He laughed complacently as he ended, and opened his snuff-box. His mother rose from her chair, her face crimson with indignation.

"I won't hear you talk so — it shocks, it horrifies me!" she exclaimed with vehement gesticulation. "No, no! I decline to hear another word. I decline to sit by patiently, while my son, whom I love, jests at the most sacred principles, and sneers at the memory of an anointed king. This is my reward, is it, for having yielded, and having come here, against all the laws of etiquette, the night before the marriage? I comply no longer; I resume my own will, and my own way. I order you, my son, to accompany me back to Rouen. We are the bridegroom's party, and we have no business overnight at the house of the bride. You meet no more till you meet at the church. Justin! my coach. Lomaque, pick up my hood. Monsieur Trudaine! thanks for your hospitality; I shall hope to return it with interest the first time you are in our neighbourhood. Mademoiselle! put on your best looks to-morrow, along with your wedding finery; remember that my son's bride must do honour to my son's taste. Justin! my coach—drone, vagabond, idiot, where is my coach!"

"My mother looks handsome

when she is in a passion, does she not, Rose?" said Danville, quietly putting up his snuff-box as the old lady sailed out of the room. "Why you seem quite frightened, love," he added, taking her hand with his easy, graceful air, "frightened, let me assure you, without the least cause. My mother has but that one prejudice, and that one weak point, Rose. You will find her a very dove for gentleness, as long as you do not wound her pride of caste. Come, come! on this night, of all others, you must not send me away with such a face as that."

He bent down, and whispered to her a bridegroom's compliment, which brought the blood back to her cheek in an instant.

"Ah how she loves him — how dearly she loves him," thought her brother, watching her from his solitary corner of the room, and seeing the smile that brightened her blushing face when Danville kissed her hand at parting. Lomaque, who had remained imperturbably cool during the outbreak of the old lady's anger; Lomaque, whose observant eyes had watched, sarcastically, the effect of the scene between mother and son, on Trudaine and his sister; was the last to take leave. After he had bowed to Rose with a certain gentleness in his manner, which contrasted strangely with his wrinkled haggard face, he held out his hand to her brother. "I did not take your hand, when we sat together on the bench," he said, "may I take it now?"

Trudaine met his advance courteously, but in silence. "You may alter your opinion of me, one of these days." Adding those words in a whisper, Monsieur Lomaque bowed once more to the bride, and went out.

For a few minutes after the door had closed, the brother and sister kept silence. "Our last night together, at home!" that was the thought which now filled the heart of each. Rose was the first to speak. Hesitating a little, as she approached her brother, she said to him, anxiously:

"I am sorry for what happened with Madame Danville, Louis. Does it make you think the worse of Charles?"

"I can make allowance for Madame Danville's anger," returned Trudaine, evasively, "because she spoke from honest conviction."

"Honest?" echoed Rose, sadly — "honest? — ah, Louis! I know you are thinking disparagingly of Charles's convictions, when you speak so of his mother's."

Trudaine smiled, and shook his head; but she took no notice of the gesture of denial — only stood looking earnestly and wistfully into his face. Her eyes began to fill; she suddenly threw her arms round his neck, and whispered to him. "Oh, Louis, Louis! how I wish I could teach you to see Charles with my eyes!"

He felt her tears on his cheek

as she spoke, and tried to reassure her.

"You shall teach me, Rose — you shall, indeed. Come, come! we must keep up our spirits, or how are you to look your best to-morrow?"

He unclasped her arms, and led her gently to a chair. At the same moment, there was a knock at the door; and Rose's maid appeared, anxious to consult her mistress on some of the preparations for the wedding ceremony. No interruption could have been more welcome, just at that time. It obliged Rose to think of present trifles; and it gave her brother an excuse for retiring to his study.

He sat down by his desk, doubting and heavy-hearted, and placed the letter from the Academy of Sciences open before him. Passing over all the complimentary expressions which it contained, his eye rested only on these lines at the end: — "During the first three years of your Professorship, you will be required to reside in or near Paris, nine months out of the year, for the purpose of delivering lectures, and superintending experiments, from time to time, in the laboratories." The letter in which these lines occurred, offered him such a position as in his modest self-distrust, he had never dreamed of before: the lines themselves contained the promise of such vast facilities for carrying on his favourite experiments, as he could never hope to command in his own little study, with his own limited means; and yet, there he now sat, doubting whether he should accept or reject the tempting honours and advantages that were offered to him — doubting for his sister's sake!

"Nine months of the year in Paris," he said to himself, sadly; "and Rose is to pass her married life at Lyons. Oh! if I could clear my heart of its dread on her account — if I could free my mind of its forebodings for her future — how gladly I would answer this letter by accepting the trust it offers me!" He paused for a few minutes, and reflected. The thoughts that were in him marked their ominous course in the growing paleness of his cheek, in the dimness that stole over his eyes. "If this cleaving distrust from which I cannot free myself, should be in very truth the mute prophecy of evil to come — to come, I know not when — if it be so (which God forbid), how soon she may want a friend, a protector near at hand, a ready refuge in the time of her trouble! Where shall she then find protection, or refuge? With that passionate woman? With her husband's kindred and friends?"

He shuddered, as the thought crossed his mind; and opening a blank sheet of paper, dipped his pen in the ink. "Be all to her, Louis, that I have been," he murmured to himself, repeating his mother's last words, and

beginning the letter, while he uttered them. It was soon completed. It expressed in the most respectful terms, his gratitude for the offer made to him, and his inability to accept it, in consequence of domestic circumstances which it was needless to explain. The letter was directed, sealed: it only remained for him to place it in the post-bag, lying near at hand. At this last, decisive act, he hesitated. He had told Lomaque, and he had firmly believed himself, that he had conquered all ambitions for his sister's sake. He knew now, for the first time, that he had only lulled them to rest — he knew that the letter from Paris had aroused them. His answer was written, his hand was on the post-bag; and at that moment the whole struggle had to be risked over again — risked when he was most unfit for it! He was not a man under any ordinary circumstances, to procrastinate; but he procrastinated now. "Night brings counsel: I will wait till to-morrow," he said to himself, and put the letter of refusal in his pocket, and hastily quitted the laboratory.

Inexorably that important morrow came: irretrievably, for good or for evil, the momentous marriage vow was pronounced. Charles Danville and Rose Trudaine were now man and wife. The prophecy of the magnificent sunset overnight had not proved false. It was a cloudless day on the marriage morning. The nuptial ceremonies had proceeded smoothly throughout, and had even satisfied Madame Danville. She returned with the wedding-party to Trudaine's house, all smiles and serenity. To the bride she was graciousness itself. "Good girl," said the old lady, following Rose into a corner, and patting her approvingly on the cheek with her fan. "Good girl! you have looked well this morning — you have done credit to my son's taste. Indeed, you have pleased me, child! Now go upstairs, and get on your travelling dress; and count on my maternal affection as long as you make Charles happy."

It had been arranged that the bride and bridegroom should pass their honeymoon in Brittany, and then return to Danville's estate near Lyons. The parting was hurried over, as all such partings should be. The carriage had driven off — Trudaine, after lingering long to look after it, had returned hastily to the house — the very dust of the whirling wheels had all dispersed — there was absolutely nothing to see — and yet, there stood Monsieur Lomaque at the outer gate; idly, as if he was an independent man — calmly, as if no such responsibilities as the calling of Madame Danville's coach, and the escorting of Madame Danville back to Lyons, could possibly rest on his shoulders.

Idly and calmly, slowly rubbing his hands one over the other, slowly nodding his head in the

direction by which the bride and bridegroom had departed, stood the eccentric land-steward at the outer gate. On a sudden, the sound of footsteps approaching from the house seemed to arouse him. Once more he looked out into the road, as if he expected still to see the carriage of the newly-married couple. "Poor girl! — ah, poor girl!" said Monsieur Lomaque softly to himself, turning round to ascertain who was coming from the house.

It was only the postman with a letter in his hand, and the post-bag crumpled up under his arm.

"Any fresh news from Paris, friend?" asked Lomaque.

"Very bad, monsieur," answered the postman. "Camille Desmoulins has appealed to the people in the Palais Royal — there are fears of a riot."

"Only a riot!" repeated Lomaque, sarcastically. "Oh, what a brave government not to be afraid of anything worse! Any letters?" he added, hastily dropping the subject.

"None *to* the house," said the postman — "only one *from* it, given me by Monsieur Trudaine. Hardly worth while," he added, twirling the letter in his hand, "to put it into the bag, is it?"

Lomaque looked over his shoulder as he spoke, and saw that the letter was directed to the President of the Academy of Sciences, Paris.

"I wonder whether he accepts the place or refuses it?" thought the land-steward, nodding to the postman, and continuing on his way back to the house.

At the door, he met Trudaine, who said to him rather hastily, "You are going back to Lyons with Madame Danville, I suppose?"

"This very day," answered Lomaque.

"If you should hear of a convenient bachelor-lodging at Lyons, or near it," continued the other, dropping his voice and speaking more rapidly than before, "You would be doing me a favour if you would let me know about it."

Lomaque assented; but before he could add a question which was on the tip of his tongue, Trudaine had vanished in the interior of the house.

"A bachelor-lodging!" repeated the land-steward, standing alone on the door-step. "At or near Lyons! Aha! Monsieur Trudaine, I put your bachelor-lodging and your talk to me last night together, and I make out a sum total which is, I think, pretty near the mark. You have refused that Paris appointment, my friend; and I fancy I can guess why."

He paused thoughtfully, and shook his head with ominous frowns and biting of his lips.

"All clear enough in that sky," he continued, after a while, looking up at the lustrous mid-day heaven. "All clear enough there; but I think I see a little cloud rising in a certain household

firmament already—a little cloud which hides much, and which I, for one, shall watch carefully."

THE CAMEL-TROOP CONTINGENT.

I AM on two years' leave from the Mahratta Fencibles, and have been appointed, after assiduous application, to the Native Abyssinian Camel-troop Contingent for service in the East. It is true, I can't speak Abyssinian, but I know Welch and a little Latin; and I am told the roots of these three tongues are very similar.

There is no doubt about my official appointment whatsoever. I hold it in my hand. "Sir, —I am directed to inform you, in answer to your late application, that you have been appointed to the N. A. C. Contingent, and are requested to embark with the utmost practicable dispatch.

(Signed) REDTAPE."

I read this continually, in order to re-assure myself of the fact of my appointment, because every other circumstance goes directly against it. "Utmost practicable dispatch!" I took leave of my thirteen brothers and sisters, scarcely allowing a quarter of a second to each embrace; was whirled by the express train to town; and rushed to the War Office.

Says my friend at Court, then: "See his lordship? Quite impossible, Snooks! One hundred and forty people in the anteroom; and besides that (in confidence), he escaped by the back door at lunch time, and has not come back since."

I waited, nevertheless, for I too had some sat-upon sandwiches still left, that I had brought with me in the train from Aberdeen, and some sherry in a pocket-pistol; and "time and the hour" brought me to the minister.

He was not in a pleasant frame of mind. "This is not the place, sir, for your confounded Abyssinian Troop business. Go to —"

I shall not refer more particularly to the office he thus suggested, than to observe, that whatever intelligence I might have wanted, I should not have voluntarily made personal application to the head of that department; so I walked across the way, instead, to another bureau. In answer to most anxious inquiries, I was there informed that "there had been, and even still was, some talk of an Abyss —"

"Talk, sir," I interrupted; "look here!" and I produced my appointment, signed and sealed, triumphantly.

"Yaas," observed the smooth official. "Yaas; we have sent a great many of these out lately. Thirty-six appointments have been signed, I think, from first to last; but only three are to hold good."

I was in a white heat, but quite calm; when, in answer to my question of where I was to go for information, he replied, "To the War Office."

"His lordship has already directed me here," I answered; for I began to fancy the places synonymous.

"Then, your commanding officer or his secretary might know, perhaps," said he.

I thought that it was just possible they might; so I tried the secretary. Who should I find closeted with him, but my old friend, Banberry, colonel of the Cingalese Dragoons, the first cavalry officer in India, appointed to my very own brigade, and just the man to tell me all I wanted. After "Snooks, my boy!" and the slaps on the back were over, I told him I had but twenty-four hours, or so, to spend in England, and had to get all my outfit.

"Indeed!" said he. "And where are you going in such a hurry? What's your corps? What's your uniform?"

"Good Heavens!" said I; "I go with you, in your corps, in your uniform. I want to know all about it."

"Well, I confess I should like to know a little about it myself," said the colonel, who is celebrated for his imperturbability.

Well, I went from him to the man who is to command us — the general himself: a gentlemanly person enough, just the man for our Camel-troop, no doubt; only, unfortunately, he knew no more about the matter than myself.

"But, 'embark with the utmost dispatch.' What does that mean, general?" I urged.

"Why, as I have had the same order for about forty days, I fancy it means nothing in particular."

"When we do go, sir, may I ask the station we shall sail to, the depot, the —?"

"Certainly, Captain Snooks," interposed the general, blandly, "certainly, ask whatever you please; but I regret that it is not in my power to give you an answer."

"And the uniform?" I suggested; "at least I had better get my things ready for embarcation."

"Really," said the general, as he bowed me elegantly to the door, "really I have not the faintest conception of what uniform will be worn by the Native Abyssinian Camel-troop Contingent. Perhaps a fancy dress, according to our private tastes and favourite colours. Perhaps — anything!"

In despair, and reflecting that, as the authorities were all at sea, the Admiralty was as good an office to apply to as any other, I went there. Thank goodness! A ship had been ordered round to Wightmouth, to carry the Camel-troops and a militia regiment; and I had better go down there to meet it.

"Our destination, then," said I, "is —?" But here, it seemed, my unexpected success had rendered me over-sanguine; for the clerk motioned me to the office-door, with "We haven't the smallest idea, sir." That is the impression I have ever since re-

tained of official people: "they haven't the smallest idea, sir."

Who should I find at Wightmouth but my old friend Malines, commanding the Isle-of-Dogs Volunteer Corps, the very regiment that was to accompany us part of our voyage to Wherever-it-was. It was to take him and his host to a real place, and drop us at Malta on the way, to be taken on to Corfu by another vessel. Malines is an excellent colonel. His regiment volunteered about the first, and has been long since in the highest state of discipline, and ready to embark at a day's notice. The Mull Militia, quartered in the same street, had also volunteered; but they were mostly raw recruits; were without full accoutrements, and had no orders to hold themselves in readiness to start, as the Isle-of-Dogs had.

I told Malines my adventures; and he said my troubles were nothing to what he had suffered in trying to get a ship sent down for his corps. He had been referred from one department to another until quite bewildered; and being rather choleric, had sworn most vigorously at the highest dignitaries. What in the colonel was "impatience," in my case would have been "rank blasphemy," and would have deprived me of my command in the Camel-troop; but certainly in re Malines, it seemed to have had a beneficial effect; and he had been promised his ship immediately. By reason of a number of ladies accompanying the regiment, it was, moreover, to be a swift and roomy steamer. The vessel had been signalled, and, after a little refitting in the dockyard, was to sail in about a week. In the meantime, and awaiting the final official order, the mess was broken up, and the officers emigrated to the Vulture Hotel. There, too, I established myself, at an expense I could ill afford; but still I heard no breath of news of the unfortunate N. A. C. I began to be fidgetty as to whether the Bombay might not yet leave us, after all — a Contingent remainder. Suddenly into my rooms burst Malines, purple with passion:

"Through some confounded devilry, that Mull regiment has got our order, and is off in thirty-six hours."

It was perfectly true. Many Mullites had no shako; many, no coatees. The general, who had not even inspected them previously, found a whole company standing apart in their barrack-yard undrilled, undressed, — unfit for departure altogether. Nevertheless, at the appointed hour, with drums beating and colours flying, the Mull Militia embarked in the Bombay: that very ship which had been designed for the accommodation of the wives of the I. O. D. M., and the N. A. C. Contingent. The M. M. didn't take their ladies at all, and marched on board, playing "the girls we left behind us," triumphantly.

A day or two afterwards, a dingy transport, quite incompetent to carry half Malines' regiment, let alone the Contingent — about whose existence I began to have a hideous doubt — was sent round to us from Plymouth, ran ashore upon the beach, was derided by the townspeople; and then was ordered back again — I think with coals. I have got about three pounds left, to pay the landlord of the Vulture for three weeks' board and lodging. My destination is as likely to be Botany Bay as anywhere else. The Isle-of-Dogs Militia go about in a vacant manner, saying "they don't know" to every question that is asked of them. For my part, I keep my written appointment about my person, and exhibit it, when interrogated, with a bitter laugh. Having tried every other office, I now try the office of Household Words.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

No name to bid us know
Who rests below,
No word of death or birth,
Only the grasses wave,
Over a mound of earth,
Over a nameless grave.

Did this poor wandering heart
In pain depart?
Longing, but all too late,
For the calm home again,
Where patient watchers wait,
And still will wait in vain.

Did mourners come in scorn,
And thus forlorn,
Leave him, with grief and shame
To silence and decay,
And hide the tarnished name
Of the unconscious clay?

It may be from his side
His loved ones died,
And last of some bright band,
(Together now once more),
He sought his home, the land
Where they were gone before.

No matter, limes have made
As cool a shade,
And lingering breezes pass
As tenderly and slow,
As if beneath the grass
A monarch slept below.

No grief, though loud and deep,
Could stir that sleep;
And earth and heaven tell
Of rest that shall not cease
Where the cold world's farewell
Fades into endless peace.

MISPRINTS.

If the art of printing be one of the most useful inventions which the world has known, the art of misprinting is certainly one of the most ingenious. Misprinting, in its best — or worst — acceptation, does not simply consist in mere blundering, but in blundering so peculiarly as exactly to invert the sense of the original, and make a writer say the reverse of what he intended. There is one noticeable feature beyond all the rest in errors of the press: they occur in the very places where they most affect the context.

Ménage accounts for this very naturally. He says: — "If you desire that no mistakes shall appear in the works which you publish, never send well-written copy to the printer, for in that case the manuscript is given to young apprentices, who make a thousand errors, while, on the

other hand, that which is difficult to read, is dealt with by the master printers." This is an experience which authors very soon acquire; many of them agree so thoroughly with the learned Frenchman, as to imagine, apparently, that the worse they write, the better they will be printed; and that the printer, like a great general or a celebrated beauty, does not care for too easy a conquest: give him a difficulty to overcome, and he summons all his energies to contend with it; but make the path easy for him, and straightway he walks into a slough.

As to the places where misprints inevitably occur, that is a fatality apart from all considerations of good or bad writing. No caligraphic precautions can guard against them. It is a question of pure chance whether, when you intend to be particularly clear and emphatic, you may not be made extremely muddy and inconclusive. Much depends, perhaps, on the printer's opinion of your grammar and punctuation; but, some have held that typographical errors are fore-doomed. A Mohammedan says: — "It is written," and submits calmy to his fate; a Christian author in a similar fix, exclaims: — "It is printed," and is neither calm nor resigned. It is of no use to tell him that "Things without remedy should be without regard." He belongs to an irritable race who, in such matters, never forget nor forgive. Of all the mistakes that are committed in this world, a misprint is the most indelible. A lady may make a false step; a gentleman's memory may be treacherous, and lead him to suppose himself (commercially and autographically) somebody else; all sorts of moral mishaps may chance; but these things are retrievable; there is always a door open for repentance, or the exercise of greater discretion. But a misprint is a fixture that cannot be removed. The book that contains it goes forth to the uttermost parts of the earth: its track is lost, though its existence be beyond a doubt. You try to call in the present edition — and fail; and you fail for this reason chiefly, that thorough-going book collectors set an additional value on an imperfect copy; it is so pleasant to think that an author's reputation is at their mercy. To print a list of errata is, in nine cases out of ten, only to advertise your misfortunes in the most conspicuous manner. If you satisfy the public that the mistake was another's — a result by no means certain — you never can shut your eyes to the fact the disfigurement will last as long as the paper on which it is impressed. Therefore, your implacability against the printer.

It is a painful but natural consequence of enormous reprinting, but in no work have so many faults been perpetrated as in the Bible.

Pope Sixtus the Fifth caused an edition of the Vulgate to be

published in Rome, in fifteen hundred and ninety, every proof of which he had carefully corrected himself; and, at the end of the volume he affixed a bull, by which he excommunicated any one who should venture to make any alteration in the text. This bull caused a great deal of amusement, — for the Bible was found to be full of mistakes; and the Pope, in consequence, was obliged to suppress the edition. A copy of it is a great rarity, and of course fetches a high price. Brunet, in his "Manuel du Libraire," says that a large-paper copy was disposed of at the sale of Camus de Limare for twelve hundred and ten francs. I dare say it would fetch a great deal more at Sotheby's, at the present moment. The English Bibles contain several remarkable misprints. The edition of sixteen hundred and thirty-four, printed in London, has, in the Twelfth Psalm, "The fool hath said in his heart there is God," instead of "there is *no* God." This edition was suppressed by order of the King. In another London edition (sixteen hundred and fifty-three, in quarto), we read, "In order that all the world should perceive the means of arriving at *worldly* riches," instead of "godly riches." The editions of Field, the printer to the University of Cambridge in the seventeenth century, are full of misprints. It is said that he received a present of fifteen hundred pounds from the Independents to print "ye" for "we," in the sixth verse of the third chapter of the Acts, in order to make it appear that the right of choosing their pastors emanated from the people, and not from the Apostles: — "Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom, whom ye (we) may appoint over this business." In the same Bible, in Corinthians (I. vi. 9), we find, "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall (not) inherit the kingdom of God," — omitting the second "not." At the Clarendon Press, in sixteen hundred and seventeen, a Bible was printed which was known as the Vinegar Bible, on account of the title of the twentieth chapter of St. Luke, in which "Parable of the Vineyard" is printed "Parable of the Vinegar." To show how dangerous it is to assert infallibility while correcting the press, I may mention that in the Curiosités Bibliographiques (a scarce book, though published in Paris only in eighteen hundred and forty-seven), from whence I have derived several of the above-noticed misprints, the word "vinegar" is printed "*vinegard*." The omission of the negative has occurred more than once in printing the Seventh Commandment. This happened with an edition published in the reign of Charles the First; and for making it, the printers were summoned before the High Commission, and fined three thousand pounds. The same omission occurred in the

thirty-fourth edition of the Bible, printed at Halle, which was confiscated, and is now a great biblical rarity. All scriptural misprints are not, as we have seen in the case of Field, the result of accident. There is another on record, which betrays a deep and — may I add? — a most nefarious design. It was the design of a printer's widow in Germany to upset the whole system of the domestic economy. A new edition of the Bible was being printed in her house; and, one night when all the workmen were absent, she rose from her comfortless couch (a German bed always is comfortless, lie in it how you will), and proceeded to the printing-room, there to tamper with the type and falsify a text that had caused her much trouble. Her defunct spouse had, without doubt, given her frequent cause to protest in her heart against that sentence of woman's subjection which is pronounced upon Eve in the third chapter of Genesis. To rescue her sex from its false position, she resolved to alter the relative positions of the parties, and taking out the first two letters of the word "herr," cunningly replaced them by "na." By this means the decree ran, "And he shall be thy FOOL (narr)," instead of "he shall be thy LORD (herr)." This substitution, though submitted to in domestic life — as, I dare say, was the case — was not suffered to pass unpunished by those who were in authority, and the widow was burnt for heresy. Some copies of this edition are said to have been secreted, and are possibly to be found in the private libraries of a few strong-minded women.

But, besides the Bible, there are many other works whose basis is religion, which have been treated so carelessly by the printer, as almost to justify the supposition that has been more than once entertained, of diabolic interference. A work intituled Missæ ac Missalis Anatomia, printed in fifteen hundred and sixty-two, contains one hundred and sixty-eight pages in octavo, and errata occupying fifteen pages. The compiler of the errata, to excuse their number, relates the various artifices resorted to by the devil to frustrate the good effects which the book would have caused. "When the work was printed," he says, "that cursed Satan made use of all his tricks, and succeeded in disfiguring it by so many mistakes (for certain passages contain no sense at all, and others give exactly the contrary meaning to that intended) in order to prevent the pious from reading it, or to weary its readers so effectually that none, without extreme disgust, could get to the end of the volume. Even before the manuscript was placed in the printer's hands, this same Satan threw it in the dirt, and it was so defaced with wet and mud, that the writing was almost effaced, and whole pages were entirely spoilt.

Besides, the book was so terribly torn, that not only was it impossible to read it, but it could not be opened without the leaves separating from each other. Therefore, in order to remedy these artifices of Satan, it has been found necessary, after printing, to go entirely through the work, and set down all the mistakes, notwithstanding their great number." I am very much inclined to think that the devil who threw this book in the mud, was the printer's devil.

The fate of Cardinal Bellarmine's Controversies, was even worse than that of the Anatomy of Missals, although his eminence refrained from ascribing it to diabolical agency. Being vexed at perceiving, on close examination, that numberless errors existed in all the editions of the work in question, he had a manuscript copy made which was entirely free from faults, and confided it to a printer at Venice, with the strictest injunctions to be careful and correct. His precautions, however, were useless, and he found himself under the necessity of publishing a book intituled, Recognitio Librorum Omnium Roberti Bellarmini, (Ingolstadt, sixteen hundred and eight, in octavo), in which he pointed out all the mistakes that had been made in the Venetian edition. The errata occupied eighty-eight pages by itself. The author complains bitterly in his preface, that in more than forty places the printer has made him say "yes," for "no," and "no" for "yes." Another learned man, the Dominican F. Garcia, found yet a lower deep than Cardinal Bellarmine. He published in fifteen hundred and seventy-eight, in quarto, a list of the mistakes which had crept into the existing impression of the Trance of St. Thomas. It occupied a hundred and eleven pages. While on the subject of mistakes by wholesale, I may mention the first edition of the works of Pico de la Mirandola, published at Strasburg in fifteen hundred and seven, in folio. It contains a list of errata of fifteen pages; "the most," says Chevillier, "that I've ever remember to have seen in so small a volume." It was not that mistakes abounded because of the novelty of the art of printing, for, nearly a century and a half after its invention, it appears that the works printed in Paris were so incorrect as to elicit the animadversion of the Government. In issuing a series of regulations to the librarians of that capital in sixteen hundred and forty-nine, the department charged with the superintendence of printed works, observes: "There are so few good books printed in Paris, and what are printed there are evidently so greatly neglected, both on account of the bad paper and the want of care in printing, that it may truly be considered a national shame, and an injury to the state." Paris has long been free from the reproach of inaccuracy, though there is still some-

thing to amend in a general way with respect to the quality of the paper.

Commend me, however, for bad materials, to the country in which printing originated. I have before me, amongst other German books which closely resemble it, a copy of Ebers's large Wörterbuch, published at Leipsic, in seventeen hundred and ninety-nine, that seems, from the colour and texture of the leaves, to have been printed on old blankets liberally interwoven with glistening fragments of straw. But, perhaps in a Dictionary a little chaff is allowable.

The greatest printers have always been distinguished, not only by the beauty of their type, but by the correctness of its appliance. Aldus Minutius, in the supplication which he addressed to Pope Leo the Tenth (prefixed to his edition of Plato, in fifteen hundred and thirteen), says that he experienced so much regret when he discovered mistakes in his editions, that he would willingly, if he could, correct every one of them at the cost of a crown of gold each. And, after all, he would not have expended any very large sum, for accuracy is as valuable a feature of the Aldine editions, as the clearness and delicacy of the printing. The Errata of the Commentaries on the Latin language, by Etienne Dolet, indicate only eight mistakes, although the work is in two volumes folio. Only three appear in the treatise of Budæus, De Asse, printed by Vascosan; and, if the Scaligeriana is to be trusted, Cardan's treatise, De Subtilitate, by the same, in fifteen hundred and fifty-seven, contains not a single misprint. These statistics, however, are somewhat dull: let me turn to a more lively branch of the subject.

A very notable misprint is to be found in the works of Rabelais, which very nearly got him into trouble. The monks and doctors of theology, furious against him on account of the vituperative epithets by which he assailed them, eagerly sought in his works for the means of convicting him of heresy. A council was held at the Sorbonne, and the twenty-second and twenty-third chapters of the third book of the Pantagruel were selected as the pièces de conviction (proofs against him). The former of these, which is a sermon, after the usual fashion of Panurge, against the mendicant friars, contained — they decreed — in one word, twice repeated there, and once in the latter chapter, the entire principle of Atheism. It was the substitution by the printer of "asne" for "ame" — "ass" for "soul." These are the passages: "Il ha grievement peché. Son *asne* s'en va à trente mille panerées de diables." ("He has grievously sinned; his ass is sent to thirty thousand paniers-full of devils.") "Il est par la vertus beuf, hérétique. Je dy hérétique formé, hérétique clavelé, hérétique bruslable comme une belle petite horologe.

Son *asne* s'en va à trente mille charetées des diables." ("He is, by the vertus bœuf (an untranslateable oath) a heretic. I say a heretic formed with the rot,* a heretic fit for burning like a pretty little clock. His ass is sent to thirty thousand cart-loads of devils.") "Au moins s'il perd le corps et la vie; qu'il ne damne son *asne*." ("At least, though he lose both body and life, let him not damn his ass.") On these grounds the doctors of the Sorbonne formally denounced Rabelais to Francis the First, and requested permission to prosecute the author. In all matters of heresy Francis was as severe as an inquisitor-general; but, in this instance, he resolved to judge for himself before he handed over his favourite writer to the tender mercies of the Dominicans. He had not then read the offending chapters, and caused the book to be placed in the hands of the most learned and accurate reader in the kingdom, himself carefully listening the while, to detect the heretical passages. He failed to discover them, and no proceedings consequently were taken against Rabelais, who, in the epistle at the head of the fourth book, dedicated to the Cardinal de Châtillon, ridicules his principal accuser, whom he calls a serpent-eater (mangeur de serpens) for founding a charge of mortal heresy on the insertion of an N instead of an M, through the fault and negligence of the printers. There is, however, very good reason for supposing that the misprint was intentional. If so, poor Etienne Dolet, who could print so well, suffered for it shortly afterwards, when, at the stake, he expiated less doubtful heretical opinions. Foiled in their endeavours, the enemies of Rabelais, at a later period, shifted their ground, and unable to convict him according to the letter of his writings, attacked their spirit, accusing him of double meaning. However open to the charge, Rabelais defended himself in a very grave and pious tone, and succeeded in persuading Henry the Third, to whom the accusation was addressed, to take off the interdict, which for a long time prevented the continuation of the Pantagruel.

Erasmus was a sufferer also, both on account of misprints and misinterpreted meanings. The Faculty of Theology of Paris censured him for an unlucky mistake made by his printer in the paraphrase of the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew, where "amore singulari" appeared instead of "more singulari"; and he was accused of confining theology to Germany, because they chose to read in that sense a passage in his Enchiridion, in which he praised the "Germanam apostolorum theologiam," or *genuine* (not German) apostolic theology.

* Hérétique clavelé has literally this signification; but it has a special punning allusion to Clavelier (or Clavele), a clockmaker of La Rochelle, who was burnt for heresy, together with a wooden clock which he had made.

It was scarcely less a crime in their eyes that he should, in the Lord's Prayer, have substituted "peccata" for "debita."

"Besides the ordinary errata," says D'Israeli the elder, "which happen in printing a work, others have been purposely committed, in order that the errata may contain what is not permitted to appear in the body of the work. Wherever the Inquisition had power, particularly at Rome, it was not allowed to employ the word *fatum* or *fata* in any work. An author desirous of using the latter word, adroitly invented this scheme: he had printed in his book *facta*, and in the errata he put 'for *facta*, read *fata*.'" A more amusing instance of misprinting by design is told of Scarron, though in which edition of his works I am unable to say, as it is not to be found in that published at Amsterdam in seventeen hundred and twelve, or in the Paris edition of seventeen hundred and nineteen; but it is too likely not to be true. He had composed a poetical epistle, which, as the subject fully admitted of it, he dedicated to Guillemette, the female dog of his sister ("A Guillemette, chienne de ma sœur"); but having quarrelled with his relation, he maliciously put into the errata, "au lieu de 'chienne de ma sœur' ('female dog of my sister'), lisez 'ma chienne de sœur' ('my female dog of a sister')." A more recent intentional misprint occurred in Belgium, two or three years before the events of eighteen hundred and thirty. Amongst those who mainly prepared the way for the revolution which was to expel the House of Orange, were a number of young litterati, who, the better to carry out the object they had in view, purchased the Courrier des Pays Bas, — at that time a very influential newspaper. They did not make any immediate change in the personnel of the editorship, but retained the editor, who was a Frenchman, and a Jesuit into the bargain. In a short time, however, they found that the articles which he wrote militated against their policy; and they limited his contributions to the feuilleton. The ex-editor accordingly became desirous of informing his friends at a distance of the change that had taken place; and he made the newspaper itself the medium of communication, — not directly, but after this fashion. The motto of the Courrier des Pays Bas was, "Est modus in rebus," from the well-known line in Horace; and the Jesuit, to make it apparent that there was a hitch somewhere, substituted "nodus" (a knot), for "modus" (a manner); and for three weeks the paper was published daily before the misprint was discovered.

No one in England feels disposed to advocate the censorship of the press; but if one of its functions, as the duty is performed in Spain, were exercised here, it might not be amiss. A few errors which have occasionally

startled the town would not then have been committed. In Spain, says Chevillier, there has long been established a police for the correction of the press, by means of which it is attempted to oblige printers to be vigilant and make fewer mistakes. Before permitting the sale of a book, it is examined by the censor, who compares the printed copy with the manuscript, and marks all the misprints. The errata which he has made is then prefixed to the first sheet, and the censor's signature is attached to a statement, which declares that, except the mistakes indicated, the book is faithfully printed. This kind of attestation in also found in some French works. In a few are found the names of the correctors. The police of the press in Madrid appear to be less particular in their relations with foreign countries; for, in eighteen hundred and forty-six, all the printed envelopes of the Madrid papers which were sent to the editor of the Daily News ran as follows: — "She Edictor of the dacly Nevves, 90 Heet Streez." I must record, in honour of the ingenious postman who was charged with conveying them to their destination, that they never miscarried.

Allowance must, however, be made for printers who have to exercise their art in a language unfamiliar to them. I, therefore, am not so highly irritated as some authors of my acquaintance, when I find, in French words where *n* and *u* occur, that the wrong letter is invariably selected by the English typographer. French authors are not I hope so susceptible in this matter as they are in most others, or I should greatly pity the frantic state of rage into which they ought to be thrown at the way in which the British tongue is mutilated in print when they attempt a quotation from our literature. I met with one the other day, in a late number of the Revue des Deux Mondes, where the alteration of a single letter produced a very ludicrous effect. The writer, being sentimental, and at Venice, was disposed to quote Byron, and began with the first line of the fourth canto of Childe Harold. He probably wrote it correctly enough, but the printer rendered it as follows:

J stood at Venice on the bridge of sighs.

Now when a man says J. did so and so, one thinks that Jones, or Jackson, or Johnson did it, but if the subject be poetical, I leave you to imagine what becomes of the poetry. Anglo-French is ridiculous enough, but I am inclined to think that French-English is even more so. For fear of disturbing the entente cordiale, I shall not cite any examples just now, but as I am not withheld by the same scruples in regard to the dominions of King Bomba, let me give the following specimen of Neapolitan English, which was copied not long ago from a printed advertisement in one of

the Neapolitan newspapers. It is necessary to observe that the word "Fine-Hok" corresponded to "Belle-vue" in the French of the parallel (explanatory) column, but it was not stated that cabaret in the one language, and pot-house in the other, would have better expressed the true character of the establishment.

Restorative' Hotel [Fine Hok kept by Frank Prosperi facing the military quarter at Pompeii. That Hotel open since a very few days is renowned for the cleanless of the apartments and linen for the exactness of the service and for the excellence of the true French cookery. Being situated at proximity of that regeneration, it will be propitious to receive families, whatever, which will desire to reside alternatively into that town to visit the monuments now found and to breathe thither the salubrity of the air. That establishment will avoid to all travellers, visitors, of that sepult city and to the artists (willing draw the antiquities) a great disorder occasioned by tardy and expensive contour of the iron whay people will find equally thither a complete sortment of stranger wines and of the kingdom, hot and cold baths, stables, coach-houses, the whole at very moderated prices. Now all the applications and endeavours of the Hoste will tend always to correspond to the tastes and desires of their customers which will require without doubt to him into that town the reputation whome, he is ambitious.

These Bellevues, or Belvederes, are dangerous things to meddle with. A lady of my acquaintance once saw an announcement in the window of an hotel at Basle that it possessed "A Belvedere that likes to take a walk."

Foreign editions of English books abound in misprints, though very frequently they are not mere errors of the press, but arise from editorial misconception of the real meaning. I have a small pocket edition of Childe Harold, published by Campe of Nuremberg, in which occur the following variorum readings. In canto three, stanza eighty-two, are these lines: —

They made themselves a fearful monument
The wreck of old opinions — things which grew,
Breathed from the breath of time: —

Fearful is printed frightful, and breath bird. Again, in stanza one hundred and eighty-one, canto four, where the poet, apostrophising the ocean, says of the oak leviathans that sail on it, "These are thy toys" — for this last word the German printer substituted tops, by which, I confess, I was at first rather puzzled, until it struck me that whip-tops or peg-tops must have been in his mind's eye when he thought of ships becoming the sport of wind and wave. Before Byron is dismissed, I must speak of one of the strangest misprints that, perhaps, has ever occurred; for it was committed without being discovered by the author — sensitive as we know he was — or by the public who have, for years, admiringly quoted the lines. The stanza which follows the one last cited runs thus: —

Thy shores are empires, chang'd in all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them when they were free,
And many a tyrant since; —

A skilful critic was, very recently, reading this passage, and when he came to "Thy waters wasted them," he paused. Wasted what? Where is it on record that the Mediterranean sea has wasted the shores that surround it? What part of the coast — European, Asiatic, or African — has been overwhelmed by the tide, and then left desolate? The ruins of Tyre are still a landmark; the rock of Salamis still overlooks the wave; the site of Carthage remains. Tyrants may have wasted those shores, but the waters never. There must, then, be some mistake. Could the critic have access to the original manuscript? It was produced and examined: and, as much to the surprise of all present as, I dare say, it will be to the public, the faulty line ran thus: —

Thy waters washed them power when they were free,
And many a tyrant since.

The MS. of another of Byron's poems rectifies a misprint which has been allowed to pass current in all the hitherto published editions of his works. It occurs in the Prisoner of Chillon: —

And thus together, yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but pin'd in heart —

For pin'd, read join'd, which completes the antithesis.

An author may sometimes be indebted for an idea to his printer. The story that is told of Malherbe is a case in point. In his celebrated epistle to Du Perrier, whose daughter's name was Rosette, he had written: — "Et Rosette a vécu ce que vivent les roses." ("And Rosette has lived as the roses live.") But the printer, who found the MS. difficult to read, put Roselle instead of Rosette. Malherbe, reading the proof, was struck by the change, and modified his verse as follows: — "Et Rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses." ("And a Rose, she has lived as the roses live.") The comparison to the rose in the first instance adds greatly to the beauty of the image.

Misprinted dates occur very often, and sometimes cause considerable confusion in the reader's mind. In the last number of the Quarterly Review, in a review very admirably written, of the account of Corsica, by Gregorovius, mention is made of Sampiero, the famous Corsican Condottiero. He was, says the reviewer, "born A.D. 1498 at Bastelica, a village in the mountains near Ajaccio." After speaking of his military services in Italy, he adds: — "While thus acquiring distinction in foreign countries, he was not unmindful of his own. He returned home in 1597, and his reputation as a soldier supplying the place of titles and ancestry, won for him a noble bride — Vannina, daughter and heiress of Francis Ornano, a principal noble of the island." Vannina must have had a singular taste to select for her bridegroom a gentleman of the mature age of ninety-nine. I must ob-

serve that there is nothing in the context which helps one to affix the right date, though it is afterwards said that he died in fifteen hundred and sixty-seven, exactly thirty years before he married his blooming bride, whom, in the meantime, he murdered. Misprints of this description make people do strange things after their deaths. In a review which I saw lately in a weekly paper, reference is made to a very pleasant letter from Swift to Arbuthnot, giving an excellent account of the mode of life of the former. It is dated (by the printer) "on or about 1773," from which it would appear that it was written by the ghost of Swift to the ghost of Arbuthnot, the former having died in seventeen hundred and forty-five, and the latter in seventeen hundred and thirty-three. What makes this misprint the more absurd is, that the letter consists chiefly of details respecting eating and drinking and the cheapness of living — not in the other world, but in Ireland. The Builder, a few weeks since, or the Globe quoting the paragraph, says that what Raffaelle did in his "brief life" was "marvellous." So it was, but then Raffaelle did not live, as the paragraph stated, to be fifty-seven years of age. Here it is easy to rectify the error, the words being in figures, and a five inserted in the place of a three. But it only shows how careful you should be in your comments when your printers are apt to stumble. Apropos of the Globe, the following passage appeared in its impression of January, the eighteenth ult.: — "Our printer yesterday committed a serious error in giving our extract from the Registrar-General's return. He makes us say that the inhabitants of London suffer at present from a high rate of morality." About the same period the Court Journal make a somewhat similar lapsus. A bride in high life was said to have been accompanied to the altar by *tight* bridesmaids. For the sake of the young ladies referred to, I beg to say that the words in italics was intended to be *eight*. An error in the Morning Chronicle in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine must have caused many fruitless references to the Peerage. It reported that a magnificent banquet had been given by the Duke of *P*ork.

In the Daily News of the seventh of February, a mistake — rather than a misprint — occurred, which realised Sir Boyle Roche's ideas of the capacity of a bird, and almost equalled the supposition of Mrs. Malaprop. The ministerial secessions were on the tapis, and the paper was made to say, "The late Chancellor of the Exchequer is in favour of retaining office, but Mr. Gladstone is inclined to retire from the ministry." For a politician, however, this was not a very inapplicable mistake. It resembled the distinction between the "governor" and "father," in Sheridan's Critic. Misprints en bloc are occasionally to be met

with. In the Morning Chronicle of the twenty-ninth of January last, there was an account, on the fifth page, of Cardinal Wiseman's voyage from Civita Vecchia to Marseilles, with a description of a fearful storm, which was described in detail, with all due circumstantial sobriety. The next paragraph began: "No doubt, many persons will disbelieve *this story*, as many persons disbelieved the story of Louis Napoleon's marriage with Mdlle. de Montijo, when it was first announced." "This story!" What was it? Had Cardinal Wiseman been saved from a tempest by floating on his paletot, like Mr. Newman's favourite saint? To discover what seemed so hard to believe, it was necessary to turn to the *eighth* page of the same impression, where, in the Paris news of the day before, it was stated that the Count de Morny is the uterine brother of the Emperor. "It is now said — and, I may add, is believed in the best-informed quarters — that the Emperor had resolved to declare the Count de Morny the legitimate son of King Louis of Holland and Queen Hortense, and consequently his own brother." In lifting the type for a different edition, the comment upon this paragraph had unfortunately been left behind; for, after disposing of the Count de Morny, the correspondent continued the adventure of Cardinal Wiseman as quietly as if nobody else's affairs had interposed to render it doubtful. Another misprint en bloc crept, a few weeks since, into a leading weekly journal. A passage from the Times was quoted respecting the deficiencies in the camp at Balaklava. The description was a most painful one. After speaking of the wants of the army, which was stated to be perishing on account of the absence of all things by which life is supported, the quotation went on to say: "We cannot glance over the letters before us without discovering more and more deficiencies." And then this list appeared: "11,160 cwt. bristles, 70,000 cwt. rags, 3680 cwt. sailcloth, 1180 cwt. oil, 7987 cwt. mats, 6090 cwt. raw hides, 5100 cwt. of tar, 3600 cwt. feathers, 400 cwt. potash, 555,012 timbers, 21,065 oak timbers for ship-building, and 2136 lasts pipestaves." Bristles and rags! Plenty of both in the camp, no doubt; but the enumeration of these articles belonged to a paragraph in the next column, where the exports from Memel were detailed.

These are a few out of the host of misprints which might be accumulated were only a few of "the gentlemen who write with ease," and are printed with difficulty, to send their experiences to Household Words. In conclusion, just now, merely to show that there has been no invidious selection in the instances cited from the London press, it may be mentioned that our own printer, in a proof of an article for a recent number of this journal, converted

a very distinguished judge into "Mr. Justice Nightman."

BIRTHDAYS.

Births, Marriages and Deaths! This sentence is succinct enough in all conscience; 't is as short as a hunting mass; and yet it comprises in its three brief acts the whole drama of life. Of the acting copy of that drama, be it understood, there is a great folio edition locked up in a certain library to which humanity is denied access; and in that volume of the human comedy there are prologues and epilogues, exits and entrances, stage directions, and variorum notes that we wiss not of; but we, in our limited appreciation, are confined to being spectators of (and, in our turn, actors in) the three-act epopœa of birth, of marriage, and of death. The comedy is played out with a due attention to the unities and exigences of scenic effect and spectacle. There is a grand birthday fête in the first act; a bridal chorus in the second, with maidens clad in white, and scattering flowers; then the stage darkens, and the green curtain goes down upon all the dancing and glitter, and there is nothing left but darkness and the night-watchers.

Birthdays! What a joyous stream of melody runs through that gay first act of the play! The instruments of the musicians are in excellent tune; the lamps burn brightly; the scenery and dresses are new and glittering; the audience are in capital humour, predisposed to be pleased, and prognosticating all sorts of good things for the piece and its actors. See, here is the Infant Roscius, the Young Garrick, the Sucking Sappho. What thunders of applause greet these juvenile debutants on the imperial stage! Alack, how often it must happen that Roscius comes to shame, and Garrick is "goosed," and Sappho makes a bad end of it, pelted with oranges and half-pence, before the end of the third act! But, clap or hiss, the end must come, and the bell ring, and the curtain fall.

Birthdays! Are they not one of the three great legacies inherited equally by all the children of humanity? Nokes has his birthday as well as the Norman-descended Earl; and Nokes, or Smith, or Briggs, may keep their birthdays with as much joy and merry-making, as kings and queens with their salutes of an hundred guns and one.

When a man dies, if he be a pauper, we pack him up in a deal box, and "rattle his bones over the stones" to the pauper burial-ground, where we bury him like so much rubbish to be shot; if he be a prince, we wrap him up in velvet, and gold, and stuff his poor dead body full of sweet herbs, and make a herald brag about his empty titles over his grave. We have nodding plumes, "rich silk scarves and mutes,"

gilt nails, cherubim's heads, and silver-gilt plates, for the wealthy or noble "party;" we have the hospital dead-house, the parish shell, the contract coffin, the maimed rites, and the drunken grave-digger, for the poor man; just as in France they have the deep-mouthed serpent, the shrill choristers, the *Dies iræ*, the incense, the master of the ceremonies with his silver chain and ebony bâton, and all the bricabrac of the *Pompes funèbres*, for Monsieur; and for plain Jean or Pierre just a *croque-mort* or two, a dingy bier on wheels, with a driver in rusty boots, and a battered cocked-hat, a scant service of bad Latin hastily mumbled, and an asperging brush for holy water, like a stunted hearth-broom. But though a man can as certainly bring no more into the world than he can carry anything out, there is in the first birthday of royalty little difference between that of Jack Ragg the crossing-sweeper. There may be a difference in the locale, and guns may fire when the child is born; but that is all. A few magging crones are gratified with the first view of Mrs. Ragg's first, as my Lord Chancellor, my Lord Archbishop, and my Lords the great officers of State are with the first public exhibition of Prince Prosperous; but there is the same skill in the doctor, the same care and attention in the nurse, the same solicitude and joy in all womankind that are about; the same pride in the father, the same and less chattering, hurrying about, and ceaseless potterings over fireplaces with saucepans containing mysterious messes, at the birth of the little sweep in the garret, as of the little Prince of the Palace. Napoleon, bursting into the golden ante-chamber of the Tuileries with that long-desiderated man-child in his arms, swathed in the purple, and crying out to his Marshals, and Ministers, and Cardinals, with all the joy and exultation of satisfied ambition, and new nascent hope, "It is a King of Rome!" sings but to the self-same tune as the parish nurse does to the happy Mr. Ragg, senior, when, holding a particularly diminutive infant in her arms, she informs him that it is the finest child "that hever were seen." They both mean BABY, and they are both equal in their birth. Baby Beggar is as good as Baby Basileus. The gruel is in a silver cup or a broken butter-boat. The Doctor must be an M.R.C.S., whether he have the prefix of Sir, and the prestige of Court practice or not; and the poor man's baby makes an equal item as the heir of a Brown in the Registrar-General's returns. Nay, if Mr. Ragg, *père*, choose to invest three shillings and sixpence with the proprietors of the Times newspaper, he can read at full length in that journal such an announcement as "in Hampshire Hog Lane, the lady of John Ragg, Esquire,

of a Son." His lady may go to St. Giles's or St. James's and be churched by a live Doctor of Divinity, and what more can the infant prince have than a little larger type in the newspaper, a few more lines, the smoke and smell of a little gunpowder, and an archbishop to compose a form of thanksgiving to be recited, on the Sunday following, in all parish churches in England, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

But though our first Birthdays are all pretty nearly alike, no sooner is Baby short-coated and weaned than we begin to play our little game of mummeries and masqueradings, posture-makings and hankey-pankey tricks; and the Birthday becomes an institution to be kept with great state, and splendour, and carousal by the rich, to be neglected or ignored by the poor. Little Jack Ragg speedily forgets all about his birthday, if indeed anybody ever took the trouble to inform him of the exact date of the anniversary of that event: that young gentleman has sundry important pre-occupations touching the provision of shoes for his feet, a shirt for his back, victuals for his belly, and a bed to lay his head upon; and he is oftener prompter to bewail his existence altogether, and that he "hever wor born," than to make enquiries as to when his natal day falls due, and rejoice thereupon. Little Black Topsey never had a birthday, she 'spects; she "growed," for aught she knows; the "Speculator" who raised her, old master who made the flesh fly, or old missis who whipped her with a poker, never made her Birthday presents — what should she, or Jack Ragg in England, or Fagg the tramp, or Bobtail the thief, know or care about their birthdays? They have no large Family Bibles with all the birthdays of the family accurately registered on the fly leaves. They have no Bibles at all, no families, no anything. What should they know of their own birthdays when they are utterly ignorant of the meaning and purpose of the great blessed Birthday — nay, ignorant of its very being. You shall go down courts and alleys; you shall hold your breath in the noisome stench of common lodging-houses; you shall stir up the breathing heaps of foul rags on which the rays of the policeman's bulls-eye fall; you shall see the man in tatters, and the "woman in unwomanly rags," the boy thief, the girl without a name, the whole tribe from the patriarch to the new-born babe in dirt, hunger, misery, and the ignorance that slayeth. To talk to these forlorn beings about their birthdays!

Yet we all have our Birthdays, though ofttimes disregardful of them as of other precious gifts; there may be no oxen roasted whole, or fireworks let off, or

Sir Roger de Coverley danced when our natal anniversaries come round, yet we can be joyful for our birthdays, and thankful for that mercy, which has permitted us to enjoy so many of them.

I am not about to inflict upon my reader a course of Lemprière or Adams's Roman Antiquities, else it would be as easy as lying to tell you how the ancients kept their birthdays; how the men sacrificed to Jupiter and the women to Juno; how rich dresses were worn and presented as gifts: how great feasts were held, where the guests in postures of graceful accubation made themselves sick with those peculiarly nasty dishes which were the glory of Roman cookery. Yet there are some modern birthdays in whose phases of celebration there may be things socially interesting.

Place to Princes, and let us have a peep at the King's birthday! Which King and which birthday shall we have? There are many to choose from. Shall we go back to the twenty-ninth of May, sixteen hundred and sixty, and stand at Charing Cross (close by where was once a certain statue, pulled down during the late troubles, and supposed to have been cast into parliamentary ordnance, for administering "apostolic blows and knocks" long since, but which has been safely hidden underground, and is soon to be set up again in as high estate as ever with new glorifications of pedestal-carvings by Grinling Gibbons) — Shall we stand here while the trumpets bray out their noisy fanfares, and the joy-bells ring their merry peals, and the Tower guns thunder forth salutes, and countless musquetoons and escopettes go on private account, and all in honour of this brave birthday — the birthday of Charles Stewart, King of England, the king who is come to his own again, and is making his triumphal entry into his restored kingdom on the thirtieth anniversary of his birth! Here come the London train-bands, with silver trumpets and flaunting banners. They have quite forgotten all about ship-money, and the five members, and Mr. Prynne's ears. Hark how the mob shout "Long live the King!" See how the soldiers wave their pikes; — these are Monk's Coldstreams, my dear. These loyal hearts in buff jerkins and headpieces belong to the same armed bands that "clapped their bloody hands" when another Charles Stewart, also King of England, came out of a certain window in the banqueting house close by, twelve years agone. Mr. Marvel, the member for Hull, who writ that piece on the death of Charles I., is sitting at a window in the house of a friend of his, a bowyer, in Charing Cross. He sees the armed bands and hears the shouts of the loyal mob, and thinks of the time they shouted "To your tents, O Israel!" and smiles melancholily. Now come

the heralds and pursuivants (the last time they had new tabards was at Oliver's funeral); now come the peers in their robes — many of them have left little scores unpaid in the Low Countries, my dear, and what is left of their broad acres they carry in the skirts of their velvet robes, and the remnant of their plate in the gold of their coronets, and their rents and fines for renewal of leases in their embroidered garters and jewelled Georges. Here comes the Deliverer, the Restorer of Monarchy, the great Duke of Albemarle; he in his flowing periwig and silver armour and blue ribbon, and steed with embroidered housings, cannot be any relative or connection of that stern General Monk with dull corslet, plain bands, high boots of buff leather and steeple hat, who was one of Oliver's men, and was so fierce against monarchy only five weeks since. Here comes the Lord Mayor, ready to entertain the King, Heaven bless him! with as gorgeous a banquet and as generous wine as he was wont to entertain his Highness the Lord Protector, Heaven bless *him* (in the past tense). Here come the barons of the Cinque Ports, bearing the royal canopy; and here comes the hero of the birthday, here comes the KING! his royal brothers of York and Gloucester on either side, his swarthy face glowing with pleasure; royal witticisms flowing fast from the royal lips; the royal grace and affability and majesty visible in every flexure of his nervous form, in every curvet of his admirably managed charger. The bells ring, the cannons roar, the people shout louder than ever. Flowers are strewn in his path; women weep and laugh wildly, and wave their kerchiefs; the conduits run wine, the taverns overflow with customers; whole oxen are roasted in open places; at night there is a bonfire at the corner of every street; and decorous Master Samuel Pepys, returning homewards, is seized upon by madcap cavaliers, and made to drink the King's health on his knees. Hurrah! let us all throw our caps into the air and shout for this glorious birthday! Pull Oliver's bones from their grave, and hang dead Bradshaw up on Tyburn gibbet, with the red robe he wore at that awful high Court of Justice about him. Set up the Maypoles again; open all the theatres; bring Doctor Lawnsleeves back again to his rectory, and send Obadiah Crop-ears packing to Geneva. Fat pig nor goose no more oppose, nor "blaspheme custard through the nose." The King enjoys his own again; this is his birthday, and each succeeding birthday shall be more glorious than the other!

I wonder if any decent section of those loyal thousands had had the least idea of what the yearly succeeding birthdays of this well-beloved, long-desired

Charles Stewart would bring about, whether they would have shouted quite so loud or quite so loyally. There were many birthdays in store for the restored King yet. At some he touched right royally for the evil, and hung the angel gold about the necks of the sick with his accustomed grace; at one he may have tasted his first pine-apple, and at one cracked that famous joke when he saw the thief pick his courtier's pocket. At all his birthdays, doubtless there were great feasts and merry-makings and junketings; great presentations of rich gifts; great assemblies of courtiers playing basset, and French boys singing love songs in that "glorious gallery;" court plays in which saintly Miss Blagg, vivacious Miss Stewart, and witty Grammont, and worthless Legion, acted; but as each birthday came round it was to a King becoming more profligate, more heartless, more lavish of his subjects' money, more neglectful of his own and their honour, more detestable, despicable and scandalous as a man and a monarch. His last two birthday suits were dyed with the blood of Russell and Sidney, and his last shame was to be as cruel as Amurath. And having outlived his subjects' love and his own honour, he died a poor worn-out, reprobate pensioner. This was the merry monarch, my dear; and we admire his goodness of heart, his charming affability, and his great jocoseness even unto the present day.

FENCING WITH HUMANITY.

Upwards of two thousand accidents in factories — being the usual average — occured in the half year, last reported upon by the factory inspectors. Of this number, all but about a hundred were not only preventible, but such as millowners are bound by law to prevent. The law compels these gentlemen to fence their machinery; but, in an unfortunately large number of instances, the obligation is resisted. As a consequence of this resistance, one and twenty persons have, in six months, been drawn into machinery, and slain by every variety of torture, from breaking on the wheel to being torn limb from limb. One hundred and fifty working people have had torn away from them, during the same six months, a part of the right hand that earns their bread. A hundred and thirty two have lost part of the left hand. Eight and twenty have lost arms or legs; two hundred and fifty have had their bones cracked in their bodies: more than a hundred have suffered fracture or other serious damage to the head and face; and one thousand two hundred and seventy two have been painfully, but not dangerously, torn, cut, or bruised. The price of life is twenty pounds; and

lower damage costs but a trifle to the person whose neglect has inflicted it. What it costs to the sufferer, all may judge who ever read London police reports, and meet from time to time with the sad stories of men, women and boys, who — having been mutilated in a factory and rendered useless to the owner thereof — are pitilessly thrown upon the world.

It has been proved by the experience of millowners who have obeyed the dictates of humanity, that every part of the machinery they use can be securely fenced without producing a great fire of Manchester, or causing the total ruin of Great Britain as a manufacturing country. The Home Secretary has, therefore, since we last called attention to this subject,* rescinded every compromise between right and convenience that was, a year ago, admitted by authority; and orders that henceforth the law shall be enforced to the utmost. Unfenced machinery is not to be held to be innocent until it has spilt "much more blood;" but, shall be made innocent before it can have had time to crack a bone, or crush a body. Instantly a large number of millowners fly to the platform, deliver and hear angry orations, form deputations, and declare themselves a slaughtered interest.

At a great meeting held in Manchester, when this increased care for the lives of workpeople was threatened, one speaker drew an awful picture of the conflagration that would follow. "Suppose," said he, "the mill-owners were to go home and set to work to case all their gearing; in many of the mills miles of casing (wooden casing of course) would be required, and the effect would be that, within this casing, a large amount of cotton flake and dust would find its way [hear, hear]. This would more or less interfere with the oiling of the machinery, and a spark, communicating to the fibres inside this casing, would inevitably lead to the destruction of the whole mill [hear, hear, hear]; the soft fibre would ignite like gunpowder, the fire would pass from shaft to shaft, and it would be found that the moment the fire was put out in one place it would break forth in another and render extinction impossible. The wood casing too, when ignited, would fall in burning fragments and set fire to every thing else." Upon this magnificent picture of ruin, which Martin might have been tempted to paint, Mr. Howell, one of the Inspectors, comments by stating the result of proper fencing in a large factory at Hyde, near Manchester. "In that factory," he says, "several hundred feet of horizontal shafting, having been enclosed in hexagonal wood casing under the supervision of Mr. Robert Hall, the manager, a length of the casing which had been fixed more than six calendar months was, at my request, taken

* In Volume XXV., p. 326.

down while I was in the factory, in order to ascertain the fact whether any cotton flake or dust had insinuated itself within the casing; and it was satisfactory to find that the inside of the casing was as free from the insidious intrusion of cotton flake and dust as it was when first put up."

Then it is said that victims have been cautioned, and that they were heedless of instructions. Assume this to be the case, though it is not true that every accident results, or, that one half of the accidents result, from carelessness on the part of the sufferer. A large proportion of them are such as no prudence or foresight on the part of the workman could have hindered. That, from the nature of the several disasters, can be shown; but it is evident enough from the fact, that many of these heedless fellows are men maimed when in the prime of life, after a long familiarity with factory machinery, and a career in which they have become so noted for their skill, carefulness, intelligence and steadiness, as to have been promoted above their fellows to situations of trust and responsibility. Let us grant, however, that the victims are all negligent rogues who have not done what they were bidden to do. What is to be said of the superior heedfulness of orders shown by the masters, who, being bound to hang up in their mills a list of certain obligations laid upon them, thereby advertise to all their men that certain things which the masters of the masters order them to do, they have not done? For thus begins the list which is hung up in all the factories throughout the kingdom:

"DANGEROUS MACHINERY AND ACCIDENTS. Every fly-wheel connected with the steam-engine or water-wheel, whether in the engine-house or not, and every part of a steam-engine and water-wheel, and every hoist or teagle, and every shaft and every wheel, drum or pulley, by which the motion of the first moving power is communicated to any machine, must be securely fenced; and every wheel-race must be fenced close to the edge; and the said protection to each part must not be removed while the parts requiring to be fenced are in motion. — 7 & 8 Vict. c. 15, §§ 21, 73."

It is indeed, then, to a "wanton disobedience of orders," that the accidents in factories are commonly to be ascribed. But who is guilty of the disobedience, — the masters or the men?

We may sum up this part of the subject in the words of the manager of a great factory, quoted by Mr. Howell: — "The fact is, that all these shafts can and ought to be fenced; they ought to be cased. This is a plain question, upon which an intelligent man in a fustian jacket who spends all his time among the machinery in a factory, can form as sound a judgment as the gentlemen in the counting-house who calculate the expense. They have not got to handle the straps; they do not put them on the drums; nor are they liable to be caught by a strap lapping on a naked unfenced shaft."

A few months previous to our

last discussion on this subject, in a circular letter dated the thirty-first of January eighteen hundred and fifty-four, mill-owners were reminded of the law as it regards the fencing of mill-gearing, and were informed that its provisions must be, for the future, strictly observed. Out of this announcement was bred the great meeting of mill-owners at Manchester, whereat fire and ruin were predicted in the manner already shown. At that meeting a deputation was appointed, which was received at the Home Office in March last year, and which there made representations of the impossibility of fencing horizontal shafts; of the danger of fire if the impossibility were accomplished; of the fact that horizontal shafts usually revolve at a height from the floor, which makes it impossible for danger to arise from them; and of the great expense that would be incurred by mill-owners in doing impossibilities to prevent impossibilities, whereby they would, after all, only set their premises on fire. By some such line of argument the Home Secretary was induced to direct that, inasmuch as the circular letter of the thirty-first of January had been construed to require the universal adoption of a permanent fixed casing, that circular should be for a time suspended, and need not be acted upon. But, at the same time, the same Secretary pointed out various modes and precautions by which danger to the workpeople from horizontal shafts might be prevented. This concession to the mill-owners was promulgated in a circular bearing date the fifteenth of March last year, which closed in this manner: "The best proof that the adoption of these or any other suggestions is a sufficient compliance with the requirements of the law in this respect, will, of course, be the absence of accidents hereafter in those factories in which these precautions shall have been adopted; at the same time the inspectors are instructed to remind the occupiers of factories that if an accident shall occur in any factory in which no attempt shall have been made, within a reasonable time, to introduce any contrivance by which this accident might have been prevented," they will be liable to prosecution.

The required proof of the sufficiency of mild suggestions has not been given. During the past year, deaths and mutilations of the most horrible kind have been as frequent as they ever were; many of them have been caused by machinery revolving at heights above seven feet from the floor; they have been found to occur even at a height of nearly fifteen feet. In comparatively few cases have the suggestions offered by the Home Office for the prevention of this crushing and maiming, received any practical attention.

The right step has, in consequence, been taken by the Government; and on the eighth of January in the present year, a

letter was sent from the Home Office to the Factory Inspectors, directing that they should institute proceedings to enforce the law which requires that horizontal shafts shall be fenced, and that they should not defer such proceedings until after the occurrence of accidents which such fencing might have prevented. The relaxations allowed by the circular of the fifteenth of March in the previous year, were therefore withdrawn, and ceased to be in force. "The object of the law was," as Lord Palmerston said, "to prevent accidents, not to punish for them." Indulgence, trust in strap-hooks and spontaneous humanity, have been tried. The result has been no diminution in the accidents, and very little use even of those cheap contrivances which the deputation of mill-owners suggested as effectual, and promised for their body to adopt. It has become evident, also, that the contrivances in question would indeed lessen by fifty per cent. the number of preventible accidents, but would leave still a large annual list of killed and wounded. Measures of complete prevention introduced voluntarily into some extensive factories, have worked in such a way as to disprove all the arguments against them put forth a twelvemonth ago by the mill-owners' deputation. Complete protection of the lives of factory operatives is now, therefore, no longer a fiction introduced among the statutes; but the means towards it are to be henceforward, without further wavering, strictly and actively enforced.

The battle will have to be fought stoutly by the factory inspectors; for, they have much passive resistance to subdue. Mr. Leonard Horner tells us in his report, of a young man aged twenty-two, who in November last perished at Oldham. His foot became entangled in a strap of the machine at which he was working, and the strap having lapped round the horizontal shaft, he was dragged up, his skull was fractured, and he died immediately. A few guide hooks to prevent the falling of the strap would have made that accident impossible; but even this simple protection to life — one of those promised by the Manchester deputation — was not furnished by the mill-owner. He was prosecuted; there was no doubt about either the facts or the law relating to them; but five magistrates (of whom three happened to be themselves great owners of unfenced machinery), after a short retirement, came into court and announced that the case was dismissed, without giving any reason for the decision. Mr. Horner adds to this, another case, which occurred in his district a few weeks later. A man in the prime of life — aged twenty-nine — immediately after he had begun work one morning, was caught by a strap and dragged up to a horizontal shaft, totally unfenced, revolving at a height

of ten or eleven feet from the floor. The shaft dashed out his brains upon the ceiling, until the engine could be stopped. The owner of this unfenced machine was prosecuted before the local magistrates — again gentlemen who had the "owner's interest" uppermost in their minds. The case was gone into very fully, and it was proved that, had a very few shillings been spent on strap-hooks (as the Home Office had recommended), the brains of the deceased would not have been beaten out in the defendant's service. "After being absent for an hour with their three clerks, the magistrates returned into court, when a neighbouring mill-owner said, that after much consideration they had come to the conclusion that the act constrained them to convict; but they should do so in the lowest penalty," that is — Ten Pounds. When the mill-owner sets that price on his workman's brains, who can wonder if the workman sets a price still lower on his master's heart!

We have not spoken of this state of things as if we loved it; but at the same time let it not be supposed that we attack this grave and general shortcoming, in any spirit of unkind feeling against mill-owners as a body. The very same report that tells us of these base things, tells also of noble enterprises nobly ventured, and of a fine spirit shown by other chieftains of the cotton class. Sir John Kincaid writes of "the praiseworthy liberality of some mill-owners, which was gradually extending itself, in providing comfortable accommodation for their workers during meal hours, and before commencing work in the morning." The Messrs. Scott of Dumfries, have established at their works, a kitchen and refreshment room. For a penny they supply a quart of porridge and milk, a pint of tea or coffee, with milk and sugar, or a quart of broth with meat, adding potatoes for another halfpenny. "The quality of each article supplied was reported by the sub-inspector to be substantial and good. The Messrs. Scott have also lately added a reading-room, lighted with gas at their own expense, for the benefit of their workers. At the cotton mills, near Lanark, an apartment has also been fitted up at the expense of the company, for the accommodation of their workers during meal hours, and provided with a comfortable fire in cold weather."

And, finally, who shall say that there is no health in the system which is producing that vast establishment of Saltaire, near Bradford, probably the largest factory in the world, wherein Mr. Titus Salt, the first manufacturer who introduced fabrics of Alpaca wool, sets at work fifty thousand spindles, twelve hundred power looms, and a little colony of people. He has gone out to the valley of the river Air, which supplies water

for his engines, has the Liverpool and Leeds canal under his warehouse walls, and a branch from the Leeds and Bradford railway running into his premises. Theses premises being four miles from Bradford, he knows better than to adopt the agricultural idea, of giving an eight mile walk to and from work by way of freshener to the strength of his labourers, and to avoid giving them a settlement upon his land. He is forming for them a settlement under the shadow of the factory, in a new town built wholly for them and their families — for a population, it is supposed, of about eight thousand. This town is to be thoroughly drained, amply supplied with water, and will be lighted with gas; it will contain a church, schools, a market, a public dining hall and kitchen, baths and wash-houses, ground for recreation; the streets are to be spacious; the cottages of various sizes, small separate dwellings and boarding houses for the single; each house will contain every possible arrangement for adding to the comfort and health of the inmates; the water is to be pure, unaffected by the drainage; and smoke is not to contaminate the atmosphere. The total number of residences proposed to be built eventually, as the demand for them may arise, is seven hundred: of which one hundred and sixty-four cottages and boarding-houses have been already built, and are now occupied by about a thousand persons.

After physic, sugar; and so, for the present, ends our treatment of a difficult and painful case.

SISTER ROSE.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

Five years have elapsed since Monsieur Lomaque stood thoughtfully at the gate of Trudaine's house, looking after the carriage of the bride and bridegroom, and seriously reflecting on the events of the future. Great changes have passed over that domestic firmament in which he prophetically discerned the little warning cloud. Greater changes have passed over the firmament of France.

What was Revolt five years ago is Revolution now — revolution which has engulphed thrones and principalities and powers; which has set up crownless, inhereditary kings and counsellors of its own, and has bloodily torn them down again by dozens; which has raged on and raged unrestrainedly in fierce earnest, until but one king can still govern and control it for a little while. That King is named Terror, and seventeen hundred and ninety-four is the year of his reign.

Monsieur Lomaque, land-steward no longer, sits alone in an official-looking room in one of the official buildings of Paris.

It is another July evening, as fine as that evening when he and Trudaine sat talking together on the bench overlooking the Seine. The window of the room is wide open, and a faint, pleasant breeze is beginning to flow through it. But Lomaque breathes uneasily, as if still oppressed by the sultry mid-day heat; and there are signs of perplexity and trouble in his face as he looks down absently now and then into the street. The times he lives in are enough of themselves to sadden any man's face. In this fearful Reign of Terror no living being in all the city of Paris can rise in the morning and be certain of escaping the spy, the denunciation, the arrest, or the guillotine, before night. Such times are trying enough to oppress any man's spirits; but Lomaque is not thinking of them, or caring for them, now. Out of a mass of papers which lie before him on his old writing-table, he has just taken up and read one, which has carried his thoughts back to the past, and to the changes which have taken place since he stood alone on the door-step of Trudaine's house, pondering on what might happen.

More rapidly, even, than he had foreboded those changes had occurred. In less time, even, than he had anticipated, the sad emergency for which Rose's brother had prepared, as for a barely possible calamity, overtook Trudaine, and called for all the patience, the courage, the self-sacrifice, which he had to give for his sister's sake. By slow gradations downward, from bad to worse, her husband's character manifested itself less and less disguisedly almost day by day. Occasional slights ending in habitual neglect; careless estrangement turning to cool enmity; small insults which ripened evilly to great injuries — these were the pitiless signs which showed her that she had risked all, and lost all while still a young woman — these were the unmerited afflictions which found her helpless, and would have left her helpless, but for the ever-present comfort and support of her brother's self-denying love. From the first, Trudaine had devoted himself to meet such trials as now assailed him; and, like a man, he met them, in defiance alike of persecution from the mother and of insult from the son. The hard task was only lightened when, as time advanced, public trouble began to mingle itself with private grief. Then absorbing political necessities came as a relief to domestic misery. Then it grew to be the one purpose and pursuit of Danville's life cunningly to shape his course so that he might move safely onward with the advancing revolutionary tide — he cared not whither, as long as he kept his possessions safe and his life out of danger. — His mother, inflexibly true to her old-world convictions through all peril, might entreat and upbraid, might

talk of honour and courage and sincerity — he heeded her not, or heeded only to laugh. As he had taken the false way with his wife, so he was now bent on taking it with the world. The years passed on: destroying changes swept hurricane-like over the old governing system of France; and still Danville shifted successfully with the shifting times. The first days of the Terror approached; in public and in private — in high places and in low — each man now suspected his brother. Crafty as Danville was, even he fell under suspicion at last, at headquarters in Paris, principally on his mother's account. This was his first political failure, and, in a moment of thoughtless rage and disappointment, he wreaked the irritation caused by it on Lomaque. Suspected himself, he in turn suspected the land-steward. His mother fomented the suspicion — Lomaque was dismissed.

In the old times the victim would have been ruined — in the new times he was simply rendered eligible for a political vocation in life. Lomaque was poor, quick-witted, secret, not scrupulous. He was a good patriot, he had good patriot friends, plenty of ambition, a subtle, cat-like courage, nothing to dread — and he went to Paris. There were plenty of small chances there for men of his calibre. He waited for one of them. It came; he made the most of it; attracted favourably the notice of the terrible Fouquier-Tinville; and won his way to a place in the office of the Secret Police.

Meanwhile, Danville's anger cooled down: he recovered the use of that cunning sense which had hitherto served him well, and sent to recal the discarded servant. It was too late. Lomaque was already in a position to set him at defiance — nay, to put his neck, perhaps, under the blade of the guillotine. Worse than this, anonymous letters reached him, warning him to lose no time in proving his patriotism by some indisputable sacrifice, and in silencing his mother, whose imprudent sincerity was likely ere long to cost her her life. Danville knew her well enough to know that there was but one way of saving her, and thereby saving himself. She had always refused to emigrate; but he now insisted that she should seize the first opportunity he could procure for her of quitting France, until calmer times arrived. Probably she would have risked her own life ten times over rather than have obeyed him; but she had not the courage to risk her son's too; and she yielded for his sake. Partly by secret influence, partly by unblushing fraud, Danville procured for her such papers and permits as would enable her to leave France by way of Marseilles. Even then she refused to depart, until she knew what her son's plans were for the future. He showed her a letter which he was about to despatch to Robespierre

himself, vindicating his suspected patriotism, and indignantly demanding to be allowed to prove it by filling some office, no matter how small, under the redoubtable triumvirate which then governed, or more properly, terrified France. The sight of this document reassured Madame Danville. She bade her son farewell, and departed at last, with one trusty servant, for Marseilles.

Danville's intention in sending his letter to Paris, had been simply to save himself by patriotic bluster. He was thunder-struck at receiving a reply, taking him at his word, and summoning him to the capital to accept employment there under the then existing government. There was no choice but to obey. So to Paris he journeyed; taking his wife with him into the very jaws of danger. He was then at open enmity with Trudaine; and the more anxious and alarmed he could make the brother feel on the sister's account, the better he was pleased. True to his trust and his love, through all dangers as through all persecutions, Trudaine followed them; and the street of their sojourn at Paris, in the perilous days of the Terror, was the street of his sojourn, too.

Danville had been astonished at the acceptance of his proffered services — he was still more amazed when he found that the post selected for him was one of the superintendent's places in that very office of Secret Police in which Lomaque was employed as Agent. Robespierre and his colleagues had taken the measure of their man — he had money enough and local importance enough to be worth studying. They knew where he was to be distrusted, and how he might be made useful. The affairs of the Secret Police were the sort of affairs which an unscrupulously cunning man was fitted to help on; and the faithful exercise of that cunning in the service of the state was ensured by the presence of Lomaque in the office. The discarded servant was just the right sort of spy to watch the suspected master. Thus it happened that, in the office of the Secret Police of Paris, and under the Reign of Terror, Lomaque's old master was, nominally, his master still — the superintendent to whom he was ceremonially accountable, in public — the suspected man, whose slightest words and deeds he was officially set to watch, in private.

Ever sadder and darker grew the face of Lomaque as he now pondered alone over the changes and misfortunes of the past five years. A neighbouring church-clock striking the hour of seven aroused him from his meditations. He arranged the confused mass of papers before him — looked towards the door as if expecting some one to enter — then, finding himself still alone, recurred to the one special paper which had first suggested his long train of gloomy thoughts. The few lines

it contained were signed in cypher, and ran thus: —

"You are aware that your superintendent, Danville, obtained leave of absence, last week, to attend to some affairs of his at Lyons, and that he is not expected back just yet for a day or two. While he is away, push on the affair of Trudaine. Collect all the evidence, and hold yourself in readiness to act on it at a moment's notice. Don't leave the office till you have heard from me again. If you have a copy of the Private Instructions respecting Danville, which you wrote for me, send it to my house. I wish to refresh my memory. Your original letter is burnt."

Here the note abruptly terminated. As he folded it up, and put it in his pocket, Lomaque sighed. This was a very rare expression of feeling with him. He leaned back in his chair, and beat his nails impatiently on the table. Suddenly there was a faint little tap at the room door, and eight or ten men — evidently familiars of the new French Inquisition — quietly entered, and ranged themselves against the wall. Lomaque nodded to two of them. "Picard and Magloire, go and sit down at that desk. I shall want you after the rest are gone." Saying this, Lomaque handed certain sealed and docketed papers to the other men waiting in the room, who received them in silence, bowed, and went out. Innocent spectators might have thought them clerks taking bills of lading from a merchant. Who could have imagined that the giving and receiving of Denunciations, Arrest Orders, and Death Warrants, — the providing of its doomed human meal for the all-devouring Guillotine — could have been managed so coolly and quietly, with such unruffled calmness of official routine!

"Now," said Lomaque, turning to the two men at the desk, as the door closed, "have you got those notes about you?" (They answered in the affirmative). "Picard, you have the first particulars of this affair of Trudaine: so you must begin reading. I have sent in the reports; but we may as well go over the evidence again from the commencement, to make sure that nothing has been left out. If any corrections are to be made, now is the time to make them. Read, Picard, and lose as little time as you possibly can."

Thus admonished, Picard drew some long slips of paper from his pocket, and began reading from them as follows: —

"Minutes of evidence collected concerning Louis Trudaine, suspected, on the denunciation of Citizen Superintendent Danville, of hostility to the sacred cause of liberty, and off disaffection to the sovereignty of the people. (1.) The suspected person is placed under secret observation, and these facts are elicited: — He is twice seen passing at night from his own house to a house in the Rue de Cléry. On the first night he carries with him money, — on the second, papers. He returns without either. These particulars have been obtained through a citizen engaged to help Trudaine in housekeeping (one of the sort called Servants in the days of the Tyrants). This man is a good patriot, who can be trusted to watch Trudaine's actions. (2.) The inmates of the house in the Rue de Cléry are numerous, and in some cases not so well known to the the government as could be wished. It is found difficult to

gain certain information about the person or persons visited by Trudaine without having recourse to an arrest. (3.) An arrest is thought premature, at this preliminary stage of the proceedings, being likely to stop the development of conspiracy, and give warning to the guilty to fly. Order thereupon given to watch and wait for the present. (4.) Citizen-Superintendent Danville quits Paris for a short time. The office of watching Trudaine is then taken out of the hands of the undersigned, and is confided to his comrade, Magloire. — Signed, PICARD. Countersigned, LOMAQUE."

Having read so far, the police-agent placed his papers on the writing-table, waited a moment for orders, and, receiving none, went out. No change came over the sadness and perplexity of Lomaque's face. He still beat his nails anxiously on the writing-table, and did not even look at the second agent, as he ordered the man to read his report. Magloire produced some slips of paper precisely similar to Picard's, and read from them in the same rapid, business-like, unmodulated tones: —

"Affair of Trudaine. Minutes continued. Citizen-Agent Magloire having been appointed to continue the surveillance of Trudaine, reports the discovery of additional facts of importance. (1.) Appearances make it probable that Trudaine meditates a third secret visit to the house in the Rue de Cléry. The proper measures are taken for observing him closely, and the result is the implication of another person discovered to be connected with the supposed conspiracy. This person is the sister of Trudaine, and the wife of Citizen-Superintendent Danville."

"Poor, lost creature! — ah, poor lost creature!" muttered Lomaque to himself, sighing again, and shifting uneasily, from side to side, in his mangy old leathern arm-chair. Apparently, Magloire was not accustomed to sighs, interruptions, and expressions of regret, from the usually imperturbable chief agent. He looked up from his papers with a stare of wonder. "Go on, Magloire!" cried Lomaque with a sudden outburst of irritability. "Why the devil don't you go on?" — "All ready, citizen," returned Magloire, submissively, and proceeded: —

"(2.) It is at Trudaine's house that the woman Danville's connexion with her brother's secret designs is ascertained, through the vigilance of the before-mentioned patriot-citizen. The interview of the two suspected persons is private; their conversation is carried on in whispers. Little can be overheard; but that little suffices to prove that Trudaine's sister is perfectly aware of his intention to proceed for the third time to the house in the Rue de Cléry. It is further discovered that she awaits his return, and that she then goes back privately to her own house. (3.) Meanwhile, the strictest measures are taken for watching the house in the Rue de Cléry. It is discovered that Trudaine's visits are paid to a man and woman known to the landlord and lodgers by the name of Dubois. They live on the fourth floor. It is impossible, at the time of the discovery, to enter this room, or to see the citizen and citoyenne Dubois, without producing an undesirable disturbance in the house and neighbourhood. A police-agent is left to watch the place, while search and arrest-orders are applied for. The granting of these is accidentally delayed. When they are ultimately obtained, it is discovered that the man and woman are both missing. They have not hitherto been traced. (4.) The landlord of the house is immediately arrested, as well as the police-agent appointed to watch the premises. The landlord protests that he knows nothing of his tenants. It is suspected, however, that he has been tampered with, as also that Trudaine's

papers, delivered to the citizen and citoyenne Dubois, are forged passports. With these, and with money, it may not be impossible that they have already succeeded in escaping from France. The proper measures have been taken for stopping them, if they have not yet passed the frontiers. No further report in relation to them has yet been received. (5.) Trudaine and his sister are under perpetual surveillance; and the undersigned holds himself ready for further orders. — Signed MAGLOIRE. Countersigned, LOMAQUE."

Having finished reading his notes, Magloire placed them on the writing-table. He was evidently a favoured man in the office, and he presumed upon his position; for he ventured to make a remark, instead of leaving the room in silence, like his predecessor, Picard.

"When citizen Danville returns to Paris," he began, "he will be rather astonished to find that in denouncing his wife's brother, he has also unconsciously denounced his wife."

Lomaque looked up quickly, with that old weakness in his eyes which affected them in such a strangely irregular manner on certain occasions. Magloire knew what this symptom meant, and would have become confused, if he had not been a police agent. As it was, he quietly backed a step or two from the table, and held his tongue.

"Friend Magloire," said Lomaque, winking mildly, "your last remark looks to me like a question in disguise. I put questions constantly to others, — I never answer questions myself. You want to know, citizen, what our superintendent's secret motive is for denouncing his wife's brother? Suppose you try and find that out for yourself. It will be famous practice for you, friend Magloire — famous practice after office hours."

"Any further orders?" inquired Magloire, sulkily.

"None in relation to the reports," returned Lomaque. "I find nothing to alter or add on a revised hearing. But I shall have a little note ready for you immediately. Sit down at the other desk, friend Magloire; I am very fond of you when you are not inquisitive, — pray sit down."

While addressing this polite invitation to the agent in his softest voice, Lomaque produced his pocket-book, and drew from it a little note, which he opened and read through attentively. It was headed, "Private Instructions relative to Superintendent Danville," and proceeded thus: — "The undersigned can confidently assert, from long domestic experience in Danville's household, that his motive for denouncing his wife's brother is purely a personal one, and is not in the most remote degree connected with politics. Briefly, the facts are these: — Louis Trudaine, from the first, opposed his sister's marriage with Danville; distrusting the latter's temper and disposition. The marriage, however, took place, and the brother resigned himself to await results, — taking the precaution of living in the same

neighbourhood as his sister, to interpose, if need be, between the crimes which the husband might commit and the sufferings which the wife might endure. The results soon exceeded his worst anticipations, and called for the interposition for which he had prepared himself. He is a man of inflexible firmness, patience, and integrity, and he makes the protection and consolation of his sister the business of his life. He gives his brother-in-law no pretext for openly quarrelling with him. He is neither to be deceived, irritated, nor tired out; and he is Danville's superior every way, — in conduct, temper, and capacity. Under these circumstances, it is unnecessary to say that his brother-in-law's enmity towards him is of the most implacable kind, and equally unnecessary to hint at the perfectly plain motive of the denunciation.

"As to the suspicious circumstances affecting not Trudaine only, but his sister as well, the undersigned regrets his inability, thus far, to offer either explanation or suggestion. At this preliminary stage, the affair seems involved in impenetrable mystery."

Lomaque read these lines through, down to his own signature at the end. They were the duplicate Secret Instructions demanded from him in the paper which he had been looking over before the entrance of the two police agents. Slowly and, as it seemed, unwillingly he folded the note up in a fresh sheet of paper, and was preparing to seal it, when a tap at the door stopped him. "Come in," he cried, irritably; and a man, in travelling costume, covered with dust, entered, quietly whispered a word or two in his ear, nodded, and went out. Lomaque started at the whisper; and, opening his note again, hastily wrote under his signature: — "I have just heard that Danville has hastened his return to Paris, and may be expected back to-night." Having traced these lines, he closed, sealed, directed the letter, and gave it to Magloire. The police-agent looked at the address as he left the room — it was "To Citizen Robespierre, Rue Saint-Honoré."

Left alone again, Lomaque rose, and walked restlessly backwards and forwards, biting his nails.

"Danville comes back to-night," he said to himself; "and the crisis comes with him. Trudaine, a conspirator! Sister Rose (as he used to call her) a conspirator! Bah! conspiracy can hardly be the answer to the riddle this time. What is?"

He took a turn or two in silence — then stopped at the open window, looking out on what little glimpse the street afforded him of the sunset sky.

"This time five years," he said, "Trudaine was talking to me on that bench overlooking the river; and Sister Rose was keeping poor hatchet-faced old Lomaque's cup of coffee hot for him! Now I am

officially bound to suspect them both; perhaps to arrest them; perhaps — I wish this job had fallen into other hands. I don't want it — I don't want it at any price!"

He returned to the writing-table, and sat down to his papers, with the dogged air of a man determined to drive away vexing thoughts by dint of sheer hard work. For more than an hour he laboured on resolutely, munching a bit of dry bread from time to time. Then he paused a little, and began to think again. Gradually the summer twilight faded and the room grew dark.

"Perhaps we shall tide over to-night, after all — who knows?" said Lomaque, ringing his hand-bell for lights. They were brought in; and with them ominously returned the police-agent Magloire with a small sealed packet. It contained an arrest-order, and a tiny three-cornered note, looking more like a love-letter or a lady's invitation to a party than anything else. Lomaque opened the note eagerly and read these lines, neatly written, and signed with Robespierre's initials — M. R. — formed elegantly in cyphers: —

"Arrest Trudaine and his sister to-night. On second thoughts, I am not sure, if Danville comes back in time to be present, that it may not be all the better. He is unprepared for his wife's arrest. Watch him closely when it takes place, and report privately to me. I am afraid he is a vicious man; and of all things I abhor Vice."

"Any more work for me to-night?" asked Magloire with a yawn.

"Only an arrest," replied Lomaque. "Collect our men, and when you're ready, get a coach at the door."

"We were just going to supper," grumbled Magloire to himself, as he went out. "The devil seize the Aristocrats! They're all in such a hurry to get to the Guillotine that they won't even give a man time to eat his victuals in peace!"

"There's no choice now," muttered Lomaque, angrily thrusting the arrest-order and the three-cornered note into his pocket. "His father was the saving of me; he himself welcomed me like an equal; his sister treated me like a gentleman, as the phrase went in those days; and now —"

He stopped and wiped his forehead — then unlocked his desk, produced a bottle of brandy, and poured himself out a glass of the liquor, which he drank by sips, slowly.

"I wonder whether other men get softer-hearted as they grow older?" he said. "I seem to do so at any rate. Courage! courage! what must be, must. If I risked my head to do it, I couldn't stop this arrest. There isn't a man in the office who wouldn't be ready to execute it, if I wasn't."

Here the rumble of carriage-wheels sounded outside.

"There's the coach!" exclaim-

ed Lomaque, locking up the brandy-bottle, and taking his hat. "After all, as this arrest is to be made, it's as well for them that I should make it."

Consoling himself as he best could with this reflection, Chief Police-Agent Lomaque blew out the candles, and quitted the room.

CHAPTER III.

Ignorant of the change in her husband's plans, which was to bring him back to Paris a day before the time that had been fixed for his return, Sister Rose had left her solitary home to spend the evening with her brother. They had sat talking together long after sunset, and had let the darkness steal on them insensibly, as people will who are only occupied with quiet, familiar conversation. Thus it happened, by a curious coincidence, that just as Lomaque was blowing out his candles at the office, Rose was lighting the reading-lamp at her brother's lodgings.

Five years of disappointment and sorrow had sadly changed her to outward view. Her face looked thinner and longer; the once delicate red and white of her complexion was gone; her figure had wasted under the influence of some weakness which already made her stoop a little when she walked. Her manner had lost its maiden shyness only to become unnaturally quiet and subdued. Of all the charms she had [illegible] fatally, yet so innocently, allured her heartless husband, but one remained — the winning gentleness of her voice. It might be touched now and then with a note of sadness; but the soft attraction of its even, natural tone still remained. In the marring of all other harmonies, this one harmony had been preserved unchanged! Her brother — though his face was care-worn, and his manner sadder than of old, looked less altered from his former self. It is the most fragile material which soonest shows the flaw. The world's idol, Beauty, holds its frailest tenure of existence in the one Temple where we most love to worship it.

"And so you think, Louis, that our perilous undertaking has really ended well by this time?" said Rose, anxiously, as she lit the lamp and placed the glass shade over it. "What a relief it is only to hear you say you think we have succeeded at last!"

"I said I hoped, Rose," replied her brother.

"Well, even hoped is a great word from you, Louis — a great word from any one in this fearful city, and in these days of Terror."

She stopped suddenly, seeing her brother raise his hand in warning. They looked at each other in silence, and listened. The sound of footsteps going slowly past the house — ceasing for a moment just beyond it — then going on again — came through the open window. There was nothing else, out of doors or

in, to disturb the silence of the night — the deadly silence of Terror which, for months past, had hung over Paris. It was a significant sign of the times, that even a passing footstep, sounding a little strangely at night, was subject for suspicion, both to brother and sister — so common a subject that they suspended their conversation as a matter of course, without exchanging a word of explanation, until the tramp of the strange footsteps had died away.

"Louis," continued Rose, dropping her voice to a whisper, after nothing more was audible, "when may I trust our secret to my husband?"

"Not yet!" rejoined Trudaine earnestly. "Not a word, not a hint of it, till I give you leave. Remember, Rose, you promised silence from the first. Everything depends on your holding that promise sacred till I release you from it."

"I will hold it sacred; I will, indeed, at all hazards, under all provocations," she answered.

"That is quite enough to reassure me — and now, love, let us change the subject. Even these walls may have ears, and the closed door yonder may be no protection." He looked towards it uneasily while he spoke. "By-the-bye, I have come round to your way of thinking, Rose, about that new servant of mine — there is something false in his face. I wish I had been as quick to detect it as you were."

Rose glanced at him affrightedly. "Has he done anything suspicious? Have you caught him watching you? Tell me the worst, Louis."

"Hush! hush! my dear, not so loud. Don't alarm yourself; he has done nothing suspicious."

"Turn him off — pray, pray turn him off, before it is too late!"

"And be denounced by him, in revenge, the first night he goes to his section. You forget that servants and masters are equal now. I am not supposed to keep a servant at all. I have a citizen living with me who lays me under domestic obligations, for which I make a pecuniary acknowledgment. No! no! if I do anything, I must try if I can't entrap him into giving me warning. But we have got to another unpleasant subject already — suppose I change the topic again? You will find a little book on that table there, in the corner — tell me what you think of it."

The book was a copy of Corneille's Cid, prettily bound in blue morocco. Rose was enthusiastic in her praises. "I found it in a bookseller's shop, yesterday," said her brother, "and bought it as a present for you. Corneille is not an author to compromise any one, even in these times. Don't you remember saying, the other day, that you felt ashamed of knowing but little of our greatest dramatist?" Rose remembered well, and smiled almost as happily as in the old

times over her present. "There are some good engravings at the beginning of each act," continued Trudaine, directing her attention rather earnestly to the illustrations, and then suddenly leaving her side when he saw that she became interested in looking at them.

He went to the window — listened — then drew aside the curtain, and looked up and down the street. No living soul was in sight. "I must have been mistaken," he thought, returning hastily to his sister; "but I certainly fancied I was followed in my walk to-day by a spy."

"I wonder," asked Rose, still busy over her book; "I wonder, Louis, whether my husband would let me go with you to see Le Cid the next time it is acted?"

"No!" cried a voice at the door; "not if you went on your knees to ask him!"

Rose turned round with a scream. There stood her husband on the threshold, scowling at her, with his hat on, and his hands thrust doggedly into his pockets. Trudaine's servant announced him, with an insolent smile, during the pause that followed the discovery. "Citizen-superintendent Danville, to visit the citoyenne, his wife," said the fellow, making a mock bow to his master.

Rose looked at her brother, then advanced a few paces toward the door. "This is a surprise," she said faintly; "has anything happened? We — we didn't expect you —" Her voice failed her, as she saw her husband advancing, pale to his very lips with suppressed anger.

"How dare you come here, after what I told you?" he asked in quick low tones.

She shrank at his voice almost as if he had struck her. The blood flew into her brother's face as he noticed the action, but he controlled himself, and, taking her hand, led her in silence to a chair.

"I forbid you to sit down in his house," said Danville, advancing still; "I order you to come back with me! Do you hear? I order you."

He was approaching nearer to her, when he caught Trudaine's eye fixed on him, and stopped. Rose started up, and placed herself between them.

"Oh, Charles! Charles!" she said to her husband. "Be friends with Louis to-night, and be kind again to me — I have a claim to ask that much of you, though you may not think it!"

He turned away from her, and laughed contemptuously. She tried to speak again, but Trudaine touched her on the arm, and gave her a warning look.

"Signals!" exclaimed Danville; "secret signals between you!"

His eye, as he glanced suspiciously at his wife, fell on Trudaine's gift-book, which she still held unconsciously.

"What book is that?" he asked.

"Only a play of Corneille's," answered Rose; "Louis has just made me a present of it."

At this avowal, Danville's suppressed anger burst beyond all control.

"Give it him back!" he cried, in a voice of fury. "You shall take no presents from him; the venom of the household spy soils everything he touches. Give it him back!" She hesitated. "You won't?" He tore the book from her with an oath — threw it on the floor — and set his foot on it.

"Oh, Louis! Louis! for God's sake remember!"

Trudaine was stepping forward as the book fell to the floor. At the same moment his sister threw her arms round him. He stopped, turning from fiery red to ghastly pale.

"No! no! Louis," she said, clasping him closer; "not after five years' patience. No — no!"

He gently detached her arms.

"You are right, love. Don't be afraid, it is all over now."

Saying that, he put her from him, and in silence took up the book from the floor.

"Won't that offend you even?" said Danville, with an insolent smile. "You have a wonderful temper — any other man would have called me out!"

Trudaine looked back at him steadily; and, taking out his handkerchief, passed it over the soiled cover of the book.

"If I could wipe the stain of your blood off my conscience as easily as I can wipe the stain of your boot of this book," he said quietly, "you should not live another hour. Don't cry, Rose," he continued, turning again to his sister; "I will take care of your book for you until you can keep it yourself."

"You will do this! you will do that!" cried Danville, growing more and more exasperated, and letting his anger get the better even of his cunning now. "Talk less confidently of the future — you don't know what it has in store for you. Govern your tongue when you are in my presence; a day may come when you will want my help — my help, do you hear that?"

Trudaine turned his face from his sister, as if he feared to let her see it when those words were spoken.

"The man who followed me today was a spy — Danville's spy!" That thought flashed across his mind, but he gave it no utterance. There was an instant's pause of silence; and through it there came heavily on the still night air the rumbling of distant wheels. The sound advanced nearer and nearer — advanced, and ceased under the window.

Danville hurried to it, and looked out eagerly.

"I have not hastened my return without reason. I wouldn't have missed this arrest for anything!" thought he, peering into the night.

The stars were out; but there was no moon. He could not recognise either the coach or the

persons who got out of it; and he turned again into the interior of the room. His wife had sunk into a chair — her brother was locking up in a cabinet the book which he had promised to take care of for her. The dead silence made the noise of slowly-ascending footsteps on the stairs painfully audible. At last the door opened softly.

"Citizen Danville, health and fraternity!" said Lomaque, appearing in the doorway, followed by his agents. "Citizen Louis Trudaine?" he continued, beginning with the usual form.

Rose started out of her chair; but her brother's hand was on her lips before she could speak.

"My name is Louis Trudaine," he answered.

"Charles!" cried his sister, breaking from him and appealing to her husband, "who are these men? What are they here for?"

He gave her no answer.

"Louis Trudaine," said Lomaque, slowly drawing the order from his pocket, "in the name of the Republic, I arrest you."

"Rose, come back," cried Trudaine.

It was too late; she had broken from him, and in the recklessness of terror had seized her husband by the arm.

"Save him!" she cried. "Save him, by all you hold dearest in the world! You are that man's superior, Charles — order him from the room!"

Danville roughly shook her hand off his arm.

"Lomaque is doing his duty. Yes," he added, with a glance of malicious triumph at Trudaine — "Yes, doing his duty. Look at me as you please — your looks won't move me. I denounced you! I admit it — I glory in it! I have rid myself of an enemy and the State of a bad citizen. Remember your secret visits to the house in the Rue de Cléry!"

His wife uttered a cry of horror. She seized his arm again with both hands — frail, trembling hands — that seemed suddenly nerved with all the strength of a man's.

"Come here — come here! I must and will speak to you!"

She dragged him by main force a few paces back towards an unoccupied corner of the room. With deathly cheeks and wild eyes she raised herself on tiptoe, and put her lips to her husband's ear. At that instant, Trudaine called to her:

"Rose, if you speak I am lost!"

She stopped at the sound of his voice, dropped her hold on her husband's arm, and faced her brother, shuddering.

"Rose," he continued, "you have promised, and your promise is sacred. If you prize your honour, if you love me, come here — come here, and be silent."

He held out his hand. She ran to him; and, laying her head on his bosom, burst into a passion of tears.

Danville turned uneasily towards the police-agents. "Re-

move your prisoner," he said. "You have done your duty here."

"Only half of it," retorted Lomaque, eyeing him attentively. "Rose Danville" —

"My wife!" exclaimed the other. "What about my wife?"

"Rose Danville," continued Lomaque, impassibly, "you are included in the arrest of Louis Trudaine."

Rose raised her head quickly from her brother's breast. His firmness had deserted him — he was trembling. She heard him whispering to himself, "Rose, too! Oh, my God! I was not prepared for that." She heard these words, and dashed the tears from her eyes, and kissed him, saying —

"I am glad of it, Louis. We risked all together — we shall now suffer together. I am glad of it!"

Danville looked incredulously at Lomaque, after the first shock of astonishment was over.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "I never denounced my wife. There is some mistake: you have exceeded your orders."

"Silence!" retorted Lomaque, imperiously. "Silence, citizen, and respect to a decree of the Republic!"

"You blackguard! show me the arrest order!" said Danville. "Who has dared to denounce my wife?"

"You have!" said Lomaque, turning on him with a grin of contempt. "You! — and blackguard back in your teeth! You, in denouncing her brother! Aha! we work hard in our office: we don't waste time in calling names — we make discoveries. If Trudaine is guilty, your wife is implicated in his guilt. We know it; and we arrest her."

"I resist the arrest," cried Danville. "I am the authority here. Who opposes me?"

The impassible chief-agent made no answer. Some new noise in the street struck his quick ear. He ran to the window, and looked out eagerly.

"Who opposes me?" reiterated Danville.

"Hark!" exclaimed Lomaque, raising his hand. "Silence, and listen!"

The heavy, dull tramp of men marching together became audible as he spoke. Voices humming low and in unison the Marseillaise hymn, joined solemnly with the heavy, regular footfalls. Soon, the flare of torchlight began to glimmer redder and redder under the dim starlight sky.

"Do you hear that? Do you see the advancing torchlight?" cried Lomaque, pointing exultingly into the street. "Respect to the national hymn and to the man who holds in the hollow of his hand the destinies of all France! Hat off, citizen Danville! Robespierre is in the street. His body-guard, the Hard-hitters, are lighting him on his way to the Jacobin club! — Who shall oppose you, did you say? Your master and mine;

The man whose signature is at the bottom of this order — the man who with a scratch of his pen can send both our heads rolling together into the sack of the guillotine! Shall I call to him as he passes the house? Shall I tell him that Superintendent Danville resists me in making an arrest? Shall I? Shall I?" And in the immensity of his contempt, Lomaque seemed absolutely to rise in stature, as he thrust the arrest-order under Danville's eyes, and pointed to the signature with the head of his stick.

Rose looked round in terror as Lomaque spoke his last words — looked round, and saw her husband recoil before the signature on the arrest-order, as if the guillotine itself had suddenly arisen before him. Her brother felt her shrinking back in his arms, and trembled for the preservation of her self-control if the terror and suspense of the arrest lasted any longer.

"Courage, Rose; courage!" he said. "You have behaved nobly: you must not fail now. No, no! Not a word more. Not a word till I am able to think clearly again, and to decide what is best. Courage, love: our lives depend on it. Citizen," he continued, addressing himself to Lomaque, "proceed with your duty — we are ready."

The heavy marching footsteps outside were striking louder and louder on the ground; the shouting voices were every moment swelling in volume; the dark street was flaming again with the brightening torchlight, as Lomaque, under pretext of giving Trudaine his hat, came close to him; and, turning his back towards Danville, whispered, "I have not forgotten the eve of the wedding and the bench on the river bank."

Before Trudaine could answer, he had taken Rose's cloak and hood from one of his assistants, and was helping her on with it. Danville, still pale and trembling, advanced a step when he saw these preparations for departure, and addressed a word or two to his wife; but he spoke in low tones, and the fast-advancing march of feet and sullen low roar of singing outside, drowned his voice. An oath burst from his lips, and he struck his fist, in impotent fury, on a table near him.

"The seals are set on everything in this room and in the bedroom," said Magloire, approaching Lomaque, who nodded, and signed to him to bring up the other police-agents at the door.

"Ready," cried Magloire, coming forward immediately with his men, and raising his voice to make himself heard, "Where to?"

Robespierre and his Hard-hitters were passing the house. The smoke of the torchlight was rolling in at the window; the tramping footsteps struck heavier and heavier on the ground; the

low, sullen roar of the Marseillaise was swelling to its loudest, as Lomaque referred for a moment to his arrest-order, and then answered —

"To the prison of St. Lazare!"

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Of the beauty, the brilliancy of the electric light there is no question. It converts midnight into noon-day. Although burning from points not larger than the little finger, it is distinctly visible at a distance of four miles at an ordinary elevation. And so pure and intensely white is it, that all other flames near it assume a red tinge from the contrast. We saw this extraordinary light burning not long ago on a bright sunny noon, and the bright rays of the sun which came streaming into the room, appeared to have no effect upon it; it shone on as brilliantly as though it were twilight. A candle was lighted near it, and it was with difficulty that the tallow flame could be distinguished. On holding a burning taper between the electric light and the wall a deep black shadow was cast on it from the sickly flame of the taper, so completely was its illuminating power annihilated.

Electric light is produced by the juxtaposition of two points of carbon in the shape of pencils, through which are transmitted streams of positive and negative electricity. It had been found that during the powerful combustion of the carbon points they wore away, or consumed at an irregular rate; and hence the distance between them became greater or less at certain intervals, destroying thereby the equality of the light, which became more or less intense as the carbon points approached or receded from each other. To ensure a proper condition of the light a regular distance was essential: if the points became too widely separated the flame expired; if they were forced too near it deadened to a heavy dull glow. Mechanical contrivances of some ingenuity were tried to obviate this difficulty, but without avail, and it was not until Dr. Watson devised the beautiful method now employed, by which the points of carbon are made self-regulating, that a continuous and steady light was obtained.

The electric light although triumphant as an illuminator, was, at first, too costly in its consumption of the raw materials of electricity to make it available for ordinary purposes. It may have been likened to some beautiful animal, which was found to consume far more food than it was worth. The electric animal swallowed too much iron, zinc, copper, acids, and salts, to pay for its work: it was not content with eating away its carbon

points, but, like many a noble steed, "ate its head off."

Many plans were devised for cheapening the production of electricity, and this was partially compassed by the employment of cheaper metals in combination with the normal acids. The cheapest metals were found to be iron, lead, and zinc, but still the consumption of these with the chemicals employed outstripped the value of the electricity, and something more had to be achieved. For the purposes of an electric light it had been for some time ascertained that constancy and intensity in the battery employed were essentials: in other words, unless the stream of electricity was both regular and powerful, no effect would be produced. A battery of cast-iron and zinc arranged in such a way that the former is separated from the latter by a porous diaphragm of potter's biscuit-ware, the iron being excited by a mixture of salpetre and sulphuric acid diluted by water, or by dilute nitrous acid and the zinc acted on by dilute sulphuric acid, affords great intensity. This is known as the Maynooth battery.

The products of such a battery as the above are, in addition to the electricity which is turned to account, several salts which have hitherto been thrown aside as valueless. These were the articles known to chemists as nitrate and sulphate of iron and sulphate of zinc, the latter being the white vitriol of commerce. The actual value of any of these salts is so trifling, and the demand for them so limited, that the residuary liquor of the Maynooth battery containing them may, for all practical purposes, be called worthless. It was evident that if this waste solution of the metals and acids could be turned to profitable account, the cost of the electricity would be proportionately reduced. To this object, therefore, Dr. Watson directed all his energies.

The result of countless delicate and pains-taking experiments has been the conversion of the hitherto refuse liquor of the Maynooth battery into articles of considerable commercial value. It was known that certain salts of iron and lead — that is to say, combinations of acids with those metals — precipitated in the form of salts, when mixed with certain chemicals produced a number of beautiful pigments of great delicacy and purity. This was seized on as a means of employing to a profit the waste liquor of the battery, and the result showed that the plan of producing light and colour from the same elementary bodies was perfectly practicable. In this way the cast-iron and zinc apparatus of Maynooth was converted into a chromatic battery.

This process is as simple as it is beautiful. In the iron and zinc battery, nitric and sulphuric

acids are employed in a diluted form, the ordinary resulting waste of which are solutions of nitrate of iron and sulphate of zinc. Instead of these residuary liquors being thrown aside as undeserving of care, they are removed separately from the chromatic battery, and, having been brought to a certain heat by means of steam, are blended with a solution of prussiate of potash, which, with the iron liquor, throws down a splendid blue pigment — Prussian blue, in fact, of great purity — whilst with the zinc liquor it precipitates a fine ultramarine blue.

After some agitation the colouring matter is allowed to subside, the clear liquor is drawn off, and finally the heavy deposition of blue is removed from the bottom of the vats and placed on cloth stretchers, whereon the moisture is allowed to drain from it. Subsequent pressure, and a final gradual drying in carefully heated chambers completes the process, and the result is a pigment suitable for employment in the fine arts, for house decoration or paper-colouring. It is difficult to conceive a deeper or more ethereal blue than the rich yet delicate ultramarine of the chromatic battery. Equally gorgeous are the electric reds produced by boiling the zinc yellow with lime in varying proportions, according to the depth of colour required. By a combination of these zinc yellows with the iron blues, a series of greens are produced of an infinity of shades, and which have the property of standing high temperatures without injury.

Yellows of great delicacy, ranging from pale lemon to a bright orange yellow, are produced by treating the waste liquor of the lead and nitric acid compartments of the battery with chromate of potash, which is, in plainer language, a salt composed of potash and chromic acid.

If, instead of the chromate, prussiate of potash be added to the residuum of the lead and zinc battery, a delicate white pigment will be the result, possessing, with great body, the property of not blackening by exposure to sulphuretted hydrogen gas, protected as it appears to be by the zinc-salt in the compound. In like manner, the addition of chromate of potash, instead of the prussiate, to the residuum of the iron battery yields a brown pigment of considerable depth.

In stating that the market value of these new colours far exceeds the whole cost of the original elements of the electro-chromatic battery, we do so from no desire to take a mere commercial view of the process: such would be altogether beside our purpose; but we mention the fact with a view to show what is of great importance to society — that by covering the cost of all the materials employed in these batteries by the conversion of their

hitherto waste products into electro-colours, the electricity developed during the process becomes a costless article — we have it gratis. Here, then, the great obstacle to the electric light is fairly overcome. That which before had been too costly in spite of its utility, for general purposes, becomes at once a cheap commodity.

During a fog, the ordinary red and green lights on railways are all but obscured, or if seen appear as of one colour, and trains are left to the chance of fog-signals. Through the heaviest fog that ever swallowed the metropolis in its murky jaws, the electric light shines in all its wonted mid-day brilliancy, heedless of heavy atmosphere. Along our dangerous coasts, during winter months, how many ships are lost, how many lives are sacrificed, how many valuable cargoes destroyed from the want of a light sufficiently powerful to burst through the thick midnight haze of storm, and warn the voyager of the hidden danger ere it be too late. Surely in these cases interest and humanity would prompt the availing of this new, and now cheap and simple light. It is worth while, too, to dwell upon the great simplicity of the electric lamp, which may be turned on and attended to by the most ordinary person; and insomuch as the electric light signals proposed to be employed, do not depend on colour, but on shape for their signification, there can be no confusion during the most foggy weather. A simple straight line of electric light denotes that all is right; a semi-circle of brilliant rays to the left or right of the signal-post indicates the side on which danger presents itself, whilst an entire circle of light warns an approaching train to stop altogether.

Amongst those purposes to which cheap electricity may be applied, is that of conveying semaphoric messages by night across the ocean, and thus avoiding the great cost of telegraph cables. Electric light is readily distinguishable for a distance of forty miles; and it is stated that, by a series of signal stations, many seas might be traversed by messages from one to the other, where islands or rocks offer connecting links.

As a cheap product for all purposes of electrotyping, it cannot but prove more acceptable, and not less so in one or two other branches of manufacture, which it may be interesting to mention. It was ascertained some time since, that if the poles of a powerful battery be applied to a mass of coal undergoing the process of coking in an ordinary coke oven, in proportion as the coal loses its bituminous character, and assumes the properties of coke, there is a greater facility afforded to the current of electricity for its passage, accompanied by a more rapid disengagement of the sulphur of the coal, and a greater and more

effectual separation of the earthy and metallic impurities. Besides this, the coke thus produced, and, as it were electrolysed, is much more compact, and consumes more equally than the material employed by the ordinary method. The importance of obtaining a coke free from sulphur for metallic manufactures, and smelting processes is undeniable; equally desirable is it to obtain a large amount of carbon compressed within a small space for sea-going steamers. All these advantages have hitherto been forbidden by the costly nature of intense electricity; now that coke manufacturers can obtain their power at a trifling cost, the whole feature of their process will be changed.

Again, our supplies of sulphur are derived from Sicily, the government of which has recently forbidden the export of the article, which is consequently at an exorbitant price. We have no sulphur deposits in this country; but there exist large quantities of sulphur in close combination with iron, under the form of iron pyrites, in many parts of England. It has been found practicable to decompose this article, and obtain its sulphur and iron separate by smelting it with the aid of intense electricity; here again, the cost of the electric agent was the barrier, and here also cheap electricity comes to the rescue, and will shortly place this country independent of Sicily.

To the wholesale assayer of metals a cheap supply of intense electricity will be an inestimable boon; for it creates not only an enormous saving of fuel, but the six operations at present involved in the ordinary process, may be reduced to one.

Cheap electricity will enable railway companies to electrolyse the tires of their engine and carriage wheels with a coating of steel, and thus avoid the great and incessant wear of the biting surface of the wheels, which, especially with their engines, require constant repair.

The quantity of bleaching material employed in this country is something enormous, and would doubtless sound incredible in the ears of the reader. An economical bleaching agent may be obtained by the decomposition of common salt in a state of solution, by means of electricity.

Should electro-magnetic engines be brought into practical working, which many believe will be done, how great will be the advantage arising from a supply of almost costless electricity. The superiority of such machines for long sea voyages is at once apparent; and now that electricity for the million has been provided it would appear more than ever desirable to bring them into use.

A FALSE GENIUS.

I see a spirit by thy side,
Purple winged and eagle eyed,
Looking like a Heavenly guide.

Though he seems so bright and fair,
Ere thou trust his proffered care,
Pause a little, and beware!

If he bid thee dwell apart,
Tending some ideal smart
In a sick and coward heart;

In self-worship wrapped alone,
Dreaming thy poor griefs are grown
More than other men have known;

Dwelling in some cloudy sphere,
Though God's work is waiting here,
And God deigneth to be near;

If his torch's crimson glare
Show thee evil everywhere,
Tainting all the wholesome air;

While with strange distorted choice,
Still disdaining to rejoice,
Thou wilt hear a wailing voice;

If a simple, humble heart,
Seem to thee a meaner part,
Than thy noblest aim and art;

If he bid thee bow before
Crowned mind and nothing more,
The great idol men adore;

And with starry veil enfold
Sin, the trailing serpent old,
Till his scales shine out like gold;

Though his words seem true and wise,
Soul, I say to thee, Arise,
He is a Demon in disguise!

COLONEL GRUNPECK AND MR. PARKINSON.

Suspiciously approximating to a paradox, as it undoubtedly did, I can favourably appreciate, while not positively concurring, in the [redacted] of Doctor Johnson, that [redacted] a good hater." With a [redacted]ender logical reservation, I aver that I respect and admire a good strong prejudice. To be entitled, however, to respect and admiration the holder of the prejudice must be consistent, and should, I think, be old. Toryism in an all-round collar, a Noah's Ark coat, Sydenham trousers, and a downy moustache, is simply a monster; but Toryism in top-boots (the tops of a mahogany hue), a blue coat with brass buttons, a grey head, and a fluffy white hat with a green lining to the brim, is entitled to be heard with attention and treated with courtesy. The thing is old, rusty, useless, and would be all the better, probably, for a glass case, and a ticket corresponding with a number in a catalogue; but it is still a curiosity: it was once powerful, has been brave, is venerable. I can bear to hear Major Threecangles bewail the decadence of the lash, and the abolition of the picket and the wooden horse in the maintenance of military discipline. It angers me none when Squire Mittimus sighs for the stocks and whipping-post back again; extols the old parish constables, while sneering at the county police, and bitterly denounces the appointment of stipendiary magistrates. I can read with a compassionate equanimity the speeches of the Earl of Woodenshoes, who traces the causes of the ruin of this once prosperous country to the repeal of the fine old penal laws, which banished the Papist ten miles from the metropolis,

and forbade him to possess a horse worth more than five pounds; and who attributes the increase of crime and pauperism to the insane disfranchisement of Grampound and the fatal demolition of Old Sarum. I can have patience with the staunch old prejudiced people who yet refuse to use steel pens, lucifer matches, gaslamps, or railway trains. I should almost, I fancy, feel inclined to quarrel with a beadle if he wore a round hat, with a dustman if he wore trousers instead of the immemorial velveteens and ankle-jacks, or with a Chelsea pensioner if he had not a red nose, and did not, in his accounts of his Peninsular campaigns, tell me at least sixty per cent. of lies. What does it matter? In a few years these harmless old folks, and their prejudices too, will be all dead. Who would beat a cripple with his own crutches? Who would move the House to break up the Victory for firewood, or burn London Stone for lime? Who would have shot Copenhagen, the Duke's old charger — purblind, spavined, worthless as he may have become. It is no use sending for Mr. Braidwood and the London fire brigade to play upon the ruins of Troy. It is no use when you see a man knocking at Death's door, and hear the Skeleton footsteps in the hall, coming to admit him, to insist upon his scraping his boots on the scraper and wiping them on the mat before he enters. Let the worn-out old prejudice be. It is innocuous, nay, frequently amusing.

I met the other day (upon a perfectly amicable footing) a lawyer. I knew him to be senior partner in a large firm, formerly doing an excellent practice. He was complaining to me, in the most dolorous accents of the utter ruin of the profession of the law by the establishment of county courts, the dethronement of those heroes of legal romance Doe, Roe, and the "lessor of the plaintiff," and those visionary bearers of "sticks and staves" who used formerly to break into "that is to say three hundred turbaries" which they never saw, and which never existed, all to the great damage of nobody. He was especially pathetic upon the subject of the wicked laws recently enacted which permit plaintiffs and defendants to be heard, personally, in cases about which no one can by any possibility besides themselves know anything worth hearing. "As to the profession, sir," he said, "it 's gone to the dogs; the county courts have done that; would you believe it — we haven't issued a writ for seven weeks?" I was on the point of thanking heaven that this desirable consummation had been attained — but, remembering this man's prejudice, that he had been fed on parchment and weaned on brief-paper, that he had been articled and admitted, and had paid heavy stamp duties, that he was right in his vocation and

generation, I forebore to exult over the decline of writs, and actually condoled with him. For prejudice is in many cases only tenacity of possession of a thing or an idea, and resentment at the prospect of deprivation. The eel has a prejudice against being skinned, and the lobster against being boiled, although the cook knows that both processes must absolutely be gone through for the proper making of the eel pie and the lobster salad. If I were a flea, I would, I am sure, protest against being cracked. If I were a Clerk of the Petty Bag, or one of the Six Clerks or one of the Broad Bent Clerks of the Pipe Office (supposing those mysterious functionaries not yet to have been pensioned off), I should, I am certain, talk loudly about my vested rights, our glorious constitution, and the destructive tendencies of political incendiaries. You, who are nobly prejudiced against corruption, wait until you yourselves are corrupted, and then see how staunchly prejudiced you will be in corruption's favour.

But a little while ago, I thought I had never known so prejudiced an individual as Colonel Grunpeck of Kentucky. He was ordinarily addressed as Colonel, not so much upon the supposition that he had ever held a military command, as because there was a great doubt and mystery as to what he was or had been: and because in Ameri[illegible]ircles you can't be far wrong [illegible]ling a man Colonel. It is a safe appellation. If you should happen to be among Americans with a stranger who wears a white neckcloth you may call him Doctor. You can't be very much on the wrong side of the hedge in doing so, for the prefix, Doctor, will serve for Divinity, Laws, Medicine, Music or Philosophy. In other cases (your man being over twenty) dub him Colonel immediately.

I had the advantage of becoming acquainted with Colonel Grunpeck (aged, I imagine, about threescore) at Madame Busque's pleasant sanctum, which I have had the honour of describing in these pages.* The Colonel first attracted my attention by a stern declaration that he dined at one o'clock every day. We dined at six; and during our meal he was wont to sit aloof, chewing, and occasionally indulging us with polite conversation. I gathered from Florence, Madame Busque's neat-handed Phillis, that the Colonel's staple meal was salt codfish and potatoes, washed down by a glass of kirsch, mingled with cayenne pepper, and that he professed and practised the uttermost contempt and disregard for French cookery and French wines. These circumstances, coupled with the statement that he had inhabited Paris for a considerable number of years, were quite enough to convince me that the Colonel was no ordinary man. When on a subsequent occasion he informed us that he had visited

* See Vol. XXIX, p. 194.

and had been resident in Germany, Italy, and Russia, and France inclusive, and that he could not speak one word of the languages of those countries, I began to recognise in Colonel Grunpeck a prodigy of prejudice. And he really did become prodigious in time. He treated with scorn and derision a modest statement of mine that there was a spirituous liquor called Whiskey manufactured in Ireland, which was a favourite potation of the inhabitants of that country; and that there was also some whiskey of a smoky flavour made in Scotland, which was said to be worth drinking. The only whiskey was in Kentucky, — nay even, and only in a small portion of that state, — for he himself, if I remember correctly, possessed the only half-dozen hogsheads. Likewise the only rice, the only tobacco, the only land, and, specially, the only pigs. The best niggers, also, he, of course, owned, though, I am bound to confess, that he did not maintain them to be the only ones. His religious prejudices it is neither my province nor any man's to take exception to: those prejudices we must all take off our hats to, and pass by reverentially; but I may just mention that he quoted Moses and Aaron to prove that all negro babies were born with tails, and that with reference to miracles he declared that he "never could believe that Jonah swallowed that thar whale," and when I presumed mildly to hint that the swallowing was done by the other party, sternly rebuked and put me down. His political prejudices were immense. He quite repudiated Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, Jackson, Webster, and Taylor. The god of his political idolatry was one Amos Grix, of whose antecedents or culmination he did not condescend to inform us, but who chawed up the speaker of some local legislature dreadful bright on some occasion not stated. Colonel Grunpeck's hatred and contempt for this country and its inhabitant Britishers were something dreadful. He took the British lion; he twisted that animal's tail, and tied knots in it; he tore out the hair of his mane; he cut off his claws; he skinned him alive; he muzzled him; he made him stand on his hind legs and beg; he whipped him through creation, as one would a puppy-dog; — all in a manner shocking to contemplate. He inveighed against the Court of St. James's; against our haughty aristocrats; against our bloated clergy; he pitied our starving needlewomen, our famished and downtrodden peasantry; our groaning and oppressed Irish serfs; the white slaves in our factories; the gaunt and fever-stricken children in our workhouses. No good could come out of us anyhow — "nohow," he said. We never could pay our national debt, the interest of which was rapidly sapping our credit and bringing us to bankruptcy. We had no republic

building equal to the Capitol, at Washington; Lord Brougham, Burke, Sheridan, Chatham, never approached Patrick Henry in oratory; Hooker, Barrow, Taylor, South, were dunces in theological attainments to Jared Sparks; we had no painters equal to Colonel Trumbull. We had no poets or philosophers; the great republic had out-manufactured us. Hobbs had picked our locks, Commodore Stephenson had whipped our yacht-clubs, and Colonel Colt had driven our Mantons and Westley Richards from the field. We had quarrelled with our best friend, the Emperor of Russia; our French ally was ready to turn round on us; the port of New York exceeded us in tonnage, as the New York clippers out-sailed ours; our population was burning for revolution; our colonies ripe for revolt; Canada was knocking at the door of the Union. It was all up with the British lion: take him away to the knacker's yard, and sell his flesh to the dogs'-meat vendors. "He isn't worth that," Colonel Grunpeck would cry, throwing away the last remnants of his quid.

All this and more did I hear in the first month of this present year, 'fifty-five, from the lips of Colonel Grunpeck. I must not omit to notice, too, the dreadfully long list of naval engagements which he was wont to recapitulate — engagements in which British men-of-war had been licked, riddled, sunk, or captured by [illegible] superior American force. Great, also, was the colonel upon the topic of the battle of New Orleans, at which he had himself been present, and where he had shot, with his own patriot hand, no less than four-and-twenty Britishers; he lying in ambuscade behind a cotton bale, and armed only with a rusty ship's musket, of which the barrel was cracked in two places.

Hearing all these things, I used to go home and wonder whether there were many more men in the States like Colonel Grunpeck. I began to wonder whether the Knownothings, the Lone Stars, the New York United Irishmen, and the Native Sympathisers, who hold Caucusses and Indignation meetings at Tammaney Hall, were at all of the Grunpeck breed; whether, in fine, the British lion was really in the pitiable state the Colonel had represented him to be; or whether, as I had fondly hoped and believed for some time, there was some life, and some fighting left in the old beast yet. For I have the pleasure — one participated in, I trust, by many more men — of numbering among my friends very many American gentlemen, courteous, accomplished, liberal, tolerant, and quite devoid of prejudice, who are proud to call this country yet the old one, and their mother, and who are prompt to sympathise with our righteous cause, as, indeed, brethren should, who are joined to us by such strong bonds of race, kindred, language, literature, and laws.

Taking the other side of the question, I began to reflect, whether we, on our side of the Atlantic, could show any English Grunpecks, any genuine Britishers, who, having visited the United States, had been unable or unwilling to discern one single thing worthy of admiration in their travelling experiences. I read a great many books of travels, tours, flying visits, and voyages, humorous and sentimental, to the States; but, though in many of these volumes I found the people, the manners, and the institutions of the American republic, commented upon with sufficient severity, I was unable to discover the real prejudiced traveller — the genuine Britisher — who couldn't or wouldn't find any good in the Americans — nohow. I might have gone on to this day searching for a genuine Britisher, had I not been fortunate enough to stumble, in a corner of a Kentish cottage, upon the Experiences of Mr. Parkinson.

Mr. Richard Parkinson, late of Orange Hill, near Baltimore, and author of the Experienced Farmer, published just fifty years ago (you see I am obliged to go back a good way for my genuine Britisher, but then Colonel Grunpeck was over sixty), A Tour in America, exhibiting sketches of Society and Manners, and a particular account of the American System of Agriculture. I had not read Mr. Parkinson half through before I began to see a sort of vision or day-ghost of a bluff sturdy man in a blue coat, mahogany tops, and a fluffy white hat. And the ghost walked through the United States with one continual upturning of the nose; and I said to myself: Surely, this must be the genuine Britisher I have been so long in quest of. I will give a brief sketch of some of Mr. Parkinson's experiences, and my readers can then judge for themselves, how far he was British and genuine.

Mr. Parkinson, like a true blue and wearer of uncompromising mahogany tops, dedicates his Tour to his Royal Highness the Duke of York. In times like these, says Mr. Parkinson, when the wicked intentions and wild chimeras of designing and misguided men have so widely disseminated principles of a fallacious equality, it behoves every reasonable person, and especially Mr. Parkinson, not only to manifest proper expressions of regard for high station and illustrious ancestry, but also to spare his country the loss of many a valuable though humble member, whom misrepresentation might tempt to emigrate. And in another portion of the work the author states that it will afford him infinite pleasure if the publication of these sheets should have the desired effect — that of preventing his countrymen from running headlong into misery, as he and many others have done.

When Mr. Parkinson was printing his Experienced Farmer, in London, he had the honour of

becoming acquainted with Sir John Sinclair, then President of the Board of Agriculture. General Washington had at that time sent over to Sir John, proposals for letting his Mount Vernon Estate to English or Scotch farmers. Whereupon Mr. Parkinson thought himself possessed of a real fortune in the prospect, as he naïvely says, of an introduction both to so great a man as General Washington and to the rich soils of America. As the liberating general had sent over a plan of Mount Vernon divided into distinct farms, Mr. Parkinson pitched upon one of twelve hundred acres; the rent twenty-two shillings per acre. Moreover, he got upwards of five hundred subscribers to his book, of the first gentlemen in England, as a recommendation to the gentlemen in America; and with these encouragements, speculated to make a rapid fortune. Sanguine, though experienced Mr. Parkinson!

The genuine Britisher went to Liverpool and employed brokers to charter a ship, which cost him eight hundred and fifty pounds. He then bought the famous race-horses Phenomenon and Cardinal Puff; ten blood mares and ten more blood stallions; a bull and a cow of the Roolright breed; a bull and a cow of the North Devon; a bull and a cow of the no-horned Yorkshire kind; a cow and calf of the Holderness breed; five boar and seven sow pigs of four different kinds. These things being put on board, our friend went on board with his family, which consisted of seven, besides two servants to take care of the cattle. A little Noah's ark, Mr. Parkinson!

But there was no dove in the ark and little peace. The cargo was improperly stowed, and the ship wanted ballast, and the captain spent fourteen days in getting it. One attendant was sick, and had to be sent back. No sooner had they got to sea than the king's boats boarded them and pressed their other servant. Mr. Parkinson was twelve weeks on his passage (the Red Jacket makes the voyage to Melbourne in less time now), and in that time lost eleven horses, in which number was the famous race-horse Phenomenon.

When Mr. Parkinson arrived at the land of promise — the Mount Vernon Estate — the wonderful disappointment he met with in the barrenness of the land was beyond description. Would General Washington have given him the twelve hundred acres he would not have accepted them, and to convince the General of the cause of his determination, he was compelled to treat him with a great deal of frankness. Did the daring Britisher presume to "cheek" the father of his country? If Colonel Grunpeck had been there, a bowie-knife — a revolver — ha! but to our tale.

Mr. Parkinson is very hard upon the hero. He supposed him-

self to have fine sheep and a great quantity of them. On the General's five farms of three thousand acres he had but one hundred sheep, and those in very poor condition; whereas in Old England, on Mr. Parkinson's father's farm, which was less than six hundred acres, the paternal Parkinson clipped eleven hundred sheep. Again, the average weight of the Parkinson wool was ten pounds per fleece; the Washington wool scarcely reached an average of three pounds and a half. Finally, and with which we may consider General Washington as disposed of as an agriculturist, the General's crops were from two to three bushels of wheat per acre; while on that genuine British farm the land, though poor clayey soil, gave from twenty to thirty bushels per acre.

Colonel Lear, General Washington's aide-de-camp, did Mr. Parkinson the honour to say that he was the only man he ever knew to treat the General with frankness. But Mrs. Washington, the General's wife, treated Mr. Parkinson with even more frankness than he had treated her husband; for the British farmer being invited to dinner at Mount Vernon, she said to him: "I am afraid, Mr. Parkinson, that you have brought your fine horses and pigs to a bad market." Which observation vexed Mr. Parkinson much, for he was by this time beginning to be afraid himself that he had brought his pigs to a very bad market indeed.

No land whatsoever, or wherever situated, would suit our traveller. General Stone offered him one thousand acres as a gift, to be chosen out of three thousand four hundred acres of the General's own in Aleganey county, but the Britisher would have none of it. Many of his friends advised him to try Kentucky and the backwoods. This he indignantly refused to do. He soon found those countries worse than the parts nearer the cities; for as money was his object, and he found it scarce in the cities, he concluded that it must be scarcer in the backwoods. Naïve this, but logical, and more logical the proof, "for," says Mr. Parkinson, "the Kentuckians are a sharp, roguish, enterprising people, and if anything valuable was to be had in that country, they would be sure to secure it for themselves."

Mr. Parkinson was told of two gentlemen, brothers, named Ricketts, who had large flour-mills near Alexandria, and had realised a fortune by them. "How," he moodily asks, "had they made that fortune? How did they live while they were making it?" One of the young Parkinsons boarded and lodged with the Ricketts' for some time, and he should describe their way of living. They had coffee and salt-herrings for breakfast, and sometimes salt-beef. The bread was only cakes made of hog's-

lard and wheaten flour, and was never buttered. The dinner was salt-beef and bread, and sometimes potatoes (which were very bad, all over the country); at other times, as a treat, a cow cabbage, which was preserved in a cellar to keep it from frost; and water to drink! This was in the winter. They only had fresh beef when they killed a cow which they could milk no more; nor was there any butter used in the house for the four months during which the junior Parkinson resided in it.

Mr. Parkinson had employed a servant who had lived in "those boasted backwoods," as he calls them. The servant was an Irishman, and had been hired by a man who had purchased land in Kentucky, in order to clear it, and grow Indian corn. "How," he asks, "did they live?" They built themselves a log-house, which was open at the sides, by reason of the logs not lying close to each other. There was no entrance to it save at the top, like the hatchway of a ship. When they had raised their corn, and wanted it ground, they had forty miles to go to a mill, which, with returning, was two days' journey. When the master was absent, on these occasions, the servant was left alone, and was much frightened by the owls screeching — supposing the Indians were coming to kill him in the night; it being a common custom of these savages to come into the house, and lie by the fire, nor did the inhabitants dare to prevent them.

There were no good servants or labourers to be had in America: so, at least, Mr. Parkinson thought. Working-men emigrating, were sure to be lamentably disappointed. They were speedily ruined on their arrival, and were ashamed to return to their native country in a reduced state, to be made the scoff of their former acquaintance. More than this, working-men had it seldom in their power to get back; for if they had no money to pay their passage, the captains of ships would not bring them from America, on the terms on which they were taken. These terms were peculiarly infamous, and as we have no reason to doubt the Genuine Britisher's trust-worthiness in matters of fact, however much he may be prejudiced in matters of opinion, we are compelled to witness the disclosure of an atrocious system of White Slavery in America existing and flourishing after the Declaration of Independence, after the Revolution, after the Peace, by which the United States were erected into a Free Republic; nay, existing within the present century. There were men in all the American ports ready to buy emigrants as slaves on their first arrival; and as slaves they were sold, for certain terms of years, by the ship-captains to reimburse them for the passage-money from Europe. But these miserable creatures wanting clothing, and

not having the means of purchasing it during their stated time of servitude, were compelled to get the money of their masters, and were so kept in the same state the greatest part of their lives. Anything more abominable than the following story, it is difficult to imagine. A Dutchman who had lost all his property, which was considerable, by the war with France, met with the captain of an American ship, who offered him and his two sons, a free passage to America; but at the end of the voyage the captain offered them all for sale to pay for the passage. They were bought by Messrs. Ricketts, who paid the captain ready money for them, and were to repay those gentlemen by labour for a certain term of years. The old Dutchman, naturally obstinate, and not unnaturally indignant, at having been thus villanously kidnapped, refused to work, and was therefore (as was usual) whipped with the cow-hide, in the same way as the negroes. The old man, however, notwithstanding several renewed inflictions of this punishment, held out firmly, and still persisting in his obstinacy, and being very old, the Messrs. Ricketts kindly gave him his liberty, and kept his two boys to work out the sum.

With regard to servants, the Genuine Britisher comes out in his strongest colours. He warns Englishmen that the liberty and equality dreamed of by some who emigrated from these kingdoms to America would not be found very pleasant. He would, as a servant, have to eat, drink, and sleep, with the negro slaves; for, as the master cannot keep three tables, the white servant, unless he dine with his master, ("and I have heard of their doing that," writes Mr. Parkinson, with true British horror), must necessarily feed at the second table, which was that of the darkies. Another thing about which Mr. Parkinson complains most lamentably is, that among the white people in America they were all Mr. and Sir, or Madam and Miss — so that in conversation you could not discover which was the master and which the man — which the mistress or which the maid.

Now, our tourist explained, this custom of being called Mr. and Sir sat so uneasily upon an English servant, that he was sure speedily to become the greatest puppy imaginable, and much unpleasanter, even, than the negro. Then, he adds, as all men imitate their betters in pride and consequence, when the negroes met together they were all Mr. and Madam among themselves. It was the same with respect to the manner of wearing their hair — almost every one, child or man, had his hair powdered or tied in a club. The negroes the same; but as the hair of the negroes is short, it was customary to hang lead to it during the week, that it might have length enough to be tied on the Sunday.

The Genuine Britisher's complaints increase thick and threefold throughout the volume; but they are so numerous that I cannot dwell on them in detail. He tells us a story of one Mr. Grimes who invited him to his plantation on the Potowmac, made him a present of some veal, cabbages, and two bushels of oysters, and then threatened to shoot him because he did not approve of some Saintfoin plants he had in his garden. He grumbles about strangers walking into his parlour and lighting their pipes, or rambling, uninvited, in his orchards, pulling his peaches and nectarines, and denouncing him as an enemy of the human race, and an infringer of the rights of man. He tells of waggoners pulling up by his fields and roasting the ears of his Indian corn for themselves and their horses; of strange men borrowing (without asking) his horses, and returning them at a week's end, blown, out of condition, and often seriously injured. He describes the land as irretrievably barren, and requiring enormous expenditure to produce even a moderate crop. He speaks of the cattle as meagre, half-starved horses, never getting any hay, but fed on blades and slops, eaten up by a dreadful disease called the hollow-horn, and stung to madness by a horrible insect, a compound of mosquito, locust, and vampire, called the Hessian fly. The American oysters are bad, the poultry is execrable, the venison carrion, the horses under-sized, the government rotten. The people are vain, boasting, mendacious, drunken, artful, unprincipled, and unable to manufacture even a gun-flint. And when completely disgusted with the farming business, and the brewery business, upon which he entered as a subsequent speculation, our Genuine Britisher sells his stock at a loss and re-embarks for England with his family; he takes leave of the Americans by flinging in their teeth the powerful, though somewhat worn-out, sarcasm, that their fathers and grandfathers had been sent out as colonists, not of their own free-will, as he, Richard Parkinson, had been, but by the verdict of twelve honest men, and the warrant of their king. Oh! fifty years since! Oh! Grunpeck in mahogany tops!

I dare say Richard Parkinson was as honest, well-meaning, sincere a man as ever the sun shone upon. But his strong Grunpeckian prejudice forbade him to discern those coming events which fifty years ago were casting their shadows before, in America. He saw only coarse food, rough living, clumsy cultivation, and unpolished manners. It was not within his prejudiced ken to know that this ungainly Transatlantic baby, sprawling in a cradle of half-cleared forests, was a young giant, destined to grow up above the pines and the cedars, and the mountains, some

day, and overshadow half the western world with his stature.

Bnt Mr. Parkinson is gone, and his place knows him no more. I bear (as I have said) not the least animosity towards Grunpeck, yet I think that the sooner Grunpeck follows Parkinson, the better it will be for both sides of the Atlantic. Perhaps Grunpeck and Parkinson may come to be of one mind, after all, in the Shades — who knows?

THE CHINESE POSTMAN.

How things will be done in the Celestial Empire when the end is made, of the Tartar dynasty of Brothers of the Sun, we cannot tell. Probably we shall not live to hear of the Pekin and Canton Railway, nor the Chinese penny-post. But, how things are now done on the "first form" of civilisation among the three hundred millions of people, so far as postal business is concerned, we proceed to tell.

We must begin with the Government Post. Its movements are all under the direction of the Board of War at Pekin. Sixteen postmasters are appointed by this Board, and distributed throughout the empire. From the capital to the different provinces, at intervals of twenty miles, are military stations which supply post couriers and horses. Fifty miles a day appears to be the celestial notion of post haste. No deviation from the ordinary route is allowed, although deviation might, in some instances, save both time and money. The times of departure from the capital are not fixed with precision; but it is generally on every sixth day that despatches are made up, all expenses of course being borne by the imperial exchequer.

This branch of government service is specially appropriated to the conveyance of the Imperial Gazettes, official notices of promotion, suspension, furlough, the formal announcements of the names of candidates who have succeeded in gaining literary honours at Pekin, and likewise the conveyance of special favours and marks of honour granted by the Emperor to his subjects in the shape of cash, buttons, or peacocks' feathers. Such government papers as are included under the category of "Special Replies," "All-important Edicts," "Positive Commands," "Private summonses to the Court," &c. are entrusted to express messengers — there are twenty-one of them connected with the Military Board — travelling on horseback at the rate of sixty, a hundred and twenty, or a hundred and eighty miles a day, according to the necessity of the case. Horses and mules are always in readiness, as well as couriers, at the various postal branches on the Emperor's high way. Sedan chairs too are at the service of these extraordinary couriers. The Government Post is, as we said, not open to the public; but, through the spe-

cial favour got by help of friends at Court, plebeians may be so far privileged as to have one or two private notes transmitted under a stamped government cover, on the inflexible condition that the envelope contains no metal.

The postmen for the people form in China quite another class. They belong to co-operative societies of letter-carriers, who bear to and fro all the missives sent upon affairs of trade or family interest from Chinaman to Chinaman, in envelopes variously endorsed. To show how the ordinary Chinese postal business is conducted let us take one town, Shanghai, the northern open port, for an example. Of course the arrangements of the office there can be described only as they existed before the city of Shanghai fell into the hands of the revolutionary party:

Outside the small east gate of Shanghai, and in one of the most populous thorough-fares, stand the offices of a letter and parcel delivery company, called the Tienshun house. It transmits letters through four postal lines, connected with the first cities in the central provinces, Kiangnan, Kiangsi, Honan, and Chihkiang; indirectly also with the remote country parts in those directions. Each of these lines is served separately by its own particular firm; but the junction of the four at Shanghai is completed by the union of these four firms in a general partnership, limiting its liabilities. Its mode of working will be understood by following it on any single line, say that which runs along the coast of Chihkiang, and extends to the N.E. corner of the Fokien province, a distance of not quite seven hundred miles. There are employed upon it sixteen postmen. The names of these are written in large characters upon a board hung up in the receiving house; and most of them are partners in the business. There are fixed days for the receipt of letters on this line, making about twenty post days in the month. For each post day one man is nominated as carrier, and his name is regularly advertised upon the "letter-board," one day at least previous to his departure. Expresses may be had on the other days; and if possible, public notice of an express is given, in order that the general public may participate in its advantages.

The clerk who receives any letter posted at the office, gives a receipt to the person bringing it; he then places it upon a rack till the hour comes for a regular distribution and assortment. Several "letter receipts" are in our hands; the following is a translation of one given in exchange for a letter addressed to Peking: —

"30th year of Taoukwang, 5th Moon.

"This is to certify that we have received from — a letter, purporting to contain GOOD NEWS for dispatch to and safe delivery at the city of Peking, — of which, too, this paper is to be taken as a sufficient guarantee. Postage paid." (The office seal.)

As to the cost of postage, if the parties are well known, payment may be deferred until the letter is delivered. But in general it is required that at least half be paid at the receiving house. The rates vary according to distance as well as according to the contents of the despatch. All envelopes of single or double letters go under the head of "empty letters," provided they enclose no coin. The charge for a letter upon this line of seven hundred miles, from the one terminus to the other, is about five shillings and sixpence; but as this was the charge made by a native on a foreigner, it is probably above the honest rate. The utmost caution is exercised in admitting money enclosures of gold, silver, or copper. Of these the carriers require special notice at the receiving office, prior to the exchange of duly stamped receipts. Failing this, the company considers itself free from responsibility in case of accident or loss. In carrying all letters and packages properly entered, the society engages to incur the entire risk of loss and damage, except from weather and (the most pressing of all risks in China) robbers.

On the day of despatch, after the covers have been examined, sorted, and marked with the office stamp, the bag is made up and entrusted to the custody of the messenger for the day. He forthwith starts upon his journey, which he pursues on foot or by boat, though not at one half the average speed of the English post-boy seventy years ago, "which then was about three miles and a half per hour." It is understood that the bearer prosecutes his route uninterruptedly and indefatigably, sparing no exertions, using every means, and undaunted by obstacles, until he shall reach his journey's end. He does his mile and a half an hour, according to the circular of one of these post-offices, "spreading out the heavens overhead, carrying the moon, shunning neither rain nor snow, labouring with the sweat of his brow, and running with all haste."

Most, if not all, establishments for posting letters before being set on foot, have to apply to the local authorities for sanction and protection. Two separate post-offices were opened at Soochow, the one in the year eighteen hundred and fifty two, the other in eighteen hundred and forty three; the former for conveyance of letters to Nanking, the latter running direct into the province of Honan. The circulars of both of them begin in the same strain: "We, the undersigned, during — month, applied to our local authorities for their sanction and permission to open the — Post-Office. In compliance with our petition, their worships have given orders, forbidding any others assuming the same designation as that of our firm, and granting us the right of appeal in case of any violation of our special privilege."

We annex the prospectus of one of the chief offices in Soochow. It conveys letters to Canton, a distance of one thousand three hundred miles.

CIRCULAR. — We, the undersigned, are humbly of opinion that the sure, safe, and speedy delivery of letters to and fro depends mainly on the punctuality of the post. Of late, this important business having been undertaken by really too many, — although the greater part have been true to their word, yet not a few have broken faith with the public. Now if it indeed be deemed requisite to fix on days of departure and arrival, — is it not equally necessary that the party, who undertakes this responsibility, should spare no exertion, whether by day or by night, in fair or in foul weather, to fulfil his obligations to the utmost? Under such circumstances, no delays will occur, and there will be a good prospect of meeting the wishes and promoting the views of the mercantile community.

By this test of punctuality, the undersigned are content to have their diligence and fidelity tried, and known to all whom it concerns.

We, a company of twenty men, pledged to stand security for each other, have set on foot a postal establishment in the city of Súchau, and have agreed, (each in his turn) to start from this, upon the third, sixth, ninth, thirteenth, sixteenth, nineteenth, twenty-third, twenty-sixth, and twenty-ninth of every month, and visit all the places on our lines.

Should we be honoured with the patronage of the mercantile community and entrusted with letters, money enclosures, and other valuables, we earnestly beg they will deliver said articles as early as possible at this office for the sake of having them duly entered upon the books, to render future reference both easy and convenient. With the same object, every postman is provided with the office-seal in order to give security for all letters that may be received on the way.

Should any losses of these monies, occur through negligence, this house undertakes to make due compensation. But, in case any thing is lost or miscarried that has not been in due form lodged at this office and entered upon its journals, it must be distinctly understood that this company will not consider itself in any way responsible for such.

We also beg to give notice of the following particulars:

First, — Should any merchant or merchants engage an express for special despatches, and stipulate as to the time of delivery and the charge for postage, let it be understood that, in case of unavoidable delay, either from the severe inclemency of the weather, or from the failure of the postboy's health, there is to be no reduction of the postage fees.

Second, — The mercantile community must forgive us for suggesting, that we hope they will not enclose too many letters belonging to other parties within the envelopes presented by themselves; as the bulk of the letter bag may thereby be increased beyond the strength of the postman, and thus occasion delay and irregularity in the delivery of letters, as well as in the return of the post.

Third, — Should any of the postmen be found guilty of dilatoriness or any violation of our engagements, we will pay a fine of five shillings upon every such instance, which penalty shall be appropriated to defray the religious services of our establishment.

Fourth, — Should any empty letter be lost, we engage to pay a fine of five shillings, to be laid up for public use.

There are short postal districts, served by men on foot; and the letters carried in this way are called "foot-letters." These posts are sometimes included within the limits of one town with its environs; sometimes they connect neighbouring places. The letter bearers perform their journey at a gentle trot; being lightly clad and burdened only with a small umbrella, and a wallet thrown across the shoulders.

Despatches sent often to great distances by boat, when the line of water communication is complete, are called "boat-letters." And there occurs again another

form of post communication in the rural districts, as the green tea country, where constant correspondence has to be kept up with important markets and ports. There they have the "letter-merchant," who, as to his duties and liabilities, corresponds to the country carrier of former days in England.

There is also a notion afloat in China about letters transmitted by fishes. A Chinaman often calls a letter by a synonymous word which means "a pair of carp fishes," and upon its envelope he sometimes draws a picture of two fishes. The origin of this notion is traced to the following passage in one of their classic works — "A stranger from a distance presented me with a pair of carp fishes: I ordered my boy to cook them; when, lo and behold! he found a letter for me in the stomach of each."

PASSING FACES.

We have no need to go abroad to study ethnology. A walk through the streets of London will show us specimens of every human variety known. Not pur sang, of course, but transmitted (diluted too) through the Anglo-Saxon medium, — special characteristics necessarily not left very sharply defined. It takes a tolerably quick eye, and the educated perceptions of an artist, to trace the original lines through the successive shadings made by many generations of a different race. But still those lines are to be seen by all who know how to look for them, or who understand them when they are before them. The broad distinctions of Saxon, Celt, and Norman, are easily recognised. And, of course, we know negroes when we see them, and can give a tolerably shrewd guess at a Lascar or a Chinaman. But, few people dream of tracing out the Jewish ancestor in that Christianised descendant of three or four generations, though the Hebrew sign is distinctly marked in the very midst of blue eyes, fair skin, and flaxen hair. People seldom judge of races excepting by colour. The form and the features go for nothing. Who assigns the turned lip, the yellow-white eye, the flat forehead, the spreading nostril, the square chest, the tow-like hair, the long heel, back to their respective races? Who spys the Red Indian, or the Malay, or the Nubian, or the Fin, hidden, like the yellow dwarf, in the lower branches of a respectable English gentleman's genealogical tree? Who detects the Tartar in his West-End friend, — unless it be that metaphorical Tartar which a man sometimes catches in his wife? And who can swear to the Slavonian, with an English name, who speaks perfect Saxon, and wears a Nicoll's paletot? Yet we are always encountering diluted specimens of these and other races, who perhaps don't know as

much of their own ancestry as we can read to them from nature's evidence, printed in an unmistakeable type on their own faces.

It is perfectly incredible what a large number of ugly people one sees. One wonders where they can possibly have come from, — from what invading tribe of savages or monkies. We meet faces that are scarcely human, — positively brutified out of all trace of intelligence by vice, gin, and want of education; but beside this sad class, there are the simply ugly faces, with all the lines turned the wrong way, and all the colours in the wrong places; and then there are the bird and beast faces, of which Gavarni's caricatures are faithful portraits. Doesn't everybody count a crane and a secretary-bird among his acquaintances? — tall men, with sloping shoulders and slender legs, with long necks, which no cravat or stock can cover, with small heads; — if a crane, the hair cropped short; if a secretary-bird, worn long and flung back on to the shoulders, that look as if they were sliding down-hill in a fright. These are the men who are called elegant — good lord! — and who maunder through life in a daft state of simpering dilettanteism, but who never thought a man's thought, nor did a man's work, since they were born. Every one knows, too, the hawk's face — about gambling-tables and down in the City very common — and the rook's, and the jackdaw's; and some of us are troubled with the distressing neighbourhood of a foolish man-snipe, and some of us have had our intimate owls and favourite parrots; though the man-parrot is not a desirable companion in general.

But the beast-faces, there is no limit to them! Dogs alone supply the outlines of half the portraits we know. There is the bull-dog, — that man in the brown suit yonder, with bandy legs and heavy shoulders, — did you ever see a kenneled muzzle more thoroughly the bull-dog than this? The small eyes close under the brows, the smooth bullet forehead, heavy jaw, and snub nose, all are essentially of the bull-dog breed, and at the same time essentially British. Then the mastiff, with the double-bass voice and the square hanging jaw; and the shabby-looking turnspit, with his hair staring out at all sides, and his eyes drawn up to its roots; and the greyhound, lean of rib and sharp of face; and the terrier — who is often a lawyer — with a snarl in his voice and a kind of restlessness in his eye, as if mentally worrying a rat — his client; and the Skye, all beard and moustache and glossy curls, with a plaintive expression of countenance and an exceedingly meek demeanour; and the noble old Newfoundland dog, perhaps a brave old soldier from active service, who is chivalrous to women and gentle to children, and who repels petty annoyances with a

grand patience that is veritably heroic. Reader, if you know a Newfoundland-dog man, cherish him, stupid as he probably will be, yet he is worth your love. Then we have horse-faced men; and men like camels, with quite the camel lip; and the sheep-faced man, with the forehead retreating from his long energetic nose, — smooth men without whiskers, and with shining hair cut close, and not curling, like pointers; the lion-man, he is a grand fellow; and the bull-headed man; the flat serpent head; and the tiger's, like an inverted pyramid; the giraffe's lengthy unhelpfulness; and the sharp red face of the fox. Don't we meet men like these at every step we take in London? — and if we know any such intimately, don't we invariably find that their characters correspond somewhat with their persons?

The women, too — we have likenesses for them. I know a woman who might have been the ancestress of all the rabbits in all the hutches in England. A soft downy-looking, fair, placid woman, with long hair looping down like ears, and an innocent face of mingled timidity and surprise. She is a sweet-tempered thing, always eating or sleeping; who breathes hard when she goes upstairs, and who has as few brains in working order as a human being can get on with. She is just a human rabbit, and nothing more; and she looks like one. We all know the setter woman — the best of all the types — graceful, animated, well-formed, intelligent, with large eyes and wavy hair, who walks with a firm tread but a light one, and who can turn her hand to anything. The true setter woman is always married; she is the real woman of the world. Then there is the Blenheim spaniel, who covers up her face in her ringlets and holds down her head when she talks, and who is shy and timid. And there is the greyhound woman, with lantern-jaws and braided hair, and large knuckles, generally rather distorted. There is the cat woman, too; elegant, stealthy, clever, caressing; who walks without noise and is great in the way of endearment. No limbs are so supple as hers, no backbone so wonderfully pliant; no voice so sweet, no manners so endearing. She extracts your secrets from you before you know that you have spoken; and half-an-hour's conversation with that graceful, purring woman, has revealed to her every most dangerous fact it has been your life's study to hide. The cat woman is a dangerous animal. She has claws hidden in that velvet paw, and she can draw blood when she unsheathes them. Then there is the cow-faced woman, generally of phlegmatic temperament and melancholy disposition, given to pious books and teetotalism. And there is the lurcher woman, the strong-visaged, strong-minded female, who wears rough coats with

men's pockets and large bone buttons, and whose bonnets fling a spiteful defiance at both beauty and fashion. This is that wonderful creature who electrifies foreigners by climbing their mountains in a mongrel-kind of attire, in which men's cloth trowsers form the most striking feature; and who goes about the business of life in a rough, gruff, lurcher-like fashion, as if grace and beauty were the two cardinal sins of womanhood and she were on a "mission" to put them down. This is not a desirable animal. We have women like merino sheep: they wear their hair over their eyes and far on to their necks. And women like poodle dogs, with fuzzy heads and round eyes; women like kangaroos, with short arms and a clumsy kind of hop when they walk; and we have active, intelligent little women, with just the faintest suspicion of a rat's face on them as they look watchfully after the servants and inspect the mysteries of the jam closet. Then there are pretty little loving marmoset faces. I know the very transcript of that golden-haired Silky Tamarin in the Zoological Gardens. It is a gentle, plaintive, loving creature, with large liquid brown eyes, that have always a tear behind them and a look of soft reproach in them; its hair hangs in a profusion of golden-brown curls — not curls so much as a mass of waving tresses; it is a creeping, nestling, clinging thing, that seems as if it wants always to bury itself in some one's arms — as if the world outside were all too large and cold for it. There is the horsefaced woman, too, as well as the horse-faced man; and there is the turnspit woman, with her ragged head and blunt common nose. In fact, there are female varieties of all the male types we have mentioned, excepting, perhaps, the lion woman. I have never seen a true lion-headed woman, excepting in that black Egyptian figure, sitting with her hands on her two knees, and grinning grimly on the Museum world, as Bubastis, the lion-headed goddess of the Nile.

Well, then, as we walk through London, we have two subjects of contemplation in the passing faces hurrying by — their races and their likenesses. Now to their social condition and their histories, stamped on them as legibly as arms are painted on a carriage-panel.

In the city alone are several varieties of our modern Englishman. There are the smart men, who wear jaunty hats and well-trimmed moustaches; who drive to their places of business in cabs with tigers, and who evidently think they are paying commerce a compliment by making their fortunes out of it. And there are the staid respectable, city men, who live in the suburbs, ride in omnibuses, and wear great coats of super-seded cut; who carry umbrellas, shaven chins, and national

whiskers, and are emphatically the city men. And there are equivocal-looking men, who are evidently unsubstantial speculators without capital, and who trade on airy thousands when they want money enough to buy a dinner. Don't we all know these men, with their keen faces and bad hats, their eager walk and trowsers bulged out at the knees? Don't we all know the very turn of their black satin handkerchief pinned with that paste pin — a claw holding a pearl — all sham, every bit of it, excepting the claw, which is allegorical — and folded so as to hide the soiled and crumpled shirt? Don't we see by their very boots that they are men of straw? For, by right of unpaid bills, the landlady is impertinent or the servant disrespectful, and these necessary coverings are therefore left in a dusty and unenlightened condition. These are the men who are the curse of the commercial world. Unscrupulous, shifty, careless of the ruin which their false schemes may bring on their dupes when the bubble bursts and the day of reckoning comes. In the city, too, about the doors of the banks and offices and the city clubs, are standing old men dirty and worn. Perhaps they were once clerks in the very offices at the doors of which they now lounge to serve any cab or carriage that may drive up. You never see such men anywhere but in the city; not with the same amount of intelligence and abject poverty combined. In better days they may perhaps have shovelled you out gold in shining scoops or have checked your cash-book for thousands.

Then there are Jews; with that clever, sensual, crafty countenance, which contains the epitome of the whole Hebrew history; with their jewellery and flashy dress. And there are young thieves, with downcast eyes and a wholesome fear of the policeman; but every now and then a sharp glance that seems to take in a whole world of purses and pockets, and to subtract your money like magic from your hand. These have generally an older lad, or young man, lounging near them. You would scarcely believe him their companion, he looks so staid and respectable; but he is. The young thieves are not confined to the city, unhappily. You see them everywhere. Turning vaguely down any street where they think they see a victim; walking without aim or purpose or business in their walk; dressed incongruously — with some one, or perhaps two articles of dress perfectly good, and the rest in tatters; bearing no signs of special trade or of work about them; a strange kind of cunning, rather than of intelligence, in their faces: these are the marks of the thieves.

Turning westward, carriages and moustaches increase; queerly dressed people and carts de-

crease. You see fewer policemen, as such; but more acute-looking men in plain clothes, on the look out for evidence or a criminal. And you see more ladies. Here is one in all the pride of her new maternity, walking with nurse by her side carrying baby in a maze of ribbons, laces, and embroidery. Sometimes it is a blue baby, sometimes a pink one, or a light green or a stone colour; not often a white one in London, because of the soot. You read in the face of this young wife pleasant revelations of love and happiness, with all the gloss of newness on the marriage ring as yet. You read of a pretty home, with the clean bright furniture arranged like pretty playthings, and re-arranged almost daily; of sisters coming to stay, full of pride and love, and thinking Henry the most charming brother possible.

You meet the strong-minded woman always, and always recognisable under her various disguises — the lurcher still and ever. And you meet the silly little woman whose bonnets are farther off her head, whose petticoats are longer — especially in dirty weather — and whose cloaks are shorter, than everybody's else; orange girls with bloated faces, flattened bonnets, and torn shawls; butter boys with greasy hair; newspaper boys, impudent and vocal; ragged school boys, in red jackets or green, cleaning your honour's shoes for a penny, and with a strange expression of hope and redemption in their faces; tigers, pages — all buttons and silver lace, poor monkies; vulgar boys, coming from school; charity schoolboys, dressed out of all reason; foreigners with beards, hooded cloaks, slouched hats, and smoking; artists imitating them — very badly; shopmen, oily and pert; country clergymen up for the day, with a train of women the reverse of fashionable; guardsmen; soldiers, lately in old-fashioned hunting-coats; footmen; workmen, all lime and paint; pretty girls and lovely children: this is the London world as seen in the London streets, and met with every day.

And what a world it is, as it passes so swiftly by! The hopes, the joys, the deadly fears; the triumph here, the ruin there; the quiet heroism, the secret sin — what a tumult of human passions burning like fire in the volcano of human life! Look at that pale woman, with red eyes, sunken cheeks, and that painful thinness of the shabby genteel. She is the wife of a gambler, once an honourable and a wealthy man, now sunk to the lowest depths of moral degradation — fast sinking to the lowest depths of social poverty as well. He came home last night, half mad. The broad bruise on her shoulder beneath that flimsy shawl would tell its own tale, if you saw it. Her husband's hand used once to fall in a softer fashion there than it

fell last night. She has come to-day to pawn some of her clothes; the first time in her miserable career that this task has been forced on her: by this day next year she will have known every pawnbroker's shop in the quarter. Lucky for her, if she does not come to know every ginshop as well! This little woman laughing in the shrill voice, ran away from her home a year ago. She is laughing now to choke back the tears which gushed to her strained eyes as the baby in the white long cloak was carried by. She left one about the same age, on the hot summer's night when she fled from all that good men reverence. Those tears show that conscience is not all dead within her yet. Poor mother! the day will come when that false laughter will no longer choke back those penitent sobs; when you will forget to smile, and learn to weep and pray! The downcast man stalking moodily along has just lost his last farthing on the Stock Exchange. He is going home now to break the news to his wife, and to arrange for a flight across the Channel. He, this moment jostling him, was married last week to an heiress, and a pretty one too: he is humming an opera tune as he walks briskly home to his temporary lodgings, and wondering what people can find in life to make them so miserable and dull! For his part, he finds this world a jolly place enough; and so might others too, if they chose, he says. That pale youth sauntering feebly, dined out last night, and woke with a headache this morning. He wears a glass in his eye, and is qualifying himself for manliness and — death, by a course of dissipation. He has just come to his fortune, which he won't enjoy many years, unless he finds out that he is living the life of a fool — and he must grow wiser before he can find out that. The clean respectable woman of middle age is a gentleman's housekeeper coming from her visits among the poor. She has just taken some wine to a sick woman down in a filthy street in Westminster, and some socks and flannel to a family of destitute children. There is much more of this kind of charity than we see on the surface of society; though still not so much as is wanted. The sweet-looking girl walking alone, and dressed all in dove-colour, is an authoress; and the man with bright eyes and black hair, who has just lifted his hat to her and walks on, with a certain slouch in his shoulders that belongs to a man of business, is an author, and an editor; a pope, a Jupiter, a czar in his own domain, against whose fiat there is neither redress nor appeal. No despotism is equal to the despotism of an editor.

Past the Circus — up Regent Street, lingering to look at some of the beautiful things set up in the windows — through Oxford

Street, and towards the Marble Arch — crowds on crowds still meet; and face after face, full of meaning, turned towards you as you pass; signs of all nations and races of men pass you, unknown of all and to themselves whence they came; beasts and birds dressed in human form; tragedies in broad-cloth, farces in rags; passions sweeping through the air like tropical storms, and silent virtues stealing by like moonlight; LIFE, in all its boundless power of joy and suffering — this is the great picture-book to be read in London streets; these are the wild notes to be listened to; this the strange mass of pathos, poetry, caricature, and beauty which lie heaped up together without order or distinctive heading, and which men endorse as Society and the World.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE HUMBUGS.

EVERYBODY is acquainted with that enchanting collection of stories, the Thousand and One Nights, better known in England as the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Most people know that these wonderful fancies are unquestionably of genuine Eastern origin, and are to be found in Arabic manuscripts now existing in the Vatican, in Paris, in London, and in Oxford; the last-named city being particularly distinguished in this connection, as possessing, in the library of Christchurch, a manuscript of the never to be forgotten Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor.

The civilised world is indebted to France for a vast amount of its possessions, and among the rest for the first opening to Europe of this gorgeous storehouse of Eastern riches. So well did M. GALLAND, the original translator, perform his task, that when Mr. WORTLEY MONTAGUE brought home the manuspript now in the Bodleian Library, there was found (poetical quotations excepted), to be very little, and that of a very inferior kind, to add to what M. Galland had already made perfectly familiar to France and England.

Thus much as to the Thousand and One Nights, we recal, by way of introduction to the discovery we are about to announce.

There has lately fallen into our hands, a manuscript in the Arabic Character (with which we are perfectly acquainted), containing a variety of stories extremely similar in structure and incident to the Thousand and One Nights; but presenting the strange feature that although they are evidently of ancient origin, they have a curious accidental bearing on the present time. Allowing for the difference of manners and customs, it would often seem — were it not for the manifest impossibility of such prophetic knowledge in any mere man or men — that they were written expressly with an eye to

events of the current age. We have referred the manuscript (which may be seen at our office on the first day of April in every year, at precisely four o'clock in the morning), to the profoundest Oriental Scholars of England and France, who are no less sensible than we are ourselves of this remarkable coincidence, and are equally at a loss to account for it. They are agreed, we may observe, on the propriety of our rendering the title in the words, The Thousand and One Humbugs. For, although the Eastern story-tellers do not appear to have possessed any word, or combination of parts of words, precisely answering to the modern English Humbug (which, indeed, they expressed by the figurative phrase, A Camel made of sand), there is no doubt that they were conversant with so common a thing, and further that the thing was expressly meant to be designated in the general title of the Arabic manuscript now before us. Dispensing with further explanation, we at once commence the specimens we shall occasionally present, of this literary curiosity.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Among the ancient Kings of Persia who extended their glorious conquests into the Indies, and far beyond the famous River Ganges, even to the limits of China, TAXEDTAURUS (or Fleeced Bull) was incomparably the most renowned. He was so rich that he scorned to undertake the humblest enterprise without inaugurating it by ordering his Treasurers to throw several millions of pieces of gold into the dirt. For the same reason he attached no value to his foreign possessions, but merely used them as playthings for a little while, and then always threw them away or lost them.

This wise Sultan, though blessed with innumerable sources of happiness, was afflicted with one fruitful cause of discontent. He had been married many scores of times, yet had never found a wife to suit him. Although he had raised to the dignity of Howsa Kummauns* (or Peerless Chatterer), a great variety of beautiful creatures, not only of the lineage of the high nobles of his court, but also selected from other classes of his subjects, the result had uniformly been the same. They proved unfaithful, brazen, talkative, idle, extravagant, inefficient, and boastful. Thus it naturally happened that a Howsa Kummauns very rarely died a natural death, but was generally cut short in some violent manner.

At length, the young and lovely Reefawm (that is to say Light of Reason), the youngest and fairest of all the Sultan's wives, and to whom he had looked with hope to recompense him for his many disappointments, made as bad a Howsa Kummauns as any of the rest. The unfortunate Taxed-

* Sounded like House o' Commons.

taurus took this so much to heart that he fell into a profound melancholy, secluded himself from observation, and for some time was so seldom seen or heard of that many of his great officers of state supposed him to be dead.

Shall I never, said the unhappy Monarch, beating his breast in his retirement in the Pavilion of Failure, and giving vent to his tears, find a Howsa Kummauns, who will be true to me! He then quoted from the Poet, certain verses importing, Every Howsa Kummauns has deceived me, Every Howsa Kummauns is a Humbug, I must slay the present Howsa Kummauns as I have slain so many others, I am brought to shame and mortification, I am despised by the world. After which his grief so overpowered him, that he fainted away.

It happened that on recovering his senses he heard the voice of the last-made Howsa Kummauns, in the Divan adjoining. Applying his ear to the lattice, and finding that that shameless Princess was vaunting her loyalty and virtue, and denying a host of facts — which she always did, all night — the Sultan drew his scimitar in a fury, resolved to put an end to her existence.

But, the Grand Vizier Parmarstoon (or Twirling Weathercock), who was at that moment watching his incensed master from behind the silken curtains of the Pavilion of Failure, hurried forward and prostrated himself, trembling, on the ground. This Vizier had newly succeeded to Abaddeen (or the Addled), who had for his misdeeds been strangled with a garter.

The breath of the slave, said the Vizier, is in the hands of his Lord, but the Lion will sometimes deign to listen to the croaking of the frog. I swear to thee, Vizier, replied the Sultan, that I have borne too much already and will bear no more. Thou and the Howsa Kummauns are in one story, and by the might of Allah and the beard of the Prophet, I have a mind to destroy ye both!

When the Vizier heard the Sultan thus menace him with destruction, his heart drooped within him. But, being a brisk and ready man, though stricken in years, he quoted certain lines from the Poet, implying that the thunder-cloud often spares the leaf ore there would be no fruit, and touched the ground with his forehead in token of submission. What wouldst thou say? demanded the generous Prince, I give thee leave to speak. Thou art not unaccustomed to public speaking; speak glibly! Sire, returned the Vizier, but for the dread of the might of my Lord, I would reply in the words addressed by the ignorant man to the Genie. And what were those words? demanded the Sultan. Repeat them! Parmarstoon replied, To hear is to obey:

THE STORY OF THE IGNORANT MAN AND THE GENIE.

Sire, on the barbarous confines

of the kingdom of the Tartars, there dwelt an ignorant man, who was obliged to make a journey through the Great Desert of Desolation; which, as your Majesty knows, is sometimes a journey of upwards of three score and ten years. He bade adieu to his mother very early in the morning, and departed without a guide, ragged, barefoot, and alone. He found the way surprisingly steep and rugged, and beset by vile serpents and strange unintelligible creatures of horrible shapes. It was likewise full of black bogs and pits, into which he not only fell himself, but often had the misfortune to drag other travellers whom he encountered, and who got out no more, but were miserably stifled.

Sire, on the fourteenth day of the journey of the ignorant man of the kingdom of the Tartars, he sat down to rest by the side of a foul well (being unable to find a better), and there cracked for a repast, as he best could, a very hard nut, which was all he had about him. He threw the shell anywhere as he stripped it off, and having made an end of his meal arose to wander on again, when suddenly the air was darkened, he heard a frightful cry, and saw a monstrous Genie, of gigantic stature, who brandished a mighty scimetar in a hand of iron, advancing towards him. Rise, ignorant beast, said the monster, as he drew nigh, that I, Law, may kill thee for having affronted my ward. Alas, my lord, returned the ignorant man, how can I have affronted thy ward whom I never saw? He is invisible to thee, returned the Genie, because thou art a benighted barbarian; but if thou hadst ever learnt any good thing thou wouldst have seen him plainly, and wouldst have respected him. Lord of my life, pleaded the traveller, how could I learn where there were none to teach me, and how affront thy ward whom I have not the power to see? I tell thee, returned the Genie, that with thy pernicious refuse thou hast struck my ward, Prince Socieetee, in the apple of the eye; and because thou hast done this, I will be thy ruin. I maim and kill the like of thee by thousands every year, for no other crime. And shall I spare *thee?* Kneel and receive the blow.

Your Majesty will believe (continued the Grand Vizier) that the ignorant man of the kingdom of the Tartars, gave himself up for lost when he heard those cruel words. Without so much as repeating the formula of our faith — There is but one Allah, from him we come, to him we must return, and who shall resist his will (for he was too ignorant even to have heard it), he bent his neck to receive the fatal stroke. His head rolled off as he finished saying these words: Dread Law, if thou hadst taken half the pains to teach me to discern thy ward that thou hast taken to avenge

him, thou hadst been spared the great account to which I summon thee!

Taxedtaurus the Sultan of Persia listened attentively to this recital on the part of his Grand Vizier, and when it was concluded said, with a threatening brow, Expound to me, O, nephew of a dog! the points of resemblance between the Tiger and the Nightingale, and what thy ignorant man of the accursed kingdom of the Tartars has to do with the false Howsa Kummauns and the glib Vizier Parmarstoon? While speaking he again raised his glittering scimetar. Let not my master sully the sole of his foot by crushing an insect, returned the Vizier, kissing the ground seven times, I meant but to offer up a petition from the dust, that the Light of the eyes of the Faithful would, before striking, deign to hear my daughter. What of thy daughter? said the Sultan impatiently, and why should I hear thy daughter any more than the daughter of the dirtiest of the dustmen? Sire, returned the Vizier, I am dirtier than the dirtiest of the dustmen in your Majesty's sight, but my daughter is deeply read in the history of every Howsa Kummauns who has aspired to your Majesty's favour during many years, and if your Majesty would condescend to hear some of the Legends she has to relate, they might — What dost thou call thy [illegible]ghter? demanded the Sultan, interrupting. Hansardadade, replied the Vizier. Go, said the Sultan, bring her hither. I spare thy life until thou shalt return.

The Grand Vizier Parmarstoon, on receiving the injunction to bring his daughter Hansardadade into the royal presence, lost no time in repairing to his palace which was but across the Sultan's gardens, and going straight to the women's apartments, found Hansardadade surrounded by a number of old women who were all consulting her at once. In truth, this affable Princess was perpetually being referred to, by all manner of old women. Hastily causing her attendants, when she heard her father's errand, to attire her in her finest dress which outsparkled the sun; and bidding her young sister, Brothartoon (or Chamber Candlestick), to make similar preparations and accompany her; the daughter of the Grand Vizier soon covered herself with a rich veil, and said to her father, with a low obeisance, Sir, I am ready to attend you, to my Lord, the Commander of the Faithful.

The Grand Vizier, and his daughter Hansardadade, and her young sister Brothartoon, preceded by Mistaspeeka, a black mute, the Chief of the officers of the royal Seraglio, went across the Sultan's gardens by the way the Vizier had come, and arriving at the Sultan's palace, found that monarch on his throne surrounded by his principal counsellors and officers of state. They all

four prostrated themselves at a distance, and waited the Sultan's pleasure. That gracious prince was troubled in his mind when he commanded the fair Hansardadade (who, on the whole, was very fair indeed), to approach, for he had sworn an oath in the Vizier's absence from which he could not depart. Nevertheless, as it must be kept, he proceeded to announce it before the assembly. Vizier, said he, thou hast brought thy daughter here, as possessing a large stock of Howsa Kummauns experience, in the hope of her relating something that may soften me under my accumulated wrongs. Know that I have solemnly sworn that if her stories fail — as I believe they will — to mitigate my wrath, I will have her burned and her ashes cast to the winds! Also, I will strangle thee and the present Howsa Kummauns, and will take a new one every day and strangle her as soon as taken, until I find a good and true one. Parmarstoon replied, To hear is to obey.

Hansardadade then took a one-stringed lute, and sang a lengthened song in prose. Its purport was, I am the recorder of brilliant eloquence, I am the chronicler of patriotism, I am the pride of sages, and the joy of nations. The continued salvation of the country is owing to what I preserve, and without it there would be no business done. Sweet are the voices of the crow and chough, and Persia never never can have words enough. At the conclusion of this delightful strain, the Sultan and the whole divan were so faint with rapture that they remained in a comatose state for seven hours.

Would your Majesty, said Hansardadade, when all were at length recovered, prefer first to hear the story of the Wonderful Camp, or the story of the Talkative Barber, or the story of Scarli Tapa and the Forty Thieves? I would have thee commence, replied the Sultan, with the story of the Forty Thieves.

Hansardadade began, Sire, there was once a poor relation — when Brothartoon interposed. Dear sister, cried Brothartoon, it is now past midnight, it will be shortly daybreak, and if you are not asleep, you ought to be. I pray you, dear sister, by all means to hold your tongue to-night, and if my Lord the Sultan will suffer you to live another day, you can talk to-morrow. The Sultan arose with a clouded face, but went out without giving any orders for the execution.

SISTER ROSE.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

The head-gaoler of St. Lazare stood in the outer hall of the prison, two days after the arrest at Trudaine's lodgings, smoking his morning-pipe. Looking towards

the court-yard gate, he saw the wicket opened, and a privileged man let in, whom he soon recognised as the chief-agent of the second section of Secret Police. "Why friend Lomaque," cried the gaoler, advancing towards the court-yard, "what brings you here this morning, business, or pleasure?"

"Pleasure, this time, citizen. I have an idle hour or two to spare for a walk. I find myself passing the prison, and I can't resist calling in to see how my friend the head-gaoler is getting on." Lomaque spoke in a surprisingly brisk and airy manner. His eyes were suffering under a violent fit of weakness and winking; but he smiled, notwithstanding, with an air of the most inveterate cheerfulness. Those old enemies of his, who always distrusted him most when his eyes were most affected, would have certainly disbelieved every word of the friendly speech he had just made, and would have assumed it as a matter of fact that his visit to the head-gaoler had some specially underhand business at the bottom of it.

"How am I getting on?" said the gaoler, shaking his head. "Overworked, friend — overworked. No idle hours in our department. Even the guillotine is getting too slow for us!"

"Sent off your batch of prisoners for trial this morning?" asked Lomaque, with an appearance of perfect unconcern.

"No; they 're just going," answered the other. "Come and have a look at them." He spoke as if the prisoners were a collection of pictures on view, or a set of dresses just made up. Lomaque nodded his head, still with his air of happy holiday carelessness. The gaoler led the way to an inner hall; and, pointing lazily with his pipe-stem, said: "Our morning batch, citizen, just ready for the baking."

In one corner of the hall were huddled together more than thirty men and women, of all ranks and ages; some staring round them, with looks of blank despair; some laughing and gossiping, recklessly. Near them lounged a guard of "Patriots," smoking, spitting, and swearing. Between the patriots and the prisoners sat, on a ricketty stool, the second gaoler — a hump-backed man, with an immense red moustachio — finishing his breakfast of broad beans, which he scooped out of a basin with his knife, and washed down with copious draughts of wine from the bottle. Carelessly as Lomaque looked at the shocking scene before him, his quick eyes contrived to take note of every prisoner's face, and to descry, in a few minutes, Trudaine and his sister standing together at the back of the group.

"Now then, Apollo!" cried the head-gaoler, addressing his subordinate by a facetious prison nickname, "don't be all day starting that trumpery batch of yours! And harkye, friend, I have leave of absence, on business, at my

section, this afternoon. So it will be your duty to read the list for the guillotine, and chalk the prisoners' doors before the cart comes to-morrow morning. 'Ware the bottle, Apollo, to-day; 'ware the bottle, for fear of accidents with the death-list to-morrow."

"Thirsty July weather, this, — eh, citizen?" said Lomaque, leaving the head-gaoler, and patting the hunchback, in the friendliest manner, on the shoulder. "Why, how you have got your batch huddled up together this morning! Shall I help you to shove them into marching order? My time is quite at your disposal. This is a holiday morning with me!"

"Ha! ha! ha! what a jolly dog he is on his holiday morning!" exclaimed the head-gaoler, as Lomaque — apparently taking leave of his natural character altogether, in the exhilaration of an hour's unexpected leisure — began pushing and pulling the prisoners into rank, with humorous mock apologies, at which, not the officials only, but many of the victims themselves — reckless victims of a reckless tyranny — laughed heartily. Persevering to the last in his practical jest, Lomaque contrived to get close to Trudaine for a minute, and to give him one significant look before he seized him by the shoulders, like the rest. "Now, then, rear-guard," cried Lomaque, pushing Trudaine on. "Close the line of march, and mind you keep step with your young woman, there. Pluck up your spirits, citoyenne! one gets used to everything in this world, even to the guillotine!"

While he was speaking, and pushing at the same time, Trudaine felt a piece of paper slip quickly between his neck and his cravat. "Courage!" he whispered, pressing his sister's hand, as he saw her shuddering under the assumed brutality of Lomaque's joke.

Surrounded by the guard of "patriots," the procession of prisoners moved slowly into the outer court-yard, on its way to the revolutionary tribunal, the hump-backed gaoler bringing up the rear. Lomaque was about to follow at some little distance; but the head-gaoler hospitably expostulated. "What a hurry you 're in!" said he. "Now that incorrigible drinker, my second in command, has gone off with his batch, I don't mind asking you to step in, and have a drop of wine."

"Thank you," answered Lomaque; "but I have rather a fancy for hearing the trial this morning. Suppose I come back afterwards? What time do you go to your section? At two o'clock, eh? Good! I shall try if I can't get here soon after one." With these words he nodded and went out. The brilliant sunlight in the court-yard made him wink faster than ever! Had any of his old enemies been with him, they would have whispered within themselves — "If you mean to

come back at all, citizen Lomaque, it will not be soon after one!"

On his way through the streets, the chief-agent met one or two police-office friends, who delayed his progress; so that when he arrived at the revolutionary tribunal, the trials of the day were just about to begin. The principal article of furniture in the Hall of Justice was a long clumsy deal table, covered with green baize. At the head of this table sat the president and his court, with their hats on, backed by a heterogeneous collection of patriots officially connected in various ways with the proceedings that were to take place. Below the front of the table, a railed-off space, with a gallery beyond, was appropriated to the general public — mostly represented as to the gallery, on this occasion, by women, all sitting together on forms, knitting, shirt-mending, and baby-linen-making, as coolly as if they were at home. Parallel with the side of the table farthest from the great door of entrance, was a low platform, railed off, on which the prisoners, surrounded by their guard, were now assembled, to await their trial. The sun shone in brightly from a high window, and a hum of ceaseless talking pervaded the hall cheerfully, as Lomaque entered it. He was a privileged man here, as at the prison; and he made his way in by a private door, so as to pass the prisoners' platform, and to walk round it, before he got to a place behind the president's chair. Trudaine, standing with his sister on the outermost limits of the group, nodded significantly as Lomaque looked up at him for an instant. He had contrived, on his way to the tribunal, to get an opportunity of reading the paper which the chief-agent had slipped into his cravat. It contained these lines: — "I have just discovered who the citizen and citoyenne Dubois are. There is no chance for you but to confess everything. By that means you may inculpate a certain citizen holding authority, and may make it his interest, if he loves his own life, to save yours and your sister's."

Arrived at the back of the president's chair, Lomaque recognised his two trusty subordinates, Magloire and Picard, waiting among the assembled patriot-officials, to give their evidence. Beyond them, leaning against the wall, addressed by no one, and speaking to no one, stood the superintendent Danville. Doubt and suspense were written in every line of his face; the fretfulness of an uneasy mind expressed itself in his slightest gestures — even in his manner of passing a handkerchief, from time to time, over his face, on which the perspiration was gathering thick and fast already.

"Silence!" cried the usher of the court for the time being — a hoarse-voiced man in top-boots, with a huge sabre buckled to his side, and a bludgeon in his hand.

"Silence for the citizen-president!" he reiterated, striking his bludgeon on the table.

The president rose, and proclaimed that the sitting for the day had begun; then sat down again. The momentary silence which followed was interrupted by a sudden confusion among the prisoners on the platform. Two of the guards sprang in among them. There was the thump of a heavy fall — a scream of terror from some of the female prisoners — then another dead silence, broken by one of the guards, who walked across the hall with a bloody knife in his hand, and laid it on the table. "Citizen-president," he said, "I have to report that one of the prisoners has just stabbed himself." There was a murmuring exclamation — "Is that all?" among the women-spectators, as they resumed their work. Suicide at the bar of justice was no uncommon occurrence under the Reign of Terror.

"Name?" asked the president, quietly taking up his pen, and opening a book.

"Martigné," answered the hump-backed gaoler, coming forward to the table.

"Description?"

"Ex-royalist coach-maker to the tyrant Capet."

"Accusation?"

"Conspiracy in prison."

The president nodded, and entered in the book — "Martigné, coachmaker. Accused of conspiring in prison. Anticipated course of law by suicide. Action accepted as sufficient confession of guilt. Goods confiscated. 1st Thermidor, year two of the Republic."

"Silence!" cried the man with the bludgeon, as the president dropped a little sand on the entry, and signing to the gaoler that he might remove the dead body, closed the book.

"Any special cases this morning?" resumed the president, looking round at the group behind him.

"There is one," said Lomaque, making his way to the back of the official chair. "Will it be convenient to you, citizen, to take the case of Louis Trudaine and Rose Danville first? Two of my men are detained here as witnesses; and their time is valuable to the Republic."

The president marked a list of names before him, and handed it to the crier or usher, placing the figures one and two against Louis Trudaine and Rose Danville.

While Lomaque was backing again to his former place behind the chair, Danville approached, and whispered to him — "There is a rumour that secret information has reached you about the citizen and citoyenne Dubois. Is it true? Do you know who they are?"

"Yes," answered Lomaque; "but I have superior orders to keep the information to myself, just at present."

The eagerness with which Danville put his question, and the disappointment he showed on

getting no satisfactory answer to it, were of a nature to satisfy the observant chief-agent that his superintendent was really as ignorant as he appeared to be on the subject of the man and woman Dubois. That one mystery, at any rate, was still, for Danville, a mystery unrevealed.

"Louis Trudaine! Rose Danville!" shouted the crier, with another rap of his bludgeon.

The two came forward, at the appeal, to the front railing of the platform. The first sight of her judges, the first shock, on confronting the pitiless curiosity of the audience, seemed to overwhelm Rose. She turned from deadly pale to crimson, then to pale again, and hid her face on her brother's shoulder. How fast she heard his heart throbbing! How the tears filled her eyes, as she felt that his fear was all for her!

"Now!" said the president, writing down their names. "Denounced by whom?"

Magloire and Picard stepped forward to the table. The first answered — "By citizen-superintendent Danville."

The reply made a great stir and sensation among both prisoners and audience.

"Accused of what?" pursued the president.

"The male prisoner, of conspiracy against the Republic; the female prisoner, of criminal knowledge of the same."

"Produce your proofs in answer to this order."

Picard and Magloire opened their minutes of evidence, and read to the president the same particulars which they had formerly read to Lomaque, in the Secret Police office.

"Good," said the president, when they had done. "We need trouble ourselves with nothing more than the identifying of the citizen and citoyenne Dubois, which, of course, you are prepared for. Have you heard the evidence?" he continued, turning to the prisoners; while Picard and Magloire consulted together in whispers, looking perplexedly towards the chief-agent, who stood silent behind them. "Have you heard the evidence, prisoners? Do you wish to say anything? If you do, remember that the time of this tribunal is precious, and that you will not be suffered to waste it."

"I demand permission to speak, for myself and for my sister," answered Trudaine. "My object is to save the time of the tribunal by making a confession."

The faint whispering, audible among the women spectators, a moment before, ceased instantaneously as he pronounced the word confession. In the breathless silence, his low, quiet tones penetrated to the remotest corners of the hall; while, suppressing externally all evidences of the death-agony of hope within him, he continued his address in these words: —

"I confess my secret visits to the house in the Rue de Cléry. I

confess that the persons whom I went to see are the persons pointed at in the evidence. And, lastly, I confess that my object in communicating with them as I did was to supply them with the means of leaving France. If I had acted from political motives, to the political prejudice of the existing government, I admit that I should be guilty of that conspiracy against the Republic with which I am charged. But no political purpose animated, no political necessity urged me, in performing the action which has brought me to the bar of this tribunal. The persons whom I aided in leaving France were without political influence, or political connections. I acted solely from private motives of humanity towards them and towards others — motives which a good republican may feel, and yet not turn traitor to the welfare of his country."

"Are you ready to inform the court, next, who the man and woman Dubois really are?" inquired the president, impatiently.

"I am ready," answered Trudaine. "But first I desire to say one word in reference to my sister, charged here at the bar with me." His voice grew less steady; and, for the first time, his colour began to change, as Rose lifted her face from his shoulder, and looked up at him eagerly, "I implore the tribunal to consider my sister as innocent of all active participation in what is charged against me as a crime —" he went on. "Having spoken with candour about myself, I have some claim to be believed when I speak of her; when I assert that she neither did help me nor could help me. If there be blame, it is mine only; if punishment, it is I alone who should suffer."

He stopped suddenly and grew confused. It was easy to guard himself from the peril of looking at Rose, but he could not escape the hard trial to his self-possession of hearing her, if she spoke. Just as he pronounced the last sentence, she raised her face again from his shoulder, and eagerly whispered to him:

"No, no, Louis! Not that sacrifice, after all the others — not that, though you should force me into speaking to them myself!"

She abruptly quitted her hold of him, and fronted the whole court in an instant. The railing in front of her shook with the quivering of her arms and hands as she held by it to support herself! Her hair lay tangled on her shoulders; her face had assumed a strange fixedness; her gentle blue eyes, so soft and tender at all other times, were lit up wildly. A low hum of murmured curiosity and admiration broke from the women of the audience. Some rose eagerly from the benches, others cried,

"Listen, listen! she is going to speak!"

She did speak. Silvery and pure the sweet voice, sweeter than ever in sadness, stole its

way through the gross sounds — through the coarse humming and the hissing whispers.

"My lord the president" — began the poor girl, firmly. Her next words were drowned in a volley of hisses from the women.

"Ah! aristocrat, aristocrat! None of your accursed titles here!" was their shrill cry at her. She fronted that cry, she fronted the fierce gestures which accompanied it, with the steady light still in her eyes, with the strange rigidity still fastened on her face. She would have spoken again, through the uproar and execration, but her brother's voice overpowered her.

"Citizen president," he cried, "I have not concluded. I demand leave to complete my confession. I implore the tribunal to attach no importance to what my sister says. The trouble and terror of this day have shaken her intellects. She is not responsible for her words — I assert it solemnly, in the face of the whole court!"

The blood flew up into his white face as he made the asseveration. Even at that supreme moment the great heart of the man reproached him for yielding himself to a deception, though the motive of it was to save his sister's life.

"Let her speak! let her speak!" exclaimed the women, as Rose, without moving, without looking at her brother, without seeming even to have heard what he said, made a second attempt to address her judges, in spite of Trudaine's interposition.

"Silence!" shouted the man with the bludgeon. "Silence, you women! the citizen-president is going to speak."

"The prisoner, Trudaine, has the ear of the court," said the president; "and may continue his confession. If the female prisoner wishes to speak, she may be heard afterwards. I enjoin both the accused persons to make short work of it with their addresses to me, or they will make their case worse instead of better. I command silence among the audience; and if I am not obeyed, I will clear the hall. Now, prisoner Trudaine, I invite you to proceed. No more about your sister; let her speak for herself. Your business and ours is with the man and woman Dubois now. Are you, or are you not, ready to tell the court who they are?"

"I repeat that I am ready," answered Trudaine. "The citizen Dubois is a servant. The woman Dubois is the mother of the man who denounces me — superintendent Danville."

A low, murmuring, rushing sound of hundreds of exclaiming voices, all speaking, half-suppressedly, at the same moment, followed the delivery of the answer. No officer of the court attempted to control the outburst of astonishment. The infection of it spread to the persons on the platform, to the crier himself, to the judges of the tribunal,

lounging, but the moment before, so carelessly silent in their chairs. When the noise was at length quelled, it was subdued in the most instantaneous manner by one man, who shouted from the throng behind the president's chair,

"Clear the way there! Superintendent Danville is taken ill!"

A vehement whispering and contending of many voices interrupting each other, followed; then a swaying among the assembly of official people; then a great stillness; then the sudden appearance of Danville, alone, at the table. The look of him, as he turned his ghastly face towards the audience, silenced and steadied them in an instant, just as they were on the point of falling into fresh confusion. Everyone stretched forward eagerly to hear what he would say. His lips moved; but the few words that fell from them were inaudible, except to the persons who happened to be close by him. Having spoken, he left the table supported by a police-agent, who was seen to lead him towards the private door of the court, and, consequently, also towards the prisoner's platform. He stopped, however, half-way, quickly turned his face from the prisoners, and pointing towards the public door at the opposite side of the hall, caused himself to be led out into the air by that direction. When he had gone, the president, addressing himself, partly to Trudaine and partly to the audience, said, —

"The citizen-superintendent Danville has been overcome by the heat in the court. He has retired (by my desire, under the care of a police-agent) to recover in the open air; pledging himself to me to come back and throw a new light on the extraordinary and suspicious statement which the prisoner has just made. Until the return of citizen Danville, I order the accused, Trudaine, to suspend any further acknowledgement of complicity which he may have to address to me. This matter must be cleared up before other matters are entered on. Meanwhile, in order that the time of the tribunal may not be wasted, I authorise the female prisoner to take this opportunity of making any statement concerning herself which she may wish to address to the judges."

"Silence him!" "Remove him out of court!" "Gag him?" "Guillotine him!" These cries rose from the audience the moment the president had done speaking. They were all directed at Trudaine, who had made a last desperate effort to persuade his sister to keep silence, and had been detected in the attempt by the spectators.

"If the prisoner speaks another word to his sister, remove him," said the president, addressing the guard round the platform.

"Good! we shall hear her at last. Silence! silence!" exclaimed the women, settling

themselves comfortably on their benches, and preparing to resume their work.

"Rose Danville, the court is waiting to hear you," said the president, crossing his legs, and leaning back luxuriously in his large arm-chair.

Amid all the noise and confusion of the last few minutes, Rose had stood ever in the same attitude, with that strangely fixed expression never altering on her face but once. When her husband made his way to the side of the table, and stood there prominently alone, her lips trembled a little, and a faint shade of colour passed swiftly over her cheeks. Even that slight change had vanished now—she was paler, stiller, more widely altered from her former self than ever, as she faced the president, and said these words:—

"I wish to follow my brother's example, and make my confession, as he has made his. I would rather he had spoken for me; but he is too generous to say any words except such as he thinks may save me from sharing his punishment. I refuse to be saved, unless he is saved with me. Where he goes when he leaves this place, I will go; what he suffers, I will suffer; if he is to die, I believe God will grant me the strength to die resignedly with him! This is what I now wish to say, as to my share in the offence charged against my brother:—some time ago, he told me, one day, that he had seen my husband's mother in Paris, disguised as a poor woman; that he had spoken to her, and forced her to acknowledge herself. Up to this time we had all felt certain that she had left France, because she held old-fashioned opinions, which it is dangerous for people to hold now; had left France, before we came to Paris. She told my brother that she had indeed gone (with an old tried servant of the family to help and protect her) as far as Marseilles; and that, finding unforeseen difficulty there in getting farther, she had taken it as a warning from Providence not to desert her son, of whom she was very passionately fond, and from whom she had been most unwilling to depart. Instead of waiting in exile for quieter times, she determined to go and hide herself in Paris, knowing her son was going there too. She assumed the name of her old and faithful servant, who declined to the last to leave her unprotected; and she proposed to live in the strictest secrecy and retirement, watching, unknown, the career of her son, and ready at a moment's notice to disclose herself to him, when the settlement of public affairs might reunite her safely to her beloved child. My brother thought this plan full of danger both for herself, for her son, and for the honest old man who was risking his head for his mistress's sake. I thought so too; and in an evil hour, I said to Louis, 'Will you try, in secret, to get my husband's mother away, and see that her

faithful servant makes her really leave France this time?' I wrongly asked my brother to do this for a selfish reason of my own — a reason connected with my married life, which has not been a happy one. I had not succeeded in gaining my husband's affection, and was not treated kindly by him. My brother, who has always loved me far more dearly, I am afraid, than I have ever deserved, my brother increased his kindness to me, seeing me treated unkindly by my husband. This made ill blood between them. My thought, when I asked my brother to do for me what I have said, was, that if we two, in secret, saved my husband's mother, without danger to him, from imperilling herself and her son, we should, when the time came for speaking of what we had done, appear to my husband in a new and better light. I should have shown how well I deserved his love, and Louis would have shown how well he deserved his brother-in-law's gratitude; and so, we should have made home happy at last, and all three have lived together affectionately. This was my thought; and when I told it to my brother, and asked him if there would be much risk, out of his kindness and indulgence towards me, he said 'No!' He had so used me to accept sacrifices for my happiness, that I let him endanger himself to help me in my little household plan. I repent this bitterly now; I ask his pardon with my whole heart. If he is acquitted, I will try to show myself worthier of his love. If he is found guilty, I too will go to the scaffold, and die with my brother, who risked his life for my sake."

She ceased as quietly as she had begun; and turned once more to her brother. As she looked away from the court, and looked at him, a few tears came into her eyes, and something of the old softness of form and gentleness of expression seemed to return to her face. He let her take his hand; but he seemed purposely to avoid meeting the anxious gaze she fixed on him. His head sunk on his breast; he drew his breath heavily; his countenance darkened and grew distorted as if he were suffering some sharp pang of physical pain. He bent down a little; and, leaning his elbow on the rail before him, covered his face with his hand; and so quelled the rising agony, so forced back the scalding tears to his heart. The audience had heard Rose in silence; and they preserved the same tranquillity when she had done. This was a rare tribute to a prisoner from the people of the Reign of Terror.

The president looked round at his colleagues, and shook his head suspiciously.

"This statement of the female prisoner's complicates the matter very seriously," said he. "Is there anybody in court," he added, looking at the persons behind his chair, "who knows where the

mother of superintendent Danville and the servant are now?"

Lomaque came forward at the appeal, and placed himself by the table.

"Why, citizen agent," continued the president, looking hard at him, "are you overcome with the heat too?"

"The fit seemed to take him, citizen president, when the female prisoner had made an end of her statement," explained Magloire, pressing forward officiously.

Lomaque gave his subordinate a look which sent the man back directly to the shelter of the official group; then said, in lower tones than were customary with him,

"I have received information relative to the mother of superintendent Danville and the servant, and am ready to answer any questions that may be put to me."

"Where are they now?" asked the President.

"She and the servant are known to have crossed the frontier, and are supposed to be on their way to Cologne. But since they have entered Germany, their whereabouts is necessarily a matter of uncertainty to the republican authorities."

"Have you any information relative to the conduct of the old servant while he was in Paris?"

"I have information enough to prove that he was not an object for political suspicion. He seems to have been simply animated by servile zeal for the woman's interests; to have performed for her all the menial offices of a servant in private; and to have misled the neighbours by affected equality with her in public."

"Have you any reason to believe that Superintendent Danville was privy to his mother's first attempt at escaping from France?"

"I infer it from what the female prisoner has said, and for other reasons which it would be irregular to detail before the tribunal. The proofs can no doubt be obtained, if I am allowed time to communicate with the authorities at Lyons and Marseilles."

At this moment Danville re-entered the court, and, advancing to the table, placed himself close by the chief-agent's side. They looked each other steadily in the face for an instant.

"He has recovered from the shock of Trudaine's answer," thought Lomaque, retiring. "His hand trembles; his face is pale; but I can see regained self-possession in his eye; and I dread the consequences already."

"Citizen president," began Danville, "I demand to know if anything has transpired affecting my honour and patriotism in my absence?"

He spoke apparently with the most perfect calmness; but he looked nobody in the face. His eyes were fixed steadily on the green baize of the table beneath him.

"The female prisoner has made a statement, referring principally

to herself and her brother," answered the president; "but incidentally mentioning a previous attempt on your mother's part to break existing laws by emigrating from France. This portion of the confession contains in it some elements of suspicion which seriously affect you"—

"They shall be suspicions no longer — at my own peril, I will change them to certainties!" exclaimed Danville, extending his arm theatrically, and looking up for the first time. "Citizen president, I avow it with the fearless frankness of a good patriot; I was privy to my mother's first attempt at escaping from France."

Hisses and cries of execration followed this confession. He winced under them at first; but recovered his self-possession before silence was restored.

"Citizens, you have heard the confession of my fault," he resumed, turning with desperate assurance towards the audience; "now hear the atonement I have made for it at the altar of my country."

He waited at the end of that sentence, until the secretary to the tribunal had done writing it down in the report-book of the court.

"Transcribe faithfully to the letter!" cried Danville, pointing solemnly to the open page of the volume. "Life and death hang on my words."

The secretary took a fresh dip of ink, and nodded to show that he was ready. Danville went on:

"In these times of glory and trial for France," he proceeded, pitching his voice to a tone of deep emotion, "what are all good citizens most sacredly bound to do? To immolate their dearest private affections and interests before their public duties! On the first attempt of my mother to violate the laws against emigration, by escaping from France, I failed in making the heroic sacrifice which inexorable patriotism demanded of me. My situation was more terrible than the situation of Brutus sitting in judgment on his own sons. I had not the Roman fortitude to rise equal to it. I erred, citizens, erred as Coriolanus did, when his august mother pleaded with him for the safety of Rome! For that error I deserved to be purged out of the republican community; but I escaped my merited punishment, — nay, I even rose to the honour of holding an office under the government. Time passed; and again my mother attempted an escape from France. Again, inevitable fate brought my civic virtue to the test. How did I meet this second supremest trial? By an atonement for past weakness, terrible as the trial itself! Citizens, you will shudder; but you will applaud while you tremble. Citizens, look! and while you look, remember well the evidence given at the opening of this case. Yonder stands the enemy of his country, who intrigued to help my mother to escape; here stands the patriot

son, whose voice was the first, the only voice, to denounce him for the crime!" As he spoke, he pointed to Trudaine, then struck himself on the breast, then folded his arms, and looked sternly at the benches occupied by the spectators.

"Do you assert," exclaimed the president, "that at the time when you denounced Trudaine, you knew him to be intriguing to aid your mother's escape?"

"I assert it," answered Danville.

The pen which the president held, dropped from his hand at that reply; his colleagues started and looked at each other in blank silence.

A murmur of "Monster! monster!" began with the prisoners on the platform, and spread instantly to the audience, who echoed and echoed it again; the fiercest woman-republican on the benches joined cause at last with the haughtiest woman-aristocrat on the platform. Even in that sphere of direst discords, in that age of sharpest enmities, the one touch of nature preserved its old eternal virtue; and roused the mother-instinct which makes the whole world kin!

Of the few persons in the court, who at once foresaw the effect of Danville's answer on the proceedings of the tribunal, Lomaque was one. His sallow face whitened as he looked towards the prisoners' platform. "They are lost," he murmured to himself, moving out of the group in which he had hitherto stood. "Lost! The lie which has saved that villain's head leaves them without the shadow of a hope. No need to stop for the sentence — Danville's infamous presence of mind has given them up to the guillotine!" Pronouncing these words, he went out hurriedly by a door near the platform, which led to the prisoners' waiting-room.

Rose's head sank again on her brother's shoulder. She shuddered, and leaned back faintly on the arm which he extended to support her. One of the female prisoners tried to help Trudaine in speaking consolingly to her; but the consummation of her husband's perfidy seemed to have paralysed her at heart. She murmured once in her brother's ear, "Louis! I am resigned to die — nothing but death is left for me after the degradation of having loved that man." She said those words and closed her eyes wearily, and spoke no more.

"One other question, and you may retire," resumed the president, addressing Danville. "Were you cognisant of your wife's connection with her brother's conspiracy?"

Danville reflected for a moment, remembered that there were witnesses in court who could speak to his language and behaviour on the evening of his wife's arrest, and resolved this time to tell the truth.

"I was not aware of it," he answered. "Testimony in my

favour can be called which will prove that when my wife's complicity was discovered I was absent from Paris."

Heartlessly self-possessed as he was, the public reception of his last reply had shaken his nerve. He now spoke in low tones, turning his back on the spectators, and fixing his eyes again on the green baize of the table at which he stood.

"Prisoners! have you any objection to make, any evidence to call, invalidating the statement by which citizen Danville has cleared himself of suspicion?" inquired the president.

"He has cleared himself by the most execrable of all falsehoods," answered Trudaine. "If his mother could be traced and brought here, her testimony would prove it."

"Can you produce any other evidence in support of your allegation?" asked the president.

"I cannot."

"Citizen-superintendent Danville, you are at liberty to retire. Your statement will be laid before the authority to whom you are officially responsible. Either you merit a civic crown for more than Roman virtue, or —" Having got thus far, the president stopped abruptly, as if unwilling to commit himself too soon to an opinion, and merely repeated, — "You may retire."

Danville left the court immediately, going out again by the public door. He was followed by murmurs from the women's benches, which soon ceased, however, when the president was observed to close his note-book, and turn round towards his colleagues. "The sentence!" was the general whisper now. "Hush, hush — the sentence!"

After a consultation of a few minutes with the persons behind him, the president rose, and spoke the momentous words: — "Louis Trudaine and Rose Danville, the revolutionary tribunal, having heard the charge against you, and having weighed the value of what you have said in answer to it, decides that you are both guilty, and condemns you to the penalty of death."

Having delivered the sentence in those terms, he sat down again, and placed a mark against the two first-condemned names on the list of prisoners. Immediately afterwards, the next case was called on, and the curiosity of the audience was stimulated by a new trial.

CHAPTER V.

The waiting-room of the revolutionary tribunal was a grim, bare place, with a dirty stone floor, and benches running round the walls. The windows were high and barred; and at the outer door, leading into the street, two sentinels kept watch. On entering this comfortless retreat from the court, Lomaque found it perfectly empty. Solitude was just then welcome to him. He remained in the waiting-room, walking slowly from end to end

over the filthy pavement, talking eagerly and incessantly to himself.

After awhile, the door communicating with the tribunal opened, and the hump-backed gaoler made his appearance, leading in Trudaine and Rose.

"You will have to wait here," said the little man, "till the rest of them have been tried and sentenced; and then you will all go back to prison in a lump. Ha, citizen!" he continued, observing Lomaque at the other end of the hall, and bustling up to him. "Here still, eh? If you were going to stop much longer, I should ask a favour of you."

"I am in no hurry," said Lomaque, with a glance at the two prisoners.

"Good!" cried the hunchback, drawing his hand across his mouth; "I am parched with thirst, and dying to moisten my throat at the wine-shop over the way. Just mind that man and woman while I'm gone, will you? It's the merest form — there's a guard outside, the windows are barred, the tribunal is within hail. Do you mind obliging me?"

"On the contrary, I am glad of the opportunity."

"That's a good fellow — and, remember, if I am asked for, you must say I was obliged to quit the court for a few minutes, and left you in charge."

With these words, the hump-backed gaoler ran off to the wine-shop.

He had scarcely disappeared before Trudaine crossed the room, and caught Lomaque by the arm.

"Save her," he whispered; "there is an opportunity — save her!" His face was flushed — his eyes wandered — his breath on the chief-agent's cheek, while he spoke, felt scorching hot. "Save her!" he repeated, shaking Lomaque by the arm, and dragging him towards the door. "Remember all you owe to my father — remember our talk on that bench by the river — remember what you said to me yourself on the night of the arrest — don't wait to think — save her, and leave me without a word! If I die alone, I can die as a man should — if she goes to the scaffold by my side, my heart will fail me — I shall die the death of a coward! I have lived for her life — let me die for it, and I die happy!"

He tried to say more, but the violence of his agitation forbade it. He could only shake the arm he held again and again, and point to the bench on which Rose sat — her head sunk on her bosom, her hands crossed listlessly on her lap.

"There are two armed sentinels outside — the windows are barred — you are without weapons — and even if you had them, there is a guard-house within hail on one side of you, and the tribunal on the other. Escape from this room is impossible," answered Lomaque.

"Impossible!" repeated the

other furiously. "You traitor! you coward! can you look at her sitting there helpless — her very life ebbing away already with every minute that passes — and tell me coolly that escape is impossible?"

In the frenzy of his grief and despair, he lifted his disengaged hand threateningly while he spoke. Lomaque caught him by the wrist, and drew him towards a window open at the top.

"You are not in your right senses," said the chief-agent firmly; "anxiety and apprehension on your sister's account have shaken your mind. Try to compose yourself, and listen to me. I have something important to say —" (Trudaine looked at him incredulously.) "Important," continued Lomaque, "as affecting your sister's interests at this terrible crisis."

That last appeal had an instantaneous effect. Trudaine's outstretched hand dropped to his side, and a sudden change passed over his expression.

"Give me a moment," he said faintly; and, turning away, leaned against the wall, and pressed his burning forehead on the chill, damp stone. He did not raise his head again till he had mastered himself, and could say quietly, "Speak — I am fit to hear you, and sufficiently in my senses to ask your forgiveness for what I said just now."

"When I left the tribunal and entered this room," Lomaque began, in a whisper; "there was no thought in my mind that could be turned to good account, either for your sister or for you. I was fit for nothing but to deplore the failure of the confession which I came to St. Lazare to suggest to you as your best plan of defence. Since then, an idea has struck me, which may be useful — an idea so desperate, so uncertain — involving a proposal so absolutely dependent, as to its successful execution, on the merest chance, that I refuse to confide it to you except on one condition."

"Mention the condition! I submit to it beforehand."

"Give me your word of honour that you will not mention what I am about to say to your sister until I grant you permission to speak. Promise me that when you see her shrinking before the terrors of death to-night, you will have self-restraint enough to abstain from breathing a word of hope to her. I ask this, because there are ten — twenty — fifty chances to one that there *is* no hope."

"I have no choice but to promise," answered Trudaine.

Lomaque produced his pocket-book and pencil before he spoke again.

"I will enter into particulars as soon as I have asked a strange question of you," he said. "You have been a great experimenter in chemistry in your time — is your mind calm enough at such a trying moment as this to answer a question which is connected with chemistry in a very humble

way? You seem astonished. Let me put the question at once. Is there any liquid, or powder, or combination of more than one ingredient known, which will remove writing from paper, and leave no stain behind?"

"Certainly! But is that all the question? Is there no greater difficulty —?"

"None. Write the prescription, whatever it may be, on that leaf," said the other, giving him the pocket-book. "Write it down, with plain directions for use." Trudaine obeyed. "This is the first step," contiuued Lomaque, putting the book in his pocket, "towards the accomplishment of my purpose — my uncertain purpose, remember! Now listen; I am going to put my own head in danger for the chance of saving your's and your sister's by tampering with the death-list. Don't interrupt me! If I can save one, I can save the other. Not a word about gratitude! Wait till you know the extent of your obligation. I tell you plainly, at the outset, there is a motive of despair, as well as a motive of pity, at the bottom of the action in which I am now about to engage. Silence! I insist on it. Our time is short; it is for me to speak, and for you to listen. The president of the tribunal has put the death-mark against your names on the prison list of to-day. That list, when the trials are over, and it is marked to the end, will be called in this room before you are taken to St. Lazare. It will then be sent to Robespierre, who will keep it, having a copy made of it the moment it is delivered, for circulation among his colleagues — St. Just, and the rest. It is my business to make a duplicate of this copy in the first instance. The duplicate will be compared with the original, and possibly with the copy too, either by Robespierre himself, or by some one in whom he can place implicit trust, and will then be sent to St. Lazare without passing through my hands again. It will be read in public the moment it is received, at the grating of the prison, and will afterwards be kept by the gaoler, who will refer to it as he goes round in the evening with a piece of chalk, to mark the cell doors of the prisoners destined for the guillotine to-morrow. That duty happens, to-day, to fall to the hunchback whom you saw speaking to me. He is a confirmed drinker, and I mean to tempt him with such wine as he rarely tastes. If — after the reading of the list in public, and before the marking of the cell doors — I can get him to sit down to the bottle, I will answer for making him drunk, for getting the list out of his pocket, and for wiping your names out of it with the prescription you have just written for me. I shall write all the names, one under another, just irregularly enough in my duplicate to prevent the interval left by the erasure from being easily observed. If I succeed in this, your door will not be

marked, and your names will not be called to-morrow morning when the tumbrils come for the guillotine. In the present confusion of prisoners pouring in every day for trial, and prisoners pouring out every day for execution, you will have the best possible chance of security against awkward enquiries, if you play your cards properly, for a good fortnight or ten days at least. In that time —"

"Well! well!" cried Trudaine eagerly.

Lomaque looked towards the tribunal door, and lowered his voice to a fainter whisper before he continued: "In that time, Robespierre's own head may fall into the sack! France is beginning to sicken under the Reign of Terror. Frenchmen of the Moderate faction, who have lain hidden for months in cellars and lofts, are beginning to steal out and deliberate by twos and threes together, under cover of the night. Robespierre has not ventured for weeks past to face the Convention committee. He only speaks among his own friends at the Jacobins. There are rumours of a terrible discovery made by Carnot, of a desperate resolution taken by Tallien. Men watching behind the scenes, see that the last days of the Terror are at hand. If Robespierre is beaten in the approaching struggle, you are saved — for the new reign must be a Reign of Mercy. If he conquers, I have only put off the date of your death and your sister's, and have laid my own neck under the axe. Those are your chances — this is all I can do."

He paused, and Trudaine again endeavoured to speak such words as might show that he was not unworthy of the deadly risk which Lomaque was prepared to encounter. But once more the chief-agent peremptorily and irritably interposed. "I tell you, for the third time," he said, "I will listen to no expressions of gratitude from you, till I know when I deserve them. It is true that I recollect your father's timely kindness to me — true that I have not forgotten what passed, five years since, at your house, by the river-side. I remember everything, down to what you would consider the veriest trifle — that cup of coffee, for instance, which your sister kept hot for me. I told you then that you would think better of me some day. I know that you do now. But this is not all. You want to glorify me to my face for risking my life for you. I won't hear you, because my risk is of the paltriest kind. I am weary of my life. I can't look back to it with pleasure. I am too old to look forward to what is left of it with hope. There was something in that night at your house, before the wedding — something in what you said, in what your sister did — which altered me. I have had my days of gloom and self-reproach, from time to time, since

then. I have sickened at my slavery, and subjection, and duplicity, and cringing, first under one master, then under another. I have longed to look back at my life, and comfort myself with the sight of some good action, just as a frugal man comforts himself with the sight of his little savings laid by in an old drawer. I can't do this; and I want to do it. The want takes me like a fit, at uncertain intervals, — suddenly, under the most incomprehensible influences. A glance up at the blue sky — starlight over the houses of this great city, when I look out at the night from my garret window — a child's voice coming suddenly, I don't know where from — the piping of my neighbour's linnet in his little cage — now one trifling thing, now another, wakes up that want in me in a moment. Rascal as I am, those few simple words your sister spoke to the judge went through and through me like a knife. Strange, in a man like me, isn't it? I am amazed at it myself. *My* life? Bah! I've let it out for hire, to be kicked about by rascals from one dirty place to another, like a football! It's my whim to give it a last kick myself, and throw it away decently before it lodges on the dunghill for ever. Your sister kept a good cup of coffee hot for me, and I give her a bad life in return for the compliment. You want to thank me for it? What folly! Thank me when I have done something useful. Don't thank me for that!" He snapped his fingers contemptuously as he spoke, and walked away to the outer door, to receive the gaoler, who returned at that moment.

"Well," inquired the hunchback, "has anybody asked for me?"

"No;" answered Lomaque, "not a soul has entered the room. What sort of wine did you get?"

"So-so! Good at a pinch, friend — good at a pinch."

"Ah! you should go to my shop, and try a certain cask, filled with a certain vintage!"

"What shop? Which vintage?"

"I can't stop to tell you now; but we shall most likely meet again to-day. I expect to be at the prison this afternoon. Shall I ask for you? Good! I won't forget!" With those farewell words he went out; and never so much as looked back at the prisoners before he closed the door behind him.

Trudaine returned to his sister, fearful lest his face should betray what had passed during the extraordinary interview between Lomaque and himself. But, whatever change there might be in his expression, Rose did not seem to notice it. She was still strangely inattentive to all outward things. That spirit of resignation, which is the courage of women in all great emergencies, seemed now to be the one animating spirit that fed the flame of life within her. When

her brother sat down by her, she only took his hand gently, and said — "Let us stop together like this, Louis, till the time comes. I am not afraid of it; for I have nothing but you to make me love life, and you, too, are going to die. Do you remember the time when I used to grieve that I had never had a child to be some comfort to me? I was thinking, a moment ago, how terrible it would have been now, if my wish had been granted. It is a blessing for me, in this great misery, that I am childless! Let us talk of old days, Louis, as long as we can — not of my husband, or my marriage — only of the old times, before I was a burden and a trouble to you."

The day wore on. By ones and twos and threes at a time, the condemned prisoners came from the tribunal, and collected in the waiting-room. At two o'clock all was ready for the calling over of the death-list. It was read and verified by an officer of the court; and then the gaoler took his prisoners back to Saint Lazare.

Evening came. The prisoners' meal had been served; the duplicate of the death-list had been read in public at the grate; the cell-doors were all locked. From the day of their arrest, Rose and her brother, partly through the influence of a bribe, partly through Lomaque's intercession, had been confined together in one cell; and together they now awaited the dread event of the morrow. To Rose, that event was death — death, to the thought of which, at least, she was now resigned. To Trudaine, the fast-nearing future was darkening hour by hour, with the uncertainty which is worse than death; with the faint, fearful, unpartaken suspense, which keeps the mind ever on the rack, and wears away the heart slowly. Through the long, unsolaced agony of that dreadful night, but one relief came to him. The tension of every nerve, the crushing weight of the one fatal oppression that clung to every thought, relaxed a little, when Rose's bodily powers began to sink under her mental exhaustion — when her sad dying talk of the happy times that were past ceased softly, and she laid her head on his shoulder, and let the angel of slumber take her yet for a little while, even though she lay already under the shadow of the angel of death.

The morning came, and the hot summer sunrise. What life was left in the terror-struck city awoke for the day faintly; and still the suspense of the long night remained unlightened. It was drawing near the hour when the tumbrils were to come for the victims doomed on the day before. Trudaine's ear could detect even the faintest sound in the echoing prison-region outside his cell. Soon listening near the door, he heard voices disputing on the other side of it.

Suddenly, the bolts were drawn back, the key turned in the lock, and he found himself standing face to face with the hunchback and one of the subordinate attendants on the prisoners.

"Look!" muttered this last man, sulkily, "there they are, safe in their cell, just as I said; but I tell you again they are not down in the list. What do you mean by bullying me about not chalking their door, last night, along with the rest? Catch me doing your work for you again, when you're too drunk to do it yourself!"

"Hold your tongue, and let me have another look at the list!" returned the hunchback, turning away from the cell-door, and snatching a slip of paper from the other's hand. "The devil take me if I can make head or tail of it!" he exclaimed, scratching his head, after a careful examination of the list. "I could swear that I read over their names at the grate, yesterday afternoon, with my own lips; and yet, look as long as I may, I certainly can't find them written down here. Give us a pinch, friend. Am I awake, or dreaming? — drunk, or sober, this morning?"

"Sober, I hope," said a quiet voice at his elbow. "I have just looked in to see how you are, after yesterday."

"How I am, citizen Lomaque? Petrified with astonishment. You yourself took charge of that man and woman for me, in the waiting-room, yesterday morning; and as for myself, I could swear to having read their names at the grate, yesterday afternoon. Yet, this morning, here are no such things as these said names to be found in the list! What do you think of that?"

"And what do you think," interrupted the aggrieved subordinate, "of his having the impudence to bully me for being careless in chalking the doors, when he was too drunk to do it himself? — too drunk to know his right hand from his left! If I wasn't the best-natured man in the world, I should report him to the head-gaoler."

"Quite right of you to excuse him, and quite wrong of him to bully you," said Lomaque, persuasively. "Take my advice," he continued confidentially to the hunchback, "and don't trust too implicitly to that slippery memory of yours, after our little drinking bout yesterday. You could not really have read their names at the grate, you know, or of course they would be down on the list. As for the waiting-room at the tribunal, a word in your ear: chief-agents of police know strange secrets. The president of the court condemns and pardons in public; but there is somebody else, with the power of ten thousand presidents, who now and then condemns and pardons in private. You can guess who. I say no more, except that I recommend you to keep your head on your shoulders, by

troubling it about nothing but the list there in your hand. Stick to that literally, and nobody can blame you. Make a fuss about mysteries that don't concern you, and —"

Lomaque stopped, and, holding his hand edgewise, let it drop significantly over the hunchback's head. That action, and the hints which preceded it, seemed to bewilder the little man more than ever. He stared perplexedly at Lomaque; uttered a word or two of rough apology to his subordinate, and rolling his mis-shapen head portentously, walked away with the death-list crumpled up nervously in his hand.

"I should like to have a sight of them, and see if they really are the same man and woman whom I looked after yesterday morning in the waiting-room," said Lomaque, putting his hand on the cell-door, just as the deputy-gaoler was about to close it again.

"Look in, by all means," said the man. "No doubt you will find that drunken booby as wrong in what he told you about them, as he is about everything else."

Lomaque made use of the privilege granted to him immediately. He saw Trudaine sitting with his sister in the corner of the cell farthest from the door, evidently for the purpose of preventing her from overhearing the conversation outside. There was an unsettled look, however, in her eyes, a slowly-heightening colour in her checks, which showed her to be at least vaguely aware that something unusual had been taking place in the corridor. Lomaque beckoned to Trudaine to leave her; and whispered to him — "The prescription has worked well. You are safe for to-day. Break the news to your sister as gently as you can. Danville —" He stopped and listened till he satisfied himself, by the sound of the deputy-gaoler's footsteps, that the man was lounging towards the farther end of the corridor. "Danville," he resumed, "after having mixed with the people outside the grate, yesterday, and having heard your names read, was arrested, in the evening, by secret order from Robespierre, and sent to the Temple. What charge will be laid to him, or when he will be brought to trial, it is impossible to say. I only know that he is arrested. Hush! don't talk now; my friend outside is coming back. Keep quiet—hope everything from the chances and changes of public affairs; and comfort yourself with the thought that you are both safe for to-day."

"And to-morrow?" whispered Trudaine.

"Don't think of to-morrow," returned Lomaque, turning away hurriedly to the door. "Let to-morrow take care of itself."

THE FLOWERS' PETITION.

We flowers and shrubs in cities pent,
From fields and country places rent
(Without our own or friends' consent),
In desperate condition,
Yet on no wilful outrage bent,
Do humbly here petition.

Whereas: Against our silent wills,
With loss of sun and purling rills,
Cooped up in pots, on window-sills,
In ricketty old boxes —
The city's breath our beauty kills,
And makes us gray as foxes;

Condemn'd in walls of brick and lime,
In narrow beds of clay and slime,
To ope our buds and shed our prime —
We need some kind defender;
We pray, oh, let us live our time!
And we are very tender!

Oh, cheat us not of heaven's dews;
Nor air (however stale) refuse:
God knows 't is little we can use,
So choked are all our vitals:
No slightest care will we abuse,
Nor fail in fond requitals.

We 'll breathe you delicate perfumes:
We 'll glad your eyes with choicest blooms;
But do not shut us up in rooms,
Or stifling, crowded places —
The sky, in clouds and light, assumes
To us far lovelier faces.

Our sooty and bedraggled fate,
(Our ever-greens turn chocolate)
Do we ascribe to spite or hate?
No; we are sure you love us;
Yet, half-ashamed, we beg to state
We love the sun above us.

Then treat us in your gentlest ways,
And next unto the sun's own rays,
With beauty's homage, incense-praise,
We ever will caress you,
And to the ending of our days
In grateful silence bless you.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

We know in England much of the contents of the post-bag from the Crimea, and have been taught by the letters sent from persons in the army to their wives and mothers, that an English soldier, although a member of the lowest rank and file, has such a thing as a heart under his ribs, and can be, on the very battle-field, as full of tenderness and genuine refinement as any well-bred Lady Doris, who, in May Fair, "lulls the sultry hours away." Who does not wish good wives and mothers to such men? Who does not feel that as the men are, so may the women be; that where the man is true-hearted and gentle, it is not in the nature of the woman to be otherwise than faithful and discreet?

But we know well that the character which attaches too generally, as a stain, to the private soldier's wife, is one that shamefully belies her nature and the nature of her sex. We know how this comes to pass. It is the public policy of this country to debase the wife of the common soldier, for the direct purpose of making marriage odious in his eyes. We, as a nation, are too virtuous to say this in so many words; but we do say it in a great many more words, and proclaim it by our public policy. It is not thought to be desirable that soldiers should marry: they have little pay, and cannot afford the luxury of any semblance of a home. Domestic ties, it has hitherto been thought, unfit them for their duty. Is this true? Surely that last dark fancy is dispersed for ever by the light we get out of the soldiers' letters,

which have been published by thousands during the last six months. It is evident now, if it was ever anything but clear, that home thoughts and affections are predominant in men who win most honour by their courage on a scene of war. The military legislator knows nothing whatever of the spirit of an Englishman, who thinks him more likely to fight well as an animal than as a man loving his home and his country; whose heart is directed, after the English fashion, upon at least one strong feeling of domestic love. The soldier will but fight the better, when he is the hero up to the height of whose daring, wife and child look with an enthusiasm greater than they feel for any Agamemnon who has had his centuries of praise. He will not be a coward in the sight of those who can pay him out of all their love ten thousand times more richly than his country can pay him for every sacrifice he makes, and every great deed he does. He will, for the sake of the unstinted recompense his home affords, —for the sake of a proud flash in his mother's eyes, of a wife's trembling and admiring wonder, — be a lion in the field, and he will take care also to show the lion's generosity and to keep his soul pure from the filth and villainy that have, ere now, belonged to the vocation of the soldier. For the work he does, are they not pure-minded women whose reward he has to earn?

We are sure, then, that the English private soldier is improved in quality by the possession of a decent and an honourable domestic tie. The question of economy alone remains. Under the present system — by which soldiers' wives are systematically and purposely converted into "drabs" — they are excluded as a body from almost all means of aiding their husbands in the establishment of anything like home. There are, indeed, in almost every regiment, some well-conducted women, who, by acting as servants to officers' wives, — by taking in washing, and in other little ways, — render themselves helps rather than burdens to their husbands. These women either have borne up with a rare strength of character against debasing influences, or they have been protected from them by the help of husbands gifted with unusual tact and selfdenial.

The rule is against them. Great men who mould the fortunes of the little men in military life, declare against purity in woman; and, well knowing that her virtues open fairest in the shade, contrive their destruction by a process of exposure that we will not venture to describe in our own words. A sympathising lady — wife of an army surgeon — who has often pleaded their cause with the public, — in a little Plea for Soldiers' Wives, recently published, states the case thus: — "A young woman of highly moral and respectable character, — perhaps a farmer's daughter, or the ser-

vant of a family in good social position, — marries, with the consent of the commanding officer, a private in a regiment stationed in a provincial town. She has then a right to live in barracks; that is, the young married woman is allowed to occupy with her husband a sleeping room common to several other persons, — soldiers, single and married, — without the slightest protection to her feelings of womanly decency or religious habits. Appalled at the position in which she finds herself placed, her ears assailed on every side by ribaldry and blasphemy, the woman perhaps sits down and weeps; while one who has passed through agony such as hers now is, in earlier days, draws near, jests at her condition, and recommends her to try the soothing influence of the dram-shop. The poison does its work; the poor creature's sensibilities are dulled; she now endures the horror of her position, and, day by day, becomes more indifferent to it."

No day could be more fit than the present for putting aside the public indifference to this disgrace upon our barrack system. Vast barracks are to be built at Aldershott, and other new barracks on a scale hitherto unknown to us, are, we believe, designed in other places. We have dwelt upon the position of soldiers' wives rather fully in a former volume of this journal;*

* Volume IX., page 305.

but we feel it to be a duty to renew our urgent appeal on their behalf now, when the greatest curse under which they suffer is, in the building of these new barracks, to be strengthened and perpetuated, or to be removed. It is for the public to request that in all pending arrangements for the lodging of our soldiers some consideration may be shown to the common soldier's wife who is admitted into barracks; a consideration to be conceded without wicked extravagance, we humbly trust, since it is one of common decency alone. According to regulation, only five out of every ninety-five soldiers are allowed to marry; consequently, no more than that proportion of wives are allowed residence with their husbands in barracks. But to suppose that the rule is adhered to; to suppose that clandestine marriages do not infinitely outnumber the prescribed proportion; and to suppose that the authorities are not fully aware of this general breach of rule, would be supposing that the soldier is not a human being, and that his officers are blind. In this case — as in every other round which routine tightens its red tape or plasters on its pipe-clay — the law is always being broken, with the connivance of those to whom the responsibility of enforcing it is confided; and broken because it cannot be kept. It is a fiction and a snare. If the soldier knew he could marry with leave and allowance, and that his wife would

be permitted to take care of herself and of him, like the wives of other men, he would be much better worth his money (to adhere to the economical view of the subject) than he is. Desertion, drunkenness, and all sorts of insubordination must be caused by the present system. Soldiers whose wives live out of barracks are attracted to spend their time out of barracks more than is good for the performance of their professional duties within barracks, and thus are constantly offending. Their married life is marred by continual absence from what ought to be their home, and their professional life is ruined by constant transgression of barrack rules; which would not be broken if the two were combined. Soldiers' children, again, are often, not only brought into the world with a shameless want of privacy; but, as they grow up, the lessons they imbibe are not of the most wholesome character.

Even the small proportion of wives allowed to each regiment are not only not cared for, but are surrounded by such circumstances as allow them to escape demoralisation only by a miracle. Surely the present war has shown that there are duties connected with the army, as imperative as drill, which women ought to perform. There is a small staff of surgeons to each regiment: why should there not also be a staff of nurses? And who so fit to nurse as the soldier's wife? Washing and needlework might also be put under some sort of regulation, and soldiers' wives employed in those useful occupations "by authority." Routine is rigid about heel-ball, the form of a whisker, or the stiffness of a cravat, but it seldom regulates where regulation is required.

Shall the present system be continued in spite of the horrors t has bred? Or is our army really to be managed at all points in such a way that, from the noble general down to the poor soldier's wife, every one connected with it may be put officially upon the shortest road to shame?

GAMBLING.

A MAN will grow tired, in the long run, of every amusement or occupation in the world, except one — Gambling. Fickle, inconstant, and capricious human straws that we are, blown about from side to side by the wind of levity, we often think we have had enough of a bad as of a good thing. Many a one leaves off vicious practices, not because he feels an inclination towards virtue, but because he is tired with vice. We become a-weary, a-weary of rich meats and potent wines, of blood-horses and fair women; of jewels and pictures; of our mansion in Belgravia, and our palace in Hampshire — conservatories, fallow-deer, pheasant preserves, large footmen, bowing tenantry, and all. Among

the many causes I have for thanking heaven that I am not a duke, one of the chiefest is the certitude I feel that at least five out of every half-dozen dukes are desperately bored with their state of dukedom: that their gorge rises at their stars, that they loathe their garters; and that they are heartily sick of being called your grace all day long. Yes, everything here below will pall upon us and find us used up at last. To every tragedy the sublimest — to every comedy the wittiest — there is an unfailing anti-strophe, long after the epilogue has been spoken — a yawn. To the Sir Charles Coldstream complexion we must come eventually; we must sicken of the Italian Opera, the Lord Mayor's dinner, Dod's Peerage and Baronetage, the Sacred Harmonic Society, the House of Peers, the Court Circular, the Freedom of the Chickenbutchers Company in a golden box, and the Council of the Royal Academy; topmost pinnacles of human felicity and grandeur as those institutions are thought to be. It is dreadful to reflect upon the vanity of mundane things, and it is enough to cause a shudder to every well regulated mind to have to remember that the water bailiff's young man will one day feel a disgustful fatigue for his proud position; that the gold-stick will become satiated with the possession of his auriferous bâton, and that his uncle, the marquis, will no longer feel any pleasure in being an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. There will come a time too, I think Mr. Chairman, when we shall all grow a-weary even of the day and night, and wish in the evening that it were morning, and in the morning that the night were come. Then we shall draw the curtains at the bed's foot, and shut out the bright sunlight, and turn the gay pictures with their backs to the wall; for we shall think then, as that Roman satirist thought nineteen hundred years ago, that we have eaten enough, and drunk enough, and played the fool enough, and that it is tempus abire — time for us to go.

But of that pleasant perdition Gambling a man never tires. No man ever tires of pitch and toss as long as he has an arm to pitch with, or a penny to toss. The gambler requires neither food nor drink, sleep nor raiment. As long as he has hands and a voice he will rattle the dice and bet; when he has paralysis on his tongue and chalk-stones on his fingers, he will get his neighbour to throw the dice and call the mains for him: but gamble still. Addiction to play has not only the power of making the heart hard as the nether millstone, but it will confer insensibility to pain, and indifference to privation. It will even vanquish the great edax rerum — Time — and give the votaries of play longevity; for unless the gambler's career be cut short by a quick despair and sudden suicide, he will out-

live wives, children, friends, fortune, and will see new generations spring up whose fathers he has fleeced, or whose grandfathers have fleeced him, and, — grayhaired, gamble still. I know a white-headed old punter now, whose limbs are all in a quiver with the palsy, who has been ruined and hoping scores of times for the last half-century. He says that if I will only lend him forty pounds, and go with him to Hombourg, he will show me how the red must turn up, and he and I win an incalculable fortune. He comes to me with the theory of his infallible martingale engrossed on foolscap like an indenture. He brings packs of cards, and trembling shows me the combinations that must render gain certain. He picks out with a pin the chances of red against black upon a gambler's almanack. He nurses his martingale as old women, thirty years ago, used to nurse cabalistic numbers in the lottery; numbers of which they had dreamed, or which had been sold to them by fortune-tellers, or which they had picked up in the street, and which were always to bring them the great prize, and wealth, but never did.

Look at the perseverance, persistence, incapacity of fatigue of gamblers. Consider once more Cardinal Mazarin on his death-bed. The last bulletin has been issued. His sovereign and master here below has made up his mind to lose his faithful servant, and has even so far recovered from the first shock of his grief as to give his place to another. The pallid spectre with the equal footsteps is waiting at the cardinal's door, like the printer's boy, at mine, for copy; his friends are gathered round his bed; he has had unction, absolution, tears, thanks, blessings; and what is the cardinal doing? Is he gathering the clothes over his head, or turning his face to the wall, or murmuring like Hadrian, Animula vagula blandula! no; he is sitting up in bed playing at cards with the ladies of the court — the ladies with frizzled ringlets and low-necked dresses! There is an awful story I have read somewhere of a man who refused to die: who in extremis, had the card-table drawn up to his bedside and strong meats and drinks placed upon it, and so held the cards against Death: but Death had all the trumps, and the man lost the game. Consider this. The approach of death softens most men. The grim warrior becomes like unto a baby; the reprobate wishes he could live his life over again; the condemned criminal talks of his innocent school days, and his dead mother; the callous old knave Falstaff babbles of green fields; but the gambler relinquishes his hold of the cards or the dice-box only with his life. He will dice with the devil on the banks of the pit of perdition till he falls into it, for ever.

If I were to go to history or to

antiquity I could find instances, and relate anecdotes, of that persistence and utter absorption to extraneous influences, which mark gamblers as with a hot iron, enough to fill this volume at the end of the half-year. But I need not go even as far back as that Duke of Norfolk, in King William the Third's time, whose servant deposed on a trial, that his master would stop away for weeks together at play, and would only send home when he had lost all his gold. I need not search the Annals of the Four Masters for that fine old Irish gambling tradition of the two bogtrotters, who for eleven consecutive days and nights played at shove halfpenny on the back of a broken pair of bellows. I need not cross the Atlantic to narrate to you the bold spirit for play of Hon. Elkanah Mush, of the United States Senate, who, with the exception of the interregna of drinks and cutting fresh tobacco-plugs, passed the whole of four voyages, per steamer, from St. Louis to New Orleans and back again, in the exciting and national game of Poker (playing with a Texan land-speculator) and losing thereat twenty-five thousand dollars, five hundred niggers, and a double-barrelled rifle, besides hypothecating two cotton crops, not yet sown. I have but to look at home, and not much farther than the extremity of my own nose, for such instances and anecdotes. Go to the half built-upon slums behind Battlebridge, hard by the Great Northern Railway terminus. Take a walk, any Sunday morning, to the arches of the Greenwich Railway; to the muddy shores of the Thames above Millbank; you will find groups of boys — some coster boys, some thief boys, some boys of whom it is difficult to say more by way of description save that they are boys, and dirty and ragged, — squatting in the mud, among the rubbish, the broken bricks, the dust-heaps, and the fragments of timber; playing for half-pence, for buttons and marbles when they have no money — these boys will gamble for hours and hours with a rapt eagerness, with a feverish determination, with a strong will, that otherwise, and rightly directed, should make them emperors. 'T is but the fondness of boys for a game, you may say; no boys would play at leap-frog, at hop-scotch, or cricket, or prisoners-bars, or at the more popular diversion, fighting, with this inflexible perseverance, in despite and defiance of ragged trousers, chilblains, cold, empty bellies, the imminent police, and possible incarceration for unlawfully gambling, and the certainty of being brutally beaten when they go home — a certainty at least to those who have any homes to go to. The spectators, as young, as ragged, as passionately excited by the chances of the game as the players themselves, stand or crouch in a ring around.

Those who have coppers bet: those who have none scratch themselves convulsively, but watch the fluctuations of the game with the same rapt eagerness. They gasp with excitement: they have scarcely breath to swear with. And the players would play and the spectators stare till Doomsday, were it not for an inexorable, implacable spoil-sport, in the shape of a policeman, who charges down on the band of gamesters fiercer than any Turcoman, and puts them to flight with a "Now, then!" horrid to hear, and a dreadfully echoing — "Come out of that:" collaring many, hitting some, and scattering all; though the rout is but a partial one; for the broken ring collects again in smaller segments soon, behind angles of walls and under the lees of barges and brick-stacks, where the game begins afresh, and players and spectators are again excited and absorbed.

More: Go to the low coffee-shops and public-houses in Whitechapel, Spitalfields, Shoreditch, and that delightful region whose streets nestle in the shadow of the collegiate church of St. Peter's, Westminster, and which cling on the skirts of broad, light Victoria Street, like barnacles to a ship's keel. Look at the Jew boys and men gambling — now for bank notes and jewels, now for cups of coffee and halfpenny tarts. Ask the thieves how they spend their nefarious earnings. If they answer you civilly (which is doubtful) and veraciously (which is more doubtful still) they will tell you that they game till they have lost all their money, and then go and steal more.

More: Leave these low haunts: put on a clean collar and enter respectable society. Ask the noble lord if he is not rather tired of, not to say disgusted with, the noble lord opposite, who has only been in the house a twelvemonth, and has only made half a dozen speeches, and then ask him if he has ever tired of his nightly game at whist, which he has played almost every night (Sundays excepted) for the last sixty years, and whether he will not shuffle the cards this evening with the same degree of pleasure as he was wont to do when he played with Mr. Fox and Lord Hertford in the year ninety-five. What can there be in a few pieces of spotted pasteboard, and a board full of holes, to make old ladies love cribbage long after they are purblind — to make grave reverend men play at whist long after their strength is but labour and sorrow? And for halfpenny points, too. It cannot be avarice. I knew a venerable old lady in Cumberland, whom meeting one day remarkably red about the eyes, I took the liberty respectfully to question. I suggested cold.

"Eh!" she answered, "I 'se gat na cauld: Pinkie Saunders and Fly-me-Jack kem fra' Kendal on Tuesday, that loo's a game a'

whisk dearly, an' I 'se bin carding the morn and the e'en, the e'en an' the morn, twa days."

"And what, madam," I asked, "might you have won?"

"Eh!" she replied, with infinite simplicity, "it mun be a shilling."

No: it cannot always be avarice. The thirst for gain is of course one of the primary inducements to gaming; but the cause of causes of this inextinguishable desire for and addiction to play must be the fixed idea of conquering; the fierce desire of doing to your neighbour that which you would not like your neighbour to do unto you.

On a long sea voyage, every amusement — every subtle device for wiling away the time that seems so leaden-winged, and yet is withal so swift and defiant of pursuit and capture — every ingenious nostrum for curing ennui will pall upon the passengers — save one: gambling. Tarry, while on the shipman's card I point you out the bearings, or, with the compasses upon the chart find out the exact position of the teak-built East Indiaman "Huccabadar," Captain Chillumjee, homeward bound from Bombay. My word! how woefully sick the passengers have all become of the ship, themselves, and each other. Everything, almost, has been tried, worn out, and thrown aside. Mofuzzle, covenanted servant of the H. E. I. C., and collector of Brandipawnibad, coming home on leave, has grown tired of expatiating on the state of his liver, of exhibiting the shawls he is carrying to his female relatives in England, his collection of hookahs, the calomel in his medicine chest, and of disputing with Pawkey, the snuffy Scotch surgeon, as to the functions of the pancreas. Lieutenants Griffin and Tiffin, Bombay Native Infantry, have told all their stories about tiger-hunting, pig-sticking, riding unbroken horses at the Cape; travelling dawk; the Capsicumwallah steeple chases, rows at mess, the drunkenness of the Colonel, the vulgarity of the Major's wife, the scragginess of Captain Aitchbones unmarried daughters' shoulders, the superiority of Juffy's bungalow over Tuffy's, the performances of Griffin's rat-catching terrier, Choker; and the accomplishments of Tiffin's long-legged mare, Neilgherry. These young men have smoked out their biggest cigars, have worn their fanciest shirts, shooting-jackets, and trousers, and are bored to death. Cady of the Indian bar is weary of attempting to play the "Fair Land of Poland" upon the German flute. Old Colonel Straubenzee of the Budderchowrie Irregulars has tired everybody out with his droning stories of what his uncle did at the siege of Seringapatam, and what Sir David Baird said to him. Lady Tolloddle and Miss Anne Tolloddle (wife and daughter of Sir Gypes Tolloddle, Judge

of the Supreme Court), are evidently weary of perusing their collection of tracts: "the awakened Sikh," "the Clearstarcher of Booterstown," "the Wheelbarrow of Repentance," "Grace for Grenadiers," &c. They don't say they are sick of those edifying works, but they are, depend upon it. Mrs. Captain Chutnee is weary of quarrelling with her Ayah, and dosing her unfortunate baby with deleterious medicaments. Mrs. Lechowder (wife of X. P. Lechowder, Esq., Magistrate of Mullagong), who has been generally weary ever since she left her English finishing school to come out to India on the matrimonial speculation that terminated so prosperously, has wearied of reading the novels of Miss Jane Porter, of lying on the sofa with her shoes off, of languidly assaulting her sallow little daughter with a hairbrush. Even Captain Chillumjee seems weary. He is testy with his men, morose with Bult, the first mate, whilom his boon companion; he tells no more jovial stories; the finished and ceremonious courtesy towards the ladies, by which he inaugurated the voyage has subsided into a moody respect; he looks vengefully among the crew and the passengers, as if seeking a quarrel; as if he wanted a mutiny to break out, that he might put somebody in irons; or a pirate to be signalled on the weatherbow, that he might clear the decks for action. He is weary. Private theatricals have been tried. A weekly magazine of "Literature, Science, and Art," has been tried. Flirtation has been tried. Scandal, quarrelling (even to the extent of challenges to fight), sing-songs, debating societies, soirées musicales, magic lantern exhibitions in the cuddy; quadrilles and polkas on the poop; deep-sea-fishing; going aloft; electro-magnetism; table-turning; arguments about the Siege of Pondicherry, about Dupleix and Lally-Tollendal, about the case of the Begums and the execution of Nuncomar, and the exploits of Holkar; all these have been tried in succession, and found wanting at last, through weariness. The gallant teak-built vessel becomes a phantom ship — a very Flying Dutchman of boredom. The sea is no longer open, fresh, or ever free: it is a dreadful interminable prison-wall, painted blue. The fresh-baked bread; the fowls and ducks; the vegetables; the champagne on Wednesdays and Sundays; the Reverend Mr. Whackspang's sermons (he belongs to the Blunderpore mission) all the delicacies, luxuries, comforts, and appliances of an East Indiaman, teak-built, copper-bottomed, registered A 1 at Lloyd's, and under engagement to the honourable company — all these delight the passengers no longer; for they are a-weary, a-weary, and wish that they were well out of the Huccabadar, or dead. The only contented person on board (excepting, of course, the sailors

and common people of that sort, who are not to be named in the same breath with gentility) seems to be Rammajee Bobbajee, from Bombay, who is proceeding to England to hear his appeal to the Privy Council tried, in the interminable case of himself versus Lumpajee Chostanjee Lall. He has rolled himself into a white muslin ball; and eats rice; and in his brown face there is no particular expression of fatigue discernible; but a general, stolid, immovable, impassible indifference, combined with a settled and profound contempt for the ship, the captain, the passengers, and the crew.

The last subject of conversation has been exhausted, when the Huccabadar has left St. Helena behind; when the spot where the Emperor's body isn't buried has been visited, and when the life and adventures of Napoleon Bonaparte have been recounted and discussed for the five-thousandth time. All the books have been read, all the jokes are stale, everybody has quarrelled with everybody; there seems to be nothing but shipwreck, fire, or shortness of provisions that can come to the rescue; when, even as the albatross appeared on board the ship in Coleridge's immortal rhyme, a bird of promise, of strange and varied plumage appears on board the Huccabadar, and gladdens the bored-out passengers. It is the bird of play — the gamecock of the seas.

And now, away with melancholy, away with dullness, weariness, ennui — nunc est ludendum. Surreptitiously at first, for Captain Chillumjee is reported to have strict notions of discipline, and to have set his weather-embroidered face against gambling entirely. In Mr. Pawkey's snug cabin, in quiet corners of the cuddy and cosy state-rooms, noiseless hands at cards are sate down to. Colonel Straubenzee happens to mention that he likes a rubber at whist; Griffin and Tiffin go into the maintop and toss for half-crowns privately. Mofuzzle and the purser go to backgammon furiously. Soon it begins to be whispered about that all the passengers are gambling like mad. They don't stop long at dinner; you don't see much of them in the cuddy or on deck: the fact is, they are all in each other's cabins gambling. Mrs. Lechowder makes up an apparently irreconcileable quarrel with Mrs. Captain Chutnee, borrows twenty pounds of her, and is reported to lose it all before eight bells at vingt-et-un. There is a wicked, scandalous rumour prevalent that the exemplary spouse of Sir Gypes Tolloddle has been lood — heavily lood. They say that Cady of the Indian bar is a knowing hand at cribbage, and that he is ruining that inconsiderate lad Griffin. I hope that there is no truth in the statement that Tiffin is fifty-eight pounds sterling (a dreadful amount of sicca rupees to deduct from your

subaltern's pay, Tiffin) in debt to Miss Anne Tolloddle — all money lost at cards. Can this be true? Can it be true that Captain Chillumjee shuts himself up in his cabin nightly with Cady, drinks cold rum and water, and plays at the coarse but exciting game of spoilt fives; aye, and that he plays deep? At all events, nobody looks weary now; nobody yawns, mopes about the deck, or potters in the rigging or hammock rattlings. Nobody cares when the ship is due at Plymouth; whether the winds are fair or adverse. The Log — that great nautical newspaper — is still interesting, for the passengers bet, and for heavy stakes, upon the number of knots the ship made yesterday, and the probable number she will make tomorrow. There are quarrels, but they are disputes about who had the king; the odd trick; the colour of the trump, the flush of five, and the last card. There are scandals; but they are gossipping reports of Cady's winnings, Griffin's losses, Lady Tolloddle's avarice, and Colonel Straubenzee's disinclination to fair play. And all this while — upon the topmost truck of the highest mast of the Huccabadar; above each yard and sail, above mainsail, main-topgallant, sky-scraper, moon-raker, and jack-above-all, is perched, crowing lustily, the bird of play, the game-cock. He crows, for he has cured the gentlefolks aft of their weariness; and the spurs on his heels are the spurs of avarice and lust of conquest, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. And so, for England ho!

I do not think that those who have undertaken a long voyage on ship-board, and have experienced that fine, exciting, unwholesome relief of the diversion that never flags — gambling — will accuse me of having overcharged this picture much. Nautical gambling is even historical. The Earl of Sandwich lost four hundred pieces at play in his cabin, the night before the engagement in which he lost his life. Sir Edward Morgan and his buccaneers gambled the spoils of Panama among themselves in their filibustering craft. Napoleon, they say, would have died of ennui in his voyage in the Northumberland from Plymouth to St. Helena, if it had not been for écarté.

But, if you would desire to see marine play in its perfection, take a trip to the Spanish Main, or to the scorching Brazils, and come back in the first cabin of a mail steamer, — say the Landcrab, Captain Mango. Now a voyage from the West Indies, or even from the Brazils, is not so very wearisome an affair. In the first, there are numerous beautiful islands to touch at, — gardens of Eden, but with the deadly fever-serpent, Yellow Jack, coiled up in the midst. Then there is the excitement of sharks: then there are strange tempests and hurricanes, not to be seen in other latitudes, — storms when the sky

turns pitchy black and the waves foam white; when strange birds wheel about the masts, or fall dead with fright upon the decks; when the lightning rends and splits up the clouds into shreds; and when the thunder screams as well as roars. Take your berth in the saloon of the Landcrab, and you may have your fill of play; for there are on board Spanish and Portuguese Dons,—sallow moustachioed senhors, with long black hair and long [illegible]ces. They wear broad-[illegible]ed, grass-plait hats; nan-[illegible]coats, in which light pink a[illegible] salmon-tint are the colours most affected; patent leather boots; large turn-down collars; gold sleeve buttons; and striped pantaloons. Their fingers are covered with jewelled rings. They frequently carry uncut diamonds in their waistcoat pockets. They wear massive ear-rings. They smoke without cessation, save to eat, and even then they lay their cigarettes down on the table-cloth by the side of their soup-plates, and resume the fragrant weed when they have finished their potage. They have wives pale, youthful, and languid, who swing in silken hammocks, who sleep a great deal, who have large black eyes (such eyes!), and who, I regret to say, also smoke cigarettes. They have numerous families of gorgeously-dressed children, on whom attend black servants, with particolour-[illegible]ndkerchiefs tied round their [illegible] They (the Dons) have all a dozen names, more or less. Down in the hold they have vast amounts of specie, of which due mention will be made in the Times when the Landcrab arrives at Southampton; huge clumsy-looking ingots like bricks, or rather pigs of gold; saffron-like gold-dust, in deal boxes, rudely nailed together; chips and splinters and flakes of gold; chests of fat pillar dollars, and flaccid, perspiring, bilious-looking doubloons; small kegs, where services of plate are packed in straw,—plate rude in workmanship, but, ah! how precious in metal at per ounce! These Dons—who will be set upon in London by touters, and conveyed forcibly to horrible dens smelling of bad oil and garlic, miscalled hotels and boarding-houses, situate in the purlieus of Finsbury Square, among sugar-bakers and second-hand furniture shops, and kept by mouldy females, single, of equivocal nationality, but who call themselves Doña, and where, unhappy Dons! they will have to pay about six times more than they ought for execrable accommodation — these Dons, for I need reiterate my words after a parenthesis of such unwarrantable length, are men singularly mild, amiable, and inoffensive in demeanour. They are neither so proud nor so saturnine as the European Spaniards; but they are mercurial, garrulous, gesticulatory, nay, what I may be permitted to call frisky. They are men, too, of admirable sobrie-

ty, taking very little wine, and never, by any chance, exceeding in their potations. But they gamble, these Dons, like the very mischief. Enter the saloon of the Landcrab, at whatever hour you like of the day or evening (before, of course, all the lights in the ship are put out), and you will find the Dons hard at play. And for no paltry stakes be it understood, but for round sums of the bilious-looking doubloons, for handfuls of the gold-dust that is like saffron, and for the golden ingots that are like pigs of lead. There is no need for surreptitious gaming here; for on board the Landcrab gaming is looked upon as an institution, as one of the natural products of that hot, passionate, excitable region, the Spanish Main — as a natural consequence and characteristic of men whose native home is on Tom Tiddler's Ground, who dwell on the banks of the Pactolus, and are connected with the Crœsus family. Gambling is thought to be as indigenous to the Brazils as milreas, diamond mines, and the close-tufted forests of gigantic trees where the many-hued parrots scream, where the humming-bird is alive and hums; where the bird of paradise, undegraded by being made a plume for a dowager's turban, soughs down gently to earth through the interlaced branches; where the lithe monkeys, some big as men, some tiny as mice, leap chattering and gibing from branch to branch, and where there springs up in the underwood a myriad vegetation such as Linnæus never dreamt of, and such as would puzzle Professor Lindley to take nature-prints of, were he to spend his whole life in the attempt.

It comes not, just now, within the province of these aspects of gambling to figure to you how the grave Sir Rufus Redhead, K.C.B., Governor of the Island of St. Febris, going out to his government in the Shaddock steamer, Captain Arrowroot (the mortal remains of the last governor, Sir Naylor Croke, were brought home, neatly preserved in spirits, in the Landcrab), lost upwards of two thousand pounds sterling to Don Thomas Aliboro Benvisto Quintal y Ruiz y Lomano y Diaz y Castellan y Marmora, of Carthagena. Nor would it be edifying to tell you how the Hebrew speculator of Rio Janeiro, Don Rafaelle Peixotto, gambled away the entire stock of gold epaulettes, sword-knots, sashes, and lace which he was taking out to Brazil with a special view to the benefit of the officers of the Brazilian army. Let those bygones sleep. His Excellency Sir Rufus will never mention his little losses at government-house St. Febris, and Don Rafaelle Peixotto has long since had his financial revenge out of other matters besides epaulettes. Also will we drop the curtain upon the catastrophe of poor Bob Clovers, who had been clerk in a merchant's house at Rio, and who

coming home after his third fever (he took too much aguardiente), and getting deep in play with the Vicomte de Carambolaro, foolishly gave him a bill for a large amount in payment of losses, and was positively sold up and arrested three weeks after he had landed at Southampton.

The Vicomte de Carambolaro! I had once the honour — no; I can't conscientiously say the honour — but I was once acquainted with that nobleman. It was at an equivocal, cloudy, atlong-dates — renewable, box-lobby, race-course, smoking-room, table-d'hote, lazaretto, railway-train, shy-society sort of acquaintance at most. In short, we knew of, rather than knew, each other: still, at one time, I used to see a good deal of the Vicomte de Carambolaro. He was over six feet in height, and one of the handsomest of men. He had been originally, I believe, a Frenchman; but he had made so many (gambling) campaigns in different countries that he spoke French, English, Italian, German, Spanish, and Portuguese with equal ease and fluency, and had quite lost his nationality. He said that he was the best small-swordsman in Europe, and I have no reason to doubt his word. He danced beautifully; drew portraits, horses, and caricatures with grace and vigour; rode fearlessly; played the piano and guitar with taste and feeling, and swam like a duck. I don't think he could read or write much; but he could draw up a challenge and sign his name to a bill, and this was all the scholarship required of him. He was an irretrievable scoundrel. He was, very probably, a real viscount, which does not militate from his scoundrelism one iota. He was, by profession, a "mace-man," — by which, I mean, that he lived at the best hotels, drank the most expensive wines; went frequently abroad; travelled a great deal in first-class carriages; wore the best clothes and a great deal of jewellery; continually changed sovereigns, and had no ostensible means of obtaining a livelihood. Of course, when you see a man who lives at the rate of five pounds a day upon an income of nothing a-year, you naturally infer that he "shakes his elbow," i. e., that he gambles. This, I should say, the Vicomte de Carambola did rather extensively.

I lost sight of the viscount for a considerable period of time. It chanced, however, one day, that it behoved me to call upon him on business — upon my word I think it was about a bill — which, together with a horse, a lady, a gambling debt, and a duel, were the only subjects about which you could possibly have business with the viscount. I traced him from hotel to hotel, and from lodging to lodging (he always lodged in aristocratic streets), till I was directed to a fashionable tailor's in Conduit Street. I am a man of a placid demeanour

and nervous temperament, and after knocking in vain for some time at the tailor's private door I entered the shop, and asked meekly if the Vicomte de Carambolaro lived there. Suddenly there leaped down from a high desk a little man with a bald head and a yard measure hanging round his neck. He advanced towards me in a series of short jumps, brandishing a tremendous pair of shears, very much as a Huron, a Pawnee, a Choctaw, or a Blackfoot Indian might flourish his tomahawk when decorated with his war-paint, and going forth to meet his enemies. Then, in a voice terribly like a war-whoop, he cried out, "Viscount! Viscount Skaramboles! Where is he? — where is he? — where is he, sir? Know the Viscount? oh, yes (sarcastically). Where 's his friend, the marquis, eh?" I tried to explain, mildly, that far from being able to answer questions, I was myself seeking information; whereupon with a parting yell of "Viscount! Marquis!" and "Seventy-pounds!" the little man whirled his shears over his head like a meteor, cut six, and leaped into the high desk again. A large ledger upon the top thereof was immediately afterwards opened by unseen hands; and I opined (though I may have been wrong) that somebody was immediately debited with a new, superfine, Saxony black dress surtout, with fine silk velvet collar, rich silk skirt and sleeve-linings, by way of soothing the exacerbated feelings of the little man with a bald head. I made my escape from the shop as soon as I could; for it was evident that the foreign aristocracy as a body were distasteful to the man with the shears, and I was fearful that he might take me for a baron. It was many months before I discovered the viscount again. I lighted upon him at an hotel in that city of hotels — Southampton, and there I learnt, indirectly — through a private source, as the American papers say — what had become of him during his long absence.

He had found out the Dons, and how fond they were of gambling; and it is a fact that the Viscount de Carambolaro had been travelling backwards and forwards in West Indian and South American mail-steamers for the last two years, fleecing the Dons. As he had to pay something like a hundred pounds passage-money every voyage, it may be imagined that his profits were large. He was a general in the service of Paraguay now. He looked like one. He was one of those men who, dressed in uniform, look as though they had been born field-marshals; and who very probably, underneath their stars and embroidery, have the galley slaves' brand on their shoulders, or the cat o' nine-tails' scratch on their backs. The Emperor of Brazil, he said (not to the Dons, though), had given him the concession of a whole province full of mines of gold, silver, and diamonds — to

say nothing of the less precious metals, mines of which existed in profusion. He engaged a simple draughtsman to plan him out from his own sketches a map of this metalliferous region, for the purpose of getting up a company. The man said to me afterwards, with uplifted eyes and hands, "Why, that viscount's neither more nor less than a swindler, sir. When I took him the map for approval, he grumbled because there weren't more diamond mines; and says he, 'Pop down three more on that river and two more on that, and a gold mine in the left-hand top corner.' He's a do, sir." I tried to explain to the draughtsman that Carambolaro was a great man; but he persisted in considering him a do, because he put down diamond mines where no diamond mines existed.

The viscount, however, great as he was, did not invent the system of fleecing the Dons by travelling backwards and forwards in mail-steamers. The honour of the invention appertains, I believe, to the famous Mr. William Cauty, a play-man of long standing and first-rate abilities. A series of misconceptions, however, relative to a cash-box and the Westminster Bank, together with an erroneous view taken of Mr. Cauty's conduct by a jury of his countrymen, and the palpable misdirection of a learned judge, changed the venue of his nautical experiences from the Spanish Main to the Southern Pacific Ocean. In sober truth and sad earnest, he was transported for life. Play, like science, has had its martyrs.

These are some of the aspects of gambling. If I be asked, how many more there be, I require to be informed how many changes of pattern can be counted in a kaleidoscope; and, when I receive a reply, I will answer the question.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE HUMBUGS.

THE STORY OF SCARLI TAPA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

Accompanied by the Grand Vizier Parmarstoon, and the black mute Mistaspeeka the chief of the Seraglio, Hansardadade again repaired next day to the august presence, and, after making the usual prostrations before the Sultan, began thus:

Sire, there was once a poor relation who lived in a town in the dominions of the Sultan of the Indies, and whose name was Scarli Tapa. He was the youngest son of a Dowajah — which, as your Majesty knows, is a female spirit of voracious appetites, and generally with a wig and a carmine complexion, who prowls about old houses and preys upon mankind. This Dowajah had attained an immense age, in consequence of having been put by an evil Genie on the Penshunlist, or talisman to secure long life; but, at length

she very reluctantly died towards the close of a quarter, after making the most affecting struggles to live into the half-year.

Scarli Tapa had a rich elder brother named Cashim, who had married the daughter of a prosperous merchant, and lived magnificently. Scarli Tapa, on the other hand, could barely support his wife and family by lounging about the town and going out to dinner with his utmost powers of perseverance, betting on horse-races, playing at billiards, and running into debt with everybody who would trust him — the last being his principal means of obtaining an honest livelihood.

One day, when Scarli Tapa had strolled for some time along the banks of a great river of liquid filth which ornamented that agreeable country and rendered it salubrious, he found himself in the neighbourhood of the Woods and Forests. Lifting up his eyes, he observed in the distance a great cloud of dust. He was not surprised to see it, knowing those parts to be famous for casting prodigious quantities of dust into the eyes of the Faithful; but, as it rapidly advanced towards him, he climbed into a tree, the better to observe it without being seen himself.

As the cloud of dust approached, Scarli Tapa perceived it from his hiding-place to be occasioned by forty mounted robbers, each bestriding a severely-goaded and heavily-laden Bull. The whole troop came to a halt at the foot of the tree, and all the robbers dismounted. Every robber then tethered his hack to the most convenient shrub, gave it a full meal of very bad chaff, and hung over his arm the empty sack which had contained the same. Then the Captain of the Robbers, advancing to a door in an antediluvian rock, which Scarli Tapa had not observed before, and on which were the enchanted letters O. F. F. I. C. E., said, Debrett's Peerage. Open Sesame! As soon as the Captain of the Robbers had uttered these words, the door, obedient to the charm, flew open, and all the robbers went in. The captain went in last, and the door shut of itself.

The robbers stayed so long within the rock that Scarli Tapa more than once felt tempted to descend the tree and make off. Fearful, however, that they might reappear and catch him before he could escape, he remained hidden by the leaves, as patiently as he could. At last the door opened, and the forty robbers came out. As the captain had gone in last, he came out first, and stood to see the whole troop pass him. When they had all done so, he said, Debrett's Peerage. Shut Sesame! The door immediately closed again as before. Every robber then mounted his Bull, adjusting before him his sack well filled

with gold, silver, and jewels. When the captain saw that they were all ready, he put himself at their head, and they rode off by the way they had come.

Scarli Tapa remained in the tree until the receding cloud of dust occasioned by the troop of robbers with their captain at their head, was no longer visible, and then came softly down and approached the door. Making use of the words that he had heard pronounced by the Captain of the Robbers, he said, after first piously strengthening himself with the remembrance of his deceased mother the Dowajah, Debrett's Peerage. Open Sesame! The door instantly flew wide open.

Scarli Tapa, who had expected to see a dull place, was surprised to find himself in an exceedingly agreeable vista of rooms, where everything was as light as possible, and where vast quantities of the finest wheaten loaves, and the richest gold and silver fishes, and all kinds of valuable possessions, were to be got for the laying hold of. Quickly loading himself with as much spoil as he could move under, he opened and closed the door as the Captain of the Robbers had done, and hurried away with his treasure to his poor home.

When the wife of Scarli Tapa saw her husband enter their dwelling after it was dark, and proceed to pile upon the floor a heap of wealth, she cried, Alas! husband, whom have you taken in, now? Be not alarmed, wife, returned Scarli Tapa, no one suffers but the public. And then told her how he, a poor relation, had made his way into Office by the magic words and had enriched himself.

There being more money and more loaves and fishes than they knew what to do with at the moment, the wife of Scarli Tapa, transported with joy, ran off to her sister-in-law, the wife of Cashim Tapa, who lived hard by, to borrow a Measure by means of which their property could be got into some order. The wife of Cashim Tapa looking into the measure when it was brought back, found at the bottom of it, several of the crumbs of fine loaves and of the scales of gold and silver fishes; upon which, flying into an envious rage, she thus addressed her husband: Wretched Cashim, you know you are of high birth as the eldest son of a Dowajah, and you think you are rich, but your despised younger brother, Scarli Tapa, is infinitely richer and more powerful than you. Judge of his wealth from these tokens. At the same time she showed him the measure.

Cashim, who since his marriage to the merchant's widow, had treated his brother coolly and held him at a distance, was at once fired with a burning desire to know how he had become rich. He was unable to sleep all night, and at the first streak of day, before the summons to morning

prayers was heard from the minarets of the mosques, arose and went to his brother's house. Dear Scarli Tapa, said he, pretending to be very fraternal, what loaves and fishes are these that thou hast in thy possession! Scarli Tapa perceiving from this discourse that he could no longer keep his secret, communicated his discovery to his brother, who lost no time in providing all things necessary for the stowage of riches, and in repairing alone to the mysterious door near the Woods and Forests.

When night came, and Cashim Tapa did not return, his relatives became uneasy. His absence being prolonged for several days and nights, Scarli Tapa at length proceeded to the enchanted door in search of him. Opening it by the infallible means, what were his emotions to find that the robbers had encountered his brother within, and had quartered him upon the spot for ever!

Commander of the Faithful, when Scarli Tapa beheld the dismal spectacle of his brother everlastingly quartered upon Office for having merely uttered the magic words, Debrett's Peerage. Open Sesame! he was greatly troubled in his mind. Feeling the necessity of hushing the matter up, and putting the best face upon it for the family credit, he at once devised a plan to attain that object.

There was, in the House where his brother had sat himself down on his marriage with the merchant's daughter, a discreet slave whose name was Jobbiana. Though a kind of under secretary in the treasury department, she was very useful in the dirty work of the establishment, and had also some knowledge of the stables, and could assist the whippers-in at a pinch. Scarli Tapa, going home and taking the discreet slave aside, related to her how her master was quartered, and how it was now their business to disguise the fact, and deceive the neighbours. Jobbiana replied, To hear is to obey.

Accordingly, before day — for she always avoided daylight — the discreet slave went to a certain cobbler whom she knew, and found him sitting in his stall in the public street. Good morrow, friend, said she, putting a bribe into his hand, will you bring the tools of your trade and come to a House with me? Willingly, but what to do? replied the cobbler, who was a merry fellow. Nothing against my patriotism and conscience, I hope? (at which he laughed heartily). Not in the least, returned Jobbiana, giving him another bribe. But, you must go into the House blindfold and with your hands tied; you don't mind that for a job? I don't mind anything for a job, returned the cobbler with vivacity; I like a job. It is my business to job; only make it worth my while, and I am ready for any job you may please to name. At

the same time he arose briskly. Jobbiana then imparted to him the quartering that had taken place, and that he was wanted to cobble the subject up and hide what had been done. Is that all? If it is no more than that, returned the cobbler, blind my eyes and tie my hands, and let us cobble away as long as you like!

Sire, the discreet slave blindfolded the cobbler, and tied his hands, and took him to the House; where he cobbled the subject up with so much skill, that she rewarded him munificently. We must now return to the Captain of the Robbers, whose name was Yawyawah, and whose soul was filled with perplexities and anxieties, when he visited the cave and found, from the state of the wheaten loaves and the gold and silver fishes, that there was yet another person who possessed the secret of the magic door.

Your majesty must know that Yawyawah, Captain of the Robbers (most of whose forefathers had been rebellious Genii, who never had had anything whatever to do with SOLOMON), sauntering through the city, in a highly disconsolate and languid state, chanced to come before daylight upon the cobbler working in his stall. Good morrow, honourable friend, said he, you job early. My Lord, returned the cobbler, I job early and late. You do well, observed the Captain of the Robbers; but, have you light enough? The less light the better, said the cobbler, for *my* work. Ay! returned Yawyawah; why so? Why so! repeated the cobbler, winking, because I can cobble certain businesses, best, in the dark. When the Captain of the Robbers heard him say this, he quickly understood the hint. He blindfolded him, and tied his hands, as the discreet slave had done, turned his coat, and led him away until he stopped at the House. This is the House that was concerned in the quartering and cobbling, said he. The captain set a mark upon it. But, Jobbiana coming by soon afterwards, and seeing what had been done, set exactly the same mark upon twenty other Houses in the same row. So that in truth they were all precisely alike, and one was marked by Jobbiana exactly as another was, and there was not a pin to choose between them.

Thus discomfited, the Captain of the Robbers called his troop together and addressed them. My noble, right honorable, honourable and gallant, honourable and learned, and simply honourable, friends, said he, it is apparent that we, the old band who for so many years have possessed the command of the magic door, are in danger of being superseded. In a word, it is clear that there are now two bands of robbers, and that we must overcome the opposition, or be ourselves vanquished. All the robbers applauded

this sentiment. Therefore, said the captain, I will disguise myself as a trader — in the patriotic line of business — and will endeavour to prevail by stratagem. The robbers as with one voice approved of this design.

The Captain of the Robbers accordingly disguised himself as a trader of that sort which is called at the bazaars a patriot, and, having again had recourse to the cobbler, and having carefully observed the House, arranged his plans without delay. Feigning to be a dealer in soft-soap, he concealed his men in nine-and-thirty jars of that commodity, a man in every jar; and, loading a number of mules with this pretended merchandise, appeared at the head of his caravan one evening at the House, where Scarli Tapa was sitting on a bench in his usual place, taking it (as he generally did in the House) very coolly. My Lord, said the pretended trader, I am a stranger here, and know not where to bestow my merchandise for the night. Suffer me then, I beseech you, to warehouse it here. Scarli Tapa rose up, showed the pretended merchant where to put his goods, and instructed Jobbiana to prepare an entertainment for his guest. Also a bath for himself; his hands being very far from clean.

The discreet slave, in obedience to her orders, proceeded to prepare the entertainment and the bath; but was vexed to discover, when it was late and the shops of the dealers were all shut, that there was no soft-soap in the House — which was the more unexpected, as there was generally more than enough. Remembering however, that the pretended trader had brought a large stock with him, she went to one of the jars to get a little. As she drew near to it, the impatient robber within, supposing it to be his leader, said in a low voice, — Is it time for our party to come in? Jobbiana, instantly comprehending the danger, replied, Not yet, but presently. She went in this manner to all the jars, receiving the same question, and giving the same answer.

The discreet slave returned into the kitchen, with her presence of mind not at all disturbed, and there prepared a lukewarm mess of soothing syrup, worn-out wigs, weak milk and water, poppy-heads, empty nutshells, froth, and other similar ingredients. When it was sufficiently mawkish, she returned to the jars, bearing a large kettle filled with this mixture, poured some of it upon every robber, and threw the whole troop into a state of insensibility or submission. She then returned to the House, served up the entertainment, cleared away the fragments, and attired herself in a rich dress to dance before her master and his disguised visitor.

In the course of her dances, which were performed in the slowest time, and during which she blew both her own and the

family trumpet with extraordinary pertinacity, Jobbiana took care always to approach nearer and still nearer to the Captain of the Robbers. At length she seized him by the sleeve of his disguise, disclosed him in his own dress to her master, and related where his men were, and how they had asked Was it time to come in? Scarli Tapa, so far from being angry with the pretended trader, fell upon his neck and addressed him in these friendly expressions: Since our object is the same and no great difference exists between us, O my brother, let us form a Coalition. Debrett's Peerage will open Sesame to the Scarli Tapas and the Yawyawahs equally, and will shut out the rest of mankind. Let it be so. There is plunder enough in the cave. So that it is never restored to the original owners and never gets into other hands but ours, why should we quarrel overmuch! The Captain made a suitable reply and embraced his entertainer. Jobbiana, shedding tears of joy, embraced them both.

Shortly afterwards, Scarli Tapa in gratitude to the wise Jobbiana, caused her to be invested with the freedom of the City — where she had been very much beloved for many years — and gave her in marriage to his own son. They had a large family and a powerful number of relations, who all inherited, by right of relationship, the power of opening Sesame and shutting it tight. The Yawyawahs became a very numerous tribe also, and exercised the same privilege. This, Commander of the Faithful, is the reason why, in that distant part of the dominions of the Sultan of the Indies, all true believers kiss the ground seven hundred and seventy-seven times on hearing the magic words, Debrett's Peerage — why the talisman of Office is always possessed in common by the three great races of the Scarli Tapas, the Yawyawahs, and the Jobbianas — why the public affairs, great and small, and all the national enterprises both by land and sea are conducted on a system which is the highest peak of the mountain of justice, and which always succeeds — why the people of that country are serenely satisfied with themselves and things in general, are unquestionably the envy of surrounding nations, and cannot fail in the inevitable order of events to flourish to the end of the world — why all these great truths are incontrovertible, and why all who dispute them receive the bastinado as atheists and rebels.

Here, Hansardadade concluded the story of the Forty Thieves, and said, If my Lord the Sultan will deign to hear another narrative from the lips of the lowest of his servants, I have adventures yet more surprising than these to relate: adventures that are worthy to be written in letters of gold. By Allah! exclaimed the Sultan, whose hand had been upon his scimitar se-

veral times during the previous recital, and whose eyes had menaced Parmarstoon until the soul of that Vizier had turned to water, what thou hast told but now, deserves to be recorded in letters of Brass!

Hansardadade was proceeding, Sire, in the great plain at the feet of the mountains of Casgar, which is seven weeks' journey across — when Brothartoon interrupted her: Sister it is nearly daybreak, and if you are not asleep you ought to be. I pray you dear sister, tell us at present no more of those stories that you know so well, but hold your tongue and go to bed. Hansardadade was silent, and the Sultan arose in a very indifferent humour and gloomily walked out — in great doubt whether he would let her live, on any consideration, over another day.

SISTER ROSE.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

On a spring morning, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, the public conveyance then running between Chalons-sur-Marne and Paris set down one of its outside passengers at the first post station beyond Meaux. The traveller, an old man, after looking about him hesitatingly for a moment or two, betook himself to a little inn opposite the post-house known by the sign of the Piebald Horse, and kept by the Widow Duval,— a woman who enjoyed and deserved the reputation of being the fastest talker and the best maker of gibelotte in the whole locality.

Although the traveller was carelessly noticed by the village idlers, and received without ceremony by the Widow Duval, he was by no means so ordinary and uninteresting a stranger as the rustics of the place were pleased to consider him. The time had been when this quiet, elderly, unobtrusive applicant for refreshment at the Piebald Horse was trusted with the darkest secrets of the Reign of Terror, and was admitted at all times and seasons to speak face to face with Maximilien Robespierre himself. The Widow Duval and the hangers-on in front of the post-house would have been all astonished indeed, if any well-informed personage from the metropolis had been present to tell them that the modest old traveller, with the shabby little carpet-bag, was an ex-chief agent of the secret police of Paris!

Between three and four years had elapsed since Lomaque had exercised, for the last time, his official functions under the Reign of Terror. His shoulders had contracted an extra stoop, and his hair had all fallen off, except at the sides and back of his head. In some other respects, however, advancing age seemed to

have improved rather than deteriorated him in personal appearance. His complexion looked healthier, his expression cheerfuller, his eyes brighter than they had ever been of late years. He walked, too, with a brisker step than the step of old times in the police-office; and his dress, although it certainly did not look like the costume of a man in affluent circumstances, was cleaner and far more neatly worn than ever it had been in the past days of his political employment at Paris.

He sat down alone in the inn parlour, and occupied the time, while his hostess had gone to fetch the half bottle of wine that he ordered, in examining a dirty old card which he extricated from a mass of papers in his pocket-book, and which bore, written on it, these lines: — "When the troubles are over, do not forget those who remember you with eternal gratitude. Stop at the first post station beyond Meaux, on the high road to Paris, and ask at the inn for citizen Maurice, whenever you wish to see us or to hear of us again."

"Pray," inquired Lomaque, putting the card in his pocket when the Widow Duval brought in the wine, "can you inform me whether a person named Maurice lives anywhere in this neighbourhood?"

"Can I inform you?" repeated the voluble widow. "Of course I can! Citizen Maurice, and the citoyenne, his amiable sister — who is not to be passed over because you don't mention her, my honest man! — live within ten minutes' walk of my house. A charming cottage, in a charming situation, inhabited by two charming people, — so quiet, so retiring, such excellent pay. I supply them with everything, — fowls, eggs, bread, butter, vegetables (not that they eat much of anything), wine (which they don't drink half enough of to do them good); in short, I victual the dear little hermitage, and love the two amiable recluses with all my heart. Ah! they have had their troubles, poor people, the sister especially, though they never talk about them. When they first came to live in our neighbourhood" —

"I beg pardon, citoyenne, but if you would only be so kind as to direct me" —

"Which is three — no, four — no, three years and a half ago — in short, just after the time when that Satan of a man, Robespierre, had his head cut off (and serve him right!), I said to my husband (who was on his last legs then, poor man!), 'She 'll die,' — meaning the lady. She didn't though. My fowls, eggs, bread, butter, vegetables, and wine, carried her through, — always in combination with the anxious care of citizen Maurice. Yes, yes! let us be tenderly conscientious in giving credit where credit is due; let us never forget that the citizen Maurice contributed something to the cure of the interesting in-

valid, as well as the victuals and drink from the Piebald Horse. There she is now, the prettiest little woman in the prettiest little cottage —"

"Where? Will you be so obliging as to tell me where?"

"And in excellent health, except that she is subject now and then to nervous attacks, having evidently, as I believe, been struck with some dreadful fright, — most likely during that accursed time of the Terror, for they came from Paris — you don't drink, honest man! Why don't you drink? — Very, very pretty in a pale way; figure perhaps too thin — let me pour it out for you — but an angel of gentleness, and attached in such a touching way to the citizen Maurice" —

"Citizen hostess! will you, or will you not, tell me where they live?"

"You droll little man! why did you not ask me that before, if you wanted to know? Finish your wine and come to the door. There's your change, and thank you for your custom, though it isn't much. Come to the door, I say, and don't interrupt me! You're an old man, — can you see forty yards before you? — Yes, you can! Don't be peevish, — that never did anybody any good yet. Now look back, along the road, where I am pointing. You see a large heap of stones? Good. On the other side of the heap of stones, there is a little path, — you can't see that, but you can remember what I tell you? Good. You go down the path till you get to a stream; down the stream till you get to a bridge; down the other bank of the stream (after crossing the bridge) till you get to an old water-mill, — a jewel of a water-mill! famous for miles round; artists from the four quarters of the globe are always coming to sketch it! Ah! what you are getting peevish again? You won't wait? Impatient old man, what a life your wife must lead, if you have got one! Remember the bridge! Ah! your poor wife and children, I pity them, — your daughters especially. Pst! pst! Remember the bridge, — peevish old man, remember the bridge!"

Walking as fast as he could out of hearing of the Widow Duval's tongue, Lomaque took the path by the heap of stones which led out of the high-road, crossed the stream, and arrived at the old water-mill. Close by it stood a cottage, — a rough, simple building, with a strip of garden in front. Lomaque's observant eyes marked the graceful arrangement of the flower-beds and the delicate whiteness of the curtains that hung behind the badly-glazed narrow windows. "This must be the place," he said to himself as he knocked at the door with his stick. "I can see the traces of her hand before I cross the threshold."

The door was opened. "Pray, does the citizen Maurice —?" Lomaque began, not seeing clear-

ly for the first moment, in the dark little passage.

Before he could say any more his hand was grasped, his carpet-bag was taken from him, and a well-known voice cried, "Welcome! a thousand thousand times welcome, at last! Citizen Maurice is not at home; but Louis Trudaine takes his place, and is overjoyed to see once more the best and dearest of his friends!"

"I hardly know you again. How you are altered for the better!" exclaimed Lomaque, as they entered the parlour of the cottage.

"Remember that you see me after a long freedom from anxiety. Since I have lived here, I have gone to rest at night, and have not been afraid of the morning," replied Trudaine. He went out into the passage, while he spoke, and called at the foot of the one flight of stairs which the cottage possessed, "Rose! Rose! come down! The friend whom you most wished to see has arrived at last!"

She answered the summons immediately. The frank friendly warmth of her greeting; her resolute determination, after the first inquiries were over, to help the guest to take off his upper coat with her own hands, so confused and delighted Lomaque, that he hardly knew which way to turn, or what to say.

"This is even more trying, in a pleasant way, to a lonely old fellow like me" — he was about to add, "than the unexpected civility of the hot cup of coffee, years ago;" but remembering what recollections even that trifling circumstance might recal, he checked himself.

"More trying than what?" asked Rose, leading him to a chair.

"Ah! I forget. I am in my dotage already!" he answered confusedly. "I have not got used just yet to the pleasure of seeing your kind face again."

It was indeed a pleasure to look at that face now, after Lomaque's last experience of it. Three years of repose, though they had not restored to Rose those youthful attractions which she had lost for ever in the days of the Terror, had not passed without leaving kindly outward traces of their healing progress. Though the girlish roundness had not returned to her cheeks, or the girlish delicacy of colour to her complexion, her eyes had recovered much of their old softness, and her expression all of its old winning charm. What was left of latent sadness in her face, and of significant quietness in her manner, remained gently and harmlessly — remained rather to show what had been once, than what was now.

When they were all seated, there was, however, something like a momentary return to the suspense and anxiety of past days in their faces, as Trudaine, looking earnestly at Lomaque, asked — "Do you bring any news from Paris?"

"None," he replied; "but excellent news, instead, from Rouen. I have heard, accidentally, through the employer whom I have been serving since we parted, that your old house by the river side is to let again."

Rose started from her chair. "Oh, Louis, if we could only live there once more! My flower-garden?" she continued, turning to Lomaque.

"Cultivated throughout," he answered, "by the late proprietor."

"And the laboratory?" added her brother.

"Left standing," said Lomaque. "Here is a letter with all the particulars. You may depend upon them; for the writer is the person charged with the letting of the house."

Trudaine looked over the letter eagerly.

"The price is not beyond our means," he said. "After our three years' economy here, we can afford to give something for a great pleasure."

"Oh, what a day of happiness it will be when we go home again!" cried Rose. "Pray, write to your friend at once," she added, addressing Lomaque, "and say we take the house, before any one else is beforehand with us!"

He nodded; and folding up the letter mechanically in the old official form, made a note on it in the old official manner. Trudaine observed the action, and felt its association with past times of trouble and terror. His face grew grave again, as he said to Lomaque, "And is this good news really all the news of importance you have to tell us?"

Lomaque hesitated, and fidgetted in his chair. "What other news I have will well bear keeping," he replied. "There are many questions I should like to ask, first, about your sister and yourself. Do you mind allowing me to refer for a moment to the time when we last met?"

He addressed this enquiry to Rose, who answered in the negative; but her voice seemed to alter, even in saying the one word "No." She turned her head away when she spoke; and Lomaque noticed that her hands trembled as she took up some work lying on a table near, and hurriedly occupied herself with it.

"We speak as little about that time as possible," said Trudaine, looking significantly towards his sister; "but we have some questions to ask you, in our turn; so the allusion, for this once, is inevitable. Your sudden disappearance at the very crisis of that terrible time of danger has not yet been fully explained to us. The one short note which you left behind you, helped us to guess at what had happened, rather than to understand it."

"I can easily explain it now," answered Lomaque. "The sudden overthrow of the Reign of Terror, which was salvation to you, was destruction to me. The new republican reign was a reign of mercy, except for the tail of

Robespierre, as the phrase ran then. Every man who had been so wicked or so unfortunate as to be involved, even in the meanest capacity, with the machinery of the government of Terror, was threatened, and justly, with the fate of Robespierre. I, among others, fell under this menace of death. I deserved to die, and should have resigned myself to the guillotine, but for you. From the course taken by public events, I knew you would be saved; and although your safety was the work of circumstances, still, I had a hand in rendering it possible at the outset; and a yearning came over me to behold you both free again with my own eyes — a selfish yearning, to see, in you, a living, breathing, real result of the one good impulse of my heart which I could look back on with satisfaction. This desire gave me a new interest in life. I resolved to escape death, if it were possible. For ten days I lay hidden in Paris. After that — thanks to certain scraps of useful knowledge, which my experience in the office of secret police had given me — I succeeded in getting clear of Paris, and in making my way safely to Switzerland. The rest of my story is so short, and so soon told, that I may as well get it over at once. The one relation I knew of in the world to apply to, was a cousin of mine (whom I had never seen before), established as a silk-mercer at Berne. I threw myself on this man's mercy. He discovered that I was likely, with my business habits, to be of some use to him, and he took me into his house. I worked for what he pleased to give me; travelled about for him in Switzerland; deserved his confidence, and won it. Till within the last few months, I remained with him; and only left my employment, to enter, by my master's own desire, the house of one of his sons, established also as a silk-mercer, at Chalons-sur-Marne. In the counting-house of this merchant I am corresponding clerk; and am only able to come and see you now, by offering to undertake a special business-mission, for my employer, at Paris. It is drudgery, at my time of life, after all I have gone through — but my hard work is innocent work. I am not obliged to cringe for every crown-piece I put in my pocket — not bound to denounce, deceive, and dog to death other men, before I can earn my bread, and scrape together money enough to bury me. I am ending a bad, base life, harmlessly at last. It is a poor thing to do, but it is something done — and even that contents a man at my age. In short, I am happier than I used to be, or, at least, less ashamed when I look people like you in the face."

"Hush! hush!" interrupted Rose, laying her hand on his arm. "I cannot allow you to talk of yourself in that way, even in jest."

"I was speaking in earnest,'

answered Lomaque, quietly; "but I won't weary you with any more words about myself. My story is told."

"All?" asked Trudaine. He looked searchingly, almost suspiciously, at Lomaque, as he put the question. "All?" he repeated. "Yours is a short story, indeed, my good friend! Perhaps you have forgotten some of it?"

Again Lomaque fidgetted and hesitated.

"Is it not a little hard on an old man, to be always asking questions of him, and never answering one of his inquiries in return?" he said to Rose, very gaily as to manner, but rather uneasily as to look.

"He will not speak out till we are alone," thought Trudaine. "It is best to risk nothing, and to humour him."

"Come, come," he said aloud, "no grumbling. I admit that it is your turn to hear our story now; and I will do my best to gratify you. But before I begin," he added, turning to his sister, "let me suggest, Rose, that if you have any household matters to settle up stairs" —

"I know what you mean," she interrupted, hurriedly taking up the work which, during the last few minutes, she had allowed to drop into her lap; "but I am stronger than you think; I can face the worst of our recollections composedly. Go on, Louis; pray go on — I am quite fit to stop and hear you."

"You know what we suffered in the first days of our suspense, after the success of your stratagem," said Trudaine, turning to Lomaque. "I think it was on the evening after we had seen you for the last time, at St. Lazare, that strange confused rumours of an impending convulsion in Paris first penetrated within our prison walls. During the next few days, the faces of our gaolers were enough to show us that those rumours were true, and that the Reign of Terror was actually threatened with overthrow at the hands of the Moderate Party. We had hardly time to hope everything from this blessed change, before the tremendous news of Robespierre's attempted suicide, then of his condemnation and execution, reached us. The confusion produced in the prison was beyond all description. The accused who had been tried and the accused who had not been tried got mingled together. From the day of Robespierre's arrest, no orders came to the authorities, no death-lists reached the prison. The gaolers, terrified by rumours, that the lowest accomplices of the tyrant would be held responsible, and be condemned with him, made no attempt to maintain order. Some of them — that hump-backed man among the rest — deserted their duties altogether. The disorganisation was so complete, that when the commissioners from the new government came to St. Lazare, some of us were actually half-starving from want of the bare

necessaries of life. To inquire separately into our cases was found to be impossible. Sometimes the necessary papers were lost; sometimes what documents remained were incomprehensible to the new commissioners. They were obliged, at last, to make short work of it by calling us up before them in dozens. Tried or not tried, we had all been arrested by the tyrant, had all been accused of conspiracy against him, and were all ready to hail the new government, as the salvation of France. In nine cases out of ten, our best claim to be discharged was derived from these circumstances. We were trusted by Tallien and the men of the Ninth Thermidor, because we had been suspected by Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just. Arrested informally, we were now liberated informally. When it came to my sister's turn and mine, we were not under examination five minutes. No such thing as a searching question was asked of us; I believe we might even have given our own names with perfect impunity. But I had previously instructed Rose that we were to assume our mother's maiden name—Maurice. As the citizen and citoyenne Maurice, accordingly, we passed out of prison — under the same name we have lived ever since in hiding here. Our past repose has depended, our future happiness will depend, on our escape from death being kept the profoundest secret among us three. For one all-sufficient reason, which you can easily guess at, the brother and sister Maurice must still know nothing of Louis Trudaine and Rose Danville, except that they were two among the hundreds of victims guillotined during the Reign of Terror."

He spoke the last sentence with a faint smile, and with the air of a man trying, in spite of himself, to treat a grave subject lightly. His face clouded again, however, in a moment, when he looked towards his sister, as he ceased. Her work had once more dropped on her lap; her face was turned away, so that he could not see it; but he knew by the trembling of her clasped hands, as they rested on her knee, and by the slight swelling of the veins on her neck, which she could not hide from him, that her boasted strength of nerve had deserted her. Three years of repose had not yet enabled her to hear her marriage name uttered, or to be present when past times of deathly suffering and terror were referred to, without betraying the shock in her face and manner. Trudaine looked saddened, but in no way surprised by what he saw. Making a sign to Lomaque to say nothing, he rose and took up his sister's hood, which lay on a window-seat near him.

"Come, Rose," he said, "the sun is shining, the sweet spring air is inviting us out. Let us have a quiet stroll along the banks of the stream. Why should we keep our good friend here, cooped up

in this narrow little room, when we have miles and miles of beautiful landscape to show him on the other side of the threshold? Come! it is high treason to Queen Nature to remain indoors on such a morning as this."

Without waiting for her to reply, he put on her hood, drew her arm through his, and led the way out. Lomaque's face grew grave as he followed them.

"I am glad I only showed the bright side of my budget of news in her presence," thought he. "She is not well at heart yet. I might have hurt her, poor thing! I might have hurt her again sadly, if I had not held my tongue!"

They walked for a little while down the banks of the stream, talking of indifferent matters; then returned to the cottage. By that time Rose had recovered her spirits, and could listen with interest and amusement to Lomaque's drily-humourous description of his life as a clerk at Chalons-sur-Marne. They parted for a little while at the cottage-door. Rose retired to the up-stairs room from which she had been summoned by her brother. Trudaine and Lomaque returned to wander again along the banks of the stream.

With one accord, and without a word passing between them, they left the neighbourhood of the cottage hurriedly; then stopped on a sudden, and attentively looked each other in the face — looked in silence for an instant. Trudaine spoke first.

"I thank you for having spared her," he began, abruptly. "She is not strong enough, yet, to bear hearing of a new misfortune, unless I break the tidings to her first."

"You suspect me then of bringing bad news?" said Lomaque.

"I know you do. When I saw your first look at her, after we were all seated in the cottage-parlour, I knew it. Speak! without fear, without caution, without one useless word of preface. After three years of repose, if it pleases God to afflict us again, I can bear the trial calmly; and, if need be, can strengthen her to bear it calmly too. I say again, Lomaque, speak at once, and speak out! I know your news is bad, for I know beforehand that it is news of Danville."

"You are right, my bad news is news of him."

"He has discovered the secret of our escape from the guillotine —?"

"No — he has not a suspicion of it. He believes — as his mother, as every one does — that you were both executed the day after the Revolutionary Tribunal sentenced you to death."

"Lomaque! you speak positively of that belief of his — but you cannot be certain of it."

"I can, on the most indisputable, the most startling evidence — on the authority of Danville's own act. You have asked me to speak out —?"

"I ask you again — I insist on it! Your news, Lomaque — your

news, without another word of preface!"

"You shall have it without another word of preface. Danville is on the point of being married."

As the answer was given they both stopped by the bank of the stream, and again looked each other in the face. There was a minute of dead silence between them. During that minute, the water bubbling by happily over its bed of pebbles, seemed strangely loud, the singing of birds in a little wood by the stream side strangely near and shrill, in both their ears. The light breeze, for all its mid-day warmth, touched their cheeks coldly; and the spring sunlight pouring on their faces, felt as if it were glimmering on them through winter-clouds.

"Let us walk on," said Trudaine, in a low voice. "I was prepared for bad news, yet not for that. Are you certain of what you have just told me?"

"As certain as that the stream here is flowing by our side. Hear how I made the discovery, and you will doubt no longer. Before last week, I knew nothing of Danville, except that his arrest on suspicion by Robespierre's order, was, as events turned out, the saving of his life. He was imprisoned, as I told you, on the evening after he had heard your names read from the death-list at the prison-grate. He remained in confinement at the Temple, unnoticed in the political confusion out of doors, just as you remained unnoticed at St. Lazare; and he profited, precisely in the same manner that you profited by the timely insurrection which overthrew the Reign of Terror. I knew this, and I knew that he walked out of prison in the character of a persecuted victim of Robespierre's—and for better than three years past, I knew no more. Now listen. Last week I happened to be waiting in the shop of my employer, citizen Clairfait, for some papers to take into the counting-house, when an old man enters with a sealed parcel, which he hands to one of the shopmen, saying:

"'Give that to citizen Clairfait.'

"'Any name?' says the shopman.

"'The name is of no consequence,' answers the old man; 'but if you please you can give mine. Say the parcel came from citizen Dubois;' and then he goes out. His name in connection with his elderly look, strikes me directly.

"'Does that old fellow live at Chalons?' I ask.

"'No,' says the shopman. 'He is here in attendance on a customer of ours — an old ex-aristocrat named Danville. She is on a visit in our town.'

"I leave you to imagine how that reply startles and amazes me. The shopman can answer none of the other questions I put to him; but the next day I am asked to dinner by my employer (who, for his father's sake, shows me

the utmost civility). On entering the room, I find his wife just putting away a lavender-coloured silk scarf, on which she has been embroidering in silver what looks to me very like a crest and coat of arms.

"'I don't mind your seeing what I am about, citizen Lomaque,' says she; 'for I know we can trust you. That scarf is sent back to us by the purchaser, an ex-emigrant lady of the old aristocratic school, to have her family coat-of-arms embroidered on it.'

"'Rather a dangerous commission even in these mercifully democratic times, is it not?' says I.

"'The old lady, you must know,' says she, 'is as proud as Lucifer; and having got back safely to France in these days of moderate republicanism, thinks she may now indulge with impunity in all her old-fashioned notions. She has been an excellent customer of ours, so my husband thought it best to humour her, without, however, trusting her commission to any of the work-room women to execute. We are not living under the Reign of Terror now, certainly; still there is nothing like being on the safe side.'

"'Nothing,' I answer. 'Pray what is this ex-emigrant's name?'

"'Danville,' replies the citoyenne Clairfait. 'She is going to appear in that fine scarf at her son's marriage.'

"'Marriage!' I exclaim, perfectly thunder-struck.

"'Yes,' says she. 'What is there so amazing in that? By all accounts, the son, poor man, deserves to make a lucky marriage this time. His first wife was taken away from him in the Reign of Terror by the guillotine.'

"'Who is he going to marry?' I enquire, still breathless.

"'The daughter of General Berthelin — an ex-aristocrat by family, like the old lady, but by principle as good a republican as ever lived — a hard-drinking, loud-swearing, big-whiskered old soldier, who snaps his fingers at his ancestors, and says we are all descended from Adam, the first genuine sans-culotte in the world.'

"In this way the citoyenne Clairfait gossips on all dinner-time, but says nothing more of any importance. I, with my old police-office habits, set to the next day, and try to make some discoveries for myself. The sum of what I find out is this: Danville's mother is staying with General Berthelin's sister and daughter at Chalons; and Danville himself is expected to arrive every day to escort them all three to Paris, where the marriage contract is to be signed at the general's house. Discovering this, and seeing that prompt action is now of the most vital importance, I undertake, as I told you, my employer's commission for Paris; depart with all speed; and stop here on my way. — Wait! I have not done yet. All the haste I can make is not

haste enough to give me a good start of the wedding party. On my road here, the diligence by which I travel is passed by a carriage, posting along at full speed. I cannot see inside that carriage; but I look at the box-seat, and recognise on it the old man Dubois. He whirls by in a cloud of dust, but I am certain of him; and I say to myself, what I now say again to you, no time is to be lost!"

"No time *shall* be lost," answered Trudaine firmly. "Three years have passed," he continued, in a lower voice, speaking to himself rather than to Lomaque; "three years since the day when I led my sister out of the gates of the prison, — three years since I said in my heart I will be patient, and will not seek to avenge myself. Our wrongs cry from earth to heaven; from man who inflicts to God who redresses. When the day of reckoning comes, let it be the day of His vengeance, not of mine. In my heart I said those words — I have been true to them — I have waited. The day has come, and the duty it demands of me shall be fulfilled."

There was a moment's silence before Lomaque spoke again. "Your sister?" he began hesitatingly.

"It is there only that my purpose falters," said the other earnestly. "If it were but possible to spare her all knowledge of this last trial, and to leave the accomplishment of the terrible task to me alone?"

"I think it is possible," interposed Lomaque. "Listen to what I advise. We must depart for Paris by the diligence to-morrow morning, and we must take your sister with us — to-morrow will be time enough: people don't sign marriage contracts on the evening after a long day's journey. We must go then, and we must take your sister. Leave the care of her in Paris, and the responsibility of keeping her in ignorance of what you are doing, to me. Go to this General Berthelin's house at a time when you know Danville is there (we can get that knowledge through the servants); confront him without a moment's previous warning; confront him as a man risen from the dead; confront him before every soul in the room, though the room should be full of people — and leave the rest to the self-betrayal of a panic-stricken man. Say but three words, and *your* duty will be done; you may return to your sister, and may depart with her in safety to your old retreat at Rouen, or where else you please, on the very day when you have put it out of her infamous husband's power to add another to the list of his crimes."

"You forget the suddenness of the journey to Paris," said Trudaine. "How are we to account for it without the risk of awakening my sister's suspicions?"

"Trust that to me," answered

Lomaque. "Let us return to the cottage at once. No! not you," he added suddenly, as they turned to retrace their steps. "There is that in your face which would betray us. Leave me to go back alone — I will say that you have gone to give some orders at the inn. Let us separate immediately. You will recover your self-possession, you will get to look yourself again sooner, if you are left alone — I know enough of you to know that. We will not waste another minute in explanations, even minutes are precious to us on such a day as this. By the time you are fit to meet your sister again, I shall have had time to say all I wish to her, and shall be waiting at the cottage to tell you the result."

He looked at Trudaine, and his eyes seemed to brighten again with something of the old energy and sudden decision of the days when he was a man in office under the Reign of Terror. "Leave it to me," he said; and, waving his hand, turned away quickly in the direction of the cottage.

Nearly an hour passed before Trudaine ventured to follow him. When he at length entered the path which led to the garden gate, he saw his sister waiting at the cottage door. Her face looked unusually animated; and she ran forward a step or two to meet him.

"Oh, Louis!" she said, "I have a confession to make, and I must beg you to hear it patiently to the end. You must know that our good Lomaque, though he came in tired from his walk, occupied himself the first thing, at my request, in writing the letter which is to secure to us our dear old home by the banks of the Seine. When he had done, he looked at me, and said, 'I should like to be present at your happy return to the house where I first saw you.' 'Oh, come, come with us!' I said directly. 'I am not an independent man,' he answered, 'I have a margin of time allowed me at Paris, certainly, but it is not long — if I were only my own master —' and then he stopped. Louis! I remembered all we owed to him; I remembered that there was no sacrifice we ought not to be too glad to make for his sake; I felt the kindness of the wish he had expressed; and, perhaps, I was a little influenced by my own impatience to see my flower garden and the rooms where we used to be so happy again. So I said to him, 'I am sure Louis will agree with me, that our time is yours, and that we shall be only too glad to advance our departure so as to make travelling-leisure enough for you to come with us to Rouen. We should be worse than ungrateful —' He stopped me. 'You have always been good to me,' he said, 'I must not impose on your kindness now. No! no! you have formalities to settle before you can leave this place.' 'Not one,' I said — for we have not, as you know, Louis? 'Why, here is

your furniture to begin with,' he said. 'A few chairs and tables hired from the inn,' I answered; 'we have only to give the landlady our key, to leave a letter for the owner of the cottage, and then —' He laughed. 'Why, to hear you talk, one would think you were as ready to travel as I am!' 'So we are,' I said, 'quite as ready, living in the way we do here.' He shook his head; but you will not shake yours, Louis, I am sure, now you have heard all my long story? You can't blame me, can you?"

Before Trudaine could answer, Lomaque looked out of the cottage window.

"I have just been telling my brother everything," said Rose, turning round towards him.

"And what does he say?" asked Lomaque.

"He says what I say," replied Rose, answering for her brother; "that our time is your time — the time of our best and dearest friend."

"Shall it be done, then?" asked Lomaque, with a meaning look at Trudaine.

Rose glanced anxiously at her brother: his face was much graver than she had expected to see it, but his answer relieved her from all suspense.

"You were quite right, love, to speak as you did," he said gently. Then, turning to Lomaque, he added in a firmer voice, "It shall be done!"

CHAPTER VII.

Two days after the travelling carriage described by Lomaque had passed the diligence on the road to Paris, Madame Danville sat in the drawing-room of an apartment in the Rue de Grenelle, handsomely dressed for driving out. After consulting a large gold watch that hung at her side, and finding that it wanted a quarter of an hour only to two o'clock, she rang her hand-bell, and said to the maid servant who answered the summons: "I have five minutes to spare. Send Dubois here with my chocolate."

The old man made his appearance with great alacrity. After handing the cup of chocolate to his mistress, he ventured to use the privilege of talking, to which his long and faithful services entitled him, and paid the old lady a compliment. "I am rejoiced to see madame looking so young and in such good spirits this morning," he said, with a low bow and a mild deferential smile.

"I think I have some reason for being in good spirits on the day when my son's marriage contract is to be signed," said Madame Danville, with a gracious nod of the head. "Ha, Dubois, I shall live yet to see him with a patent of nobility in his hand. The mob has done its worst; the end of this infamous revolution is not far off; our order will have its turn again soon, and then who will have such a chance at court as my son? He is noble already

through his mother; he will then be noble also through his wife. Yes, yes, let that coarse-mannered, passionate, old soldier-father of hers be as unnaturally republican as he pleases, he has inherited a name which will help my son to a peerage! The Vicomte D'Anville (D with an apostrophe, Dubois, you understand)! The Vicomte D'Anville — how prettily it sounds!"

"Charmingly, madame — charmingly. Ah! this second marriage of my young master's begins under much better auspices than the first."

The remark was an unfortunate one. Madame Danville frowned portentously, and rose in a great hurry from her chair.

"Are your wits failing you, you old fool!" she exclaimed, indignantly; "what do you mean by referring to such a subject as that, on this day of all others? You are always harping on those two wretched people who were guillotined, as if you thought I could have saved their lives. Were you not present when my son and I met, after the time of the Terror? Did you not hear my first words to him, when he told me of the catastrophe? Were they not: —'Charles, I love you; but if I thought you had let those two unfortunates, who risked themselves to save me, die without risking your life in return to save them, I would break my heart, rather than ever look at you or speak to you again!'—Did I not say that? And did he not answer: —'Mother, my life was risked for them. I proved my devotion by exposing myself to arrest — I was imprisoned for my exertions, — and then I could do no more!' Did you not stand by, and hear him give that answer, overwhelmed while he spoke, by generous emotion? Do you not know that he really was imprisoned in the Temple? Do you dare to think that we are to blame after that? I owe you much, Dubois, but if you are to take liberties with me —"

"Oh, madame! I beg pardon a thousand times. I was thoughtless; only thoughtless —"

"Silence! Is my coach at the door? — Very well. Get ready to accompany me. Your master will not have time to return here. He will meet me, for the signing of the contract, at General Berthelin's house at two precisely. — Stop! Are there many people in the street? I can't be stared at by the mob, as I go to my carriage."

Dubois hobbled penitently to the window and looked out, while his mistress walked to the door.

"The street is almost empty, madame," he said. "Only a man, with a woman on his arm, stopping and admiring your carriage. They seem like decent people, as well as I can tell, without my spectacles. Not mob, I should say, madame, certainly not mob!"

"Very well. Attend me down stairs; and bring some loose silver with you, in case those two

decent people should be fit objects for charity. No orders for the coachman, except that he is to go straight to the general's house."

The party assembled at General Berthelin's to witness the signature of the marriage-contract, comprised, besides the persons immediately interested in the ceremony of the day, some young ladies, friends of the bride, and a few officers, who had been comrades of her father's in past years. The guests were distributed, rather unequally, in two handsome apartments opening into each other, — one called in the house the drawing-room, and the other the library. In the drawing-room were assembled the notary, with the contract ready, the bride, the young ladies, and the majority of General Berthelin's friends. In the library, the remainder of the military guests were amusing themselves at a billiard-table until the signing of the contract should take place; while Danville and his future father-in-law walked up and down the room together; the first listening absently, the last talking with all his accustomed energy, and with more than his accustomed allowance of barrack-room expletives. The general had taken it into his head to explain some of the clauses in the marriage-contract to the bridegroom, who, though far better acquainted with their full scope and meaning than his father-in-law, was obliged to listen for civility's sake. While the old soldier was still in the midst of his long and confused harangue, a clock struck on the library mantelpiece.

"Two o'clock!" exclaimed Danville, glad of any pretext for interrupting the talk about the contract. "Two o'clock; and my mother not here yet! What can be delaying her?"

"Nothing," cried the general. "When did you ever know a woman punctual, my lad? If we wait for your mother — and she's such a rabid aristocrat that she would never forgive us for not waiting — we shan't sign the contract yet this half-hour. Never mind! let's go on with what we were talking about. Where the devil was I when that cursed clock struck and interrupted us? Now then, Black Eyes, what's the matter?"

This last question was addressed to Mademoiselle Berthelin, who at that moment hastily entered the library from the drawing-room. She was a tall and rather masculine-looking girl, with superb black eyes, dark hair, growing low on her forehead, and something of her father's decision and bluntness in her manner of speaking.

"A stranger in the other room, papa, who wants to see you. I suppose the servants showed him up-stairs, thinking he was one of the guests. Ought I to have had him shown down again?"

"A nice question! How should

I know? Wait till I have seen him, miss, and then I 'll tell you." With these words the general turned on his heel, and went into the drawing-room.

His daughter would have followed him; but Danville caught her by the hand.

"Can you be hard-hearted enough to leave me here alone?" he asked.

"What is to become of all my bosom friends in the next room, you selfish man, if I stop here with you?" retorted mademoiselle, struggling to free herself.

"Call them in here," said Danville, gaily, making himself master of her other hand.

She laughed, and drew him away towards the drawing-room.

"Come!" she cried, "and let all the ladies see what a tyrant I am going to marry. Come and show them what an obstinate, unreasonable, wearisome —"

Her voice suddenly failed her; she shuddered, and turned faint. Danville's hand had in one instant grown cold as death in hers: the momentary touch of his fingers, as she felt their grasp loosen, struck some mysterious chill through her from head to foot. She glanced round at him affrightedly; and saw his eyes looking straight into the drawing-room. They were fixed in a strange, unwavering, awful stare; while, from the rest of his face, all expression, all character, all recognisable play and movement of feature had utterly gone. It was a breathless, lifeless mask — a white blank. With a cry of terror, she looked where he seemed to be looking; and could see nothing but the stranger standing in the middle of the drawing-room. Before she could ask a question, before she could speak even a single word, her father came to her, caught Danville by the arm, and pushed her roughly back into the library.

"Go there, and take the women with you," he said in a quick fierce whisper. "Into the library!" he continued, turning to the ladies, and raising his voice. "Into the library, all of you, along with my daughter."

The women, terrified by his manner, obeyed him in the greatest confusion. As they hurried past him into the library, he signed to the notary to follow; and then closed the door of communication between the two rooms.

"Stop where you are!" he cried, addressing the old officers who had risen from their chairs. "Stay, I insist on it! Whatever happens, Jacques Berthelin has done nothing to be ashamed of in the presence of his old friends and companions. You have seen the beginning, now stay and see the end."

While he spoke, he walked into the middle of the room. He had never quitted his hold of Danville's arm — step by step, they advanced together to the place where Trudaine was standing.

"You have come into my house,

and asked me for my daughter in marriage — and I have given her to you," said the general, addressing Danville quietly. "You told me that your first wife and her brother were guillotined three years ago in the time of the Terror — and I believed you. Now, look at that man — look him straight in the face. He has announced himself to me as the brother of your wife, and he asserts that his sister is alive at this moment. One of you two has deceived me. Which is it?"

Danville tried to speak; but no sound passed his lips; tried to wrench his arm from the grasp that was on it, but could not stir the old soldier's steady hand.

"Are you afraid? are you a coward? Can't you look him in the face?" asked the general, tightening his hold sternly.

"Stop! stop!" interposed one of the old officers, coming forward. "Give him time. This may be a case of strange accidental resemblance; which would be enough, under the circumstances, to discompose any man. You will excuse me, citizen," he continued, turning to Trudaine. "But you are a stranger; you have given us no proof of your identity."

"There is the proof," said Trudaine, pointing to Danville's face.

"Yes, yes," pursued the other; "he looks pale and startled enough, certainly. But I say again — let us not be too hasty: there are strange cases on record of accidental resemblances, and this may be one of them!"

As he repeated those words, Danville looked at him with a faint, cringing gratitude stealing slowly over the blank terror of his face. He bowed his head, murmured something, and gesticulated confusedly with the hand that he was free to use.

"Look!" cried the old officer; "look, Berthelin, he denies the man's identity."

"Do you hear that?" said the general, appealing to Trudaine. "Have you proofs to confute him? If you have, produce them instantly."

Before the answer could be given, the door leading into the drawing-room from the staircase was violently flung open, and Madame Danville — her hair in disorder, her face in its colourless terror looking like the very counterpart of her son's — appeared on the threshold, with the old man Dubois and a group of amazed and startled servants behind her.

"For God's sake don't sign! for God's sake come away!" she cried. "I have seen your wife — in the spirit, or in the flesh, I know not which — but I have seen her. Charles! Charles! as true as Heaven is above us, I have seen your wife!"

"You have seen her in the flesh, living and breathing as you see her brother yonder," said a firm, quiet voice from among the servants on the landing outside.

"Let that man enter, whoever he is!" cried the general.

Lomaque passed Madame Danville on the threshold. She trembled as he brushed by her; then, supporting herself by the wall, followed him a few paces into the room. She looked first at her son — after that, at Trudaine — after that, back again at her son. Something in her presence silenced everyone. There fell a sudden stillness over all the assembly — a stillness so deep, that the eager, frightened whispering, and sharp rustling of dresses among the women in the library became audible from the other side of the closed door.

"Charles!" she said, slowly advancing; "why do you look—?" She stopped, and fixed her eyes again on her son more earnestly than before; then turned them suddenly on Trudaine. "You are looking at my son, sir," she said, "and I see contempt in your face. By what right do you insult a man whose grateful sense of his mother's obligations to you, made him risk his life for the saving of your's and your sister's? By what right have you kept the escape of my son's wife from death by the guillotine — an escape which, for all I know to the contrary, his generous exertions were instrumental in effecting — a secret from my son? By what right, I demand to know, has your treacherous secresy placed us in such a position as we now stand in before the master of this house?"

An expression of sorrow and pity passed over Trudaine's face while she spoke. He retired a few steps, and gave her no answer. The general looked at him with eager curiosity; and, dropping his hold of Danville's arm, seemed about to speak; but Lomaque stepped forward at the same time, and held up his hand to claim attention.

"I think I shall express the wishes of citizen Trudaine," he said, addressing Madame Danville, "if I recommend this lady not to press for too public an answer to her questions."

"Pray who are you, sir, who take it on yourself to advise me?" she retorted haughtily. "I have nothing to say to you, except that I repeat those questions, and that I insist on their being answered."

"Who is this man?" asked the general, addressing Trudaine, and pointing to Lomaque.

"A man unworthy of credit," cried Danville, speaking audibly for the first time, and darting a look of deadly hatred at Lomaque. "An agent of police under Robespierre."

"And in that capacity capable of answering questions which refer to the transactions of Robespierre's tribunals," remarked the ex-chief-agent with his old official self-possession.

"True!" exclaimed the general; "the man is right — let him be heard."

"There is no help for it," said Lomaque, looking at Trudaine;

"leave it to me — it is fittest that I should speak. I was present," he continued, in a louder voice, "at the trial of citizen Trudaine and his sister. They were brought to the bar through the denunciation of citizen Danville. Till the confession of the male prisoner exposed the fact, I can answer for Danville's not being aware of the real nature of the offences charged against Trudaine and his sister. When it became known that they had been secretly helping this lady to escape from France, and when Danville's own head was consequently in danger, I myself heard him save it by a false assertion that he had been aware of Trudaine's conspiracy from the first —"

"Do you mean to say," interrupted the general, "that he proclaimed himself in open court, as having knowingly denounced the man who was on trial for saving his mother?"

"I do," answered Lomaque. (A murmur of horror and indignation rose from all the strangers present, at that reply). "The reports of the Tribunal are existing to prove the truth of what I say," he went on. "As to the escape of citizen Trudaine and the wife of Danville from the guillotine, it was the work of political circumstances, which there are persons living to speak to, if necessary; and of a little stratagem of mine, which need not be referred to now. And, last, with reference to the concealment which followed the escape, I beg to inform you that it was abandoned the moment we knew of what was going on here; and that it was only persevered in up to this time, as a natural measure of precaution on the part of citizen Trudaine. From a similar motive we now abstain from exposing his sister to the shock and the peril of being present here. What man with an atom of feeling, would risk letting her even look again on such a husband as that?"

He glanced round him, and pointed to Danville, as he put the question. Before a word could be spoken by any one else in the room, a low wailing cry of, "My mistress! my dear, dear mistress!" directed all eyes first on the old man, Dubois, then on Madame Danville.

She had been leaning against the wall, before Lomaque began to speak; but she stood perfectly upright now. She neither spoke nor moved. Not one of the light gaudy ribands flaunting on her disordered head-dress so much as trembled. The old servant Dubois was crouched on his knees at her side, kissing her cold right hand, chafing it in his, reiterating his faint mournful cry, "Oh my mistress! my dear, dear mistress!" but she did not appear to know that he was near her. It was only when her son advanced a step or two towards her that she seemed to awaken suddenly from that death-trance of mental pain. Then she slowly raised the hand that was free, and waved

him back from her. He stopped in obedience to the gesture, and endeavoured to speak. She waved her hand again, and the deathly stillness of her face began to grow troubled. Her lips moved a little — she spoke.

"Oblige me, sir, for the last time, by keeping silence. You and I have henceforth nothing to say to each other. I am the daughter of a race of nobles, and the widow of a man of honour. You are a traitor and a false witness; a thing from which all true men and true women, turn with contempt. I renounce you! Publicly, in the presence of these gentlemen, I say it — I have no son."

She turned her back on him; and bowing to the other persons in the room, with the old formal courtesy of bygone times, walked slowly and steadily to the door. Stopping there, she looked back; and the artificial courage of the moment failed her. With a faint, suppressed cry she clutched at the hand of the old servant, who still kept faithfully at her side; he caught her in his arms, and her head sank on his shoulder.

"Help him!" cried the general to the servants near the door. "Help him to take her into the next room!"

The old man looked up suspiciously from his mistress to the persons who were assisting him to support her. With a strange, sudden jealousy he shook his hand at them. "Home," he cried, "she shall go home, and I will take care of her. Away! you there — nobody holds her head but Dubois. Down-stairs! down-stairs, to her carriage! She has nobody but me now; and I say that she shall be taken home."

As the door closed, General Berthelin approached Trudaine, who had stood silent and apart from the time when Lomaque first appeared in the drawing-room.

"I wish to ask your pardon," said the old soldier; "because I have wronged you by a moment of unjust suspicion. For my daughter's sake, I bitterly regret that we did not see each other long ago; but I thank you, nevertheless, for coming here, even at the eleventh hour."

While he was speaking, one of his friends came up, and touching him on the shoulder, said:

"Berthelin, is that scoundrel to be allowed to go?"

The general turned on his heel directly, and beckoned contemptuously to Danville to follow him to the door. When they were well out of earshot, he spoke these words:

"You have been exposed as a villain by your brother-in-law, and renounced as a liar by your mother. They have done their duty by you; and now it only remains for *me* to do *mine*. When a man enters the house of another under false pretences, and compromises the reputation of his daughter, we old army men have a very expeditious way of making him answer for it. It is just three

o'clock now; at five you will find me and one of my friends —"

He stopped, and looked round cautiously — then whispered the rest in Danville's ear — threw open the door, and pointed downstairs.

"Our work here is done," said Lomaque, laying his hand on Trudaine's arm. "Let us give Danville time to get clear of the house, and then leave it too."

"My sister! where is she?" asked Trudaine, eagerly.

"Make your mind easy about her. I will tell you more when we get out."

"You will excuse me, I know," said General Berthelin, speaking to all the persons present, with his hand on the library door, "if I leave you. I have bad news to break to my daughter, and private business after that to settle with a friend."

He saluted the company, with his usual bluff nod of the head, and entered the library. A few minutes afterwards, Trudaine and Lomaque left the house.

"You will find your sister waiting for you in our apartment at the hotel," said the latter. "She knows nothing, absolutely nothing, of what has passed."

"But the recognition?" asked Trudaine, amazedly. "His mother saw her. Surely she —?"

"I managed it so that she should be seen, and should not see. Our former experience of Danville suggested to me the propriety of making the experiment, and my old police-office practice came in useful in carrying it out. I saw the carriage standing at the door, and waited till the old lady came down. I walked your sister away, as she got in, and walked her back again past the window, as the carriage drove off. A moment did it; and it turned out as useful as I thought it would. Enough of that! Go back now to your sister. Keep in-doors till the night-mail starts for Rouen. I have had two places taken for you on speculation. Go! resume possession of your old house, and leave me here to transact the business which my employer has entrusted to me, and to see how matters end with Danville and his mother. I will make time somehow to come and bid you good-bye at Rouen, though it should only be for a single day. Bah! no thanks. Give us your hand. I was ashamed to take it eight years ago — I can give it a hearty shake now! There is your way; here is mine. Leave me to my business in silks and satins; and go you back to your sister, and help her to pack up for the night-mail."

* * * * * *

Three more days have passed. It is evening. Rose, Trudaine, and Lomaque are seated together on the bench that overlooks the windings of the Seine. The old familiar scene spreads before them, beautiful as ever — unchanged, as if it was but yesterday since they had all looked on it for the last time.

They talk together seriously

and in low voices. The same recollections fill their hearts — recollections which they refrain from acknowledging, but the influence of which each knows by instinct that the other partakes. Sometimes one leads the conversation, sometimes another; but whoever speaks, the topic chosen is always, as if by common consent, a topic connected with the future.

The evening darkens in, and Rose is the first to rise from the bench. A secret look of intelligence passes between her and her brother; and then she speaks to Lomaque.

"Will you follow me into the house," she asks, "with as little delay as possible? I have something that I very much wish to show you."

Her brother waits till she is out of hearing; then inquires anxiously what has happened at Paris since the night when he and Rose left it.

"Your sister is free," Lomaque answers.

"The duel took place, then?"

"The same day. They were both to fire together. The second of his adversary asserts that he was paralysed with terror: his own second declares that he was resolved, however he might have lived, to confront death courageously by offering his life at the first fire to the man whom he had injured. Which account is true, I know not. It is only certain that he did not discharge his pistol; that he fell by his antagonist's first bullet; and that he never spoke afterwards."

"And his mother?"

"It is hard to gain information. Her doors are closed; the old servant guards her with jealous care. A medical man is in constant attendance, and there are reports in the house that the illness from which she is suffering affects her mind more than her body. I could ascertain no more."

After that answer they both remain silent for a little while — then rise from the bench and walk towards the house.

"Have you thought yet about preparing your sister to hear of all that has happened?" Lomaque asks, as he sees the lamplight glimmering in the parlour-window.

"I shall wait to prepare her till we are settled again here — till the first holiday pleasure of our return has worn off, and the quiet realities of our every-day life of old have resumed their way," answers Trudaine.

They enter the house. Rose beckons to Lomaque to sit down near her, and places pen and ink and an open letter before him.

"I have a last favour to ask of you," she says, smiling.

"I hope it will not take long to grant," he rejoins; "for I have only to-night to be with you. To-morrow morning, before you are up, I must be on my way back to Chalons."

"Will you sign that letter?" she continues, still smiling, "and then give it to me to send to the

post? It was dictated by Louis, and written by me, and it will be quite complete if you will put your name at the end of it."

"I suppose I may read it?"

She nods, and Lomaque reads these lines: —

"CITIZEN,—I beg respectfully to apprise you that the commission you entrusted to me at Paris has been performed.

"I have also to beg that you will accept my resignation of the place I hold in your counting-house. The kindness shown me by you and your father emboldens me to hope that you will learn with pleasure the motive of my withdrawal. Two friends of mine who consider that they are under some obligations to me, are anxious that I should pass the rest of my days in the quiet and protection of their home. Troubles of former years have knit us together as closely as if we were all three members of one family. I need the repose of a happy fireside as much as any man, after the life I have led; and my friends assure me so earnestly that their whole hearts are set on establishing the old man's easy chair by their hearth, that I cannot summon resolution enough to turn my back on them and their offer.

"Accept then, I beg of you, the resignation which this letter contains, and with it the assurance of my sincere gratitude and respect.

"To Citizen Clairfait, Silk Mercer,
Chalons-sur-Marne."

After reading those lines, Lomaque turned round to Trudaine and attempted to speak; but the words would not come at command. He looked up at Rose, and tried to smile; but his lip only trembled. She dipped the pen in the ink, and placed it in his hand. He bent his head down quickly over the paper, so that she could not see his face; but still he did not write his name. She put her hand caressingly on his shoulder, and whispered to him: —

"Come, come, humour 'Sister Rose.' She must have her own way now she is back again at home."

He did not answer — his head sank lower — he hesitated for an instant — then signed his name in faint, trembling characters at the end of the letter.

She drew it away from him gently. A few tear-drops lay on the paper. As she dried them with her handkerchief she looked at her brother.

"They are the last he shall ever shed, Louis, you and I will take care of that!"

BABY BEATRICE.

WHO brought baby Beatrice?
Out of the cold, out of the rain,
Out of the March-gust wet and hollow,
Twittering faint like a nestling swallow;
Ruffled and scared by the mad storm's kiss,
She came and tapp'd at the window-pane;
Down from God's garden the rough wind brought her,
With silken wings aching,
And timid heart quaking.
So gladly we open'd our arms and caught her,
And the wild bird changed to a tiny daughter.

Who found baby Beatrice?
Under the briars and grass-tufts wet,
Under the larch-cones pink and pouting,
Half pursed up with a shy misdoubting
Whether 'twere wiser to cry or kiss,
She sate, like a sweet March violet.
Down from God's chaplet an angel brought her,
With dewy eyes gleaming,
And leafy heart dreaming.
So softly we parted the boughs, and sought her,
And the hedge-flower changed to a tiny daughter.

All know baby Beatrice!
With her clear eyes, nor sly nor simple,
And merry bright curls of sunstreak'd brown,
Her broad brow arch'd for a laurel crown,
Her shy lip curved for a mother's kiss,
Ankle and wrist that a fay might own,
Waxen cheeks with a lurking dimple,
A two years' shape, a six years' air,
A neck as white as the lily's wimple.
And better and happier far than this,
To keep her from doing or dreaming amiss,
Two guardian spirits hold her in care,
Whom wizards twain of matchless mind,
The greatest that ever have witch'd mankind,
Sang into being from ether and flame,
And gave to the nursling to brighten her name;
Dante for Italy, where her life groweth,
Shakespeare for England, whence her blood floweth.
She has Beatrice dark, and Beatrice fair,
Beatrice saint, and Beatrice woman.
One throned with the angels in deep blue air,
One sporting and jesting with all things human.
The wand of dominion they hold by turns,
Calling glad smiles to the eyes that love her,
Whether of this one or that she learns.
For her little bright soul, like a glassy stream,
Changing and ranging from shade to beam,
Tells which of her name-saints bends above her.

Now 'tis grave-eyed Beatrice!
And tender and still as a new-made bride,
Her baby Saintship puts aside
Her frolicsome freaks, with deep eyes glistening,
And sits as her inner sense were listening
To a heartful of plaintive melodies.
Or over the cups of the wind-flowers pied,
After her sweet and earnest fashion,
She folds soft hands of adoration.
With such pure worship, through lawn and dell
The stern world-poet of heaven and hell
Saw Beatrice the angel glide
Over the golden and crimson blossoms
Of the penal mount, whose clear deep tide
"The brown perpetual shade" embosoms.
A lonely maiden who roam'd along,
Choosing fresh flowers to match her song.

Anon 'tis madcap Beatrice!
Hazel-eyed Beatrice — flirt and sinner!
And straight her baby highness pleases
To banter her subjects, and twits and teazes,
(Shrieking with laughter and wild caprice,)
Her luckless Benedicks, frock'd and belted,
Who, spite of their sighs, get pinch'd and pelted.
Yet warm sweet womanhood buds within her,
Making her helpful, and kind, and tender
To all weak creatures that chance may send her.
Kitten and cur
Call friends with her,
And she rights their wrongs with a mighty stir,
Protecting, directing, and making them share
Her pretty previsions of motherly care.
With such warm service at Sicily's court,
The wise world-poet of sooth and sport
Saw Beatrice, the madcap, stand
(To never a jest nor a gibe replying),
And wring the glove from her small clench'd hand,
Looking hot scorn on the courtiers bland,
At sight of her "sweet coz" wrong'd and dying.
A brave true woman who sobb'd and spake,
"O were I man for my cousin's sake!"

Bless thee, baby Beatrice
Bright little lode-star of many a love
Cherish'd and cherishing, priceless possession!
Say an amen to my heart's profession; —
The pretty so be it of one sweet kiss!
Then sleep, to the music that lull'd thee above,
For once on his bosom an angel wore thee.
Therefore thou earnest
Smiles from the sternest;
Therefore God's garden yet blooms before thee,
Rock'd in thy dream on the heart that bore thee.

PHYSIC A-FIELD.

PHYSIC was all a-field with the learned two or three centuries

ago, and it is so still with the unlearned in our villages and country towns.

Here is a book printed in black letter, which contains nearly eight hundred prescriptions, under the title of "A Rich Storehouse or Treasurie for the Diseased, wherein are many approved medicines for divers and sundrie diseases which have beene long hidden, and not come to light before this time. First, set forth for the benefit of the poorer sorte of people, that are not of abilitie to goe to the Physicians." The book was published upwards of two centuries ago, and marvellous as its ideas may now seem to educated people, it is proper to state that few of them are altogether obsolete, that at least every one can be matched with some notion of its kind that will look quite as absurd in the light of existing knowledge.

Physic a-field did not overlook even the blades of meadow-grass. And who that took note of the grass would overlook the little modest, crimson-tippit flower which a good modern poet has characterised in a tooth-breaking line as: —

"Fringed with pink-tipped petals piled."

"Take a good quantitie of small daysies," says Master Blower, author of the Treasurie, "and boyle them in a little faire running water, and straine them, and let the patient drinke the juyce thereof and it will cure him of the ague."

Such being the strength of daisies, of course primroses assert their power. It was not the fault of the simple gatherer if the poets talked of The rath Primrose that forsaken blooms; by him, at least, its blossoms were sought after. Powder of primroses blown into the nose through a quill, is recommended by Master Blower, as a certain cure for stoppage in the nose and head resulting from a cold.

When a man feels weak in the back let him "Take a quart of sacke, a top of rosemary, wintersucory, and peniroyall, of each a like quantitie, ginger and nuttmeggs, as much as will burne the wine: then take two new-laid egs, yolkes and all, and temper them with three or foure spoonefulls of red rose-water, and put thereto a good piece of fine suger, then take the burnt sacke and burn it again with the egges, and put into it a little mace, and it will be in manner of a caudle, and let the patient drinke this thrice a day (that is to say) in the morning fasting, after dinner, and when he goeth to bed, and this will help him in a short space. For it hathe beene well proved." A sort of thing, in fact, which nobody would be remiss in putting to good proof. Very good stuff to recommend poor people to get themselves, and sure enough to do them good. So is this excellent good jelly to be made and had for one that is in a consumption: — "Take a cocke or capon that is new killed, and scalde him and wash him cleane,

then take a legge of veale and cut away all the fat from it, and let the cocke and veale lye in water for the space of foure or five houres, and seethe them together in a gallon of faire running water, and as it doth seethe still scum off the fat, untill you have left no fat at all upon it, and let it seeth continually over a soft fire untill halfe the broth bee consumed: then put into it rackt rhennish wine or else white wine, to the quantitie of a pottle, and then let it boyle all together untill it bee come to a quart, and then put therein the whites of three or four new-laid egs, and then clarifie it, and let it run thorow a ielly-bag, and put into it an ounce of synnamon grosse beaten and a pound of fine suger, and make a ielly thereof, and let the patient eat thereof cold, and hee shall receive much comfort thereby. This also good for many other diseases." A quart of jelly made out of a whole leg of veal, a capon, and a pottle of hock or moselle — to say nothing of the eggs thrown into it — ought certainly to do a poor man good. Here is a physic, expressly contrived by Master Blower, to relieve the fatigues of working-men: — "An approved medicine for one that is molten with over much trauell or labour, take a quart of good claret wine and seethe therein a good quantitie of barley, and make a posset with the same wine, and let the patient drinke three or foure times thereof warm (bedward) and it will help him."

Ralph Blower looked upon poor people as a rather jolly set of dogs, but he was sorry to think that their health should be sometimes injured by high feeding, and he therefore tells them of some remedies in case of "surfeit;" for example, he says: — "Take a good thick piece of white bred and toast it, and then dip the same in aqua-vite very well, and that being done, apply it to the stomache of the partie grieved, as hotte as possible hee may abide it, and let him be kept very warme, and this will presently help him."

To him who has sore eyes, Ralph Blower, greeting: — "Take rotten apples and distill them in a common stillatory, and with the water thereof wash your eyes often, and it will both cleanse and cleare your sight."

It is well at the same time to know by what things the eyes are damaged. They are the eating of garlic, onions, and leeks; or too much lettuce, travelling or moving about too sudden after meat; hot wines, cold air, milk, cheese; overmuch beholding of white and colours; much sleep after meat; too frequent blood-letting; colcworts; dust, fire, weeping and watching. Things good for the sight follow, and are "measurable sleep, red roses, vervain, fennel, celandine, pimpernell, oculus christi, rue, betony; to wash your eyes often with faire running water; to look upon any greene or pleasant colours — to

look often in a faire, pleasant and perfect glasse, and to wash your hands and feet very often." As for the washing of the body often, that was too much to ask.

Among things good for the heart are "saffron, cloves, muske, mirthe and gladnesse." And among things "ill for the heart," are "beans, pease, sadnesse, anger, onions, evil-tidings, losse of friends," &c. Prescriptions are given whereby "to open the pipes of the heart, being stopped," and also "to comfort the heart that is weak." They are not stupidly conceived, inasmuch as their base consists of "a pinte of sacke, also a pinte of malmesie."

"A rule to know what things are good and wholesome for the braines and what are not. Good for the braines: — To eat sage, but not overmuch at a time; to smell to camomill or musk; to drink wine measurably; to sleepe measurably; to hear but little noyse of musicke or singers." Learn, therefore, all people to absent themselves from operas and oratorios, and "to eat mustard and pepper; to keep the head warme; to wash the hands often; to walke measurably; to wash ye temples of the heade often with rose-water; to smell to red roses."

"Bad for the braines: — To sleepe much after meat; all manner of braines; gluttonie; drunkennesse; corrupt ayres; overmuch watching; overmuch colde; overmuch bathing; late suppers; anger; heavinesse of mind; to stand much bare-head; milke, cheese, garlicke, onions; to eat overmuch or hastily; overmuch heat in trauelling or labouring; overmuch knocking or noyse; to smell to a white rose."

Our forefathers and foremothers did not go a-field for physic only to find plants. Precious to them was the iuyce of an eel, a hedghog's fat, goose-grease, the fat of mice, cats, rabbits, moles and ducks, and doves; precious the fat that lies under the manes of horses. The gall of a goat or raven, the pith of an ox's back, the milk of a red cow, or of a cow all of one colour, a buck's-horn, the brain of a weazel, the blood of a stock-dove, and the "little bone that is in the knee-ioynt of the hinder legge of a hare, which will speedily helpe the crampe," all belong to Ralph Blower's pharmacy, and are still sought as remedies by many in our rural districts. — "A herring that is well-pickled and split on the belly-side, and warmed very hot, and layed on to both the soles of the feet, will helpe an ague."

Also, "snales wich bee in shells, beat together with bay salt and mallowes, and laid to the bottomes of your feet, and to the wristes of your hands, before the fit commeth, appeaseth the ague." "Twenty garden snales, beaten shelles and all, in

a morter, until you perceive them to be come to a salue, will both heale a bile and drawe it." "A drop or two of the iuyce of a black snale, dropped on a corne, with the powder of sandphere (samphire), will take it away speedilie."

A wine of earthworms, with a little scraped ivory and English saffron will do a man who has the iaundice "maruellous much good." Earthworms are also an infallible test in the diagnosis of king's euil. "Take a ground worme, and lay it aliue upon the place grieued, then take a greene dock-leafe or two, and lay them upon the worme, and then binde the same about the necke of the partie diseased, at night when hee goeth to bed, and in the morning when hee riseth take it off againe, and if it bee the king's euil the worme will turne into a powder or duste; otherwise the worme will remaine dead in his own former forme, as it was before aliue." For the cure of hooping-cough, "take a mouse and flea it, and drie it in ouen, and beate it to powder, and let the partie grieued drinke it in ale, and it will help him." For the cure of deafness, "take an hedgehog, and flea him and roste him, and let the patient put some of the grease that commeth from him, into his eare, with a little liquid storax mingled therewith, and he shall recover his hearing in a short space. This hath holpen some that could not heare almost any thing at all for the space of twentie yeares, and yet were holpen with this medicine." Or, "Take a goode siluer eele (if possibly shee may bee gotten) or else some other bright eele, and roste her upon a spitte, and let the dripping of her be kept very cleane in some earthen vessell, and when you do goe to bed put the quantitie of a quarter of a spoonfulle thereof at a time into your eare, and then stop it up with a little of the wooll that groweth betwixt the two eares of a black sheepe, and the next night following use the contrary eare, as afore is said, and so continue this for the space of nine or ten dayes, and it will helpe you."

The marrow of swine's feet is a cosmetic if applied with the juice of a lemon, cow's milk, and rose-water. Master Blower shows also, how by the use of compounds similar to these already described, "to take away the pimples and high colour out of one's face, be it never so farre spent and gone" — "to make one's face faire, cleare, and to shine" — "to cause one to looke with a faire and goode colour, be hee never so pale-faced and wanne." Gout is cured by an oil got from moles that have been potted and buried for a month. This, too, is "An excellent goode oyntment for the gowt. — Take a fat goose and plucke her, and dresse her as if shee should be eaten: then stuffe the belly of her with 3 or 4 younge cats, well

chopped into small pieces, with a handfulle of bay salt, and 20 snales, and then sewe up her belly againe, and roste her at a small fire, and saue all the dripping of her, and keepe it for a precious oyntment." The use of young cats "well chopped into small pieces," certainly is not extinct among the "poorer sorte of people," but they belong now to food rather than medicine, being not seldom supplied in the form of saveloys.

"A very good medicine to stanch bloud, when nothing else will doe it, by reason the veine is cut, or that the wound is great: — Take a toad and drie him very well in the sunne, and then put him into a linnen bagge, and hang him about the necke of him that bleedeth with a string, and let it hang so low that it may touch his brest on the left side neere unto his heart; and commonly this will stay all manner of bleeding at the mouth, nose, wounde, or otherwise whatsoever."

Ralph Blower, who finds "the poorer sort of people" able to surfeit upon claret, sack, and capons, is a man able to get blood out of a stone. "Take," he says, "a stone that is white, and hath red veines in it, and boyle it in a quart of new milke, untill one halfe of the milke be consumed, and then let the patient drinke often thereof and hee shall find great virtue therein." A wine made of flint stones he recommends also as a good thing to drink in case of gout.

Potable gold was still remembered as a medicine in those days. This is a "sovereign drink for any infected person," in R. B.'s opinion. "Take a piece of fine gold, and put it into the iuyce of lemmons, for the space of foure and twentie houres, and put to it a little powder of angelica-roots, mingled with white-wine, and let the patient drinke a goode draught thereof. This is a most precious drinke, and it is greatly to be wondered at what helpe and remedie some that vsed this drinke have had thereby, although it hath beene supposed by many learned physicians that sicke persons were past all hope of remedie; yet by God's providence they have recovered againe." That was a remedy as good as gold against infection. But, infection being taken, here we are told of an "experienced medicine for the plague." — "Take a cocke, a chicken, or a pullet, and pull off all the feathers cleane off the taile, so that the pumpe may be bare, and then hold the bare place to the sore, and immediately you shall see the cocke, chicken, or pullet gape and labour for life, and in the end it will dye: then take another cocke, chicken, or pullet againe, and doe the like, and if the same dye, then take another, and so doe as aforesaid, and let the party grieued be applyed there-

with as aforesaid, as long as any of them doe dye."

That is abominable. Now for something horrible.

"It is saide many men have been cured of the falling euill (epilepsy) by drinking of the powder of dead men's skulles burnt. The skulle of a dead man whereon mosse groweth, being taken and washed very cleane, and dryed in an ouen, and then beaten to powder, will cure this infirmitie, although the partie grieued have been troubled therewith many yeares before. But this skulle must be the skulle of one that hath beene slaine, or of one that was hanged, or that came to a sudden death, and not the skulle of one that dyed of any sicknesse, or else by other maladies growing of long continuance in the head."

By this spectre of a prescription we are fairly frightened out of Mr. Blower's churchyard. It is not a very long way in the churchyard from the daisy to the dead man's skull, and just so deeply we have dug, through snails and moles and worms. Therefore, at least, if for no worse reason, "the Rich Store House" filled by Mr. Blower's wit may be as fairly called a churchyard as a surgery.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

FROM VARNA TO RUSTCHUK.

I HAD a uniform in a tin box — a German tin box, which of course would neither shut nor open. I had that most awkward of all things to pack, a cocked-hat-case, and a long frail slender sword. I was perfectly right in resolving to take these things, encumbrances as they are; for, in passing through a war-country, I might come to grief, and in all lands under despotic governments — in Russia, or in lands semi-Russianised, such as Wallachia, Moldavia, the Banat, Poland and Hungary, as well as in Austria, Prussia, and even Bavaria and Saxony — a uniform goes a great way; and, whichever route I might finally decide on taking to England, it was extremely probable that my uniform might come in very seasonably in the case of any untoward occurrence. I had also two leather portmanteaus which might have been dispensed with, if British friends and relatives were not always so anxious to receive presents from the East. I had two carpet bags, one oke (about two British pounds) of Constantinople tobacco, — a great treat to any one living away from the capital. I had six game pies as a provision for the road, and which turned out to be worse than unnecessary. I had a short great-coat, a mackintosh and a thick Albanian cloak which were very well worth their carriage. If I were going to make the same journey again I would take a uniform, most certainly, a complete oversuit of mackintosh or oilskin, including leggings and

coverings for the feet, but I would unhesitatingly reduce the rest of my luggage to the smallest of all possible carpet-bags, and buy such things as I wanted for immediate use in the towns upon my way.

However, there these things were now, piled up (a disheartening heap!) in the court of a dirty inn at Varna, and the difficulty was how to get them away. The luggage delayed us at least six and thirty hours in the comparatively short distance between Varna and Rustchuk. We could not go more than three miles an hour because of them, and we might have gone always five, and sometimes seven or eight. The portmanteaus were particularly difficult things to gird on the pack-horses; but at last we contrived means by which, with a great expenditure of time and rope, we succeeded in lashing them on with some degree of security. To be sure they galled the horses cruelly wherever their sharp edges and angles happened to touch them; but we could get along, and that is the most which can be fairly said.

We started from Varna long before daylight, and I could not help reflecting that the style in which we were travelling was very much the same as that which was usual in England during the reign of Elizabeth. So rode the courtly Raleigh nourishing ambitious dreams and fancies of new worlds. So rode bluff Suffolk and the stately Earl of Leicester, when he sped upon his stolen visits to his hidden bride, and so came Master Shakespeare from Stratford to London in fifteen hundred and eighty-seven. The usages of all countries are the same in the same stage of history. Ay! even to the food the people eat, and the manner of dressing it. The clothes they wear; their houses, and their very minds.

Our Sourondjee, or hired groom, sent to take care of the horses, rode first. Then came our pack-horses, the halter of the foremost tied on to the tail of the Sourondjee's horse, and the second pack-horse's halter made fast in the same way to the tail of the other. To this one again was lashed on an extra horse on which to shift the whole or any portion of another's burthen if it should prove too heavy, or if a horse should by mischance fall lame; our Tatar or armed guide, guard and courrier, brought up the rear. In his hand he carried a long whip, and with this sometimes he lashed the post-horses, sometimes their owner.

Lastly, rode we, a merry company smoking and chatting along the wild romantic road, but also having a sort of crook in our lots with respect to our saddles, which were Turkish wooden saddles, bought at Varna, and made up of galling red cloth and fringe, exasperating brass nails rudely stuck in the most impossible places, and unexpected bumps wherever they ought not

to have been. We thought naturally enough of the testy invalid who cursed his bed, because the longer he lay in it the harder it grew. As for the Turkish stirrups they were neither more or less than a pair of excruciating stocks for the feet, and their mere weight and shortness kept them so close to the horses' sides and forced our knees into so torturing and unnatural a position that it is odd they were not dislocated. The horses, which cost two piastres and a half each per hour, were small, wiry little things of wonderful endurance, though not much courage and action. They were half starved also, and quite worn out by the marchings and counter-marchings of officers speeding hither and thither on military service, and couriers carrying despatches from the seat of war on which the fate of a beleaguered city or an army might depend. In any case, however, they would have been inferior to the horses of Asia Minor or Syria, and other parts of Turkey.

Upon the whole I do not remember to have ever travelled through a country more uninteresting to the mere wayfarer than Bulgaria. It is, indeed, comparatively untrodden, and I dare say that a person who was disposed to spend any considerable time in exploring it, would be extremely well rewarded for the trouble and the many privations he would be obliged to experience in so doing. Many curious ancient games and customs, I know, may still be witnessed lingering among the inhabitants of its rarely-disturbed villages, and some singular glimpses of a society and local institutions of which we absolutely know nothing, would repay him at every step. The country abounds with game, and the sportsman would hear the echo of few guns but his own in its boundless covers and marshes, which are quite alive with waterfowl. The villagers also, knowing nothing of the common golden British traveller, are hospitable, without thought of gain; and a shilling or two a-day would be the utmost he could spend.

A passenger, however, who is obliged to keep the high road enjoys none of these advantages. All the richest and pleasantest of the villages are built in secluded nooks, as far away from the road as possible. It is difficult to find them without careful inquiry; and a stranger would excite as much astonishment as he felt. If any consular dignitary or tax-gathering Pasha had recently passed that way, he would also create some alarm; so that, if alone, he might be in danger. He should therefore go with one or two attached attendants, perfectly familiar with the country, as well as with the language and habits of the people.

The Greek population is, of course, far the most numerous; but they are said to have well deserved a very ill reputation.

They are generally considered as cunning, insincere, and dishonest, so that it would be well to sojourn among the Turks whenever a preference was possible. The Bulgarians and the Arabs are remarkable as being the best grooms in Turkey, and the Bulgarians, as a rule, are even better than the Arabs. I am unable to explain this on any supposition save the extraordinary value that horses acquire in a flat marshy country, where the distances between the towns and villages are very great, and not easily traversed on foot. Bulgaria is also a corn country, where horses are in much demand for field-labour and are cheaply kept. It is worthy of observation that they are comparatively seldom harnessed; the ploughs and small agricultural waggons of the country are almost entirely drawn by oxen.

The post-houses are usually about five or six miles apart, and it is seldom indeed that a house intervenes, or that any object of interest whatever is seen upon the road. The postmasters are required by law to furnish food to travellers on demand, and at moderate prices. It is seldom, however, that anything eatable is to be obtained from them, and any traveller of even minor importance will therefore do well to ask for the house of the first man in the village at which he halts; and, riding unhesitatingly up to it, ask entertainment for himself and suite. It will be readily accorded. Food is excellent and plentiful everywhere except at the post-houses; and, as any person other than a consular magnate, would take care to give a present in proportion to his consumption and the trouble he occasioned, no party concerned would have the smallest reason to be dissatisfied with the result of the visit.

THE MUSE IN LIVERY.

There is a volume of verse too little known for which I must express a particular liking. It is a thin octavo, printed at London in seventeen hundred and thirty-two. The frontispiece is curious. It represents a young man who, although his right leg is tied to a log inscribed Despair, and his left leg is tied by a chain of Poverty to a never-ceasing circle of Misery, Folly, and Ignorance, is grasping at the tree of Happiness, Virtue, and Knowledge. His left hand, with which he is eagerly reaching at what he sees before him, is winged with Desire. His face is full of honest earnestness, and the title of his book is A Muse in Livery, or the Footman's Miscellany.

This humble Miscellany is dedicated to the subscribers. "I have not," he says, "the vanity to think it is to any merit in myself, or these poor performances, that I owe the honour of being allowed to place so many great names at the beginning of them.

No; I am very sensible it is, in some, who know my condition, from charity; in others, from generosity; and by many it is intended only as a compliment to the person whom I have the honour and (as I have just cause to esteem it) the happiness to serve." Few in his station of life, he justly remarks, are able to find leisure for verse; "and what," he exclaims, "can be expected from the pen of a poor footman? — a character that expresses a want both of friends, fortune, and all the advantages of a liberal education; but I will seek no other excuse for what follows, than the candour and good nature of my readers will, I hope, supply, when they recollect that the author lies under all the disadvantages of an uncultivated mind; his natural genius suppressed by the sense of his low condition — a condition from which he never hopes to rise, but by the goodness of Providence influencing some generous mind to support an honest and a grateful heart."

This honest and grateful heart was a native of Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, and a footman in the service of Lady Lowther, aunt to that rich Lord Lonsdale who died in eighteen hundred and two, with a small portion of his property — fifty thousand pounds — in gold, in his house. His name was Robert Dodsley; and the noble nature that assisted him to rise, and made him what he afterwards became — one of the most eminent publishers of his time — was no less a person than the poet Pope. When Dodsley doffed his livery, and sought to establish himself as a bookseller, Pope lent him one hundred pounds, to open a shop, and, better still, made him his own publisher.

But I am forestalling events; for I have not yet done with the little volume of verse, A Muse in Livery. The most characteristic, if not the best poem in his Footman's Miscellany, is, The Footman: an Epistle to his friend, Mr. Wright, in which he describes, with graphic power, and great ease of versification, his daily life during a London season.

Dear Friend, — Since I am now at leisure,
And in the country taking pleasure,
If it be worth your while to hear
A silly Footman's business there,
I 'll try to tell in easy rhyme
How I in London spend my time.
And first.
As soon as laziness will let me,
I rise from bed and down I sit me,
To cleaning glasses, knives, and plate,
And such like dirty work as that
Which, by-the-bye, is what I hate.
This done, with expeditious care,
To dress myself I straight prepare.
I clean my buckles, black my shoes,
Powder my wig and brush my clothes —
Take off my beard and wash my face,
And then I 'm ready for the chase.
Down comes my lady's woman strait:
Where 's Robin? Here! Pray take your Hat,
And go — and go — and go — and go —;
And this — and that desire to know.
The charge received, away run I,
And here, and there, and yonder fly,
With Services, and How-d'ye-does;
Then home return full fraught with news.
Here some short time does interpose,
'Till warm effluvias greet my nose,

Which from the spits and kettles fly,
Declaring dinner-time is nigh.
To lay the cloth I now prepare,
With uniformity and care;
In order knives and forks are laid,
With folded napkins, salt, and bread:
The sideboards glittering, too, appear,
With plate, and glass, and china-ware.
Then ale, and beer, and wine decanted,
And all things ready which are wanted,
The smoking dishes enter in,
To stomachs sharp a grateful scene;
Which on the table being placed,
And some few ceremonies past,
They all sit down, and fall to eating,
Whilst I behind stand silent waiting.
This is the only pleasant hour
Which I have in the twenty-four;
For whilst I unregarded stand,
With ready salver in my hand,
And seem to understand no more
Than just what 's called for, out to pour;
I hear, and mark the courtly phrases,
And all the elegance that passes;
Disputes maintained without digression,
With ready wit, and fine expression;
The laws of true politeness stated,
And what good-breeding is, debated;
Where all unanimously exclude
The vain coquet, the formal prude,
The ceremonious, and the rude.
The flattering, fawning, praising train;
The fluttering, empty, noisy, vain;
Detraction, smut, and what 's profane.
This happy hour elaps'd and gone,
The time of drinking tea comes on.
The kettle fill'd, the water boil'd,
The cream provided, biscuits pil'd,
And lamp prepar'd; I strait engage
The Lilliputian equipage
Of dishes, saucers, spoons, and tongs,
And all th' etcetera which thereto belongs.
Which rang'd in order and decorum,
I carry in, and set before 'em;
Then pour or Green, or Bohea out,
And, as commanded, hand about.
This business over, presently
The hour of visiting draws nigh;
The chairmen strait prepare the chair,
A lighted flambeau I prepare;
And orders given where to go,
We march along, and bustle thro'
The parting crouds, who all stand off
To give us room. O how you'd laugh!
To see me strut before a chair,
And with a sturdy voice and air
Crying, By your leave, sir! have a care!
From place to place with speed we fly,
And rat-tatat the knockers cry:
Pray, is your lady, sir, within?
If no, go on; if yes, we enter in.
Then to the Hall I guide my steps
Amongst a croud of brother skips,
Drinking small beer, and talking smut,
And this fool's nonsense putting that fool's out;
Whilst oaths and peals of laughter meet,
And he who's loudest is the greatest wit.
But here amongst us the chief trade is
To rail against our lords and ladies;
To aggravate their smallest failings,
T' expose their faults with saucy railings.
For my part, as I hate the practice,
And see in them how base and black 'tis,
To some bye place I therefore creep,
And sit me down, and feign to sleep;
And could I with old *Morpheus* bargain
'Twould save my ears much noise and jargon.
But down my lady comes again,
And I 'm released from my pain.
To some new place our steps we bend,
The tedious evening out to spend,
Sometimes, perhaps, to see the play,
Assembly, or the opera;
Then home and sup, and thus we end the day.

There are many versifiers considered as poets by the charity of criticism, whose rhymes have found a place in the great body of English poetry, whose unliveried muses have written infinitely worse than Lady Lowther's footman.

No one has told us when and how the Muse in Livery became acquainted with the Muse at Twickenham. "All fly to Twickenham" is Pope's own bill of complaint against the fraternity of scribblers who molested him on Sunday; and it is probable that Dodsley introduced himself to the poet by a copy of complimentary verses, for the little nightingale was not averse to

flattery. But an easier mode of introduction may reasonably be inferred. The Muse in Livery left the service of Lady Lowther, and entered that of Charles Dartiqueneuve, Esq., a great epicure, whose ham pie is made immortal by Pope. Darty — for so he was called by his acquaintances as well as by the poet — is described by Swift in his Journal to Stella thus briefly: "Do you not know Dartiqueneuve? That is the man that knows everything and that everybody knows — the greatest punner of the town next myself." Here he easily attained that relish for good bits and good sups which he continued to like, though never to any excess of indulgence. Darty was, it is said, the natural son of Charles the Second by a foreign lady, and his portrait in the Kit-Kat series seems to support a belief (unless it suggested it) that was once very general. But he has other claims to our remembrance; he is the author of one of the best papers in The Tatler.

While still in service, and anxiously longing for that time when he could emerge from a position distasteful to his feelings and cultivate the natural ambition of bettering himself in the world, the Muse in Livery produced a farce called The Toyshop, which by Pope's interest Rich was induced to exhibit on the stage. The Toyshop took the town; and though it has more merit in dialogue than construction, and is fitter for perusal than representation, it continued a stock-piece, and was acted at Drury Lane within the memory of many who are now alive. The first night was the third of February, seventeen hundred and thirty-five, and the place of representation Covent Garden Theatre.

It was in the same year (when George the Second was king) that the Muse in Livery appeared as a publisher in Pall Mall. There was something of the footman, as well as of the sensible shopman, in this selection of a locality. This was the first move westward of the publishing interest, for Lintot lived in Fleet Street, and Tonson, his rival, in the Strand. Oddly enough, both Lintot and Tonson were removed by death almost within a year of the appearance of Dodsley as a publisher. There was therefore a good opening for an enterprising successor, and Dodsley availed himself of the opportunity with equal energy and prudence. Tully's Head was the sign of his shop, and an epic in quarto his first publication.

In the present state of poetry, neither Mr. Murray nor Mr. Moxon would recommend a young publisher to have anything whatever to do with an epic in any shape. But when Dodsley flourished, poetry was not, as now, a drug in the market, and the epic put forth from Tully's head — it was the Leonidas of Glover — was a successful hit. Glover was a young merchant in the City, of

wealth and family, and with a good West-end and Court interest. His book sold, and Dodsley was encouraged into other speculations.

Pope, who seems to have employed more publishers than any other poet, came to Dodsley's assistance, and the second publication of the Muse out of Livery was "The Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace, translated by Mr. Pope," printed in folio, price one shilling. This was followed the next year by "The Universal Prayer, by the author of the Essay on Man." The Prayer was published in folio and octavo, and had a large and immediate run. The folio price was sixpence. Another publication which Pope entrusted the same year to Dodsley was his Satire by way of a Second Dialogue, called One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight, of which the sale was very large and very profitable.

In the year in which these poems were published, two men — whose names are now known wherever letters are known — found their way to Tully's Head in Pall Mall, both bringing poems for publication. One was Richard Savage, with a Volunteer Laureat; the other was Samuel Johnson, with his London, a Poem in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal. Dodsley published both poems. Johnson read his London to Doddy — as he delighted to call him — and observed with proper pride, that the Tonson of Tully's Head had spoken of it as a creditable thing to be concerned in. At a future conference he bought it outright for ten guineas. "I might perhaps have accepted less," said Johnson to Boswell; "but that Paul Whitehead had a little before got ten guineas for a poem, and I would not take less than Paul Whitehead." Dodsley did well with this purchase; for London was in a second edition within a week, and in a fourth edition within a year.

Dodsley was not so happy with his next publication. This was a satire, entitled Manners, by Paul Whitehead — a small poet — for which both poet and publisher were summoned before the House of Lords. Whitehead, who hung loose on society, sculked and escaped, but Dodsley's shop and family made his appearance necessary. After a week's confinement, and on his petition, he was, on his knees, reprimanded by the Lord Chancellor, and discharged on paying the fees. The whole process, it is thought, was intended rather to intimidate Pope than punish Whitehead. Pope understood it as such, and suppressed a third Dialogue. The complaint was made by Sherlock, Bishop of Salisbury. The fees were seventy pounds.

The money lost by this prosecution was more than made up by the active sympathy expressed in his behalf. The next morning, as he told Dr. Warton, the neighbouring street was crowded with

the carriages of some of the first noblemen and gentlemen, who came to offer him their services and to be his bail. Among those who thus honoured him, he named to Warton, five lords, Chesterfield, Marchmont, Granville, Bathurst, and Essex, and two well-known members of the House of Commons, Mr. Pulteney and Mr. Lyttelton.

Dodsley's next publications of note were the Night Thoughts of Dr. Young (of which he published the first six) and The Pleasures of Imagination, of Dr. Akenside. For the first three Night Thoughts he gave two hundred guineas, and for Akenside's poem one hundred and twenty pounds. Speaking of Akenside's poem, Johnson observes, "I have heard Dodsley, by whom it was published, relate, that when the copy was offered him, the price demanded for it, which was a hundred and twenty pounds, being such as he was not inclined to give precipitately, he carried the work to Pope, who, having looked into it, advised him not to make a niggardly offer, for this was no every-day writer."

His business as a bookseller did not altogether interfere with his cultivation of the Muse. In seventeen hundred and forty-three he published The Cave, of Pope — a Prophecy — in which he foretells the interest and veneration with which the grotto of the poet will be viewed hereafter by pilgrims from all parts of the world; and the next year, on the death of Pope, he produced a copy of verses, in which he speaks of himself as the poet's humblest friend, and of the grateful tear he has to pay to so honoured a memory.

As a publisher he did not confine his attention to the manuscripts submitted to his judgment: but carried out happy suggestions of his own. Thus we owe to him that excellent collection of our old plays, known as Dodsley's Collection, of which the first edition, in ten neat pocket-volumes, included fifty plays. To this sensible and industrious man we are indebted for that collection of scattered poetry of his own time, still known as Dodsley's Collection, to which he was fond of appealing, and of which the first edition, in three volumes, appeared in seventeen hundred and forty-eight. To the same tact in supplying the public we were indebted for an evening newspaper — The London Chronicle, or Universal Evening Post, that rendered admirable service in its day; it was published thrice a week, and had the largest continental sale of any newspaper of its time. But a greater obligation that we owe to him is that of the Annual Register, which still usefully exists, and which Robert Dodsley had the sense to start, and to employ as its editor a young man then but little known — Edmund Burke. Few booksellers have been more happy in their judgment of what is good than the livery-servant turned

publisher. "Dodsley," said Johnson, "first mentioned to me the scheme of an English Dictionary, but I had long thought of it."

It has been well remarked that the successors of The Spectator and the Tatler, even those that have been most popular, have not been fortunate in their titles. There is, however, an exception, and that is in the title of The World, to which Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole were among the earliest and most constant contributors. This significant title was given to it by the sensible publisher of it, Mr. Robert Dodsley, who at a meeting held for the purpose of a name, universally gave the preference to his proposal to any they had suggested themselves, or had heard suggested. A happy title, it has been said, is half a success.

It was the good fortune of Dodsley to rank among his friends the best authors of the age in which he lived, and to have been the publisher of some of the best. I have already enumerated Pope, Dr. Young, Akenside, the two Wartons, and Dr. Johnson; I have now to add Shenstone, Bishop Percy, Spence, and John Dyer to the list of authors who were often at Tully's Head, and that from Dodsley's shop in Pall Mall issued the first editions of Gray's Elegy, of Gray's Odes, of Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes, of Goldsmith's first work, of Sterne's Tristram Shandy, and of Percy's Reliques.

Johnson was particularly partial to Dodsley, or Doddy, as he delighted to call him. Doddy gave him one hundred pounds for his tragedy of Irene, and fifteen guineas for his Vanity of Human Wishes; the former sum was too much, the latter too little.

Whilst Dodsley was busy concocting new publications to take the taste of the town, he published a poem of his own in blank verse called Public Virtue, and sought to pit, box, and gallery it by a tragedy called Cleone. The poem was a failure, (Public Virtue he discovered was not a subject to interest the age), but the tragedy was a hit. Cleone had been refused by Garrick, then manager supreme at Drury Lane. This was galling to a man who had given laws to letters for some twenty years, and was still a judge looked up to by young and old. But the success of the play was not a little annoying to Garrick. They had quarrelled about its appearance, they had now a new quarrel about its success, and it was said by Johnson could not *conveniently* quarrel any more. The first night of Cleone, a Tragedy, was Saturday, the second of December, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-eight, and on Sunday morning the manager wrote to the bookseller sincerely congratulating him upon his last night's success. In the same brief letter Garrick expressed the concern with which he had heard

from some of Dodsley's friends, that his appearance in a new part on the same night, was designed to be detrimental to his play, and a wish to be informed how he could best support his interest in its continued success. To this Dodsley replied somewhat haughtily wishing that he could have thanked him for contributing in any way to its success. Garrick acknowledges the peevish answer of the poet-publisher to his well-meant proposal, and sinks in his address from "Dear Sir" to "Master Robert Dodsley." The letters may be seen in the Garrick Correspondence, though wrongly dated there. In any future edition of Boswell they should be particularly referred to in illustration of Johnson's letter about Garrick and Cleone.

Dodsley was present the first night, and could not have failed to contrast his then appearance, rich and successful and his own master, with his early attendance in livery in the footman's gallery, to carry a flambeau in the streets before his mistress's chair. "Cleone was well acted," says Dr. Johnson, writing to Langton, "but Bellamy left nothing to be desired. I went the first night, and supported it as well as I might; for Doddy you know is my patron, and I would not desert him. The play was very well received. Doddy, after the danger was over, went every night to the stage-side, and cried at the distress of poor Cleone." To this account we are enabled to add two illustrations new to the editors of Boswell. Dodsley dedicates his play to the witty Earl of Chesterfield, and I have seen a letter from the earl to the poet, in which he says, "you should also instruct the actors not to mouth out the y in the name of Siffroy, as if they were crying oysters." The other illustration is more important. Johnson's picture of Doddy at his own play is supported by Churchill.

> Let them with Dodsley wail Cleone's woes
> Whilst he, fine feeling creature all in tears,
> Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping peers.

Long after Dodsley's death, Mrs. Siddons appeared as Cleone. Doddy would have died of mixed grief and delight had he lived to see Mrs. Siddons in his favourite character. But Mrs. Siddons could not support the play, and Cleone has joined the limbo of abdicated and rejected pieces.

Doddy was now rich and well to do, with a brother as a partner, to assist him in his business; keeping good company, and enjoying himself at his own table, in the society of the best authors. His liberality was long remembered. Three-and-thirty years after his death, the elegance and hospitality of the house at Tully's Head are recorded, in print, by the elder Warton. "I reflect with pleasure," he says, "on the number of eminent men I have met at Dodsley's table." "The true

Noctes Atticæ," Johnson used to say, "are revived at honest Dodsley's house." Nor was he ashamed of his early condition in the world. When Boswell observed, that Mr. Robert Dodsley's life should be written, "I doubt," said Johnson, "whether Dodsley's brother would thank a man who should write his Life; yet Dodsley himself was not unwilling that his original low condition should be recollected. When Lord Lyttleton's Dialogues of the Dead came out, one of which is between Apicius, an ancient epicure, and Dartiqueneuve, a modern epicure, Dodsley said to me, 'I knew Dartiqueneuve well, for I was once his footman.'"

This modest, clever, and useful man (whose features have been preserved by the pencil of Sir Joshua) died at Durham, in the year seventeen hundred and sixty-four, while on a visit to his friend, Mr. Spence, then a prebendary of that cathedral, and was buried on the north side of the cathedral, beneath a stone recently repaired by the interposition of the Rev. James Raine, the friend of Surtees, and the learned continuator of his History of Durham. If Dodsley were but a poor poet, he did not die of a poet's complaint. The disease that carried him off was gout. His old master could not have died of a more epicurean complaint.

I cannot quit this subject without referring to another case of a man emancipating himself from the badge of livery and soaring into public distinction — of one who rose from being footman to a duchess, to be his Majesty's postmaster-general, and whose only child was that secretary of state, — to whom Addison bequeathed his works, in an exquisite Dedication, well known to all readers of a classic author, and whose early death Pope bewailed, in a poem of great beauty. The father of Mr. Secretary Craggs was nothing more considerable at his first appearance in the world than footman to Lady Mary Mordaunt; and yet, as Lady Wortley Montagu informs us, the meanness of his education never appeared in his conversation.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE HUMBUGS.

On the following night, Hansardadade proceeded with:

THE STORY OF THE TALKATIVE BARBER.

In the great plain which lies at the feet of the mountains of Casgar, and which is seven weeks' journey across, there is a city where a lame young man was once invited, with other guests, to an entertainment. Upon his entrance, the company already assembled rose up to do him honour, and the host taking him by the hand invited him to sit down with the rest upon the estrade. At the same time the

master of the house greeted his visitor with the salutation, Allah is Allah, there is no Allah but Allah, may his name be praised, and may Allah be with you!

Sire, the lame young man, who had the appearance of one that had suffered much, was about to comply with the invitation of the master of the house to seat himself upon the estrade with the rest of the company, when he suddenly perceived among them, a Barber. He instantly flew back with every token of abhorrence, and made towards the door. The master of the house, amazed at this behaviour, stopped him. Sir, exclaimed the young man, I adjure you by Mecca, do not stop me, let me go. I cannot without horror look upon that abominable Barber. Upon him and upon the whole of his relations be the curse of Allah, in return for all I have endured from his intolerable levity, and from his talk never being to the point or purpose! With these words, the lame young man again made violently towards the door. The guests were astonished at this behaviour, and began to have a very bad opinion of the Barber.

The master of the house so courteously entreated the lame young man to recount to the company the causes of this strong dislike, that at length he could not refuse. Averting his head so that he might not see the Barber, he proceeded. Gentlemen, you must know that this accursed Barber is the cause of my being crippled, and is the occasion of all my misfortunes. I became acquainted with him in the following manner.

I am called Publeek, or The Many Headed. I am one of a large family, who have undergone an infinite variety of adventures and afflictions. One day, I chanced to sit down to rest on a seat in a narrow lane, when a lattice over against me opened, and I obtained a glimpse of the most ravishing Beauty in the world. After watering a pot of budding flowers which stood in the window, she perceived me and modestly withdrew; but, not before she had directed towards me a glance so full of charms, that I screamed aloud with love and became insensible for a considerable time.

When I came to myself, I directed a favourite slave to make enquiries among the neighbours, and, on pain of death, to bring me an exact account of the young lady's family and condition. The slave acquitted himself so well, that he informed me within an hour that the young lady's name was Fair Guvawnment, and that she was the daughter of the chief Cadi. The violence of my passion became so great that I took to my bed that evening, fell into a fever, and was reduced to the brink of death, when an old lady of my acquaintance came to see me. Son, said she, after observing me attentively, I perceive that your disease is love. Inform me who is the object of your

affections, and rely upon me to bring you together. This address of the good old lady's had such an effect upon me, that I immediately arose quite restored in health, and began to dress myself.

In a word (continued the lame young man, addressing the company assembled in the house of the citizen of the plain at the feet of the mountains of Casgar, and always keeping his head in such a position as that he could not see the Barber), the old lady exerted herself in my behalf with such effect, that on the very next day she returned, commissioned by the enchantress of my soul to appoint a meeting between us. I arranged to attire myself in my richest clothes, and dispatched the same favourite slave with instructions to fetch a Barber, who knew his business, and who could skilfully prepare me for the interview I was to have, for the first time in all my life, with Fair Guvawnment. Gentlemen, the slave returned with the wretch whom you see here.

Sir, began this accursed Barber whom a malignant destiny thus inflicted on me, how do you do, I hope you are pretty well. I do not wish to praise myself, but you are lucky to have sent for me. My name is Praymiah. In me you behold an accomplished diplomatist, a first-rate statesman, a frisky speaker, an easy shaver, a touch-and-go joker, a giver of the go-by to all complainers, and above all a member of the aristocracy of Barbers. Sir, I am a lineal descendant of the Prophet, and consequently a born Barber. All my relations, friends, acquaintances, connections, and associates, are likewise lineal descendants of the Prophet, and consequently born Barbers every one. As I said, but the other day, to Layardeen, or the Troublesome, the aristocracy — May Allah confound thy aristocracy and thee! cried I, will you begin to shave me?

Gentlemen (proceeded the lame young man), the Barber had brought a showy case with him, and he consumed such an immense time in pretending to open it, that I was well nigh fretted to death. I will not be shaved at all, said I. Sir, returned the unabashed Barber, you sent for me to shave you, and with your pardon I will do it, whether you like it or not. Ah, Sir! you have not so good an opinion of me as your father had. I knew your father, and he appreciated me. I said a thousand pleasant things to him, and rendered him a thousand services, and he adored me. Just Heaven, he would exclaim, you are an inexhaustible fountain of wisdom, no man can plumb the depth of your profundity! My dear Sir, I would reply, you do me more honour than I deserve. Still, as a lineal descendant of the Prophet, and one of the aristocracy of born Barbers, I will, with the help of Allah, shave you pretty close before I have done with you.

You may guess, gentlemen, in

my state of expectancy, with my heart set on Fair Guvawnment, and the precious time running by, how I cursed this impertinent chattering on the part of the Barber. Barber of mischief, Barber of sin, Barber of false pretence, Barber of froth and bubble, said I, stamping my foot upon the ground, will you begin to do your work? Fair and softly, Sir, said he, let me count you out first. With that, he counted from one up to thirty-eight with great deliberation, and then laughed heartily and went out to look at the weather.

When the Barber returned, he went on prattling as before. You are in high feather, Sir, said he. I am glad to see you look so well. But, how can you be otherwise than flourishing, after having sent for *me!* I am called the Careless. I am not like Dizzee, who draws blood; nor like Darbee, who claps on blisters; nor like Johnnee, who works with the square and rule; I am the easy shaver, and I care for nobody, I can do anything. Shall I dance the dance of Mistapit to please you, or shall I sing the song of Mistafoks, or joke the joke of Jomillah? Honour me with your attention while I do all three.

The Barber (continued the lame young man, with a groan), danced the dance of Mistapit, and sang the song of Mistafoks, and joked the joke of Jomillah, and then began with fresh impertinences. Sir, said he, with a lofty flourish, when Britteen first at Heaven's command, arose from out the azure main, this was the charter of the land, and guardian angels sang this strain: Singing, as First Lord was a wallerking the Office-garding around, no end of born Barbers he picked up and found, Says he I will load them with silvier and gold, for the country 's a donkey, and as such is sold. — At this point I could bear his insolence no longer, but starting up, cried, Barber of hollowness, by what consideration am I restrained from falling upon and strangling thee? Calmly, Sir, said he, let me count you out first. He then played his former game of counting from one to under forty, and again laughed heartily, and went out to take the height of the sun, and make a calculation of the state of the wind, that he might know whether it was an auspicious time to begin to shave me.

I took the opportunity (said the young man) of flying from my house so darkened by the fatal presence of this detestable Barber, and of repairing with my utmost speed to the house of the Cadi. But, the appointed hour was long past, and Fair Guvawnment had withdrawn no one knew whither. As I stood in the street cursing my evil destiny and execrating this intolerable Barber, I heard a hue and cry. Looking in the direction whence it came, I saw the diabolical Barber, attended by an immense troop of his relations and friends, the

lineal descendants of the Prophet and aristocracy of born Barbers, all offering a reward to any one who would stop me, and all proclaiming the unhappy Publeek to be their natural prey and rightful property. I turned and fled. They jostled and bruised me cruelly among them, and I became maimed, as you see. I utterly detest, abominate, and abjure this Barber, and ever since and evermore I totally renounce him. With these concluding words, the lame young man arose in a sullen way that had something very threatening in it, and left the company.

Commander of the Faithful, when the lame young man was gone, the guests, turning to the Barber, who wore his turban very much on one side and smiled complacently, asked him what he had to say for himself? The Barber immediately danced the dance of Mistapit, and sang the song of Mistafoks, and joked the joke of Jomillah. Gentlemen, said he, not at all out of breath after these performances, it is true that I am called the Careless; permit me to recount to you, as a lively diversion, what happened to a twin-brother of that young man who has so undeservedly abused me, in connection with a near relation of mine. No one objecting, the Barber related:

THE STORY OF THE BARMECIDE FEAST.

The young man's twin-brother, Guld Publeek, was in very poor circumstances and hardly knew how to live. In his reduced condition he was fain to go about to great men, begging them to take him in — and to do them justice, they did it extensively.

One day in the course of his poverty-stricken wanderings, he came to a large house with two high towers, a spacious hall, and abundance of fine gilding, statuary, and painting. Although the house was far from finished, he could see enough to assure him that enormous sums of money must be lavished upon it. He inquired who was the master of this wealthy mansion, and received for information that he was a certain Barmecide. (The Barmecide, gentlemen, is my near relation, and, like myself, a lineal descendant of the Prophet, and a born Barber.)

The young man's twin-brother passed through the gateway, and crept submissively onward, until he came into a spacious apartment, where he descried the Barmecide sitting at the upper end in the post of honour. The Barmecide asked the young man's brother what he wanted? My Lord, replied he, in a pitiful tone, I am sore distressed, and have none but high and mighty nobles like yourself, to help me. That much at least is true, returned the Barmecide, there is

no help save in high and mighty nobles, it is the appointment of Allah. But, what is your distress? My Lord, said the young man's brother, I am fasting from all the nourishment I want, and — whatever you may please to think — am in a dangerous extremity. A very little more at any moment, and you would be astonished at the figure I should make. Is it so, indeed? inquired the Barmecide. Sir, returned the young man's brother, I swear by Heaven and Earth that it is so, and Heaven and Earth are every hour drawing nearer to the discovery that it is so. Alas, poor man! replied the Barmecide, pretending to have an interest in him. Ho, boy! Bring us of the best here, and let us not spare our liberal measures. This poor man shall make good cheer without delay.

Though no boy appeared, gentlemen, and though there was no sign of the liberal measures of which the Barmecide spoke so ostentatiously, the young man's brother, Guld Publeek, endeavoured to fall in with the Barmecide's humour. Come! cried the Barmecide, feigning to pour water on his hands, let us begin fair and fresh. How do you like this purity? Ah, my Lord, returned Guld Publeek, imitating the Barmecide's action, this is indeed purity: this is in truth a delicious beginning. Then let us proceed, said the Barmecide, seeming to dry his hands, with this smoking dish of Reefawm. How do you like it? Fat? At the same time he pretended to hand choice morsels to the young man's brother. Take your fill of it, exclaimed the Barmecide, there is plenty here, do not spare it, it was cooked for you. May Allah prolong your life, my Lord, said Guld Publeek, you are liberal indeed!

The Barmecide having boasted in this pleasant way of his smoking dish of Reefawm, which had no existence, affected to call for another dish. Ho! cried he, clapping his hands, bring in those Educational Kabobs. Then, he imitated the action of putting some upon the plate of the young man's brother, and went on. How do you like these Educational Kabobs? The cook who made them is a treasure. Are they not justly seasoned? Are they not so honestly made, as to be adapted to all digestions? You want them very much, I know, and have wanted them this long time. Do you enjoy them? And here is a delicious mess, called Foreen Leejun. Eat of it also, for I pride myself upon it, and expect it to bring me great respect and much friendship from distant lands. And this pillau of Church-endowments-and-duties, which you see so beautifully divided, pray how do you approve of this pillau? It was invented on your account, and no expense has been spared to render it to your taste. Ho, boy, bring in that ragout! Now here, my friend, is a ragout,

called Law-of-Partnership. It is expressly made for poor men's eating, and I particularly pride myself upon it. This is indeed a dish at which you may cut and come again. And boy! hasten to set before my good friend, Guld Publeek, the rare stew of colonial spices, minced crime, hashed poverty, swollen liver of ignorance, stale confusion, rotten tape, and chopped-up bombast, steeped in official sauce, and garnished with a great deal of tongue and a very little brains — the crowning dish, of which my dear friend never can have enough, and upon which he thrives so well! But, you don't eat with an appetite, my brother, said the Barmecide. I fear the repast is hardly to your liking? Pardon me, my benefactor, returned the guest, whose jaws ached with pretending to eat, I am full almost to the throat.

Well then, said the Barmecide, since you have dined so well, try the dessert. Here are apples of discord from the Horse Guards and Admiralty, here is abundance of the famous fruit from the Dead Sea that turns to ashes on the lips, here are dates from the Peninsula in great profusion, and here is a fig for the nation. Eat and be happy! My Lord, replied the object of his merriment, I am quite worn out by your liberality, and can bear no more.

Gentlemen (continued the loquacious Barber), when the humourous Barmecide, my near relation lineally descended from the Prophet, had brought his guest to this pass, he clapped his hands three times to summon around him his slaves, and instructed them to force in reality the vile stew of which he had spoken down the throat of the hungry Guld Publeek, together with a nauseous mess called DUBLINCUMTAX, and to put bitters in his drink, strew dust on his head, blacken his face, shave his eyebrows, pluck away his beard, insult him and make merry with him. He then caused him to be attired in a shameful dress and set upon an ass with his face to the tail, and in this state to be publicly exposed with the inscription round his neck, This is the punishment of Guld Publeek who asked for nourishment and said he wanted it. Such is the present droll condition of this person; while my near relation, the Barmecide, sits in the post of honour with his turban very much on one side, enjoying the joke. Which I think you will all admit is an excellent one.

Hansardadade having made an end of the discourse of the loquacious Barber, would have instantly begun another story, had not Brothartoon shut her up with, Dear Sister, it will be shortly daybreak. Get to bed and be quiet.

YADACÉ.

Now yadacé is a game. There are required to play it neither cards nor dice, cues, balls, checquer-board, counters, fish, pawns, castles nor rooks. It can be played in winter or in summer, at home or abroad, in perfect silence, amidst the greatest hubbub. The race is to the swift in yadacé, for the most skilful player must win. You cannot cheat at yadacé; and it is a game that a child of nine may begin, and may not have finished when he finds himself an old man of ninety.

To give you a proper notion of yadacé I must take you to Algiers.

Are you acquainted with that strange town? the aspect of which — half Oriental half Parisian — puts [illegible] and fantastically of a [illegible] barbary lion that has had his claws pared and his teeth drawn, and has been clipped, shaven, and curled into a semi-similitude of a French poodle. I never was in Algiers, myself. I mean to go there, of course (when I have visited Persia, Iceland, Tibet, Venice, the ruined cities of Central America, Heligoland, and a few other places I have down in my note-book), but my spirit has been there, and with its aid, that of my friend Doctor Cieco, who was formerly a surgeon in the Foreign Legion out there, and a file of the Akbar newspaper I can form a tolerably correct mind-picture of the capital of Algeria. A wonderful journal is the Akbar, and a magic mirror of Algiers in itself. Commandants d'état major, chefs d'escadron, and chirurgiens major are mixed up with sheikhs, mollahs, dervishes and softas; spahis and zouaves indigènes. There are reports of trials for murder where Moorish women have been slain in deserted gardens, by choked up wells, under the shadows of date-trees — slain by brothers and cousins El This, Ben That, and Sidi Somebody — for the unpardonable eastern offence of appearing in the presence of Christians without their veils; the witnesses are sworn on the Koran; the prisoner appears at the bar in a snowy burnous; the galleries are full of Moorish ladies in white yashmaks or veils, and Jewish women in jewelled turbans; and the prosecution is conducted by a Procureur Imperial in such a square toque or cap, and black gown, as you may see any day in the Salle des Pas Perdus of the Paris Palais de Justice for a twenty-eight shilling return-ticket. There is a Monsieur le President, glib clerks, to read the code Napoleon; gendarmes to keep order, and outside the court a guillotine, spick and span new from Paris, to which the bearded prisoner is, in due course of time, led for execution in a costume the very counterpart of that which Jacob wore when he went a-courting Laban's daughters. In the Akbar you may read advertisements of

moques to be sold, and milliners just arrived from Paris with the latest fashions; of balls at the ancient palace of the Dey, of a coffee-house to be let on lease close to the shambles in the Jews quarter; of an adjudication in the bankruptcy of Skeikh El Haschun El Gouti Mogrebbin, and the last importation of Doctor Tintamarre's Infallible Pectoral Paste. In one column there is an announcement of the approaching sale by auction of the entire household furniture, wearing apparel and jewellery of Sultana Karadja, deceased — I suppose about an equivalent to the honourable Mrs. Smithers, here. Sofas, divans, clocks, jewelled pipes, dresses of cloth of gold, turbans and gauze bonnets are to be sold. The whole reads like an execrable French translation of a tale in the Arabian Nights. Altogether, reading the Akbar, I fancy that I know Algiers. I seem to see the deep blue skies, the low white houses with projecting balconies and porticoes painted a vivid green, and roofs fantastically tiled. The purple shadows that the houses cast. The narrow dark lanes where the caves meet, and where you walk between dead-walls, through chinks of which, for aught you know, bright eyes may be looking. The newer streets with tall French houses and pert French names; where cafés brilliant with plate-glass, gilding and arabesque paintings, quite outstare the humble little shieling of the Moorish cafejee with his store of pipes and tiny fillagree cups of bitter coffee full of dregs. The sandy up-hill ground. The crowded port, where black war-steamers are moored by strange barques with sails of fantastic shapes and colours. The bouncing shop of the French epicier, who sells groceries, wines, and quack medicines, and whose smart young shopman, with an apron and a spade-cut beard, stands at the door; and the dusky unwindowed stall of the native merchant who sits cross-legged, smoking on a bale of goods in an odour of drugs, perfumed leather, and fragrant tobacco. The motley throng of officers with cigars, and clanging spurs and kepis knowingly set on one side of the head; of zouaves, dandies from the Boulevard des Italiens; grisettes in lace caps; commandants' wives in pink bonnets; orderly dragoons, Bedouins mounted on fleet Arabs, date and sherbet sellers, Jews, fezzes, cabs, turbans, yashmaks, burnouses, lancers' caps, and felt-hats, and the many mingled smells of pitch, tar, garlic, pot-au-feu, attar of roses, caporal tobacco, haschish, salt water, melons and musk.

Is this Algiers I wonder. I fancy, erroneously, perhaps, that I can divine a city from a newspaper — a flask — a shoe — the most inconsiderable object. I have a clear and counterfeit presentment in my mind of Leipsic, from a book — which I am unable to

read — a dimly printed, coarse-papered pamphlet stitched in rough blue paper. I can see in it high houses, grave, fat-faced children, a predominance of blue in the colour for stockings, — dinners at one o'clock — much beer — much tobacco — a great deal of fresh boiled-beef, soup and cabbage, — early beds — straw-coloured beards — green spectacles — large umbrellas, and a great many town clocks. I should like to know whether Leipsic really possesses any of these characteristics. A worthy, weather-beaten old sea-captain once gave me a perfectly definite notion of Sierra Leone, in one little anecdote. "Sierra Leone, sir," he said: "I 'll tell you what Sierra Leone is like. A black fellow, sir, goes into the market. It 's as hot as — well, — anything. He buys a melon for three farthings — and what does he do with it? The black fellow, sir, has'nt a rag on. He 's as bare as a robin. He buys his melon, cuts it in halves, and scoops out the middle. He sits in one half, covers his head with the other, and eats the middle. That 's what he does, sir." — I saw Sierra Leone in all its tropical glory, cheapness of produce, darkness of population, gigantic vegetation, and primitive state of manners immediately.

All this, although you may not think so, bears upon, concerns, is yadacé. But to give you yadacé at once, we will quit Sierra Leone, and come back to Algiers.

Few would imagine, while watching in a Moorish coffee-house the indigènes, as the native inhabitants are called, playing with a grave and apparently immovable tranquillity, at draughts, chess, or backgammon — not speaking, scarcely moving — that men, seemingly so impassible to the chances of loss or gain, were capable of feeling the most violent effects of the passion for gaming. Yet these passions and these effects they feel in all their intensity. They lack, it is true, the varied emotions that winners or losers express at the green baize table of the trente-et-quarante, the particoloured wheel of roulette, the good-intention paved court of the Stock Exchange, or the velvety sward of the area before the Grand Stand at Epsom. But no bull or bear, no caster or punter, no holder of a betting-book who has just lost thousands and his last halfpenny, could ever show a visage so horribly aghast, so despairingly down-fallen, so ferociously miserable, at that unlucky Algerine player, to whom his adversary has just pronounced the fatal and triumphant word — Yadacé.

The game is of the utmost simplicity, and consists solely in abstaining from receiving anything whatsoever from the person with whom you play. In order to ratify the convention which is established between the parties at the commencement of a game, each player takes by the

end a morsel of straw, a slip of paper, or even a blade of grass, which is broken or torn in two between them, the sacramental formula "Yadacé" being pronounced at the same time. After this, the law of the game is in full force. In some cases, when one of the players imagines that he has to deal with an inexperienced or inattentive player, he immediately attempts to catch him by presenting him with the piece of straw or paper which has remained on his side, under pretence of having it measured against the other. Should the novice be foolish enough to accept the fragment, the terrible yadacé is forthwith thundered forth, and the game is lost in the very outset. But it rarely happens, save, perhaps, when one of the players is a European, totally a stranger to the traditions of the game, that any one is found thoughtless enough to be caught in this gross palpable trap. Much more frequently a struggle of mutual astuteness, caution, and circumspection begins, which is prolonged for days, weeks, months, and, in many cases, years.

As it is almost impossible that persons who live habitually together should not sometimes find it unavoidable to take something from one another, it is agreed upon, in the yadacéan hypothesis, that mutual acceptation may be made of articles, on condition that before an object is touched the person who accepts should say to the person who offers, "Fi bali," or "Ala bali," literally, "with (or by) my knowledge;" that is to say, I receive, with knowledge of reception. It is also agreed that all things appertaining to the body may be received without prejudice to a state of yadacé. The Moorish authorities mention specially a kiss or a grasp of the hand, but they say nothing of a blow. Perhaps they think that with a Moslem such a gift could never, under any circumstances, be received, but must naturally be returned as soon as given.

Yadacé may more properly be looked upon as a game of forfeits than as one adapted to gambling purposes; but the Algerines make — or rather used to make — it subservient to the good service of mammon to a tremendous extent. Before the French conquest, in the old times of the Dey and his jewelled fan, with which he was wont to rap the fingers of European consuls when they were impertinent — when the Mussulman population of Algiers was both numerous and wealthy, yadacé was in the highest fashion: husbands played at yadacé with their wives; brothers with their sisters; friends among themselves — and enormous sums were frequently won and lost. Houses, gardens, farms, nay, whole estates were often staked; and many a wealthy Moslem saw his fortune depart from him for having had the imprudence to accept a pipe of tobacco, a cup of coffee, a morsel

of pilaff, without having pronounced the talismanic words, "Fi bali." However, there were many players at yadacé so cautious and attentive, that they were enabled to continue the mutual struggle for many years, in spite of the most ingenious ruses, and the most deeply-laid plots to trap one another. One devoted amateur of yadacé, a venerable Turk, carried his caution and determination not to be taken in to such an extent, that he never helped himself to a pinch of snuff, of which he was immoderately fond, without repeating to himself the formula, "Ala bali!"

If, during the nights of the Ramadhan, you happen to stroll into any of the Moorish coffee-houses in Algiers, you will find yadacé to be a favourite theme with the kawis, or storytellers, and groups of attentive indigènes listening to their animated narrations of feats of intellectual dexterity in yadacé-players, and hairbreadth escapes by flood and field in that adventurous game. The majority of these stories are quite untranslateable into western language, and unsuitable for western ears to hear. I think, however, I can find two little anecdotes that will give you some idea of the subtleties of yadacé.

Karamani-oglou, the son of Tehoka-oglou, was a rich cloth-merchant of Algiers. Five long years had Karamani-oglou been playing at yadacé with his wife, but without success. The wife of Karamani was young and beautiful; but as yet Allah had not blessed their union with children. Suddenly it occurred to the cloth-merchant to make a pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca. He was absent just two years and nine months; but you must know that the pilgrimage was undertaken purely with a view towards yadacé. For the cunning Karamani reasoned within himself thus: "When I return home after so long an absence, my wife will be glad to see me. She will have forgotten all about yadacé, or at least will be thrown off her guard. She will accept, I will wager my beard, a present from her long-absent husband, particularly if that present happens to be a diamond ring of great value. Bismillah, we will see." Karamani-oglou bought the ring — a most gorgeous one — and returning safe and sound to Algiers, entered the court-yard of his own house just in the cool of the evening. Fathma, his wife, was standing in the inner porch. She looked younger and more beautiful than ever; but she was dandling a sturdy, curly-headed little boy, some two years old; and all at once a golden arrow shot through the heart of the cloth-merchant, and a silver voice cried, "Karamani-oglou, you have a son!" The delighted Mussulman rushed forward: his face was bathed with tears of joy. "I have a son!" he gasped. "You have,

O Oglou!" replied his blushing spouse. He held out his arms for the precious burden; he covered the child with kisses; he called him whole vocabularies of endearing names; when all at once he heard a peal of laughter that sounded like the mirth of ten thousand djinns, afrits, and ghoules; and looking up, he saw Fathma, his wife, dancing about the court-yard in her baggy trowsers, and shaking the strings of sequins in her hair. From her had emanated the djinn-like laughter, and she was crying, "Yadacé! Karamani-oglou! Yadacé! O my lord! Yadacé! O my caliph! Yadacé, O my effendi! Yadacé! yadacé! yadacé! Thou saidst not, 'Fi bali!' when thou tookest the child from my arms. Yadacé!"

"Go to Eblis!" roared the enraged Karamani-oglou, letting the little boy fall flop upon the pavement of the court, where he lay howling, with nobody to pick him up.

From the foregoing, and especially from the following anecdote, it would appear that it is in the highest degree dangerous to play at yadacé with your wife.

Hassan-el-Djeninah was, thirty years since, vizier and chief favourite to the Pasha of the Oudjak of Constantine. He was the fattest man in the pachalic, and, more than that, was reckoned to be the most jealous husband in the Barbary. It is something to be the most jealous in a land where all husbands are jealous. Gay young Mussulman sparks trembled as they saw Hassan-el-Djeninah waddle across the great square of Constantine, or issue from the barber's, or enter the coffee-house. He walked slowly, and with his legs very wide apart. His breath was short, but his yataghan was long, and he could use it. Once, and once only, he had detected a young Beyjzade, Ibrahim-el-Majki, sacrilegiously attempting to accost his wife as she came from the bath, and having even the hardihood to lift a corner of her veil. "Allah Akbar! God is great!" Hassan the vizier was wont to say, pulling from a small green silk purse in his girdle a silver skewer, upon which appeared to be three dried-up shrivelled oysters. "This is the nose, and these are the ears of Ibrahim-el-Majki." Whereupon the beholders would shudder, and Hassan-el-Djeninah would replace his trophies in his girdle and waddle away.

Hassan had four wives,—Zouluki Khanoum, Suleima Khanoum, Gaza Khanoum, and Leila Khanoum. Khanoum, be it understood, means Lady, Madame, Donna, Signora. Now, if Hassan-el-Djeninah was jealous of his wives, they, you may be sure, were jealous of each other,—save poor little Leila, the youngest wife (the poor child was only sixteen years old), who was not of a jealous disposition at all; but who, between the envy of her sister-wives, who hated her, and

the unceasing watchfulness of her husband, who loved her with inconvenient fondness, led a terrible life of it. Leila Khanoum was Hassan's favourite wife. He would suffer her, but no one else, to fill his pipe, to adjust the jewelled mouth-piece to his lips, and to tickle the soles of his august feet when he wished to be lulled to sleep. He would loll for hours upon the cushions of his divan, listening while she sang monotonous love-songs, rocking herself to and fro the while, and accompanying herself upon the little guitar called a gouithrah, as it is the manner of Moorish ladies to do. He gave her rich suits of brocade and cloth of gold; he gave her a white donkey from Spain to ride on when she went to the bath; he gave her jewels and Spanish doubloons to twine in her tresses; scented tobacco to smoke, and hennah for her eyelids and fingernails; finally, he condescended to play with her for a princely stake — nothing less than the repudiation of the other three wives, and the settlement of all his treasures upon her first-born — at yadacé.

At the same time, as I have observed, he was terribly jealous of her, and watched her, night and day, with the patience of a beaver, the perspicuity of a lynx, the cunning of a fox, and the ferocity of a wolf. He kept spies about her. He bribed the tradesmen with whom she dealt, and the attendants at the baths she frequented. He caused the menfonce, or little round aperture in the wall of the queublou, or alcove of her apartment (which menfonce looked into the street) to be bricked up. He studied the language of flowers (which in the east is rather more nervous and forcible a tongue than with us) in order that he might be able to examine Leila's bouquets, and discover whether any floral billet-doux had been sent her from outside. To complete his system of espionnage, he cultivated a warm and intimate friendship with Ali ben Assa, the opium merchant, whose house directly faced his own, in order that he might have the pleasure of sitting secretly at the window thereof, at periods when he was supposed to be miles away, and watching who entered or left the mansion opposite.

One day, as he was occupied in this manner, he saw his wife's female negro slave emerge from his house, look round cautiously, as if to ascertain if she were observed, and beckon with her hand. Then, from a dark passage, he saw issue a young man habited as a Frank. The accursed giaour looked round cautiously, as the negro had done, crossed the road, whispered to her, slipped some money into her hand; and then the treacherous and guilty pair entered the mansion together.

Hassan-el-Djeninah broke out in a cold perspiration. Then he began to burn like live coals.

Then he foamed at the mouth. Then he got his moustachios between his teeth, and gnawed them. Then he tore his beard. Then he dug his nails into the palms of his hands. Then he clapped his hand upon the hilt of the scimetar, and said —

"As to the black slave, child of Jehanum and Ahriman as she is, she shall walk on the palms of her hands all the days of her life; for if there be any virtue in the bastinado, I will leave her no feet to walk upon. As to the giaour, by the beard of the Prophet, I will have his head."

Long before this speech was finished, he had crossed the road, traversed his court-yard, entered his house, ascended the staircase, and gained the portal of his wife's apartment. He tore aside the silken curtains, and rushed into the room, livid with rage, just as Leila Khanoum was in the act of bending over a large chest of richly-carved wood, in which she kept her suits of brocade and cloth of gold, her jewels and her sequins. Hassan-el-Djeninah saw the state of affairs at a glance. The giaour must be in that chest!

He knocked over the wretched black slave as one might a ninepin, rushed to the chest, and tried to raise the lid. It was locked.

"The key, woman! — The key!" he roared.

"My lord, I have it not," stammered Leila Khanoum. "I have lost it — I have sent it to be repaired."

"The key!" screamed Hassan-el-Djeninah, looking ten thousand Bluebeards at once.

With tears and trembling Leila at length handed him the key, and then flung herself on her knees, as if to entreat mercy. The infuriated Hassan opened the chest. There was somebody inside, certainly, and that somebody was habited as a giaour; but beneath the Frank habit there were the face and form of Lulu, Leila Khanoum's Georgian slave.

"What is this?" asked the bewildered Hassan, looking round. "Wo is laughing at my beard? What is this?"

"Yadacé!" screamed Leila Khanoum, throwing herself down on the divan, and rolling about in ecstasy. "Yadacé, Oh, my lord, for you took the key!"

"Yadacé," repeated the Georgian slave, making a low obeisance.

"Yadacé," echoed the negress, with a horrible grin, and showing her white teeth.

"Allah Akbar!" said Hassan-el-Djeninah, looking very foolish.

And such is the game of Yadacé.

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